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OF SHAKESPEAREANA
SHAKESPEARE
As put forth in 1623.

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

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623;
and Re-Printed for
Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street.
1864.
To the Reader.

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

B. I.
Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

London

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

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

AND

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

Right Honourable,

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

A 2
The Epistle Dedicatorie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book 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 alius, 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 considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruities, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummies & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.
To the great Variety of Readers.

Rom the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you will stand for your priulidges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth beft commend a Booke, the Stationer faies. Then, how odde sauer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the fame, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rife to the juft rates, and welcome. But, what euery you do, Buy. Censure will not drue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiftrate of wit, and fit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, thefe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and flood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wish'd, that the Author himfelfe haue liu'd to haue fet forth, and ouerfeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collect'd & publifh'd them; and fo to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerfe folne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and flealthes of iniurious impoffors, that expos'd them: euery thofe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reft, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moft gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he utter'd with that easiness, that wee haue fcarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, 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 loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And fo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your felues, and others. And such Readers we with him.

A 3
John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.
To the memory of my beloued,

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 Booke, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be淑,  
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men suffrage. But these ways were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For fleshly Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth we're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruining, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applaus! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rife; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excusest;
I meanst with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how farre thou didstst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe mighty line.
And though thou had'st small Latine, and left Grecke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life again, to heare thy Bushkin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Soakes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome sent forth, or since did from their athes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to beawe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Mules still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warne
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature her self was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Grecke, tart Ariftophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted by
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that be,
Who canst to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and stroke the second beat
Upon the Mules anuile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkest to frame;
Or for the laurell, he may gaine a shorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such were thou. Look how the fathers face
Lines in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Aduan'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaieres day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Ionson.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master W I L L I A M
SHAKESPEARE.

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

H V G H  H O L L A N D.
TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Author MAISTRE

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-lie
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
Where Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not Shake-speare's; eu'ry Line, each Verje
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankling Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy wits fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleue, or thinke thee dead
('Though mist) untill our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new firaune t'out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half Sword parling Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes reft
Shall with more Fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

V V E E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'ft so soone
From the World's Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-room.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'ft but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to affe a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortallitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

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

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lawine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oftler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Gougbe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.
A CATALOGUE

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

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THE TEMPEST.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightening heard; Enter a Ship-master, and a Botswine.

Mast'r. On's-waine.
Bote. Heere Mast'r: What cheere?
Mast'. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall coo't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, beflire, beflire.
Exit.

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

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

Bote. I pray now keepe below.
Ant. Where is the Master, Bostom?
Bote. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keep your Cabines; you do asift the storme.
Gonz. Nay, good be patient.
Bote. When the Sea is hence, what cares these roa-
ers for the name of King? to Cabines; silence: trouble vs not.
Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haft abord.
Bote. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, glue thanks you have liued so long, and make your selfe resell in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it fo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.
Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hurth no drowning marrs vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Face to his hanging, make the rope of his deffiny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our cafe is miserable.
Exit.

Enter Botswine.

Bote. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-corse. A plague—A cry with him. Enter Schaffian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lower then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shall we geare and drown, haue you a minde to finke?
Schaff. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitabe Dog.
Bote. Worke you then.
Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyle-
maker, we are leffe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.
Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leas as an unfastned wench.
Bote. Lay her a hold; a hold, fet her two courfes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Marineres aet.

Mast'. All loft, to prayers, to prayers, all loft.
Bote. What must our mouths be cold?
Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affift them, for our cafe is as theirs.
Schaff. I am out of patience.
Ant. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.
Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet, Though euer drop of water sware against it, And gape at widest to glut him. A confufed noise within.
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.
Ant. Let's all finke with King.
Sh. Let's take leave of him.
Exit.

Gonz. Now would I lose a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne fires, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I would eaine dye a dry death.
Exit.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; salay them: The skye it seemes would powre down flaming pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke, Dafhes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered With those that I law suferr: A braue veill

(Who
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)  
Dost' d all to peaces: O the cry did knocke  
Against my very heart: poore foules, they perfid'd.  
Had I sene any God of power, I would  
Hawe funcke the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
It should the good Ship to have swallow'd, and  
The fraughting Soules within her.  
Prof. Be collected,  
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart  
there's no harme done.  
Mira. O woe, the day.  
Prof. No harme:  
I have done nothing, but in care of thee  
(Of thee my 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 Proffers, 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 inform thee farther: Lend thy hand  
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,  
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haste comfort,  
The direfull Spectacle of the wracke which touch'd  
The very vertue of compasion in thee:  
I have with such proximation in mine Art  
So safely ordered, that there is no foule  
No not so much perdition as an hayre  
Betz to any creature in the vessell  
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw't finke: Sit  
For thou must now know farther. [downe,  
Mira. You have often  
Began to tell me what I am, but stopp  
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,  
Concluding, hys: not yet.  
Prof. The howr's now come  
The very minute byda thee ope thine ear,  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came vnto this Cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou was't not  
Out three yeeres old.  
Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.  
Prof. By what? by any other house, or perfon?  
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.  
Mira. 'Tis farre off:  
And rather like a dreame, then an affurance  
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not  
Fowre, or flue women once, that tended me?  
Prof. Thou habittest; and more Miranda: But how is it  
That this lies in thy minde? What feelt thou els  
In the dark-backward and Ablime of Time?  
Yf thou remembret ought ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mafft.  
Mira. But that I do not.  
Prof. Twelve yere since (Miranda) twelve yere since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milain and  
A Prince of power:  
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?  
Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of vertue, and  
She feld thou wast my daughter: and thy father  
Was Duke of Milain, and his onely heire,  
And Princepelle; no worke Iffied.  
Mira. O the heavens,  
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or bleseed wass't we did?  
Prof. Both, both my Girl.  
By,owle-play (as thou faile) were we hea'd thence,  
But bleseedly holpe hither.  
Mira. O my heart bleedes  
To thinke oth's teene that I hawe turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;  
Prof. My brother and thy vnclse, call'd Antonio:  
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
Be so perfidious; he, whom next thy felie  
Of all the world I loud, and to him put  
The managge of my state, as at that time  
Through all the feignors it was the first,  
And Proffers, the prime Duke, being so reputed  
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,  
Without a parallell: those being all my studie,  
The Governe I call'd vpon my broderr,  
And to my State grewstranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studie, thy false vnclse  
(Do' you attend me?)  
Mira. Sir, most heedfully,  
Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,  
how to deny them: who 's almaine, and who  
To trial for outer-topping; new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,  
Of Officer, and office, fel all hearts th' rate  
To what tune pleade his care, that now he was  
The lyu which had hild my princely Trunck,  
And fuckt my verdue out on't: Thou attendst not?  
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.  
Prof. I pray thee marke me:  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To cloyesies, and the bettering of my mind  
with that, which but by being fo retir'd  
Orc-priz'd all popular rate:in my faile brother  
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truth  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great  
As my truth was, which had indee no limit,  
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,  
Not onely with what my reueneu yeeded,  
But what my power might els exalted. Like one  
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a bynder of his memorie  
To crede its owne lie, he did beleue  
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' Substitution  
And executing th'outward face of Roalstie  
With all prerogaties: hence his Ambition growing:  
Do't thou heare?  
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure dafeneffe.  
Prof. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,  
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be  
Abolutte Milain, Me (poore man) my Librarie  
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall realties  
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates  
(to drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples  
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage  
Subject his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend  
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (als poore Milain)  
To moth ignoble flopping.  
Mira. Oh the heavens:  
Prof. Markes his condition, and thereen, then tell me  
If this might be a brother.  
Mira. I should finne  
To think but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wome have borne bad sons.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inismetar, hearkens my Brothers fuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premisies,
Of homage, and I know not how much his Tribute,
Should prefitly exipate me and mine
Out of the Duke, and confer faire Millaine
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Arme lieved, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthems open.
The gates of Millaine, and th' dead of darkneffe:
The minifters for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and they crying fellie.
Mir. Alack, for pity:
I not remembering how I cried out then
Will cry it ore again: It is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the prefit buffene
Which now's vp's in: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Dare, they durft not,
So dare the lone my people bore me: nor yet
A marke fo bloody on the buffene; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, fayle, nor maft, the very rats
Infinctuouely have quit it: There they hoyft vs
To cry to th' Sea, that road to vs; to fish
To th' winde, whole pitty fighting backe againe
Did vs but lousing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou warst that did preferue me; Thou didft smile,
Infused with a fomptuea from heaven,
When I hase deck'd the Sea with drops falt,
Vnder my hurthen groan'd, which rai'd in me
An vndergoing flamacke, to heare vp
Against what should enufe.
Mir. How came we a fhole?
Pro. By prouidence divine,
Some food, we had, and foie fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan Gembal
Out of his Charity, (who being then apportioned
Mater of this defign) did give vs, with
Rich garments, linnen, flufhes, and necessaries
Which fince have freed much, fo of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my books, he furnifhed me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Duke, andome.
Mir. Would I might
But ever fee that man.
Pro. Now I arife,
Sit fill, and heare the laft of our sea-forrow:
Here we in this Iland we arri'd, and here
Hase I, thy Schoolemafter, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howses; and Turves, not fo carefull.
Pro. What hoare thefe hoars:
Mir. Haeus thanks you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
The Tempest.

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

_Ar._ I thank thee Malfet.

_Pro._ If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haft how'd away twelve winters.

_Ar._ Pardon, Malfet,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my flrying, gently.

_Pro._ Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

_Ar._ That's my noble Malfet:
What Stall I doe? say what? what Stall I doe?

_Pro._ Goe make thy felfe like a Nymphe o'th' Sea,
Be fable, no fo fight but thine, and me: I am infufible
To every eye-ball efe: goe take this flape
And hither come in't: goe hence

With diligence. _Exit._

_Pro._ Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft flept well,
Awake.

_Mir._ The strangenes of thy fory, put
Hauineffe in me.

_Pro._ Shake it off: Come on,
We'll call Caliban, my flaua, who never
Yeelds vs kindle anwerc.

_Mir._ 'Tis a villain Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

_Pro._ But as 'ds
We cannot misle him: he do's make our fire,
Fethc in our wood, and ferues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: flaua: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou fpake.

_Cal._ within. There's wood enough within.

_Pro._ Come forth I fay, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? Enter Ariel like a wafer
Fine appari'lon: my queint Ariel,

_Nymph._

_Hearke in thine eare.

_Ar._ My Lord, it shall be done.

_Exit._

_Pro._ Thou poyfonous flaua, got by f dozell himfelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.

_Cal._ As wicked dewe, as cre my mother bruff'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholefome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwett blow on yee, 
And biff your all ore.

_Pro._ For this be fure, to night thou falt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that fhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchns
Shall for that vat of night, that they may worke
All exercife on thee: thou flalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hone-combes, each pinche more fingling
Then Bees that made 'em.

_Cal._ I must eat my dinner:
This Ifland's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam't firft
Thou broke from me: & made much of me: would fave me
With water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the Jeffe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And thou'd thee all the qualities o'th' life,
The fresh Springs, Brine pits; barren place and fertill,
Cunn'd be I that did fo: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Battles light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which firft was min owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rocks, whiles you doo keepe from me
The reft o'th' Ifland.

_Pro._ Thou

(Which I difper'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote
Bound fadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they faw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great perfon perih.

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

_Ar._ Paft the mid fea'on.

_Pro._ At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt fix & now
Muf't by ws both be fpent moft preciounce.

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

_Pro._ How now? mooide?
What is't thou canft demand?

_Ar._ My Libe'r fight no fight but thine, and me: I am infufible
To every eye-ball efe: goe take this flape
And hither come in't: goe hence

With diligence. _Exit._

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Which firft was min owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rocks, whiles you doo keepe from me
The reft o'th' Ifland.

_Pro._ Thou
The Tempest.

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

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

**Mira.** Abhorred Slave, 
Which any print of goodnese wilt not take, 
Being capable of all lye : I pitied thee, 
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour 
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage) 
Know thine owne meaning ; but wouldst gable, like 
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposse 
With words that made them knowe: But thy wild race 
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in 't, which good natures 
Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou 
Deferuedly confin'd into this Rockes, who hated 
Defer'd more then a prifon.

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

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

**Cal.** No, 'pray thee. 
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r, 
It would control my Dams god Setebos, 
And make a vaillie of him.

**Pro.** So flawe, hence. 
**Exit Cal.**

**Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuitive playing & singing.**

**Ariel Song.** Come unto these yellow sands, 
and then take bands: 
Carted when you have, and kift 
the wildes waves overfit:

**Feste** it trustly beare, and there, and juwete Sprights beare 
the burthen. 
Burthen dispersedly, 
**Harke, harke, harke,** I heare, the strains of fruiting Chantickere 
cry cockadiddle-dow.

**Fer.** Where shold this Mufick be? I th'aire, or th'earth? 
It sounds no more: and sure it waies upon 
Some God 'oth Land, fitting on a banke, 
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke. 
This Mufick crept by me upon the waters, 
Allaying both their fury, and my passion 
With 't sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it 
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone. 
No, it begins again.

**Ariel Song.** Full fadom five the Father lies, 
Of his bones are Corall made: 
*Toge* are pears that were his sies, 
Nothing of him that doth fade, 
But doth juiffer a Sea-change 
Into something rich, & strange: 
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his bell. 
Burthen: ding dong.

**Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.**

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

**Pro.** Thetringed Curtaines of thine eye aduanse, 
And fay what thou see'st yond. 

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

**Pro.** No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such fenes 
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seeft 
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something than'd 
With greafe (that's beauties canvas) y' might call him 
A goodly perfon: he hath lost his fellowes, 
And strained to finde 'em. 

**Mir.** I might call him 
A thing diuine, for nothing natural 
I euer fae to Noble. 
 **Pro.** It goes on I fee 
As my foile prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee 
Within two dayes for this.

**Fer.** Most sure the Goddeffe 
On whom these ayres attend : Vouchsafe my praye'r 
May know if you remaine upon this land, 
And that you will for good instruction ruke 
How I may beare me heere: my prime requert 
Which I do left pronoune is (O you wonder) 
If you be Mayd, or no? 

**Mir.** No wonder Sir, 
But certainly a Mayd. 

**Fer.** My Language? Heavenes: 
I am the fift of them that fpeakke this fpeech, 
Were I but where 'tis spaken. 

**Pro.** How? the fet? 
What wert ye if the King of Naples heard thee? 

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

**Mir.** Alacke, for mercy. 

**Fer.** Yes faith, & all his Lordes, the Duke of Milaine 
And his braue fonne, being twaine. 

**Pro.** The Duke of Milaine 
And his more brauer daughter, could control theye 
If now 'twer't fit to do't: At the first fight 
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel, 
Ile let thee free for this. A word good Sir, 
I fear you have done your felfe some wrong: A word. 

**Mrs.** Why fpeakes my father so vangently? This 
Is the third man that ere I faw: the thin 
That ere I figh'd for: pity move my father 
To be enclin'd my way. 

**Fer.** O, if a Virgin, 
And your aflfection not gone forth, Ile make you 
The Queen of Naples.

**Pro.** Soft sir, one word more. 
They are both in eyther pow'r's: But this fivst busines 
I must vence make, leaft too light winning 
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee 
That thou attend me: Thou do't heere fvturpe 
The name thou ow't not, and haft put thy felfe 
Upon this Island, as a fpy, to win it 
From me, the Lord on't. 

**Fer.** No, as I am a man. 

**Mir.** There's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple, 
If the ill-spirit have to fare a houle, 
Good things will threne to dwell with't.

**Pro.** Follow me.
The Tempest.

Prof. Speake not you for him: he's a Traitor: come, I'll maneacle thy necke and feete together: Sea water filleth thou drinkes: thy food shall be The fresh brooke Muffels, wither'd roots, and huskes. Wherein the Acorne cream'd. Follow. Fer. No, I will refiut such entertainment, ill Mine enemy ha's more pow'rs. He drawes, and is charmed from moving. Mira. O dear Father, Make not so rash a trial of him, for Hee's gentle, and not fearfull. Prof. What I say, My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor, Who mak'd it swaue, but dar'nt not strike: thy conscience Is so poisfeft with guilt: Come, from thy ward, For I can here disarme thee with this sticke, And make thy weapon drop. Mira. Beleeche you Father. Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments. Mira. Sir have pley, Ile be his fearless. Prof. Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, An advocate for an Imposer? Huh: Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, (Hauling scene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench, To th'most of men, this is a Caliban, And they to him are Angels. Mira. My affections Are then most humble: I haue no ambition To fee a goodlier man. Prof. Come on, obey: Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe. And have no vigour in them. Fer. So they are: My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp: My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feel, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am fubdue, are but light to me, Might I but through my prifon once a day Behold this Mayd: all corners elie of't Earth Let liberty make vie of: space enough Have I in such a prifon. Prof. It workes: Come on. Thou haft done well, fine Ariel: follow me, Harcke what thou elie that do mee. Mira. Be of comfort, My Fathers of a better nature (Sir) Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted Which now came from him. Prof. Thou shalt be as free As mountaine winde: but then exactly do All points of my command. Ariel. To th'flyable. Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

The Tempest

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

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

Adr. Tumis was never graec'd before with such a Pagon to their Queene.

Gen. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower e'enset too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gen. This Tumis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinkes he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and glue it his fonne for an Apple.

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

Gen. I.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments feme now as fresh as when we were at Tumis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that were came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseach you) widdow Dido.


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

Ant. That fort was well fith'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram'these words into mine ears, against the romancke of my fefe: I would he neuer

Married my daughter there: For comming thence

My fonne is loth, and (in my rate) the too,

Who is so farre from Italy remoued,

I ne're againe shall fee her: O thou mine heire

Of Naples and of Millain, what strange fith

Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him heare the furges and his, and

And ride upon their backes; he trode the water

Whose enmity he flung aside: and breffed

The furge most flove that met him: his bold head

Bose the contentious wanes he kept, and oared

Himfelfe with his good arms in huppy stroke

To th'other; that ore his wae-worne bafs bowed

As fleeping to releue him: I do not doubt

He came alee to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your felde for this great loffe,

That would not bleeke our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an Afrikan,

Where the at leat, is banifh'd from your eye,

Who hath caufe to wet the greffe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun't otherwise

By all of vs: and the faire fonfe her felke

Waig'd betweenist lothneffe, and obedience, at

When end o'th'beame should bow: we have loft your

I fear for euers: Millaine and Naples have (fon,

Widdowes in them of this buffielie making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer't oth'loffe.

Gen. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,

And time to speake it in! you rub the fore,

When you should bring the plaifer.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Churugonly.

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

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowlie weather.

Ant. Very soule.

Gen. Had I plantation of this Ile my Lord.

Ant. Hee's bow't with Nettle feu.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

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

Seb. Scapie being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gen. If'th Common wealth I vvoid (by contraries)

Execute all things: For, and then go't Traffie.

Would I admitt: No name of Magistrat:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vfe of feruices, none: Contra feed, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:

No vfe of Metalt, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Souernesst.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce

Without fweet or eneuer: Traefon, fellony,

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

Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinds, all Ioyson, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his fowle'es?

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

Gen. I would with fuch perfedion gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Sauie his Maietie.

Ant. Long liue Goanad.

Gen. And do you marke me, Sir? (me)

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doft talk nothing to

Gen. I do vwell beleue your Highneffe, and did it

to minifier occasion to thefe Gentlemen, who are of

such fedible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vfe

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gen. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing

to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing all.

Ant. What a blow vvas there given?

Seb. And it had not faine flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of brave mettal: you would

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

in it feue weeks without changing.

Enter Arist playing lute or Mufchets.

Seb. We would fo, and then go a flat-trowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I vwill not adventure my
difcretion fo weakly: Will you laugh me alleece, for I
am very heawy.

Alon. Go deeper, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so foone alleece? I wish mine eyes

Would(with themfelves) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do fo.

Seb. Pleafte you Sir,

Do not omit the heayy offere of it:

It fllome uifhs farrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.
Wondrous O, where Heere flie die ftanding, to th'occafion and Jhe Then how You Whiles If Thou That Muft (Moft This And they be: a Thunder-froke: what might Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more: And yet, me thinks I fee it in thy face, What thou fhould't be: th'occafion speaks thee, and My strong imagination fee's a Crowne Dropping vpon thy head.

Sub. What'ar thou wakings? Ant. Do you not heare me fpeeke? Sub. I do, and surely It is a fleepy Language; and thou fpeak'st Out of thy fleep: What is it thou didn't fay? This is a ftrange reproof, to be fleepe With eyes wide open: ftaundig, fpeaking, mowing: And yet fo ftaundig. Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'th thy fortune fleepe: die rather: wink'th While thou art waking. Sub. Thou do'lt fnore difftantly, There's meaning in thy fnores.

Ant. I am more ferious then my cuftome: you Muff be fo too, if heed me: which to do, Trebles thee eye's.


Ant. O! If you knew how you the purpofe cherifh Whiles thus you mocke it: how in flipping it You more inueft it: ebbing men, indeed (Moft often) do fo neere the bottome run By their owne fear, or floth. Sub. 'Pre-thy fay on, The fettling of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throwes thee much to yeild. Ant. Thus Sir: Although this Lord of weake remembrances: this Who fhall be of a little memory When he is ear'd, hath here almoft perfwaded (For hee's a Spirit of perfwafion, one) Proffifes to perfwade) the King his fonne's alie, 'Tis as impoffible that hee's vn drowned, As he that fleepes heere, fwiws. Sub. I have no hope That hee's vn drowned.

Ant. O, out of that no hope, What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is another way fo high a hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond But doubt diffcouver there. Will you grant with me That Ferdinand is drowned.

Sub. He's gone.

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

Ant. She that is Queen of Tune: she that dwells Ten leagues beyond mans life: the that from Naples Can have no note, vneffe the Sun were poft: The Man i'th Moone's too low, till new-born chines Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom We all were feea-fwallowed, though some call againe, (And by that deftiny) to performe an act Whereof, what's paft is Prologue: what to come In yours, and my difcharge.

Sub. What fluffe is this? How fay you? 'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tune, So is the heyre of Naples, twixt which Regions There is fome space.

Ant. A flace, where eu'ry cubit Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tune, And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death That now hath felled them, who were no worse Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate As amply, and vnneeceffarily As this Gonzalo: I my fale could make A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore The minde that I do; what a fleepe were this For your advancement? Do you vnderstand me? Sub. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do you your content Tender your owne good fortune? Sub. I remember You did fupplicant your Brotheh Proflero.

Ant. True: And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me, Much fatter then before: My Brothers errants Were then my fellowes, now they are my men. Sub. But for your conffience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If twere a kybe 'Twould put me to my flipper: But I feele not This Delfy in my bofome: 'Twentie conffences That fland 'twixt mee, and Millaine, candied be they, And melt ere they mollen: Heere lies your Brother, No better then the earth he lies vpon, If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead) Whom I with this obedient feele (three inches of it) Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus, To the perpaulli winke for eye might put This ancient morfcell: this Sir Prudence, who Should not vpraid our coufe: for all the reft They'll take fuggelion, as a Cat laps milke, They'll tell the clockes, to any busineffe that We lay beft to the hoore.

Sub. Thy cafe, deere Friend Shall be my predefant: As thou got't Millaine, 'Tle come by Naples: Draw thy fword, oneroke Shall fere thee from the tribute which thou paft, And I the King shall lour thee.

Ant. Draw together:

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

Sub. O, but one word. 

Enter ArieLL with Musicks and Song.

ArieL. My Mafter through his Art forefettes the danger That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth (Forcliffe his proie et dies) to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's care.

While you here do furring lie,
Open-eyed Conjuror

Sub. Thus done take i't.
If of Life you keep a care,
Shake off slander and bewray.
Awake, awake.
Ant. Then let us both be wakeful.

Gen. Now, good Angel, prefer the King,

Ant. How now, has awoke? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gen. What’s the matter?

Seb. Whiles we flood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Burls, or rather Lyons, didn’t not wake you?
It froooke mine ear most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, twas a din to fright a Monser’s care;
To make an earthquake: fure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Genesis?
Gen. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak’d you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes open,
I saw their weapons drawnne: there was a noyse,
That’s verily our hand we stand upon our guard:
Or that we quitt this place: let’s draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let’s make further search
For my poor fonne.

Gen. Heauens keepes him from their Beasts:
For he is fure Ptb Island.

Alo. Lead away. (done.)

Ariell. Preprer my Lord, shall know what I have
So (King) goe safely on to seek ye Son. Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

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

Cal. All the inflamptions that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flatts, on Propper fall, and make him
By ync-meale a diffeare: his Spirit heare me,
And yet I needs must curpe:But they’re not pinch.
Fright me with Vruchyn-shewes, pitch me I’t bire, mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleffe he bid ‘em; but
For every tribe, are they let upon me,
Sometimes like Ape, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount:
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clowen tongues
Doe hille me into madness: Lo, now Lo,
Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
Trinculo.
For bringing wood in flowre: I’le fall flat
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here’s neither buft, nor scrub to bearre off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it finge’th winde: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumberd that would shed his liquor: if it should thunber, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot choode but fall by palle-fusis. What have we here, a man, or a fish? dead or alive? a fish, hee fme’s like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

neweft poore- JOHN: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would glue a pece of fizer: there, would this Monfer, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not glue a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out to fee a dead Indian: Leg’d like a man; and his Fimmas like Armes: warne o’my troth: I doe now let looce my o’pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Illander, that hath lately suffred by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my left way is to creepe vnnder his Gamberine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Milery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme be paft.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shal not no more to see, to sea, here shal I dye ashore.
This is a very curuy tune to fing at a mans
Funerall: well, here’s my comfort.

Drinks.

Sing. The Master, the Swobber, the Boate-fowaine & I; The Gunner, and his Mate.
Lou’d Mall, Meg, and O’Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car’d for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tag,
Would crying to a Sailor goe hang!
She lo’d not the favour of Tar mur of Pitch.
Yet a Tailor might scratch her seare ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boys, and let her goe hang.
This is a scoury tune too:
But here’s my comfort.

Drinke.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What’s the matter?

Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon’s with Salugues, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap’d drowning, to be afraid
now of your foure legs: for it hath bin fald: as proper
a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
glue ground: and it shall be laid to againe, while
Stephano breathes at noffrils.

Cal. The Spirit tormentes me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monfer of the life, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Auge: where the dwell
should he learn our language? I will glue him some re-
lief if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he’s a Pre-
fent for any Emperor that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.

Cal. Doe not torment me ’prether: I’le bring my
wood home faster.

Ste. He’s in his fit now; and doe’s not talk after the
wild-fit; hee shall falle of my Bottle: if hee haue never drunk cince ashore, it will goe seere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that foundly.

Cal. Thou doeft me yet but little hurt: thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Propper works
upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will glue language to you Cat; open your
mouth; this will shakke your shaking, I can tell you, and
that foundly: you cannot tell who’s your friend; open
your chaps again.

Tri. I should know that voice:
It should be,
The Tempest.

But hee is round; and these are duiels; O defend me.

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

Tri. Stephano. I doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy!

This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leasie him, I haue no long Spoon.

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

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo: come forth: Ile pull thee by the lefser legges; if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how cam'st thou to be the fiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-brook; but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Califes Gaderbiding, for feare of the Storme: And art thou lying Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans cap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my tromacks is not confant.

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

Ste. How didst thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Sware by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I ecap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Sayers heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was caft a-shore.

Cal. Ile sware vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthilly.

Ste. Herees: sware then how thou ecap'dst.

Tri. Swom ahoire (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke Ile be sware.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke, 

Though thou can't, sware like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goode.

Tri. O Stephano, ha'li't any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by thee'ta-side, where my Wine is hid:

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

Cal. Ha'li't thou not dropt from heauen?

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

Cal. I have scene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mifris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buff.

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shalow Monser: I afeard of him: a very weake Monster: The Man is't Moone?

A most poore crouckulous Monster:

Well drawne Monser, in good foorh.

Cal. He shew thee every fertilly ynch 0'th Island: and I will kiffe thy foot: I prethee be my god.

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

Cal. Ile kiffe thy foot. Ile sware my felte thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sware.

Tri. I shall laugh my felle to death at this puppi-headed Monser: a moost scares Monser: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiffe.

Tri. But that the poore Monser's in drinke:

An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the beft Springs: I'le pluckle thee Berries: I'le fill for thee; and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ferue; I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moost ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Craba grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; thoe thee a layes neft, and inruct thee how to finde the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to claffing Philibers, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocks: Wilt thou goe with me?

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

Caliban Sings drunkently.

Farewell Mafter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monser.

Cal. No more damns I'le make for yous,

Nor feath in firing, at requiring,

Nor ferape trenchering, nor auijo dipp,

'Ban' ban' Cacalyban,

Has a new Mafter, get a new Man.

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

Ste. O braue Monser; lead the way.

Aeitus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

For. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them fet off: Some kindes of bafeniffe Are nobly vnlergon; and moft poore matters Point to rich ends: this my means Taske Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but The Mifris which I ferue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabb'd; And he's compo'd of hardhelle. I must remove Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp, Upon a fare innuention; my sweet Mifris Wepes when the fews me worke, & failes, fuch bages Had neuer like Exeutor: I forget;

But thefe fweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours, Moft bufe left, when I doe it, Enter Miranda

Mr. Alas, now pray you and Pforo. Worke not fo hard: I would the lightning had Burnt vp thofe Logs that you are enioyd to pile: Pray feck it down, and ref you: when this burns Twill wipe for hauing wearied you: my Father Is hard at fudy; pray now ref your felce,
The Tempest.

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O moit decre Miftris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must fiuieu to do.

Mfr. If you'll sit downe
Ilke your Logges the while: pray glue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

For. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my finewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such diilicon vndergoe,
While I fit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poor woman thou art infected,
This visitation fleaves it.

Mfr. You lookk wearily.

For. No, noble Miftris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do befeech you
Cheerfully, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mfr. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heft to say fo.

For. Affirm'd Miranda,
Indeed the top of Abimation, worth
What's decreed to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with birtt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent care: for feuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd feuerall women, wener any
VWith fo full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrill with the nobilit grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peeifie, are created
Of euerie Creatures bint.

Mfr. I do not know
One of my fexe; no womans face remember,
Sawe from my glaffe, mine owne: Nor haue I scene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleffe of; but by my moderate
(The Jewell in my dowre) I would not with
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a flape
Befides your felfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too widly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King
(I would not fo) and would no more endure
This wolden fauerice, then to fuffer
The flght-flie blow my mouth: haere my soule speake.
The verie infant that I bow you, did
My heart fite to your feruice, there refides
To make me flase to it, and for your fake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mfr. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this found,
And crown what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, insert
VWhat bef is loaded me, to milckife: I,
Beyond all limit of what elfe I' th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mfr. I am a foolse
To wepe at what I am glad of.

Proc. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affectiones: heuens raine grace
On that which breeds betweence'em.

Fer. Wherefore wepe you?

Mfr. At mine unworthy selfe, that dare not offer
VWhat I deire to glie; and much lefle tale
VWhat I shal die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it felfe,
The bigger bulke it shewe. Hence balfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocencce.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ille die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ille be your servante
VWheather you will or no.

Fer. My Miftris (deceit)
And I thus humble euer.

Mfr. My husband then?

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

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

Fer. A thousand, thound.

Proc. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VWho are surpriz'd with all; but my relaying
At nothing can be more: Ille to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, mult I performe
Much balnest appertaining.

Exeunt.

Secena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

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

Trin. Servant Monfer? the folly of this Hand, they say there's but flue upon this Ile; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State turrets.

Ste. Drinke servante Monfer when I bid thee, thy ies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a brane Monfer indeede if they were set in his taile.

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

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

Ste. VVeel not run Monfieur Monfer.

Trin. Not go neither: but you' lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licsce thy Hooce: Ile not ferue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monfer, I am in cafe to luffle a Confable: why, thou debidh'd Fith thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk fo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monfrous lie, being but halfe a Fith, and halfe a Monfer?

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

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Natural?  
Cal. Loos, loo againe: bide him to death I prerthe.  
Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: If you proue a maduineer, the next Tree: the poore Mon-  
ter's my fubiecf, and he shall not fuffer indignity.  
Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd  
to hearken once againe to the fulte I made to thee?  
Ste. Marry will I: Kneele, and repeate it,  
I will hand, and fo shall Trinculo.  

Enter Ariell invisibly.  
Cal. As I told thee before, I am fubiecf to a Tyrant,  
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me  
Of the Island.  
Ariell. Thou lyeft.  
Cal. Thou lyeft, thou letting Monkey thou:  
I would my valiant Mafter would destroy thee.  
I do not lye.  
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his,  
By this hand, I will supplant fome of your teeth.  
Trin. Why, I faid nothing.  
Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.  
Cal. I fay by Sorcery he got this life  
From me, he got it: If thy Greatneffe will  
Renegge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ft!)  
But this Thing dare not.  
Ste. That's moft certaine.  
Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ife ferue thee.  
Ste. How now fhall this be compait?  
Canft thou bring me to the party?  
Cal. Yes, yes my Lord, Ife yeeld him thee afleepe,  
Where thou maift knoake a naile in his head.  
Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.  
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou fcurvy patch:  
I do befeech thy Greatneffe glue him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,  
He fhall drinke nought but brine, for Ife not fhew him  
Where the quicke Frothes are.  
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:  
Interrupt the Monfer one word farther, and by this  
hand, Ife turne my merce out o'doores, and make a  
Stockfifh of thee.  
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:  
Ile go farther off.  
Ste. Did'st thou not fay he lyed?  
Ariell. Thou lyef.  
Ste. Do I fo? Take thou that,  
As you like this, give me the lyne another time.  
Trin. I did not glue the lie: Out o'your wittyes, and  
hearing too?  
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:  
A murren on your Monfer, and the diuell take your  
fingers.  
Cal. Ha, ha, ha.  
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand  
further off.  
Trin. Beate him enough: after a little time  
Ile beate him too.  
Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.  
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cucome with him  
I'fth afternoon to fleeepe: there thou maift braine him,  
Having firft faied his bookees: Or with a logge  
Batter his skull, or punch him with a flake,  
Or cut his weazend with thy knife. Remember  
Firft to poffeffe his bookees; for without them  

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not  
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Toorne but his Bookes,  
He ha's braue Vrtillis (for fo he calleth them)  
Which when he ha's a house, hee'le decke withall.  
And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe  
Cals her a non-parell: I neuer saw a woman  
But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;  
But the as tarre forgiffeth Sycorax,  
As great'd do's leaft.  
Ste. Is it fo braue a Laiffe?  
Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth braue brood.  
Ste. Monfter, I will kill thine shall his daughter and  
I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces; and Trinc-  
culo and thy felfe shall be Vice-royes:  
Doft thou like the plot Trinculo?  
Trin. Excellent.  
Ste. Give me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee:  
But while thou ilu'lel keep a good tongue in thy head.  
Cal. Within this halfe hour he will be afleepe,  
Wilt thou defroy him then?  
Ste. I on mine honour.  
Ariell. This will I tell my Mafter.  
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of plefure,  
Let vs be locond. Will you trouble the Catch  
You taught me but whileare?  
Ste. At thy requet Monfter, I will do reason,  
Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs fing.  
Sings.  
Float'em, and cou'tem: and shou'tem, and float'em,  
Thought is free.  
Cal. That's not the tune.  
Ariell plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.  
Ste. What is this fame?  
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaied by the picture  
of No-body.  
Ste. If thou beeft a man, shew thy felfe in thy likenes:  
If thou beeft a diuell, take'st as thou lift.  
Trin. O forgive me my flinnes.  
Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defie thee;  
Mercy vpon vs.  
Cal. Art thou afraid?  
Ste. No Monfter, not I.  
Cal. Be not afraid, the Isle is full of noyes,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that glue delight and hurt not:  
Sometimes a hothead and twangling Instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That if I then had wak'd after long fleece,  
Will make me fleece againe, and then in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches  
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd  
I cri'd to dreame againe.  
Ste. This will prove a braue kingdome to me,  
Where I shall have my Muufeke for nothing.  
Cal. When Prospero is deftoy'd.  
Ste. That shall be by and by:  
I remember the florie.  
Trin. The found is going away,  
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.  
Ste. Leade Monfter,  
Wee'll follow: I would I could fee this Taborer,  
He leues it on.  
Trin. Wilt come?  
Ile follow Stephano.  

Exeunt,  
Scena
Enter Alonfo, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalvo, Adrian, Francesio, etc.

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

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my feife attach'd with weariness To th'bullying of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd Whom we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope: Doe not for one repulse forgive the purpose That you refol'd e'reffect.

Sbc. The next advantage we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night, For now they are oppressed with trouaille, They will not, nor cannot we such vigilance As when they are freth.

Scene and strange Musick: and Prayer on the top (imposible: I enter several strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about with gentle actions of jubilations, and imitating the King, &c. to cater, they depart.

Sbc. I lay to night: no more.

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

Gen. Marvellous sweet Musick.

Al. Glue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were these?

Sbc. A living Dorothea: now I will believe That there are Vincernes: that in Arabia

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne; one Phoenix

At this house reignling there.

Ant. Ile believe both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me

And Be beedorne 'tis true: Travellers here did lye,

Though foiloes at home condemne 'em.

Gen. In Naples

I shold report this now, would they believe me?

If I should lay I saw such Ishanas;

For certes, these are people of the Island

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gently, kinde, then of Our humane generation you shall finde Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast fald well: for some of you there present: Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much mufe

Such shapes, such guffure, and such found expressing (Although they want the vie of tongue) a kinde Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Prifile in departing.

Fr. They vanilh'd strangely.

Sbc. No matter, finde (acks.

They have left their Vlans behind; for wee have flo-

Wilt please you tafte of what is here?

Al. Not I.

(Boyers

Gen. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when we were

Who would beleue that there were Mountayneerres, Dew-lappd, like Buls, whole throats had hanging a'em Wallers of flesh? or that there were fuch men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde

Each purret out of flue for one, will bring us Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although no, matter, since I feele

The belt is pat: brother: my Lord, the Duke, Stand too, and doe as we.

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

Ar. You are three men of finne, whom definy That hath to inftrument this lower world, And what is in't: the newer should Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island, Where man doth not inhabit, you mostart men, Being mould vnsd to lie: I haue made you mad; And even with fuch like valour, men hang, and drowne Their proper felves: you foole, I, and my fellowes Are minister of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winde, or with bemocket-at-Stabs Kill the full closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plumbe: my fellow ministeres Are like-invincible: if you could hurt, Your swords are now too maffe for your shrengths,

And will not be vplifed: But remember (For that's my busynesse to you) that you three From Meatline did supplant good Prayerse, Expoud vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed, The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have

Inces'd the Seas, and Shore: yes, all the Creatures Against your peace: These of thy Sonne, Alonfo

They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me Lingring perdition (worse then any death Can be at once) shall step, by step attend You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you from, Which here, in this most defolate Ile, eele fals Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow, And a cleere life enfuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to left Musick:) Enter the shapes againes, and daunce (with mocks and movens) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, haft thou Performed (my Arieall) a grace it had devouring:

Of my Instruition, haft thou nothing bated

In what thou had'ft to say: so with good life,

And obfervation strange, my meurer ministeres

Their feuerall kindes have done: my high charmes work, And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their diatations: they now are in my powre;

And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit Yong Ferdinand (whom they supposse is drown'd)

And his, and mine lou' darlings,

Gen. I chame name of something holy, Sir, why stand you

In this strange flare?

Al. O, it is monstrous; monstrous:

Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,

The windes did fig it to me: and the Thunder (That deep and dreadful full Organ-Pipe) prounc'd

The name of Prayer: it did lase my Trepafe,

Therefore my Sonne I th Oxe is beird: and I

I'l fecke him deeper then ere plummet founded,

And with him there ly mudded.

Sbc. But one heed at a time,

Ile fight their Legions ore.
ACTUS Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amend, for I Have given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I live : who, once again I tender to thy hand : All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hadst strangely foold the left : here, afore heaven I ratifie this my rich gift : O Ferdinand, Doe not amuse me, that I boast her of, For thou shalt finde she will out-trip all praise And make it hate, behind her.

Fer. I doe believe it Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gueft, and thine owne acquisition Worthily purchase's, take my daughter : But If thou do'ft break her Virgin-knot, before All fanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy right, be minifred, No sweet afperion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow : but barren hate, Sower-ey'd difdain, and difcord shall befrew The vision of your bed, with weede fo loathly That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heed, As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope For quiet days, faire Ittuce, and long life, With fuch love, as 'tis now the murkiefl den, The moft opportune place, the strongefl fuggeftion, Our worfer Genius can, fhall never melt Mine honor into luft, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I fhall thinke, or Phaethus Steeds are founderd, Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke ; Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine owne ; What Ariel? my indiureous fenuit Ariel. Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meager fellows, your laft fenace Did worthy perfon ; and I must vie you In fuch another tricke : goe bring the rabble (Ore whom I glue thee powre) here, to this place : Incite them to quicke motion, for I muft Behove upon the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promife, And they expect it from me.

Ar. Prefently?

Pro. I : with a twincek.

Ar. Before you can fay come, and goe, And breathe twice ; and cry, fo, fo : Each one tripping on his Toe, Will be here with mop, and moowe.

Do you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate Ariel: doe not approach Till thou do'ft hear me call.

Ar. Well: I confeffe.

Pro. Look thoe thou be true : doe not glue dailance Too much the raige : the ftrongeft othes, are fraw To th'fire ith' blood : be more abtenious, Or elfe good night your vow.

Per. I warrant you, Sir, The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart Abates the ardour of my Lovers.

Pro. Well.

Now come my Ariel, bring a Corollary, Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & petry. Soft muffick. No tongue : all eyes : be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich least Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fitches, Oates and Pesce ; Thy Turphie-Mountains, where flue biffing Sheeps, And flat Medes withched with Stouer, them to kepe : Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims Which fpangle Auriil, at thy heft betrims; To make cold nymphs chaft crownes, & thy broome-Whose shadow the difmirified Batchelor loues, (grouses) Being lafe-lorne : thy poul clipt vineyard, And thy Sea-marge ftilrile, and rockey-hard, Where thou thy felfe do'ft lyre, the Queene oth Skie, Whose watry Arch, and meeffenger, am I. Bid thee leave thefe, & with her foueraigne grace, Iuno Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place defends. To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine : Approach, rich Ceris, her to entertaine. Enter Ceris.

Ir. Halle, many-coloured Meffengers, that nere Do'ft difheve the wife of Jupiter: Who, with thy faffon wings, upon my flowers Diffuflent hon'd drops, refrehing thowres, And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ft crowne My booke acres, and my vnfrubd downe, Rich farcph to my proud earth : why hath thy Queene Summond me hither, to this short grace? Iuno? An contra of true Loue, to celebrate, And some donation freely to eftate On the bles'd Louers.

Ir. Tell me heavenly Bowe, If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do'ft know, Do now attend the Queene? since they did plot The meanes, that duske Dié, my daughter got, Her, and her blind-Boyes fcaflndal company, I have forworne.

Ir. Of her fociete Be not afraid: I met her delite Cutting thofe clouds towards Pheas: and her Son Dowc-drawn with her: here though they to haue done Some wanton charmes, vpon this Man and Malde, Whose vowes are, that no bed-right fhall be paid Till Hymen Torch be lighted : but in vain, Mars hot Minion is returnd againe, Her waphith headed fonna, has broke his arrowes, Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows, And be a Boy right out.

Ir. Hight Queene of State, Great Iuno comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous fitter? goe with me To bleffe this twaine, that they may properous be, And honoured in their life.

They Sing.

Iu. Honest, rich, marriage, blifsful, Long continuance, and encreafing, Haurley iyes, he fill upon you.

Iuno
The Tempest.

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

Per. This is a most malefick vision, and Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think it? Pro. A spirit, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enaft
My present fancy.

Per. Let me liue here ever, so rare a wonder Father, and a wife
May, as this fair Paraffce, and the ciepe looke,
Leave your crippe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anwere your fummons, Iuno do's command.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemens of August weary,
Make hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holie day: your rye-traw hats put on,
And thefe fresh Nymphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited) they swine with
the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof,
Proterpo flairs fastiwide and peasates, after which so a
Strange belowe and confus'd myth, they beautiully saunt.

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

Per. This: he strange: your fathers in some passion
That works him strangely.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with angre, so diffenter'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my lon) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were diuaded: be cheerful Sir,
Our Reuds now are ended: Thefe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirts, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And the baseflefe fabricke of this vision
The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solennes Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yes, all which it inherets, shall dissolve,
And like this inferiuental Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behind: we are fuch fuffe
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a fleer: Sir, I am vex'd,
Beside my weekness, my old braine is troubled:
Be not distur'd with my infirmite,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To fill my beating minde.

Per. Mir. We with your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

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

Per. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaft I might anger thee.

Per. Say again, where didst thou leave their varlots?

Per. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valor, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: heate the ground
For killing of their beasts; yet alwaies bending
Towards their prey: then I heate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prick't their ears
Advanc'd their eye-lids, liftet vp their notes
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their ears
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Thorp's bream, flower, &fhofts, & thorns,
Which enter'd their frail e flins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the foile Lake
Ore-fluck their feet.

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

Per. I go, I goe. Exeunt. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whole nature
Nurture can neuer fickle: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loft, quite loft,
And, as with age, his body ouglier groves,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Artil, laden with gilffering apparel, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all uer.

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

Sr. Montfer, your Fairy, w you fay is a harmsles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monfer, I do smell all horfe-pilfe, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Mir. So is mine. Do you heare Montfer: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Look me.

Trin. Thou wert but a loft Monfer.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour still,
Be patient, for the price Ile bring thee too.
Shall hau'd winke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's hau't as midnight yet.

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

Sr. There is not onely disgrace and dihonor in that
Monfer, but an infinite loffe.

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

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

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

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

Trin. O King Stephano, O Pearth: O worthy Stephano,
Looke what a warderbee here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou fool, it is but trafe.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monfer: wee know what belongs to a
frillierry, O King Stephano.

Sr. Put
The Tempest.

Sir. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ie haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meane Cal. The dropecke drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on Such luggage ? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake From toe to crowne he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange Ruffle.

Sr. Be you quiet (Monter) Mifiris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are to like to your haire, & prove a bald Jerkin.

Tri. Doe, doe; we steale by lynne and leuell, and like your grace.

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

Tri. Monter, come put some Lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

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

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

Tri. And this.

Sr. I, and this.

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

Pro. Hey Mountains, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

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

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grind their loynts With dry Convolutions, vsr vp their fineses With aged Cramps, & more ginch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountains.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortely shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the ayr at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicks robes) and Ariel.

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

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

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempe&t: say my Spirit, How fare the King, and his Followers?

Ari. Confid'd together In the same fashion, as you gaine in charge, Luf as you left them ; all prisoners Sir In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot budge till your releafe: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distrauched, And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of forrow, and dilmay: but chiefly Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo, His tears run downe his beard like winters drops From easies of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflications, and shall not my selfe, One of their kindes, that rcell all as sharpeily, Passion as they, be kindlier mould't then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my fate Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengence: they, being penitent, The folde drift of my purpose doth extend Not a browne further: Goe, releafe them Ariel, My Charmes Ie breake, their fences Ie restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir. Exeit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, finding lakes & groves, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse footes Doe chafe the ebbing-Nepuncs, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you dumpy-Puppets, that By Moore-shine doe the Greene lowre Ringleets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whole paftime Is to make midnight-Mulhrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whole ayde (Waske Maters though ye be) I have bedym'd The Noone-like Sun, call'd forth the moutinous winds, And twixt the green Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the drede ratling Thunder Haue I giv'n fire, and ripted lovet sawt Oke With his owne Bolet: The strong baffe promontorie Haue I made shakke, and by the spurn pleckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abrue: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Museke (which even now I do) To worke mine end vpnon their Senses, that This Ayrie-charmes is for, I'll breake my flafe, Bury it certaine fadeoms in the earth, And dearer then did euer Plummett found Ie drowne my booke.

Solemne musike.

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso wolt a frantickke ge-£ures, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthono in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle withich Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero offerings, speakers.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an unfeild fancie, Cure thy braines (Now viclefle) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-flopt.

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the throw of thine Fall fellows drops: The charme diffolves apace, And as the morning steals upon the night (Melting the darkeneffe) do their rising fences Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason: O good Gonzalo My true professor, and a loyal Sir, To him thou follow: I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst
The Tempest.

Did thou Alnos, vfe me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Age, Thou art pinch'd not now Sebastian. Flehs, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition, Expeld rude men, and nature, whom, with Sebastian (Who's inward pinches therefore are most strong.) Would heere have kill'd thy King: I do forgive thee, Vnnatural though thou art: Their understanding Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore That now by foule, and mudy: not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel, Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will difcase me, and my felle prefent As I was sometime Milammas: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel fings, and helps to attire him. Where the Bee jacks, there Jack I, In a Grasshps bell, I tie, There I couched when Oureles doe cri, On the Bells back I doe fly after Summer merrily. Merrily, merrily, faire I live now, Under the bliflou that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariel: I shall mifle thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so. To the Kings ship, insuffe as thou art, There thou shalt finde the Marriners alchepe Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-Swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place; And prefently, I prethee. Ar. I drink the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulle twice beate. Exit. Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide vs Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King The wronged Duke of Milammas, Prospero: For more affurance that a living Prince Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body, And to thee, and thy Company, I bid A hearty welcome. Ar. Where thou be't he or no, Or some Inchantcd triflle to abuse me, (As late I have beene) I know not: thy Pulfe Beats as of flehs, and bloud: and since I saw thee, Thy Afflidtion of my minde amends, with which I have a madness held me: this must cruze (And if this be at all) a most strange story, Thy Dukedom I refigne, and doe entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs: but how holde Prospero Be living, and be heere? Pro. First, noble Friend, Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be mesur'd, or confin'd. Genr. Whether this be, Or be not, I'll not swear. Pro. You do yet take Some fubtelties o'th'live, that will nor let you Believe things certaine: Welcomme, my friends all, But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded I heere could puke his Highness frowne vpon you And influte you Traitors: at this time I will tell no tales. Ar. The Divell speaks in him: Pro. No.
That this doth people in't.  
Pro. 'Tis new to thee, (play?)  
Alse. What is this Maud, with whom thou wast at 
Your el'd acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
Is the the godiffe that hath feuer'd vs,  
And brought us thus together?  
Fer. Sir, she is mortall;  
But by immortall prudence, she's mine;  
I chose her when I could not ask my Father  
For his advice: nor thought I had one: She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milaine,  
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,  
But never saw before: of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life; and second Father  
This Lady makes him to me.  
Alse. I am hers.  
But O, how odly will it found, that I  
Must aske my childe fortune?  
Pro. I haue inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods  
And on this couple drop a blest crowne?  
For it is you, that hath taught'd forth the way  
Which brought vs hither.  
Alse. I say Amen, Gomulato.  
Gon. Was Milaine thrust from Milaine, that his Ilue  
Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce  
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe  
With gold on lading Pillers: In one voyage  
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himselfe was best: Prospero, his Duke'dome  
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our felicities,  
When no man was his owne.  
Alse. Glue me your hands:  
That griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not with you joy.  
Gon. Be it so, Amen.  
Enter Ariel, with the Mafter and Beantfouine  
amanely following.  
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:  
I prophett'd, if a Gallowes were on Land  
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,  
That saith't Grace on boord, nor an oath on shore,  
Haft thou no mouth by land?  
What is the newes?  
Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found  
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,  
Which but three glasse fince, we gave out sipp'd,  
It tyme, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to Sea.  
Ase. Sir, all this feruice  
Haue I done since I went.  
Pro. My trickiey Spirit.  
Pro. These are not natural events, they strengthen  
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?  
Bot. If I did thinkes, Sir, I were well awake,  
I'd flirle to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,  
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange, and fereware noyes  
Of roaring, throaking, bowling, gingling chaines,  
And mo diuerfitie of sounds, all horrible.  
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;  
Where we, in all our trim, freely beheld  
Our royll, good, and gallant Ship: our Mafter  
Capping to eyre her: on a trice, so pleae you,  
Euen in a dreame, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moaping hither.  
Ase. Was't well done?  
Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shall be free.  
Alse. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,  
And there is in this buifnife, more then nature  
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle  
Muff reilifie our knowledge.  
Pro. Sir, my Leige,  
Doe not infell your minde, with beating on  
The frangeneffe of this bufineffe, at pickt leisure  
(Which shall be shortly finge) I thende you,  
(Which to you shall feme probable) of euer  
These happend accidents: till when, be chearffull  
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,  
Set Caliban, and his companions free;  
Vappe the Prophet: how fares my gracious Sir?  
There are yet milifying of your Company  
Some few odd Lades, that you remember not.  
Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and  
Trinculo in their finne Apparel.  
St. Every man shift for all the rest, and let  
No man take care for himselfe: for all is  
But fortune: Caragio Bully-Monster Caragio.  
Tri. If these be true spiees which I weare in my head,  
here's a goodly light.  
Cal. O Sthenus, thefe be braue Spirits indeecke:  
How fine my Mafter is? I am afraid  
He will callifie me.  
Seb. Ha, ha,  
What things are thefe, my Lord Antonius?  
Will money buy em?  
Amt. Very like: one of them  
Is a plaine Filth, and no doubt marketable.  
Pro. Marke but the badges of thefe men, my Lords,  
Then say if they be true: This mimhsen knae;  
His Mother was a Witch, and one fo strong  
That could controle the Moone; make floures, and ebs,  
And deals in her command, without her power:  
Thefe three have robd me, and this demy-duell;  
(For he's a haftard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of thefe Fellowes, you  
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneffe, I  
Acknowlege me.  
Cal. I shall be pincht to death.  
Alse. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?  
Seb. He is drunke now;  
Where had he wine?  
Alse. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they  
Finde this glod Liquor, that he's glided 'em?  
How can't thou in this pickle?  
Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I faw you laft,  
That I feare me will never out of my bones:  
I shall not feare fly-blowing.  
Seb. Why how now Stephano?  
Stc. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp.  
Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, Sirha?  
Stc. I should haue bin a fore one then.  
Alse. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.  
Pro. He is as disparroporion'd in his Manners  
As in his fhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,  
Take with you your Companions: as you looke  
To haue my pardon, trim it handfomely,  
Cal. I that I will: and I'lle be wife hereafter,
And seek for grace: what a thrice double Aife
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you
Sect. Or flole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your ref.

For this one night, which part of it, Ile waile
With fuch difcourfe, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The flory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ship, and fo to Naples,
Where I have hope to fee the nupciall
Of thefe our deere-helond, folemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Every third thought shall be my graue,
Alo. I long
To heare the flory of your life; which muft
Take the care ftarngely.

Pro. I'le deliver all,

And promife you calme Seas, fuspicious gales,
And faile, fo expeditious, that fhall catch
Your Royall fllee farre off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleafe you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

---

**EPILOGUE,**
spoken by **Prospero.**

Now my Charmes are all ore-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is moft fain: now 'tis true
I muft be borne confinde by you,
Or fent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sails
Muf't fill, or else my proiect failles,
Which was to pleafe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is defpair,
Vnleffe I be reliev'd by prayer
Which pierces so, that it affaults
Mercy it felfe, and fwee all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence fet me free. Exit.

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**Names of the Actors.**

Alonfo, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vfurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honfet old Counsellor.
Adrian, & Francifco, Lordis.
Caliban, a falueage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Iesler.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Masfer of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayre-Spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Luna
Nymphes
Spirits.
Reapers

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**FINIS.**
THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Aes primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Eafe to perswade, my louing Proteus; Home-keeping-youth, have euer homely wits, Yet'st affe&ion chaimes thy tender dayes To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Then (living dully fuggard'd at home) Weare out thy youth with shapeleffe idlenesse. But since thou lou'lt; louse filile, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when I to loue begin. 

Pro. Wit thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad eum, Thinke on thy Proteus, when thou (hap'ly) feest Some rare note-worthy obie& in thy trauaille. With me partaker in thy happineffe, When thou do'tt meet good hap; and in thy danger, (If euer danger doe enuiron thee) Commend thy griefance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy heade-man, Valentine. 

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

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

Val. That's on some hollow Storie of deepe loue, How yong Leander croft the Hellespont. 

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

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

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? may geue me not the Bootes. 

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

Pro. What? 

(grones: 

Val. To be in loue; where storne is bought with Coy looks, with hart-forue foiges; one fading moment With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nightes; (mirth, If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleffe gaine; If loft, why then a grieuous labour won; How euer: but a sollye 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 fear ye'le prove. 

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

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you; And he that is so yoked by a fool, 

Me thinks he shou'd not be chronicled for wife. 

Pro. Yet Writere say; as in the sweeteft Bud, The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue 

Inhabit in the finest wits of all. 

Val. And Writere say; as the most forward Bud 

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blowes, Even so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit 

Is turn'd to folly, blathing in the Bud, Loosing his vertue, even in the prime, 

And all the faire efta's of future honours. 

But wherefore waft I time to confide thee 

That art a votary to fond defire? 

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road 

Expects my comming, there to fee me ship'd. 

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine. 

Val. Sweet Proteus, no: Now let vs take our leave: 

To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters 

Of thy succeffe in loue; and what newes eile 

Betideth here in abstinence of thy Friend; 

And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 

Pro. All hapineffe bechance to thee in Millaine. 

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

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue; 

He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more; 

I loue my felfe, my friends, and all for loue: 

Thou Iula thou hast metamorphis'd me; 

Made me nege& my Studies, looke my time; 

Warre with good confide; fet the world at nought; 

Made Wit with mufing, weake; hart fick with thought. 

Sp. Sir Proteus: True you: I saw you my Mafter? 

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

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already; 

And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loofing him. 

Pro. Indeed a Sheepe doth very often fray, 

And if the Shepheard be afile away, 

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

And I Sheepe? 

Pro. I doe. 

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

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

Sp. This proves me flill a Sheepe. 

Pro. True: and thy Mafter a Shepheard. 

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

Pro. It shal goe hard but ile proce by it another. 

Sp. The Shepheard fecket the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feoke my Mafter, and my Mafter fecket not me; therefore I am no Sheepe. 

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

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry ba. 

Pro. But do'th thou heare: gau'th thou my Letter to Iula? 

Sp. I
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

Prov. Here's too small a Pature for such store of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were not al-lik her.

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

Sp. Nay Sir, leefe then a pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter.

Prov. You mistake; I mean the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover

Prov. But what said she?

Sp. I.

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

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

Prov. And that fet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to get it together, take it for your pains.

Prov. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faire to beare with you.

Prov. Why Sir, how do you bear with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Prov. Behew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your flour purfe.

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

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

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

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

Prov. Why? could't thou perceive fo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;

No, not fo much as a docket for delivering your letter: And being fo hard to me, that brought your minde;

I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.

Give her no token but floes, for she's as hard as fleeces.

Prov. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not fo much as take this for thy paines: (me; To tellifie your bounty, I thank you, you have celer'd in requital whereof, henceforthe, carry your letters your felse; And fo Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Prov. Go, go, be gone, to fave your Ship from wrack,

Which cannot perifh hauing thee absarde,

Being defin'd to a dier death on shore: I must goe fende some better Meffenger,

I feare my Julia would not dainge my lines,

Receiving them from fuch a worthiffle poft.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)

Would it thou then counfale me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, fo you fumble not vnheartedly.

Jul. Of all the faire refort of Gentlemen,

That every day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthifte loue?

Luc. Pleafe you repeat their names, Ile fhow my minde,

According to my shallow fimple skill.

Jul. What thinkft thou of the faire Sir Eglamoure?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he never fhou'd be mine.

Jul. What think'ft thou of the rich Mercario?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himfelfe, fo fo.

Jul. What think'ft thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to fee what folly raignes in vs.

Jul. How now! what meanes this paflion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deere Madam, 'tis a palling flame,

That I (wanworthy body as I am)

Should cenfure thus on lonely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reft?

Luc. Then thou: of many good, I thinke him beft.

Jul. Your reafon?

Luc. I have no other but a womans reafon:

I think him fo, because I thinke him fo.

Jul. And would'ft thou have me caft my loue on him?

Luc. 1: If you thought your loue not caft away.

Jul. Why he, of all the reft, hath never mou'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the reft, I thinke beft loues ye.

Jul. His little speaking, shews his loue but small.

Luc. Fire that's cloefet kept, burnes most of all.

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

Luc. Oh, they loue leaft, that let men know their loue.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Perufe this paper Madam.

Jul. To Julia: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say, who gue the thee?

Luc. Sir Valentines page & lent I think from Proteus;

He would have given it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goody Broker;

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and confpire againft my youth?

Now truit 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 efe return no more into my fight.

Jul. To plead for loue, deferves more fee, then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gyn?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chlid her.

What foolie is fie, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modesty, say no to that,

Which they would have the profferer continue, 1.

Fie, fie: how way-werd is this foolish loue;

That (like a telle Babe) will scratch the Nurfe,

And prefently, all humbled kiffe the Rod?

How churlifhly, I chlid Lucetta hence,

When willingly, I would have had her here?

How angrily I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward joy enfor'd my heart to smile?

My pendance is, to call Lucetta backe

And ask remifion, for my folly paft.

What hoc : Lucetta.

Jul. What would your Ladship?

Jul. Is't meer dinner time?

Jul. I would it were,

That you might kill your homacke on your meat,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.
Lu. What is't that you Took vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Lu. Why didst thou floope then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Lu. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Lu. Then let it lye, for tho' that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns.
Vaileth it have a falfe Interpreter.
Lu. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might fing it (Madam) to a tune :
Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set.
Lu. As little by fech toy's, as may be poizable :
Beft fing it to the tune of Light O, Love.
Lu. It is too heavie for fo light a tune.
Lu. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you fing it,
Lu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach fo high.
Lu. Let's fee your Song :
How now Minion?
Lu. Keppe tune there still; so you will sing it out :
And yet me thinke, you do not like this tune.
Lu. You do not ?
Lu. No (Madam) its too sharp.
Lu. You (Minion) are too faucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat ;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a defcant :
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Lu. The meane is rounde with you vnruely base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the bafe for Proteus.
Lu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me ;
Here is a colle with protection :
Goes, get you gone: and let the papers lye :
You would be finging them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it frige, but she would be beft plea'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Lu. Nay, would I were so angred with the fame :
Oh hatefult hands, to teare each foule burning words ;
Influrious Wafhes, to feede on fuch sweet honey,
And kill the Bees that yeeld it, with your thongs :
Ileiffe each feuerall paper, for amends :
Looke, here is wright, kinde Iulia : vnkinde Iulia,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againft the bazing-tones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy difdain.
And here is wright, Love wounded Proteus.
Poore wounded name: my bofome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thou woulde be throughly heal'd ;
And thus I fearch it with a foueraigne kiffe.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written downe :
Be calm (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whilsle-winde barea
Vnto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice wright:
Poore forlorn Proteus, paffionate Proteus :
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, fith fo prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names ;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another ;
Now kiffe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father flates.

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Proteus.
Ant. Tell me Panthino, what fad tale was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Clift.
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Proteus, your Sonne.
Ant. Why ? what of him ?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men of fnder reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to feeke prefemtment out.
Some to the warres, to trye their fortune there ;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away :
Some, to the fiful Vniversity :
For any, or for all these exercises,
He faid, that Proteus, your fonne, was met ;
And did request me, to imporntune you
To let him fpend his time no more at home ;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaille in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ft thou much imporntune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hammersing,
I have confider'd well, his loffe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfeft man,
Not being tried, and tutord in the world :
Experience is by induftry atchieu'd,
And perfecd by the fweet courfe of time :
Then tell me, whether were I beft to fend him ?
Pan. I thinke your Lordhip is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull Valentin,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship fent him
There shall he praftice Titles, and Turnaments ;
Hear sweet discours, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercife
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy counfelle: well haft thou adu'd:
And that thou maift perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne ;
Even with the fpedieft expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonfo ?
With other Gentlemen of good efteeme
Are iournyng, to saluate the Emperour,
And to commend their fervice to his will.
Ant. Good company : with them shall Proteus go :
And in good time : now will we breake with him.
Pan. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune ;
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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O that our Fathers would applaud our loyes
To seale our happinesse with their contents.

Pro. Oh heavenely Julia.

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

Pro. May't pleafe your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Delivered by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me fee what news.

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

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

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

Ant. My will is something fordc with his wish:
Mute not that I thus fondly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenence he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow he in readiness, to goe.
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so foone prou'd,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st ifalbe fet after thee:
No more of that: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Panthone; you shall be impoy'd,
To haften on his Expedition.

Pro. Thau have I fhould the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the lea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to thowe my Father Julius Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted moft againft my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loue refemblith
The vencertain glory of an Aprill day,
Which now thewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in halfe, therefore I pray you go.

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

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scene Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glose.

Val. Not mine: my Gloses are on.

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

Val. Ha? Let me fee: I, give it me, 'tis mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah Silvia, Silvia.

Speed. Madam Silvia: Madam Silvia.

Val. How now Siria?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistake.

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

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

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

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

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

Speed. Marry by thefe speciell markes: firft, you haue
learn'd (like Sir Proteus) to wrath your Armes like a
Male-content: to relifh a Loue-fong, like a Robin-red
break: to walke alone like one that had the paffion
of figh, like a Schoole-boy that had loft his A. B. C.
to weep with a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to faft, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
fears robbing: to speake puling, like a begger at Hal-
low-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you faifted, it was preffently after dinner:
when you look'd fadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mithris, that when I
look on you, I can hardly thinke you my Mater.

Val. Are all thefe things percel'd in me?

Speed. They are all percel'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you I say, that's certaine: for with-
out you were fo finite, none elfe would: but you are
soe without thefe follies, that thefe follies are within you,
and shone through you like the water in an Virnall:
that not an eye that fees you, but is a Phyfician to comment
on your Malady.

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

Speed. Shee that you gane on fo, as the firs at supper?

Val. Haft thou obferued that? euen the I meane.

Speed. Why fir, I know her not.

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

Speed. Is the not hard-fauour'd, fir?

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

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doft thou know?

Speed. That fehe is not fo faire, as (of you) well-fau-
our'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquifite,
But her faviour infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

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

Val. How eleem'th thou me? I account of her beauty.

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

Val. How long hath the beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer fince you loo'd her.

Val. I have lou'd her ewer since I faw her,
And ftil I fee her beaufull.

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

Val. Why?

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

Val. What should I fee then?

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

(ning)

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laft mor-
you could not fee to wine your hooes.

Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my bed, I thank
you, you fwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee to
the bolder
Val. Why she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she,
When free hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceive the left?  
Val. No, beleue me.
Speed. No beleuing you indeed sir:  
But did you perceive her earneft?  
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why the hath given you a Letter.
Val. That’s the Letter I write to her friend.  
Speed. And ‘tis letter hath the deliu’er’d, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no worfe.
Speed. Hee warrant you, ‘tis as well:  
For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,  
Or elie for want of litle time, could not againe reply,  
Or fearing els some meffeger, ‘y might her mind discomfure  
Her self hath taught her Loue himselfe, to write vnto her  
All this I speake in print, for in print I found it. (louer.  
Why mule you sir, ‘tis dinner time.  
Val. I have dyn’d.
Speed. I, but heareken sir: though the Cameleon Loue  
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish’t by my virtues;  
and would faine have maste: oh bee not like your Miftrefs, be moued, be moued.  
Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter Probus, Iulia, Pantbion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Iulia:  
Iul. I must where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.
Iul. If you turne not; you will return the sooner:  
Keepes this remembrance for thy Iulia’s fake.
Pro. Why then wee’ll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Iul. And feale the bargain with a holy-kiffe.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true confiance:  
And when that howre ore-flips me the day,  
Wherein I figh not (Iulia) for thy fake;
The next enuing howre, some foole mifchance  
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:  
My father faires my comming: aunfvere not:  
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of teares,  
That tide will day me longer then I should,  
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?  
I, to true loue should doe: it cannot speake,  
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
Pantb. Sir Probus: you are flaid for.
Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes pocr Louers dumbe.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laurens, Pantbion.

Laurence. Nay, ‘twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the Laurens, have this very fault: I have receiv’d my proportion, like the prodigious fonne,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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Sonnet, and am going with Sir Prothens to the Imperial Lady Court: I thinked Crab my dog, be the fowret natured

doggie that lies: My Mother weeping: my Father

wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great

perplexitie, yet did not this cruel-lhearted Currie shodde

one teare: he is a stone, a very pible stone, and has no

more pity in him then a dogge: Iew would have wept

to have feene our parting: why my Grandam having

no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:

nay, lie shew you the manner of it. This Doyle is my fa-

ther: no, this left Doyle is my father: no, no, this left

doyle is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:

yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worfer sole: this Doyle

with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:

a vengance on’s, there ‘tis: Now fift, this stiffe is my

filter: so, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as

small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the
dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:
oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; fo, fo: now

come I to my Father: Father, your blessing: now

shoud not the Doyle speake a word for weeping: now

shoud I kiss my Father: well, bee weepes on: Now
come I to my Mother: Oh that he could speake

now, like a would-woman: well, I kisshe her: why

there ‘tis; here’s my mothers breath vp and downe:

Now come I to my fitter: make the monee the makes:

now the dogge all this while shews not a teare: nor

speakes a word: but see how I lay the duft with my

teares.

Panth. Lawne, away, away: a Board: thy Master is

shipt’d, and thou art to putt after with oares: what’s the

matter? why weep’lt thou man? away affe, you’ll looke

the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Lawn. It’s no matter if the tide were lowt, for it is the

vnkinded Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What’s the vnkinded tide?

Lawn. Why, he that’s tide here, Crab my dog.

Panth. Did man: I mean thou’lt looke the flood, and

in looing the flood, looke thy voyage, and in looing thy

voyage, looke thy Master, and in looing thy Master,

looke thy ferman, and in looing thy ferman:— why

do’t thou frop my mouth?

Lawn. For feare thou shouldest looke thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I looke my tongue?

Lawn. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Lawn. Loofe the Tide, and the voyaige, and the Ma-

ter, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the Riner

were dry, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde

were downe, I could drive the boate with my fighes.

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

Lawn. Sir: call me what thou darst.

Panth. Wilt thou give?

Lawn. Well, I will goe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Dake, Prothens.

Sl. Servant.

Val. Miftris.

Spec. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it’s for love.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistris then.

Spec. ’Twere good you: knockt him.

Sl. Servant, you are led.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I feeme fo.

Thou. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Ha! Hy I do.

Thou. So doe Counterfeys.

Val. So doe you.

Thou. What feeme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thou. What infance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thou. And how quoe you my folly?

Val. I quoe it in your Jerkin.

Thou. My Jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Hee double your folly.

Thou. How?

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

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

Thou. That hath more minde to feed on your blood,

then live in your aye.

Val. You have said Sir.

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

Val. I know it well Sir, you alwayes end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleman, & quickly shutt off.

Val. ’Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your felfe (vexat Lady) for you gave the fire,

Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,

And spendes what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thou. Sir, if you fpand word for word with me, I shall

make your wit bankrupt.

(words, Val. I know it well Sir: you have an Exchequer of

And Ithinkke, no other treasire to glue your followers:

For it appears by their bare Lineries

That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:

Here comes my father.

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

Sir Valentine, your father is in good heath,

What sayyou to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newses?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

Dak. Know ye, Sir Arthur, your Countriman?

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

To be of worth, and worthy eftimation,

And not without defert so well reputed.

Dak. Hath he not a Sonne?

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

The honor, and regard of such a Father.

Dak. You know him well ?

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

We have conferreth, and spent our howres together,

And though my felfe have eene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the tweek benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection

Yet hath Sir Prothens (for that’s his name)

Made vfe, and faire advantage of his daies:

His yeares but young, but his experience old:

His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe

And in a word (for far behind is his worth

Comes all the praifes that I now bellow.)

C He
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

*Dek. Bedeframe me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperors 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 'thou no vn-welcome news to you.

*Vol. Should I have with'd a thing, it had beene he.

*Dek. Welcome him then according to his worth:

*Silv. I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio,
For *Valentine, I need not cite him to it,
I will fend him hither to you presently.

*Vol. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Militreffe
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriftall lookes.

*Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them

Vpon some other Pawne for fealty.

*Val. Nay faire, I thinke she holds them prifoners filil.
She hath, they say, fid your lady, and is blind.
How could he fee his way to fecke out you?

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

*Thur. They fey that Loue hath not an eye at all.

*Val. To fee such Louers, *Thurio, as your felie,
Vpon a homely object, Loue can wink.

*Sil. Have done, have done : here comes your gentleman.

*Vol. Welcome, dear *Pruteus : Militref, I brefceh you
Confirm his welcome, with some fpeciall favor.

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

*Vol. Militref, it is a sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.

*Sil. Too low a Militref for fo high a fervant.

*Pro. Not fo, sweet Lady, but too meane a fervant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Militrefe.

*Val. Leave off difcourfe of disability:

Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

*Pro. My dutie will I baffle of, nothing elfe.

*Sil. And duty neuer yet did want his meed.

*Servant, you are welcome to a worthie Militrefe.

*Pro. Ile die on him that faile fo but your felie.

*Sil. That you are welcome.

*Pro. That you are worthie.

*Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speake with

*Sil. I wait vpon his pleafure : Come Sir *Thurio,

*Goe with me : once more, new Servant welcome ;
Iheu haue, the faire lucre that you heare.

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

*Pro. Welle both attend upon your Ladiship.

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

*Pro. Your freinds are wel, & haue the much comend.

*Sil. And how doe yours ?

*Pro. I left them all in health.

*Vol. How does your Lady ? & how thriues your loue?

*Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weare you,
I know you joy not in a Loue-difcourfe.

*Val. I *Pruteus, but that life is alterd now,
I have done penance for contemning Loue,
Whole high emiperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fault, with penitentiel groans,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fare fighes.
For in revenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath that flepe from my enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Pruteus, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath fo humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no fuch loe on earth :
Now, no diffcours, except it be of loue,
Now can I breake my faith, dine, frye, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue,

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

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

*Pro. No ; But she is an earthly Paragon.

*Val. Call her divine.

*Pro. I will not flatter her.

*Val. O flatter me : for Loue delights in praires.

*Pro. When I was fick, you gaue me bitter pills,
And I must minifter the like to you.

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

*Pro. Except my Militrefe.

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

*Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne ?

*Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to :

Shee fiall be dignifd with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies triane, left the bafe earth
Should from her vefure chance to fteale a kiffe,
And of fo great a favor growing proud,
Diffaine to roote the Sommer-dwellings flowre,
And make rough winter everlaftingly.

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

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

*Pro. Then let her alone.

*Val. Not for the world : why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing fuch a fewel
As twenty Seas, if all their fand were pearsle,
The water, Nedar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgue me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou fceft me doate vpon my loue : My foolish Riuall that her Father flikes
(Onely for his poffiffions are fo huge)
Is gone with her along, and I muft after,
For Loue (thou know'ft it is full of Jealousie.)

*Pro. But the loues you ?

*Val. But the loues you ?

(howre,

*Val. I, and we are betroth'd : nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determined of : how I must clime her window,
The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineffe.

Good *Pruteus goe with me to my chamber,
In thefe affairs to aid me with thy counfaile,

*Pro. Goe on before : I shall enquire you forth:
I muft vnto the Road, to dif-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs muft vfe,
And then Ile prefently attend you.

*Val. Will you make halfe ?

(Exeunt.

*Pro. I will.

Even as one harte, another harte expels,
Or as one naile, by strength dries out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newe obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentine praires ?
Her true perfection, or my falie transfigration?
That makes me reafonelle, to reafon thus?
Shee is faire : and fo is *Julia that I loue,

(That
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw’d, Which like a waxen Image ’gainst a fire Bears all the impreffion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my scale to Valentine is cold ; And that I love him not as I was wont: O, but I love his Lady too-too much, And that’s the reafon I love him fo little. How fhall I doe on her with more advice, That thou without advice begin to love her? ’Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazzl’d my refons light: But when I looke on her perfecions, There is no reafon, but I fhall be blind. If I can checke my erring love, I will, If not, to compaffe her lie vfe my skill.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honestly welcome to Padua. Laun. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never vndon till he be hang’d, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hoitaffe fay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap : I le to the Ale-house with you prefently ; where, for one shot of fiue pence, thou shalt have fiue thousand welcomes : But firsha, how did thy Mafter part with Madam Iulia?

Laun. Marray after they cloas’d in earneft, they parted very fairely in lefte.

Spec. But fhall the marry him?

Laun. No.

Spec. How then? fhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Spec. What, are they broken?

Laun. No ; they are both as whole as a fith.

Spec. Why then, how fhands the matter with them?

Laun. Marray thus ; when it fhands well with him, it fhands well with her.

Spec. What an affe art thou, I vnderfand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My fatfe vnderstands me?

Spec. What thou faifit?

Laun. I, and what I do too : looke thee, lie but leane, and my faffe vnderstands me.

Spec. It fhands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, fhand- vnder and vnder-fhand is all one.

Spec. But tell me true, will’t be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he fay I, it will; if hee fay no, it will: if hee fhake his taile, and fay nothing, it will.

Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou fhalt never get such a fecret from me, but by a parable.

Spec. ’Tis well that I get it fo : but Laun. how faiit thou that my matter is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I never knew him otherwife.

Spec. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber : as thou reported him to bee.


Spec. I tell thee, my Mafter is become a hot Louer.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee beeare himefelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale - house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spec. Why?

Laun. Because thou haft not fo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian : Wilt thou goe?

Spec. At thy fervice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus fola.

Pro. To leave my Julia; fhall I be forfowrne?

To loue faire Silvia, fhall I be forfowrne?

To wrong my friend, I fhall be much forfowrne.

And ev’n that Powre which gane me firft my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.

Loue bad mee fwear, and Loue bids mee f- weare ;
O fweet-fuggefting Loue, if thou haft fin’d,
Teach me (thy tempted fubje) to excufe it.

At firft I did adore a twinkleling Starre,
But now I worship a celefiall Sunne ;
Vn heedfull vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants refolved will,
To leare his wit, f-exchange the bad for better;
Fig. fig. vnaccounting tongue, to call her bad,
Whofe fouveraignty fo oft thou haft preferr’d,
With twentie thousand foule-confirming oaths.
I cannot leafe to loue ; and yet I doe : But there I leave to loue, where I fhould loue.

Julia I loofe, and Valentine I loofe.

If I keeps them, I needs muft looke my felfe:
If I looke them, thus finde I by their loffe,
For Valentine, my felfe : for Julia, Silvia.
I to my felfe am deere then a friend,
For Loue is flill moft precious in it felfe,
And Silvia (witneffe heaven that made her faire)
Shewes Julia but a fwarthy Ethiope.
I will forger that Julia is alife,
Remembering that my Loue to her is dead.
And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at Silvia as a fweeter friend.
I cannot now prove confant to my felfe,
Without some treachery vs’d to Valentine.

This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To clime celefiall Silvia’s chamber window,
My felfe in counefale his competitor.

Now prefently Ile gluc her father notice
Of their difguifing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag’d) will banish Valentines:
For Taurio he intends shall wed his daughter,
But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly croffe
By fome flic tricke, blunt Taurio’s dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose fweft
As thou haft lent me wif, to plot this drift.

Exit.

C 2 Scena
Scena septima.

Enter Iullia and Lucetta.

Jull. Courtesie, Lucetta, gentle girls assit me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe conuire thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Charact'rd, and engraund,
To leffen me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vnde take
A journey to my louing Priscon.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-donned Pilgrime is not weary
To meafur. Kingdomes with his fible steps,
Much leffe shall the that hath Loues wings to fie,
And when the flight is made to one to deire,
Of fuch divine perfection as Sir Priscon.

Luc. Better forbear, till Priscon may returne.

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

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

Iul. The more thou damne it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ft) being flop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courfe is not hindered,
He makes sweet mufticke with thinamiz'dstones,
Giving a gentle kniffe to every fide.
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And fo by many winding nookes he ftraies
With willing sport to the wide Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courfe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle fream,
And make a paftime of eache weary flop,
Till the laft flop haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reft, as after much turmoile
A bleffed foule doth in Elysium.

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

Luc. Why then your Ladifhip muft cut out your hair.

Iul. No girlie, Ile knift it vp in filken things,
With twenteid od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantafique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall hew to be.

Luc. What fahnion (Madam) fhall I make your bree-

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

Why eu'n what fashion thou bent like felves (Lucetta.)

Luc. You muft needs have the with a cod-piece (Ma-

Iul. Out, out, (Lucetta) that wilde ill-faunour (dam)

Luc. And a broad hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin

Veafffe you have a cod-piece to fick pins on.

Iul. Lucetta, as thou loue't me let me have
What thou think'ft meet, and is moft mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking fo vndrftond a journey?

I doe fear it will make me scandaun'd.

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

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

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

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

Luc. All these are feaunts to deceitfull men.

Iul. Bke men, that vfe them to fo bafe effect;
But truer farrors did gouerne Priscon birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue fincer, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, fent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he be proce to when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thau loue't me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely defere my loue, by louing him,
And prefently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I fand in need of,
To furnishe me vpon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leafe at thy dipofe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it prefently,
I am impatient of my turiance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Priscon, Valentine, Launcel, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thurio, glue vs leacue (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Priscon, what's your will with me?
Pris. My gracious Lord, that which I would difcover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (vnderprefenting as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vter that
Which eile, no worldly good shoule draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to flye away your daughter:
My selfe am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to befellow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should the thus be roane away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age,
Thus (for my duties fake) I rather chose
To croffe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of forrowes, which would prefume you doone
(Being vnappear'd) to your timelife grave.

Duke. Priscon, I thank thee for thin honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often seen,
Haply when they have indu'd me fast asleep,
And ofteentimes have purpof'd to forbid

Sir
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sir Valentine her company, and my Court.
But fearing left my jealous eye might err,
And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashness if I ever yet have shun'd)
I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to find
That which thy felfe haft now disclose to me.
And that thou maift perceive my faire of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggedged,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Tower,
The key whereof, my felfe haue euer kept:
And thence the cannot be conuy'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deale'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will afford,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her done:
For which, the youthful Loure now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my diffouery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publifier of this prentence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shal never know
That I had any light from thee of this:
Pro. Adeu, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comiing.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whether awaie so fast?
Val. Pleafe it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That shal bee the bearer of my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but dignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknowne to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

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

Duke. No, trueth me, she is pucuiful, fullen, froward,
Froud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking dutie,
Nor regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions the efteemes not.

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

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona here
Whom I affeet: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught efteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beflow my felfe
To be regarded in her fun-brigh't eye.

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

Duke. But she did fcorne a prefent that I fent her,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slawe, 
Before thy fawning smiles on equall mates, 
And thinke thy patience, (more than thy defert) 
Is prizelude for thy departure hence. 
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors 
Which (all too-much) I haue befowled on thee. 
But if thou linger in my Territories 
Longer then twisft expedition 
Will glue thee time to leave our royall Court, 
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the love 
I euer bore my daughter, or thy felde. 
Be gone, I will not heare thy value excuse, 
But as thou lou'th thy life, make speed from hence. 
Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment? 
To die, is to be banish'd from my felde, 
And Silvia is my felde: banish'd from her 
Is felde from felde. A deadly banishment: 
What light, is light, if Silvia be not feene? 
When boy is joy, if Silvia be not by? 
Vnleefe it be to thinke that she is by 
And feed vpnon the shadow of perfeccion. 
Except I be by Silvia in the night, 
There is no muffle in the Nightingale. 
Vnleefe I looke on Silvia in the day, 
There is no day for me to looke vpnon. 
Shee is my effence, and I leaue to be; 
If I be not by her faire influence 
Foder'd illum'in'd, cheris'h'd, kept alie. 
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome, 
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death, 
But flie I hence, I flie away from life. 
Pre. Run (boy) run, run, and feek he him out. 
Lau. So-hough, Slaue hough. 
Pre. What feest thou? 
Lau. Him we goe to finde, 
There's not a haire on's head, but th'is a Valentine. 
Pre. Valentine? 
Val. No. 
Pre. Who then? his Spirit? 
Val. Neither, 
Pre. What then? 
Val. Nothing. 
Lau. Can nothing speake? Matter, shall I strike? 
Pre. Who wouldst thou strike? 
Lau. Nothing. 
Pre. Willhe, forbeare. 
Pre. Sircha, I say forbeare: friend Valentine, a word. 
Val. My eares are flopt, & cannot hear good newes, 
So much of bad already hath poiffent them. 
Pre. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine, 
For they are hard, vn-tunecable, and bad. 
Val. Is Silvia dead? 
Pre. No, Valentine. 
Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Silvia, 
Hath the forfiowme me! 
Pre. No, Valentine. 
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forfiowme me. 
What is your newes? 
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, you are vanished. 
Pre. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes, 
From hence, from Silvius, and from me thy friend. 
Val. Oh, I have fee'd vpnon this worse already, 
And now excite of it will make me hurte. 
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd? 
Pre. I, & the hath offer'd to the doome 
(Which vn-reuerit hands in effectual force) 
A Sea of melting pearles, which come call teares; 
Thoue at her fathers churchfis fette the tendered, 
With them upon her knees, her humble felde, 
Wringer her har. Js, whole whitenes fo became them, 
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: 
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp, 
Sad fighes, deeps groanes, nor fliuer-dauing teares 
Could peneitrte her vncompassionate Sire; 
But Valentine, if he be tame, muft die. 
Befides, her intercession char'd him fo, 
When the for thy repeale was foaplant, 
That to clofe prison he comanded her, 
With many bitter threats of hinding there. 
Val. No more: vnae the next word that thou speake'th 
Hau'e some malignant power vpon my life: 
If fo: I pray thee breath it in mine eare, 
As ending Antheme of my endleffe color. 
Pre. To wish to lament for that thou canst not helpe, 
And fludy helpe for that which thou lament'ft, 
Time is the Nurf, & breeder of all good; 
Here, if thou flay, thou canst not fee thy loue: 
Befides, thy flaying will ablidge thy life: 
Hope is a losers flafe, walke hence with that 
And manage it, against despairing thoughts: 
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence, 
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd 
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue. 
The time now ferues not to expoullate, 
Come, Ie conuoy thee through the City-gate. 
And ere I part with thee, confer at large: 
Of all that may concern me thy Loue-affaires: 
As thou lou'ft Silvia (though not for thy felde) 
Regard thy danger, and along with me. 
Val. I pray thee Launce, and if thou seest my Boy 
Bil him make haffe, and meete me at the North-gate. 
Pre. Goe Sircha, finde him out: Come Valentine. 
Val. Oh my deere Silvia; hapless Valentine. 
Launce. I am but a foolo, looke you, and yet I have 
The wit to thinke my Maftere is a Kinde of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of hoffe shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell my felde: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid; for thee hath, had Godfips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Mafters maid, and ferues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, it is much in a bare Chriftian: Heere is the Catelog of her Condition. 
Imprimis. Shee can fetch and carry: why a hoffe can doe no more: nay, a hoffe cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is thee better then a Iade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands. 
Speed. How now Signior Launce? what newes with your Maftere? 
La. With my Maftere? why, it is at Sea: 
Sp. Well, your old vice fill? mistake the word: what newes then in your paper? 
La. The black'lt newes that euer thou heard'lt. 
Sp. Why man? how blacke? 
La. Why, as blacke as Inke. 
Sp. Let me read them? 
La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read. 
Sp. Thou lyest; I can. 
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee? 
Sp. Marry,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyster; it was the sonne of thy
Grand-mother: this proves that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There; and S. Nicholas be thy speed.
Sp. Inprimis she can milke.
La. I that she can.
Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the proverb: (Blessing of
your heart, you brew good Ale.)
Sp. Item, she can lowe.
La. That's as much as to say (Can she?)
Sp. Item she can knit.
La. What neede a man care for a flocke with a wench,
When she can knit him a flocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.
La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scour'd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she
can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say Bighard-vertues: that
indeed know not their fathers; and therefore have no
names.
Sp. Here follow her vices.
La. Clofe at the heels of her vertues.
Sp. Item, shee is not to be faffing in respect of her
breath.
La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fall: read on.
Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her foure breath.
Sp. Item, she doth talkes in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.
Sp. Item, she is flow in words.
La. Oh villains, that set this downe among her vices;
To be flow in words, is a womans only vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too:
It was Eues legacie, and cannot be tane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither: because I love crufts.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well: the beft is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praife her liquor.
La. It her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,
I will; for good things should be praifed.
Sp. Item, she is too liberal.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's witt downe
she is flow of: of her puree, shee shall not, for that ile
keepeth sult. Now, of another thing shee may, and
that cannot I help: Well, proceed.
Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit, and more
faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: Ile have her: she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that left Article: rehearse that
once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit.
La. More haires then wit: it may be ile prove it: The
couer of the faile, hides the faile, and therefore it is more
then the faile: the haire that covers the wit, is more
then the wit: for the greater hides the leffe: What's
next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.
La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious.
Well, Ile hauie her: and if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master flanes
for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath fluid for a bet-
ter man than thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou haft fluid fo long,
that going will scarce fene the turne.
Sp. Why did not tell me sooner? i'pox of your love
Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An unmannerly fance, that will thrust himelf into se-
crets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correftio. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile the hath defpa'd me mott,
Forgowme my company, and rale at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impreff of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Diffolues to water, and doth loofe his forme,
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthiefe Valentine shall be forgot.
How now Sir Proteus, is your countrianman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord,
Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkes not so;
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some figne of good defect)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effec-
The match betweene Sir Thurio, and my daughter ?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And alfo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How the oppodes her against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. I, and peruerfly, the perfuers fo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of Valentine, and love for Thurio?
Pro. The beft way is, to flander Valentine,
With fallhood, cowardice, and poore defnicent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy delier it.
Therefore it must with circumfance be spoken
By one, whom the effeemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to flander him.

Pro.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman.
Especially against his very friend.

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

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his difpraise,
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say this weede her love from 

It follows not that she will lose it.
Th. Therefore, as you yownde her love from him;
Leave it should ruell, and be good to none,
You must profide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praifing me as much.
As you, in worth difpraze, for 

Du. 

Therefore we know (on 

You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone ruell, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you have acceffe,
Where you, with 

For the is lampjihd, heauy, mellowchelly,
And (for your friends fake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perffuation,
To hate yong 

Du. 

Because we know (on 

Th. 

Du. I, much is the force of 

Pro. Say that vpon the aear of her beauty
You incenfe your teares, your fighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moll't it againe: and frame fome feeling line,
That may diffouer fuch integrity:

For the Lute, was strung with Poets faireneses,
Whole golden touch could fhorten fleale and ftones:
Make Tygers tame, and huge 

Make forfake unfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Vfit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With fome sweet Confort; To their Instrumnts
Tune a deploing dump; the nights dead filence
Will well become fuch sweet complaining grieuance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, throwes thou haft bin in lone.

Th. And thy advice, this night, lie put in prafte:
That thou 

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

Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. 

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-louers.

1. Out. Fellows, start up: I fee a paflenger.

2. Out. If there be ten, drank not, but down with 'em.

3. Out. Stand fir, and throw us that you have about ye.
If not: we'll make you fit, and rifie you.

Sp. Sir we are vndone; thefe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

Out. My friends.

1. Out. That's not fo, sir we are your enemies.

2. Out. Peace; we'll hear him.

3. Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cred't with auduerture:
My riches, are thefe poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disturbe me,
You take the tum and fubfance that I have.

2. Out. Whether trauel you?

Val. To Verona.

3. Out. Whence came you?

Val. From the Villaines.

4. Out. Have you long souleextend there?

Val. Some fixeen moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. Out. What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I flew him manfully, in fight,
Without fitle vantage, or base treachery.

1. Out. Why are you repeate it, if it were done fo?

But were you banish't for some small a fault?

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

2. Out. Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trannail, therein made me happy,
Or else it often had beene often miserable.

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

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

Sp. Matter, be one of them.

It's an honourable kinde of theevry.

Val. Peace villains.

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

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vaguouer's youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from Verona banished,
For prafling to feale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, aside vnto the Duke.

2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I flab'd vnto the heart.

1. Out. And I, for fuch like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;
And partly seeing you are beautifull
With goody shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of fuch perfeccion,
As we doe in our quality much want.

4. Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, about the ref, we parle to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessitie,
And live as we doe in this wilde reffie?

3. Out. What fai'th thou wilt thou be of our confort?

Say I, and be the capitaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee hommage, and be rul'd by thee,
Louse thee, as our Commander, and our King.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Hoft, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin sent to Valentine,
And now I must be as sinit as to Thurio,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I have accees my owne love to prefer.
But Silvate is too faire, too true, this holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsecshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forworne
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I lou’d;
And notwithstanding all her fodaline quips,
The least whereof would quell a losers hope:
Yet (Spainel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it growes, and faweth on her still;
But here comes Thurio; now muft we to her window,
And glue some evening Musique to her ear.

Th. How now, sir Protheus, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentile Thurio, for you know that loue
Will crepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. 1, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I wou’d be hence.
Th. Who, Silvate? Pro. 1, Silvate, for your fake.
Th. I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let’s tune; and too it fully a while.
Ho. Now, my young guest; me thinks your alcholly ch;
I pray you why is it?

In. Marry (mine Hoft) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we’ll have you merry: he bring you where
You shall hear Musique, and fee the Gentleman that
you ask’d for.
In. But thall I hear him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
In. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
In. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let’s heare’m.

Song. Who is Silvate? what is she?
That all our Swarmes commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she;
The heavens fuch grace did lend her,
That fhe might admired be.
Is fhe kind as fhe is faire?
For beauty lines with kindnede:
Love dotte to her eyes repaired;
To helpe him of his blindnede:

And being help’d, inhabits there.
Then to Silvate, let us sing,
That Silvate is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlandes bring.

Ho. How now? are you fadder then you were before?
How doe you, man? the Muskecke likes you not.
In. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
In. He plales faife (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
In. Not fo: but yet
So faile that he grieues my very heart strings.
Ho. You have a quicke ear.
In. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a flow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.
In. Not a whil, when it iars fo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
In. I: that change is the light.
Ho. You wou’d have them always play but one thing.
In. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.
But Hoft, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talk on,
Often refer unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what Lance his man told me,
He lou’d her out of all nickle.

In. Where is Lance?
Ho. Gone to seek his dog, which to morrow, by his
Matters command, hee muft carry for a present to his
Lady.
In. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, feare not you, I will fo plaide,
That you shall faye, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint Gregories well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu’n to your Ladifhip.
Sil. I thank you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that speakes?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Protheus (gentile Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What’s your will?
Pro. That I may compass your.
Sil. You have your will: my will is euin this,
That prently you hice you home to bed:
Thou subtle, peril’d, shie, difloyall man:
Think’t thou I am fo shalow, fo concill’d:
To be feluced by thy flattery,
That has’t deceu’d fo many with thy vows?
Retume, retume and make thy love amendes:
For me (by this pale queene of night I fware)
I am fo farre from granting thy requist,
That I defpife thee, for thy wrongfull fute;
And by and by intend to chide my felfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.
In. "Thou fake, if I should speake it;
For I am fure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that the be; yet Valentine thy friend
Surnuues; to whom (thy fale art witneffe)
I am betroth’d; and art thou not afham’d?
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so supposes am I: for in her grave
Affure thy selfe, my loue is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rase it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call her thence;
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Iul. He heard not that,

Pro. Madam: if your heart be fo obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my loue,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that lie speech, to that lie fligh and weep:
For since the subdance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

Iul. If there were a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

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

Pro. As wretched have you night
That wait for execution in the morn.

Iul. Haft, will you goe?
Ho. By my halidome, I was fat asleepe.

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
Truft me, I think it is almost day.

Iul. Not fo: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the moift heauief.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamour, Silvia.

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

Sil. Who cal's?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiships command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your felie:
According to your Ladiships impofe,
I am thus early come, to know what feruice
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh Eglamour, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wife, remorfe-full, well accomplifh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I bare unto the lady's Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Tlioio (whom my very foule abhorre's.)
Thy felie haft lou'd, and I have heard thee say
No griefe did euer come fo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
Upon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Vege not my fathers anger (Eglamoure)
But think upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iustice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most vnholie match,
Which heauen and fortune stilll rewards with plagues.
I doe defire thee, even from a heart
As full of forroves, as the Sea of fands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have fai'd to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your griefances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I gie conftent to goe along with you,
Wrecking as little what betideth me,
As much, I with all good before you.
When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At Frier Patricks Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Laurence, Proteus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans fercuant shall play the Curre with him (look he it) you goe hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and fifters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precifely, thus I would teach a dog) I was fent to deliver him, as a prent to Miftirs Silvia, from my Mafter; and I came no fooner into the dyning-chamber, but he fpets me to her Trencher, and itales her Capons-leg: O 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himfelfe in all compaines: I would have (as one would fay) one that takes vp on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily he had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had fouver'd for't: you shall judge: Hee thrutts him himfelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blifie the marke) a pifling while, but all the chamber finte he: out with the dog (faies one) what cur is that (faies another) whip him out (faies the third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquaiinted with the imell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whipping the dogges friend (quoth I) you mane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wolfe of: he makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Matters doo this for his Servant? nay, lie be fworne I have fat in the flockes, for puddings he hath flowne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have ftood on the Pillorie for Geefe he hath kil'd, otherwise he had fouver'd for't: thou thinke it not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you feru'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam Silvia: did not
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou fee me heave vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman's farthingale? did it thou ever fee me doe such a tricke?

Pro. Schaffian is thy name: I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some seruice prettily. Is. In what you please, Ile doe what I can. Pro. I hope thou wilt. How now you whor-fon peant, Where have you bin these two days loytering? La. Marry Sir, I carried Mrs Silvia th'e dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what fakes she to my little Jewell? La. No indeecke she did not: Her face I brough't him; againe, Pro. What, drift thou offer her this from me? La. I Sir, the other Squirrell was done from me. By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog. As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guilt the greater. Pro. Goe, get thee hencloth & finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my fight. Away, I say: stayefl thou to vexe me here; A Slau, that fill an end, turnes me to shame: Schaffian, I have entertain'd thee, Partly that I have neede of such a youth, That can with some difcretion doe my businesse: For 'tis no trufting to yond foolish Lowt; But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour, Which (if my Augury deccye me not) Witenesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee. Go prentely, and take this Ring with thee, Deliver'd to Madam Silvia; She lou'd me well, deliver'd it to me. Iad. It feemes you lou'd not her, not leave her token: She is dead belike?

Pro. Not fo: I think she liues. Iad. Alias. Pro. Why do't thou cry alas? Iad. I cannot choose but pity her. Pro. Wherefore should't thou pity her? Iad. Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well As you doe loue your Lady Silvia: She dreams on him, that has forgot her loue, You doste on her, that cares not for your loue. 'Tis pity Loue, should be fo contrary: And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: glue her that Ring, and therewithall This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady, I clame the promife for her heavenly Picture: Your meffage done, hye home unto my chamber, Where thou then finde me sad, and solitary.

Iad. How many women would doe such a meffage? Alsas poore Protesus, thou haft entertaine'd A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs; Alsas, poore foolie, why doe I pity him That with his very heart defpiteth me? Because he loseth her, he defpiteth me, Because I love him, I must pity him. This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me, To binde him to remember my good wil: And now am I (vnhappy Meffenger) To pleade for that, which I would not obtained; To carry that, which I would have refued: To praife his faith, which I would have disprais'd. I am my Masters true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true seruant to my Master, Vnlike I proue false traitor to my felle. Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed. Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia. Sil. What would you with her, if that I be fhe? Iad. If you be fie, I doe intreat your patience To heare me speake the meffage I am fent on. Sil. From whom?

Iad. From my Master, Sir Protesus, Madam. Sil. Oh: he fends you for a Picture? Iad. I, Madam. Sil. Protesus, bring my Picture there, Goe, giue your Master this; tell him from me, One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow. Iad. Madam, pleafe you perufe this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnmad'sd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladiship. Sil. I praye thee let me looke on that againe. Iad. It may not be: good Madam pardon me. Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Mafters lines: I know they are full with protestations, And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As eafily as I doe teare his paper. Iad. Madam, he fends your Ladiship this Ring. Sil. The more fame for him, that he fends it me; For I haue heard him fay a thoundred times, His Julia gave it him, at his departure: Though his falle finger have prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Julia to much wrong. Iad. She thankes you. Sil. What can fhe thou? Iad. I thank you Madam, that you tender her: Poor Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much. Sil. Do'tt thou know her?

Iad. Almost as well as I doe know my felfe. To think me vpon her woes, I doe protest That I haue wept a hundred feueral times. Sil. Belike the thinks that Protesus hath forsook her? Iad. I think the doth: and that her caufe of sorrow. Sil. Is he not paffing faire? Iad. She hath bin faler (Madam) then she is, When she did thinke my Mafter lou'd her well; She, in my judgement, was as faire as you. But fince she did negleé her looking-glaufe, And threw her Sun-expelling Malique away, The ayre hath flau'd the rodes in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lilie-tincture of her face, That now she is become as blacke as I. Sil. How tall was fhe?

Iad. About my figure: for at Pentecoff, When all our Pagants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the womens part, And I was trim'd in Madam Julia's gowne, Which ferued me as fit, by all mens judgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her weape a good,
For I did play a lamentable part,
(Madam) 'twas Aridaus, pausing;
For Tullus perjury, and vauntful flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poor Miftris mov'd therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) defolate, and left;
I wepe my felle to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purfe; I give thee this (well.
For thy sweet Miftris sake, because thou lou'st her.
Farewell. And the shall thank ye for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Matters sull be but cold,
Since she respeckts my Miftris love so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it felte:
Here is her Piture; let me fee, I thinke
If I had fuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lously, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleffe I flatter with my felle too much.
Her haire is Ablure, mine is perfect Yellow;
If that be all the difference in his lowe,
Ile get me fuch a coulour'd Perrwyg:
Her eyes are grey as gladies, and foe are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What shoud it be that he respeckts in her,
But I can make respeckts in my felle?
If this fone Love, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy ruall! O thou foncelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kil'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My fubstance should be flare in thy fead.
Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Miftris fake
That vd's me fo: or else by loue, I vow,
I should have scracht'd out your vnfcying eyes,
To make my Maller out of loue with thee. 
Exeunt.

Aeactus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the wefterne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Silvia, at Fryer Patrick Cell should meet me,
She will not falle for Louers breakes not houres,
Vnleffe it be to come before their time,
So much they fpar their expedition.
See where the comes? Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Poterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by fome Spies.
Egl. Fear not; the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are fare enough. 
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir Proteus, what fales Silvia to my fuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your perfon.
Th. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Th. Ie weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-
Pro. But loue will not be curd to what it loathes.
Th. What fakes fhe to my face?
Pro. She fakes it is a faire one.
Th. Nay then the wanton eyes: my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire: and the old saying is,
Blanke men are Pearles, in beauitous Ladies eyes.
Th. 'Tis true, fuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Th. How like fhe my difcourfe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Th. But well, when I difcourfe of loue and peace.
Jul. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.
Th. What fakes fhe to my vallor?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needes not, when fhe knows it cowardize.
Th. What fakes fhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Jul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Th. Confiders the my Poefie? 
Pro. Oh, I: and pitious them.
Th. Wherefore?
Jul. That fuch an Affe should owe them,
Pro. That they are out by Leafe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now Sir Proteus; how now Thurio?
Which of you fav Eglamoure of late?
Th. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that pezant, Valentine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Fryer Laurence met them both
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he know well: and guied that it was he,
But being mask'd, he was not faire of it.
Beides she did intend Confedion
At Patrick: Cell this euen, and there she was not.
Thefe likelihoods confirm his flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you find, not to difcourfe,
But mount you prefently, and meete with me
Vpon the rifing of the Mountainie foote
That leads toward Mantua, whether they are feld:
Dilpatch (fweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Th. Why this it is, to be a penifh'd Girle,
That fles her fortune when it follows her:
Ille after; more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the loue of reck-leeffe Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia loue
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croffe that loue
Then hate for Silvia, that is gone for loue. 
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-loues.

1. out. Come, come be patient:

We
When women cannot lose, where they're below'd.
Sil. When Protheus cannot lose, where he's below'd:
Read over Iulia's hearts, (thy first left Lone)
For whose dearer fakes, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths,
Defended into peril, to lose me,
Thou haft no faith left now, vnleafe thou'd two,
And that's fare worse then none: better have none
Then plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeit, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Lone,
Who refpeft friend?
Sil. All men but Protheus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
I woe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And lose you 'gainst the nature of Lone: force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven,
Pro. If e're force thee yield to my defire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rufe vniciuil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: a treacherous man,
Thou haft beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perfuaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend alio: thou woulft difprue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the boforme? Protheus
I am forry I must neuer trut thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy fake:
The priuate wound is deeper: oh time, most accurt:
'Mongst all fees that a friend should be the work?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ranfome for offence,
I tender't here: I doe as truely suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence the Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my love may appear plaine and free,
All that was mine, Silvia, I give thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Iul. O good sir, my matter charg'd me to deliver a ring
to Madam Silvia: 'tis (out of my neglected) was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gave to Iulia.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how cam't thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this vnto Iulia.
Iul. And Iulia her felke did give it me,
And Iulia her felke hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? Iulia?
Iul. Behold her, that gave ayme to all thy othes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft haft thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blueth.
D. Be
The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine: Iul. and Loue.
Protheus: The two Gentlemen.
Antonio: Father to Protheus.
Thurio: A fool's suit to Valentine.

Eglamour: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Huff: Where Iulia lodges.
Out-laws with Valentine.
Speed: A clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce: The like to Protheus.
Panthio: Servant to Antonio.
Iulia: Beloved of Protheus.
Silvia: Beloved of Valentine.
Luceita: Weighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

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

Shal. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Coten Slender) and Captalloram.

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

Shal. That I do, and have done any time these three hundred yeares.

Shal. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancefors (that come after him) may: they may gave the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euan. The dozen white Lowes doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well paffant: it is a familiar beafl to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fit, the silt-fit, is an olde Coate.

Shal. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euan. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your felfe, in my simple confequences; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed difparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone-ments and compromizes betweene you.

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

Euan. It is not meet the Counsell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Counsell (lookes you) shall defire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

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

Euan. It is petter that friends is the fword, and end it: and there is alfo another deuice in my praine, which peradventure prings good difcursions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shal. Mistress Anne Page? she has browne hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Euan. It is that ferry perfon for all the orid, as laft as you will defire, and feuen hundred pounds of Monyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed. (Got deliver to a joyfull refurrections) gleue, when the is able to outtake feuenteeue yeares old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prables, and defire a mariage betweene Master Abraham, and Miftfris Anne Page.

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

Euan. I, and her father is make her a better penny.

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

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibILITIES, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let vs fee honest Mr. Page: is Falstaffe there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a ly? I doe defeide a lyer, as I doe defide one that is false, or as I defide one that is not true: the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I befeech you may be ruled by your well-willers: I will paff the doore for Mr. Page.

Shal. What ha? Got-poffle your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go'ts pleffing and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that perad-ventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to fee your Worphips well: I thank you for my Venifon Master Shallow.

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

Mr. Page. Sir, I thank you.

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

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

Shal. How do's your faltlow Greyhound, Sir, I heard fay he was out-run on Cofall.

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some for confesse it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Skal. If it be confessed, it is not reformed; is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath; bellece me, Robert Shallow Esquire, faith he is wronged.

Mr. Page. Here comes Sir John.

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

Skal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

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

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

That is now answer'd.

Skal. The Council shall know this.

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

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

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

Skal. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rafficks, "Bardolf, Nym," and Pijfoll.

Ex. You Banbury Cheefe.

Skal. I, it is no matter.

Pijf. How now, Mephostiphus?

Skal. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slicet, I say; pauca, pauca: Slicet, that's my humor.

Skal. Where's simple my man? can you tell, Cofen?

Ex. Peace, I pray you: now let vs understand: there is three Vrmites in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finall) mine Hoft of the Garter.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Ex. Ferry god's will, I will make a storie of it in my note-book, and we wil afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great dircetly as we can.

Fal. Pijfoll.

Pijf. He hears with ears.

Ex. The Treuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he hears with care? why, it is affections.

Fal. Pijfoll, did you pick M. Slenor's purse?

Skal. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would might never come in mine owne great chamber againe elle, of feauen groates in mill-expences, and two Edward Shoolboords, that cost me two flouring and two pense a piece of Yeald Miller: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, Pijfoll?

Ex. No, it is false, if it is a piccke-purse.

Pijf. Ha, thou mountaine Forreynere: Sir John, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboa: word of denail in thy labors here; word of denail; froth, and scum thou lefst.

Skal. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auid's fryr, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you ruthe the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

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

Fal. What say you Scarlets, and John?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunk himcelf out of his flue sentence.

Ex. It is his flue fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fat, fryr, was (as they say) cahearsed: and to conclusions past the Car-circles.

Skal. I, you yake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; He nere be drunk whilst I live againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, He be drunke with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Ex. So got-udge me, that is a vertuets minde.

Fal. You hear all these matters denly, Gentlemen; you hear it.

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

Skal. Oh heauen: This is Miftreff Annes Page.

Mr. Page. How now Miftris Ford?

Fal. Miftris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Miftris.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid the gentlemen welcome; come, we have a hot Venillon paffy to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

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

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Anthony short-sake vpon Allhallowmas laft, a fortnight a-fore Michaelmas.

Skal. Come Cos, come Cos, we say for you: a word with you Cos; marry this, Cos; there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Skal. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that is reason.

Skal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Skal. So I doe Sir.

Ex. Glie eare to his motions; (M. Slenor) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Skal. Nay, I will doe as my Cosen Shallow tells: I pray you parion me, he's a Juflice of Peace in his Coun-try, simple though I stand here.

Ex. But that is not the queftion: the queftion is concerning your marriage.

Skal. I, there's the point Sir.

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

Skal. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any rea-sonable demands.

Ex. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefor precisely, can you carry your good will to y mad?

Se. Cofen Abraam Slenor, can you love her?

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

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

Skal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Skal. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requet (Cox) in any reason.

Skal. Nay conceal me, concecle mee, (sweet Cox): what I doe is to please you (Cox): can you love the maid?

Skal. I will marry her (Sir) at your requet; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreas it vpon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freshly disfloued, and disflouely.

Ex. It
**Scena Secunda.**

**Ex.** Go your waies, and ask of Doctor Cains houfe, which is in the way; and there dwells one Miftris Quickly; which is in the manner of her Nurse; or her dry-Nurse; or her Cook; or his Laundry; His Walker, and his Ringer.

**Si.** Well Sir.

**Eu.** Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogether acquaintance with Miftris Anne Paget, and the Letter is to defire, and require her to follicite your Masters defires, to Miftris Anne Paget: I pray you be god: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Fippins and Cheese to come. **Exeunt.**

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**Scena Tertia.**

**Enter Falstaff, Ho£, Bardolph, Nym, Fiśhall, Page.**

**Fal.** Mine Ho£ of the Garter &

**Ho.** What fies my Bully Rooke? Speake schollerly, and wisely.

**Fal.** Truely mine Ho£; I must turne away fome of my followers.

**Ho.** Difcard, (bally Hercules) caflhere; let them wag; trot, trot.

**Fal.** I fot at ten pound a weeke.

**Ho.** Thou'rt an Emperor (Cifer, Keifer and Phazor) I will entertaine Bardolfe: he shall drow; he shall tap; faid I well (bally Heffer?)

**Pa.** Doe fo (good mine Ho£.

**Ho.** I have fpoke: let him follow: let me fee thee froth, and line: I am at a word; follow.

**Fal.** Bardolfe, follow him: a Taffier is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruing-man, a freh Taffier: goe, adew.

**Ba.** It is a life that I haue depr'ed: I will thrive.  

**Pijf.** O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y the epigot wield.  

**Ni.** He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cocteted?

**Fal.** I am glad I am fo acquift of this Tinderbox: his Theftes were too open: his fitting was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

**Ni.** The good humor is to fteale at a minutes reft.

**Pijf.** Conay: the wife it call: Steale fox; a fico for the phrase.

**Fal.** Well firs, I am almost out at heecles.  

**Pijf.** Why then let Kibes enfuce.

**Fal.** There is no remedie: I must conicatch, I muft shift.

**Pijf.** Yong Rauens muft have foode.

**Fal.** Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

**Pijf.** I ken the wight: he is of fubftance good.

**Fal.** My honeft Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

**Pijf.** Two yards, and more.

**Fal.** No quips now Pijf? (Indeede I am in the wafe two yards about: but I am now about no wafe: I am a-bout thrift) briefly: I doe mean to make lone to Ford's wife: I fpc entertainment in her: thee discourses: thee carues: she the leere of imitation: I can continue the action of her familer fille, & the hardeft voice of her behavior (to be englishd rightly) is, I am Sir John Falstaff.

**Pijf.** He hath fluished her: will; and tranlated her will: out of honeftye, into English.

**Ni.** The Anchor is deep: will that humor paffe?

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

**Pijf.** As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.  

**Ni.** The humor rifes: it is good: humor me the angels.

**Fal.** I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to Pagers wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too; examin'd my parts with moft judicious lillias: sometimes the beam of her view, guided my foote: sometimes my portly belly.
Scena Quarta.

Eater Miftis Quickly, Simpke, Iohn Rugby, Dofor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-

Re, Ie ge look watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a poffet for foone at night,

in the manner of a burning-glade: here's another letter to her. She bears the Purto too: She is a Region in Guinea; all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my Eaf and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Go to, beare thou this Letter to Miftris Page; and thou this to Miftris Ford: we will thrive (Ladie) we will thrive.

PIII. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my fide ware Steelee? then Lucifer take all.

NI. I will run no bafe humor: here take the humor-

I will keep the hauier of reputation.

FAL. Hold Sirca, bare you these Letters lightly,
Saille like my Pinfaile to these golden thores.

Rogues, hence, aunant, vanifh like haile-rones; goe,
Trudge; plot away thy' hoofe; feake shelter, packe;
Falaffhfe will learn the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my felfe, and skirted Page.

PIII. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teeter Ile hae in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Bafe Perfgian Turk.

NI. I have operations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

PIII. Wilt thou reuenge?
NI. By Welkin, and her Star.

PIII. With wit, or Steele?
NI. With both the humors, I:
I will difcffe the humour of this Loue to Ford.

PIII. And to Page shall eke vafold
How Falaffhfe (varlet vile)
His Dose will prove; his gold will hold,
And his fofh cough defile.

NI. My humour fhall not coole: I will inceffe Ford
to deal with poyson: I will poffeffe him with yellow-
neffe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

PIII. Thou art the Mares of Malecontents: I feced thee:
troope on.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

PIII. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

NI. I thanke thee for that humour.

FAL. O the did fo course o're my exteriors with such
a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did feeme
to ftrich me vp like a burning-glade: here's another
letter to her. She bears the Purto too: She is a Region
in Guinea; all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters
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neffe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

PIII. Thou art the Mares of Malecontents: I feced thee:
troope on.

Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin thoroughly moused, you should have heard him so loud, and so merrily: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yes, &c the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his hous; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, dresser meete & drinkes, make the beds, and doe all my selfs.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hands.

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

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to SirHugh, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a funny Jack-a-nape Friet to meddle, or make: —you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two thones: by gar, he shall not have a thone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter's ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my false? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Friet: and I have appointed mine Host of de laster to mesure our weapon: by gar, I wil my false haue Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well: We mutt giue folkes leave to prate: what the good-ler.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not Anne Pages, I shall turne your head out of my door: follow my heele, Rugby.

Qui. You shall haue Ag-folkes head of your owne: No, I know Ann mind for that: never a woman in Wind- for knowes more of Ann minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Rugby. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I trow? Come neere the house I pray you.

Pen. How now (good woman) how doft thou? Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ake?

Pen. What news? how do's pretty Mistit Anne?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Pen. Shall I doe any good thinkit thou? shall I not haue my full?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboute: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke thee loves you: haue not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Pen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hanga a tale: good faith, it is fuch another Nan: (but I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid company: but (indeed) thee is giuen too much to Allichylo and mufing: but for you — well — goo.

Pen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's mo- ney for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou feeth her before me, command me.

Qui. Will I! I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wars, the next time we have confidence, and of other wowers.

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

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but Anne loves him not: for I know Ann minde as well as another do's: out vpnot: what have I forgot.

Exit,

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistit Page, Mistit Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Piltott, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Page. What, have scep'd Lone-letters in the holly-daytime of my beauty, and am I now a fabrict for them? let me see?

Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love and Reason be not friends, but admits him not for his Company: you are not young, no more am I: you to then, there's simpaticke: you are merry, so am I: be, be, then there's more simpaticke: you love jacks, and so do I: would you desire better simpaticke? Let it suffice thee (Mistit Page) at the leaft if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say fancy mee; 'tis not a Souldier-like phraze; but I joy, love me: By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night: Or any kindes of light, with all his might, For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

What a Hero of Juive is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-aye worse to peeces with age To shaw himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unsvede Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuilis name) out of my conuerfation, that he dares In this manner affay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice in my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive mee:) why Ie Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be! as sure as his guns are made of puddings. Mistit Ford. Mistit Page, truft mee, I was going to your house.

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

Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleee that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistit Page, giue mee some convalFalke.

Page. What's the matter, woman?

Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling refeect, I could come to such honour.

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

Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternal moment, or so: I could be knight.

Page. What thou lieft? Sir Alice Ford? these Knights will hackes, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Ford. Wee burne day-light: here, read, read: perceive how I might bee knighted, I shall think the worth of fit men, as long as I haue an eye to make diffe- rence of mens liking: and yet hee would not swear: prai
praise womans modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproofs to al vcomelimevffe, that I would have sware his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Palms to the tune of Green-fleue: What tempeft (I troo) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) afoore at Windsor? How shall I bee resued on him? I think the belt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luft have melted him in his owne grace: Did you e-uer heare the like?

Mf. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differ; to thy great comfort in this mysterie of ill opinions, here's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I think mine neuer Ball: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (fure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantefse, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie laiculous Turdes ere one chaffe man.

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

Mf. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: I leate entertaine my felves like one that I am not acquainted withall: for fare vlaefse hee know some faire in mee, that I know not my felves, hee would neuer have boorded me in this furie.


Mf. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a frow of comfort in his Sulf, and lead him on with a fine brilte delay, till hee hath payd his hories to mine Hoff of the Garter.

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

Mf. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as farre from iceloufe, as I am from gi-uing him caufe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurabe di-fance.

Mf. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mf. Page. Let's confult together against this greave Knight. Come hither.

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

Pif. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affaires: Sir lohn afficha thy wife.

Ford. Why fir, my wife is not young.

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

Ford. Loe my wife?

Pif. With liuer, burning hot: present:

Or goe thou like Sir Affon he, with

Ring-wood at thy heele: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pif. The horne I say: Farewell: Take heed, heau open eye, for theues doe foot by night, Take heed, ere formere comes, or Cuckoo-birds do fing.

Away to Corporall Nim:

Believe it (Page) he spakes fence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.
Ford. Good mine Hoof o’th’Garter: a word with you.

Hoof. What faith thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shall. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoof hath had the mending of their weapons; and (I thinkke) hath appointed them contrary places for (beloone mee) I hearre the Parfon is no leeter: harkes, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoof. Haft thou no fuit against my Knight? my guest-Cañatler.

Shall. None, I protest: but Ie give you a pottle of burn’d facke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brwoome: onely for a left.

Hoof. My hand, (Bully; I thou shalt hae ereffe and regrefse, (gad I well?) and thy name shall be Drome. It is a merry Knight; will you goe An-hires?

Shall. Haue with you mine Hoof.

Page. I haue heard the French-man had good skill in his Rapier.

Shall. Tut fir: I could have told you more: in these times you fland on distance: your Parres, Stoccao’s, and I know not what: tis the heart (Master Page) tis heere, tis heere: I haue feene the time, with my long-fword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellows skippke like Rattes.

Hoof. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I hauid rather heare them cold, then flght.

Ford. Though Page be a feacr foole, and flnds fo firmely on his wuius frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion fo easily she was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into’tes, and I have a difguife, to found Falaffafte; if I finde her honest, I loafe not my labor: if she be other-wife, ‘tis labour well bestowed.

{Exeunt.}

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falaffe, Pitbull, Robin, Quickly, Bardolfe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piff. Why then the world’s mine Oyster, which I, with favor will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawn: I haue gratted vp on my good friends for three Repreeses for you, and your Coach-fellow Nim; or else you had look’d through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboons: I am damnd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my Friends, you were good Soulidiers, and tall-fellows. And when Mistrefse Brigit loft the handle of her Fan, I took vp mine honoour thou hadst it not.

Piff. Di’dst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou lene endanger my soules gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of Picket-batch: goe, you’lt not bare a Letter for mee you rogue? you fland von your honor? why, (thou vnconfedible bellnoffe) it is as much as I can doe to keepes the termes of my honor presé: I, I, I my felie sometimes, leaving the fear of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessitty, am faine to shuffe: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-scence your rags; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phraies, and your hold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? will you not doe it? you?

Piff. I doe rellent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here’s a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Quick. Not so, and he pleasa your worship.

Fal. Good madam then.

Quick. He be sworne,

As my mother was the fifth houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the sweerer: what with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand ( faire woman) and le vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistrefse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my felie dwell with M. Doctor Cait:

Fal. Well, on; Mistrefse Ford, you say.

Quick. Your worship faires very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie hears: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Quick. Are they so? heauen-bledge them, and make them his servants.

Fal. Well; Mistrefse Ford, what of her?

Quick. Why, Sir; she’s a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship’s a wanton: well: heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray.


Quick. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canarines, as it wonders full: the left Courtier of them all ( when the Court lay at Windsor) could never have brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweeterly; all Muske, and so ruffling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and fuger of the belt, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winkle of her: I had my felie twenty Angels given me this morning, but I defte all Angels (in any luch fort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as aippe on a cup with the prowdedf of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what fakes flee to mee? be briefe my good fiee-Mercurius.

Quick. Marry, the hath receu’d your Letter: for the which the thanks you a thousand times; and she gues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and cleuen.

Fal. Ten, and cleuen.

Quick. I, forfooth: and then you may come and fee the picture (the fayes) that you wot of: Master Ford her husband will be from home: alse, the sweect woman leads an ill life with him: she’s a very leazouie-man: she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and cleuen.
Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Fal. Why, you say well: But I have another meennis- 
gage to your worship: Mirthref Page hath her heartie 
commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your 
care, she's as virtuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I 
tell you) that will not misfe you morning or euening 
prayer, as any is in Windjor, who ere bee the other: and 
shes bade mee tell your worship, that her husband is fel- 
dome from home, but the hopes there will come a time. 
I never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I 
thinke you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Nor I, I affure thee; setting the atraction of my 
good parts aside, I have no other charmes. 

Fal. Bluffing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has Fords wife, and 
Page's wife acquainted each other, how they lose me?

Fal. That were a lea'thend: they have not so little 
grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miltris Page 
would deire you to send her your little Page of al loves: 
hers husband has a marcellous infelicity to the little Page: 
and truely Master Page is an honest man: never a wife in 
Winderd leads a better life then she do's: doe what thee 
will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when 
the lift, rife when the lift, all is as the will: and truly she 
defyrs it; for if there be a kinde woman in Windjor, she 
is one; you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may 
come and goe betwene you both: and in any cafe have 
a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, 
and the Boy neuer needs to vnderstand any thing; for 
'tis not good that children shoulde know any wickelnes:
old folks you know, have diuerstion, as they say, and 
know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend me to them both: 
there's my perf, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along 
with this woman, this newes diuerteth me.

Pst. This Puncke is one of Cupids Carriers, 
Clap on more files, pursure: vp with your fights: 
Guis fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Shift thou so (old Lack) go thy waies: Ite make 
mores of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet 
looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much 
money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let 
them say'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Master Broome below would 
faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and 
hath lent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such Broome's are welcome to me, 
that are'lloues such liquor; ah ha, Mirthref Ford and Mi-
thref Page, haue I encompas'd you? goe to, vila.

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.

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

Ford. I make bold, to prepare, with so little prepara-
tion vpon you.

Fal. You're welcome, what's your will? guie vs leafe 
Drawer.

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

Fal. Good Master Broome, I defire more acquaintance 
of thee.

Ford. Good Sir John, I fue for yous: not to charge 
you, for I must let you vnderstand, I think my selfe in 
better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath 
something embolded me to this vnfeas'nd intrucion: 
for they say, if money goo before, all wales doe open 
your Porters.

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

Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money heere trou-
bles me; if you will helpes to beare it (Sir Iohn) take all, 
or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

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

Fal. I will tell you Sir, if you will gue mee the hear-
ing.

Fal. Speakes (good Master Broome) I shall be glad 
to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be brieft 
with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, 
thoough I had never so good means as deire, to make my 
selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to 
you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne im-
perfections but (good Sir Iohn) as you have one eye up 
my foffies, as you heare them vndfoled, turne another 
into the Register of your owne, that I may paffe with a 
reprofe the eafer, fith you your felse know how easy 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 lou'd her, and I protest to you, 
belowe much on her : followed her with a dafting ob-
servance; Ingrofd'opporunities to meete her: fee'd e-
very flight occasion that could but nigardly glue mee 
fight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, 
but haue gien largely to many, to know what thee 
would have gien: briefly, I haue purf'd her, as Looe 
haft purf'd mee, which hath beepe on the wing of all 
occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my 
minde, or in my measnes, meede I am sure I haue receeved 
none, vnleffe Experience be a lawwell, that I haue purcha-
seed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say 
this,

"Love like a fading flower, when yealous enmity is gone,
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Haue you receu'd no promife of Satisfaclion at 
hers hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, 
so that I haue loft my edifice, by mislakening the place, 
where I ered it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfoold this to me ?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: 
Some say, that though she appear honest to mee, yet in 
other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there 
is shrewd construction made of her. 
Now (Sir Iohn) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of 
excellenct breeding, admirable discourse, of great admis-
tance, authentick in your place and person, generally 
allow'd for your many war-like, 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 haue, only 
give
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give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable fleece to the honesty of this Fords wife: vfe your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as loane as any.

Fol. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-thinks you prefixe to your selfe very prettously.

Fords. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it felle: thee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my defires had instande and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: what say you too? Sir John?

Fol. Master Brome, I will first make bold with your money: next, glue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Fords wife.

Fords. O good! Fol. I lay you shall.

Fords. Want no money (Sir John) you shall want none.

Fol. Want no Mifrife Fords (Master Brome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her affi- dant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I lay I shall be with her betwene ten and eleuen: for at that time the leal/us-racally-knau he husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Fords. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Fords Sir?

Fol. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knau) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They fay the lealous wittily-knau hath maffes of money, for the which his wife fiercem to me well-fauourd: I will vfe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, & ther's my harrett-home.

Fords. I would you knew Fords, fir, that you might a-void him, if you saw him.

Fol. Hang him, mechanick-falt-butter rogue, I will scare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cud- gell: it shall hang like a Miter ore the Cuckolds horns: Master Brome, thou shalt know, I will predominate o- ver the peazant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me foone at night: Fords a knau, and I will aggrate his filie: thou (Master Brome) shalt know him for knau, and Cuckold. Come to me foone at night.

Fol. What a damnd Epicurián-Racall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who faies this is imprudent lealoufie? my wife hath fent to him, the hower is fift, the match is made : would any man haue thought this? the hell of hauing a felle woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranfack'd, my reputa- tion gnawne at, and I shall not onely vbeleive this villainous wrong, but fland vnder the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: Anamihus founds well & Lucifer, weill: Barbosan, weill: yet they are Divils additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoill, Cuckold? the Duell himselfe hath not fuch a name. Page is an Affe, a secre Affe; hee will trufl his wife, hee will not be lealou: I will rather trufl a Flamintg with my butte, Parfon Hugo the Wilfi- man with my Cheefe, an Iryf-man with my Aqua-vite- bottle, or a Theeare to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her felene. Thee then plots, then thee rumi-

uates, then thee deulles: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect: they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee praisd for my lealoufe: eleuen o clocke the hower, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee resweng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three hours too loone, then a my- nute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.


Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Jack.

Rug. 'Tis past the hower (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has faue his foule, dat he is no-come: hee has prays his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wife Sir : hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (Jack) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas fir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanle, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forberae: heer's company.

Hysl. If thee thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Sauve you Mr. Doctor Caius.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Shel. 'Glie you good-morrow, fir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, three, fowre, come for? Hesf. To fee thee fight, to fee thee flogne, to fee thee trauere, to fee thee luere, to fee thee there, to fee thee paffe thy puch, thy flock, thy reuerfe, thy diftance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francife? Is Bully? what faies my Ecafealipiu? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Goward-Lack-Priestt of de world: he is not shew his face.

Hofl. Thos art a Cathallon-king-Vrinall : Heffer of Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare wittneffe, that me haue stay, fixe or feuen, two tree howeres for him, and hee is no- come.

Shal. He is the wifer man (M.Doctor) hee is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodys: if you shoule fight, you goe against the hare of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow: you haue your felene beene a great fghter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I see a sword out, my finger itching to make one : though wee are Iustices, and Doctours, and Church-men (M. Page) wee haue fome falt of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (M. Page).

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found fo, (M. Page) M. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd your felene a wife Phyfician, and Sir Hugh hath shoune himfelfe a wife and patient Church- man : you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hofl. Par-
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Evanus, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hf§, Caius, Rugby.

Evanus. I pray you now, good Master Slender serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of PHILOSOPHY.

Sir. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: oide Winder way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Evanus. I most vehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sir. I will sir.

Evanus. 'Pleafe my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knege his Vrnalls about his knaues coffard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleafe my soule: To fleauw Rauers to wotse falls: melodiuous Birds fongs Madrigalls: There will we make our Fiel of Flute: and a thowland fragrant lutes. To fleauw: 'Mericle on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds feng Madrigalls: —When as I sat in Par- bizon: and a thowland vragam Pofets. To fiallauw, &c.

Sir. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evanus. Here's welcome: To fiallauw Rauers, to make falls: Heauen proper the right: what weapons is he?

Sir. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frosmore, over the hill, this way.

Evanus. Pray you mee your gowne, or else keep it in your arms.

Shal. How now Master Parfon? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keep a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sir. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Evanus. 'Pleafe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Do you thudly they both, Mr. Parfon?

Page. And youthfull full, in your doublet and hofe, this raw-rumarticke day?

Evanus. There is reason, and caufes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.

Evanus. What is he?

Page. I thinkke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Evanus. Got's-will, and his paflion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meffe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evanus. He has no more knowledge in Hiberocrates and Galen, and hee is a knawe besides: a cowardly knawe, as you would defires to be acquatuated withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Shal. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appears fo by his weapons: keep them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parfon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hf§. Let me see them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Evanus. I call you let a-mee speake a word with your ears: wherefore will you not meet a me?

Evanus. Pray you vie your patience in good time.

Evanus. By-go, you are de Coward: de lack dog: John Ape.

Evanus. Pray you let vs not be laughing-focks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vernal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Caius. 'Diddle: Jack Rugby: mine Heft de Tarteur: have I not fay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Caius. As I am a Chrislifans-foule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ihe be judgement by mine Heft of the Carter.

Heft. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body Curer.

Caius. 1,
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Stat. I. dat is very good, excellant.

Hist. Peace, I pray you, beare mine Hoft of the Garter, Am I politick? Am I fubtle? Am I a Machiuel? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parfon? My Priest? my Sir Hug? No, hee gives me the Proverbs, and the No-verbs. Glue me thy hand (Celestial!) fo : Boyes of Art, I have decel! you both : I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue! Come, lay their swords to pawn: Follow me, Dad of peace, follow, follow.

Stat. Trust me, a mad Hoft : follow Gentlemen, low.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Stat. Ha! do I perceive dat? Have you make a de-fot of vs, ha, ha?

This is well, he has made vs his vlowning-dog: I desire you that we may be friends : and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-curuy-copping-companion the Hoft of the Garter.

Stat. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar he decease me too.

Euan. Well, I will minute his noddles: pray you follow.

Scene Secunda.


Mift. Page. Way keepe your way (little Gallant) you wont be a to a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether you had rather lead mine eyes, or eye your matters heele.

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

M.P. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford.Well met misfit Page, whether go you.

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinkse if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M.Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Wode. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.P. I cannot tell what (the dicken) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name Rob.Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff. (sirrah)

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

M.Pa. He,he,he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he is your Wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M.Pa. By your leave Sir, I am sickle till I see her.

Ford.Has any Page any braines? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no wife of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee pieces out his wiles inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaff boy with her: A man may heare this showe frang in the winde; & Falstaff: boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our resolted wises share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife,pluck the borrowed vaile of modestie from the fo-leeing Mift.Pags, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and wiffull Altem, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke gives me my Que, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaff: I shall be rather praid for this, then mock'd, for it is as poffitive, as the earth is firme, that Falstaff is there: I will go.


Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Stat. I must excuse my selfe Mr. Ford.

Slen. And fo must I Sir. We have appointe to dine with Miftis Anne, and I would not breake with her for more mony Then Ie speake of.

Stat. We have linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my cozenn Slander, and this day we'll have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father Page.

Page. You have Mr. Slander, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Stat. I bs-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nurh-a-quickly tell me to mutf.

Page. What say you to young Mr Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth : he writes verifes, he speakes holiday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, his in buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my constent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Paints: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knitt a knot in his fatunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simplly: the wealth I haue waits on my constent, and my constent goes not that way.

Ford. I beleth you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shall go, shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Stat. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the treer waing at Mr Page. Caius. Go home John Rugby, I come anon.

Hlst. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaffe, and drinkke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinkke in Pipe-wine first with him. Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Mr. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caio, Euan.


M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—


M. Page. Come, come, come.

M. Ford. Here, let it down.

M. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe.

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert) be ready here hard by in the Brew-house, & when I doainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or flattering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all haft, and carry it among the Whistlers in Doticke Mead, and there empty it in the muddle ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no E
Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

M. Fford. How now my Eyes-Musket, what news

Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore

(M. Fford, and requites your company.)

M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me evera-ling libertie, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

M. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.


M. Fford. I warrant thee, if I do not as it, hide me.

M. Fford. Go too: then: we'll vie this wawholome humidity, this groffe-watry Pampion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iyes.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have li'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed house.

M. Fford. O sweet Sir Iohn.

M. Fford. I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mift. Ford) now shall I fin in my wil; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake before the beft Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

M. Fford. I your Lady Sir Iohn? Alas, I should see a pitfull lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

M. Fford. A plain Kerchief, Sir Iohn:

My browes become nothing else, nor that noether.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say fo: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy footes, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou were: if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

M. Fford. Believe me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me louse thee? Let that periwade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie of these lifesiping-hauhorne budes, that come like women in mens appariell, and smelle like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou defirit it.

M. Fford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you louse M. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

M. Fford. Well, heauen knowes how I love you,

And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepen in that minde, Ile deferue it.

M. Fford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miftirs Ford, Miftirs Ford: heere's Miftirs Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shal not see me, I will enconce mee behind the Arras.

M. Fford. Pray you do so, she's a very tattling woman.

What's the matter? How now?

M. Page. O miftirs Ford what hau ye done?

You'r sham'd, y'are outwerned, y'are vndone for euver.

M. Fford. What's the matter,good miftirs Page?

M. Page. O weday, mift. Fford, hauing an honest man

to your husband, to give him such cause of fulpition.

M. Fford. What cause of fulpition?

M. Page. What cause of fulpition? Out vpoun you:

How am I mittooke in you?

M. Fford. Why (ala) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman)

with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-

man, that he layes is here now in the house; by your content to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are vndone.

M. Fford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you have such a man here: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-
mimg, with halfe Windsor at his heels, to fetch for such a one, I came before to tell you: If you know your selfe clerke, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your fenes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euver.

M. Fford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne Shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M. Fford. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heare at hand, bethink me you come conuencie in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you decici'd me? Look, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw foulie linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, fend him by your two men to Datchet-Made.


M. Page. What Sir Iohn Fairfax? Are thefe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me crepe in heere: Ile neuere——

M. Page. Helpe to cover your matter (Boy:) Call your men (Mift. Fford.) You dillenfing Knight.

M. Fford. What Iohn, Robert, Iohn; Go, take vp thyse cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-baffe? Look how you drumbledore? Carry them to the Landreff in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Fal. 'Pray you come here: if I suspex without cause, Why then make spott at me, then let me be your left, I defeire it: How now? Whether heare you this?

Ser. To the Landreff fortooth?

M. Fford. Why, what hau ye to doe whether they beare it? You were bitt meddle with buck-washing.


Gentlemen, I have dreamd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere mee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seekes, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vankennell the Fox. Let me flot this way firft: fo now vacape.

Page. Good matter Fford, be contented:

You wrong your felpe too much.

Fird. True (mather Page) vp Gentlemen, You shall fee spott anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

_Exeunt._ This is a very fantastic humors and jealousies.

_Caius._ By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France:
It is not jealous in France.

_Page._ Nay follow him (Gentlemen) to the yew of his church.

_Mist. Page._ Is there not a double excellency in this?

_Mist. Ford._ I know not which pleaseth me better,
That his husband is deceased, or Sir John.

_Page._ What a taking was hee in, when your
husband ake as he was in the basket?

_Mist. Ford._ I am halfe afraid he will have neede of
washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him
a benefit.

_Mist. Page._ Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all
of the same drunke, were in the same dittresse.

_Page._ I think my husband hath some special
fulmination of Falstaff being here: for I never saw him so
grope in his insolence till now.

_Page._ I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will
yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his diffolute dittresse
will teach others the like.

_Mist. Ford._ Shall we send that foolish Carion, Mist.
Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water,
and give him another hope, to betray him to another
punishment.

_Page._ We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow
eight a clocke to have amends.

_Ford._ I cannot finde him: may be the knave bragged
of that he could not compasse.

_Page._ Heard you that?

_Mist. Ford._ You wish me well, M. Ford? Do you?

_Page._ I do so.

_Mist. Ford._ Heauen make you then better thoughts.

_Amen._

_Page._ You do your selfe mighty wrong (M. Ford)

_Page._ I, I must bear it.

_Exeunt._ If there be any body in the house, & in the chambers,
and in the coffee, and in the preffes: heaven forgoe
my fins at the day of judgement.

_Caius._ Be gar, nor I too: there is no-body.

_Page._ Ty, ty, M. Ford, are you not afraid? What spirit,
what dull wits Fords this imagination? I would not ha
your disfemper in this kind, for ye wealth of Windsor castle.

_Ford._ 'Tis my fault (M. Page) I suffer for it.

_Exeunt._ You suffer for a sad confidence: your wife is
as honest a o'mans, as I will define among fiew thousand,
and fiew hundred too.

_Page._ By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

_Ford._ Well, I promisfe you a dinner: come, come, walk
in the Parkes, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make
knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come
_Miss. Page_, I pray you pardon me. Pray heartily pardon me.

_Page._ Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truth me) we'll mock
him: I will invite you to morrow morining to my house
to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine
Hawk up the bough. Shall it be so?

_Ford._ Any thing.

_Page._ If there is one, I shall make two in the Company
or if he be one, or two, I shall make the third.

_Ford._ Pray you go, M. Page.

_Page._ I pray you now remember to morrow on the
lowlie knaue, mine Hoft.

_Caius._ Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

_Page._ A lowlie knaue, to have his gibes, and his moc-
keries.

_Exeunt._

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**Scena Quarta.**

_Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender._

_Ford._ I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

_Anne._ Alas, how then?

_Ford._ Why thou must be thy selfe,
He doth obied, I am too great of birth,
And that my flate being gall'd with my expence,
I feake to heal it onely by his wealth.

_Besides thefe, other barres he lays before me,
My Rints pait, my wild Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

_Ann._ May he be he tells you true.

_No, heaven so sped me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firft motive that I cou'd thee (Anne)!

_Yet woon thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ftones in Gold, or fummes in fealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy felfe,
That now I syne at.

_Ann._ Gentle M. Fenton,
Yet feke my Fathers loue, till feke it fir,
If opportunity and humble fuit
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

_Shallow._ Break their tattle Miftris Quickly,
My Kindman shall speake for himfelfe.

_Slender._ He make a flift or a bolt on't, lid, tis but ventu-

_Beat not dismaid._

(An. No, the shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affaid.

_Richard._ Ha! M. Slender would speake a word with you

_Anne._ I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yere?

_Qui._ And how do's good Mafter Fenton?

_Pray you a word with you,

_Shallow._ She's comming, to her Cos:
O boy, thou haft a father.

_Shallow._ I had a father (M. Anne) my vncle can tel you good
lefts of him: pray you Vncle, tel Mift. Anne the left how
my Father trow two Goofe out of a Pen, good Vncle.

_Mistris Anne_, my Coastal loues you.

_Shallow._ I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Clo-
cypershire.

_Shallow._ He will maintaine you like a Gentlenaw.

_Slender._ I that I will, come cut and long-tailed, under
the degree of a Squire.

_Shallow._ He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds
joyynure.

_Anne._ Good Mafter Shallow let him woo for him-
selfe.

_Slender._ Marrie I thanke you for it: I thank you for
that good comfort: the cats you (Cos) I lea you.

_Anne._ Now Mafter Shallow.

_Slender._ Now good Mistris Anne.

_Anne._ What is your will?

_Slender._ My hill? Oddis hart-linghs, that's a prettie
left indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-
uen) I am not such a fickely creature, I give Heauen
praise.

_E 2._
Ann. I mean (M. Slender) what will you with me?

Stn. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his doile, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may ask your father, there he comes.

Page. Now M. Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does M. Fenton here?

You wrong me Sir, thus fill to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is dipos'd of.

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.


Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come yonne Slender in;

Knowing my mistake you wrong me (M. Fenton)

Qu. Speak to Miftris Page.

Fen. Good Mift. Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And must not be carried in a good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mifp. Page. I mean it not, I feeke you a better husband.

Qu. That's my master, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,

And how'd to death with Turnips.

Mifp. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she muft needs go in,

Her father will be angry.


Qu. This is my doing now: Nay, faie I, when you

call away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyffian:

Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thankbe thee: and I pray thee once to night,

Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy pains.

Qu. Now heauen fend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Mafler had Miftris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her: or (in loth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two Miftrises: what a beast am I to slacke it.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolph I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Hauve I lu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be furn'd such another tricke, Ile haue my brains 'tane out and butter'd, and glue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues flighted me into the riever with as little remorfe, as they would have drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may know by my fize, that I have a kinde of alacrity in flinking: if the bottome were as deep as hell, I hold down. I had beene drownd'p, but that the shore was fleuy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water fweles a man; and what a thing should I laue bene, when I had bene i'wel'd? I should have bene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd fnow-hal's, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in,

Bar. Come in woman.

Qu. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away thef Challices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it felfe: Ie no Pullet-Sperfme in my breage. How now?

Qu. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mift. Ford? I haue haue Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qu. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault; she do's to take on with her men; they milbooke their erection. (promife)

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans Qu. Well, he lauets Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to fee it; her husband goes this morning a birding; she defires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her fo: and bide her thine what a man is: Let her consider his trulie, and then judge of my merit.

Qu. I will tell her.

Fal. Do fo. Betweene nine and ten failt thou?

Qu. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qu. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I mervell I heare not of M. Broome: he sent me word to day within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere be comes.

Ford. Bleeve you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know

What hath paft betweene me, and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my busineffe,

Fal. M. Broome I haue no ly to you;

I was at her house the house the appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill favouredly M. Broome.

Ford. How fo fir, did the change her determination?

Qu. No (M. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her huf- band (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual laurum of felou- sie, coms me in the infant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kil'd, proufected, &c (as it were) broke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, chifter prouoked and inflagited by his diltemp'r, and (forthof) to fetch his houle for his wifes Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Qu. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one Mifp. Page, glues intelligence of Fords approch: and in her invention, and Fords wiles disfuration, they couney'd me into a bucke-basket.
Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fol. Yes; a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foule Stockings, greatie Napkins, that (Master Bromes) there was the ranked compound of villous smell, that ever offended no-

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fol. Nay, you shall hear (Master Bromes) what I have suffred, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hinde, were cal'd forth by their Mif-

Fol. to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Dutchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders; met the ileaul knaue their Master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Baf-

Ford. I quark'd for fear leaft the Lusnike Knave would have search'd it; but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went her, for a fearch, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the queuell (Master Bromes) I suffered the pans of notre femell 'tis in: Flirt, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a ilealeful rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circum-

Ford. Ferne in a faidefull Sir, I am forry, that for my fake you have suffer'd all this.

My Fate then is desperate: You'll undertake no more?

Fol. Master Bromes: I will be throwne into Etna, 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 ambaille of mee-

Fol. 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour (Mater Bromes.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fol. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appoint-

Fol. Magnetic Cofme at your convenient lesuire, and you shall know how I spede; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall haue her (Master Bromes) Master Bromes, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame?

Fol. I sleepe. Master Ford awakes, awakes: Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your best coarse (Master Ford) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-

Fol. baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houle: hee cannot crepe into a halfe-penny pufe, nor into a Pepper-

Ford. Boxe: But leaft the Dicell that guides him, should side him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hones, to make good, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be borne-

Fol. mad.

Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.


Fal. Mist. Ford. Your favour hath eaten vp my suffrance; I fee you are obsequious in your looks, and I professe requital to a haires breadth, not onely Mist. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. He's a birding (sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your felte?


Mist. Page. Indeed?


Mist. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he do taketh on yonder with his husband, so railes against all married mankind: so curseth all ever daughters, of what complexion soever; and but suffeteth himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that my madneffe I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame, calmyr, and patience to this his disemer he in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talk of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protesteth to his husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his fution: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he Mistris Page?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at freeet end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vitrally sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better blame, then murther.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I behoove him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more I' th' Basket: May I not go out ere he come? 

Mist. Page. Alas: three of Mr. Forde's brothers watch the doore with Pilots, that none shall ilufe out: other-wise you might flip away ere he came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile crepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwayes vfe to discharge their Birding-peeces: crepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. There is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Prefs, Coffer, Cheek, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the howle.

Fal. Ie go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne feomblance, you die Sir John, vnleeve you go out digestion'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguife him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman gove bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremite, rather then a muffiere.

Mist. Ford. My Mais Aunt the fat woman of Brainford, has a gowne above.

Mist. Page. On my word it will ferue him: she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir John.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistris Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quecke, quicke, we'le come dresse you outright: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he sweares she's a witch, forbade her my howse, and hath threatned to beate her.


Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good faineffe is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. We'le try that: for Ie appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did lat time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but he'll be heere prefently: let's go dresse him like the witch of Brainford.

Mist. Ford. Ile first dircet direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him fraught.

Mist. Page. Hang him dihonest Varlet, We cannot misufe enough: We'll leave a proove by that which we will doo, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not alke that often, left, and laugh; 'Ths old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you let it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Sir. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Sir. Pray heaven he be not full of Knight againe.

1 Sir. I hope not, I had life as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mist. Page) have you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villains: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the dice be shamm'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-
Exeunt. By yes, and no, I think the o' man is a witch indeed: I like not when a o' man has a great beard; I tie a great beard under his muffer.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my jealousy; If I cry out thus upon no tralls, neuer trust me if I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come Gentlemen.

Mist. Page. Truest me he beate him moth pitifully.

Mist. Ford. Nay by th'Maffe that he did not: he beate him moth vnpitifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile haue the coddelg hallow'd, and hung o're the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mist. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the-wimfel of a good con- science, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure far'd out of him, if the duell haue him not in fee-fimple, with fine and recovery, he will never (I think) in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue feru'd him.

Mist. Page. Yes, by all means: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands brains: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnæstious Fat Knight shall be any further afflict'd, wee two will still bee the minif- ters.

Mist. Ford. Ile haue them, they have him publiquely sham'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the left, should he not be publiquely sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolf.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoft. What Duke shoudl that be comes so secretely? I here not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoft. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile fuece them, they have had my horses a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other gueffes, they must come off, Ile fuece them, come.

Exit

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistis Page, oMisris Ford, and Exants.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best directions of a o'man as ouser I did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. VWithin a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand (In
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

(In him that was of late an Herēūke) As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more: Be not as extreme in submision, as in offence, But let our plot go forward: Let our wisers Yet once again (to make vs publike sport) Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How to send him word they'll meet him in the Parke at midnight? Fri, fie, he'll never come.

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and has bin grieviously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: Me-thinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no de-

Page. So think I too.

M. Ford. Deuise but how you'll vse him whē he comes, And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

Mf. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter (sometyme a keeper here in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Walk round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blafs the tree, and takes the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and fishes a chaine In a moft hideous and dreadfull manner. You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superflitious idle-headed-Elid Receiv'd, and did deliever to our age

This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deede of night to walke by this Herne's Oake: But what of this?

Mf. Ford. Marry this is our deuise, That Falstaff at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this flabe, when you have brought him thether, What shal be done with him? What is your plot?

Mf. Page. That like-wise hau'e we thought vp: & there: Nan Page (my daughter) and my little Jonne, And three or foure more of their growth, we'll dreffe Like Vrchns, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white, With round of waxen Tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands; vp on a fadaine, As Falstaffe, she, and I, are newly meet, Let them from forth a fawt-pit roufs at once With some diffused song: Vpon their fight We two, in great amaseednefe will dye: Then let them all enquire him about, And Feaib-like to pinch the vnclene Knight; And make him know that houre of Fairy Reuel, In their for faced pathes, he dares to tread In flabe prophanne.

Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supped Fairies pinch him, found, And burne him with their Tapers.

Mf. Page. The truth being knowne, We'll all prefent our felues; dif-horne the spirit, And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must Be pračted well to this, or they'll neuer doe't.

Eu. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a lacke-an-Apes alfo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent, Ile go buy them wizardes.

Mf. Page. My Nan shal the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That filke will I go buy, and in that time Shall M. Slender receaue my Nan away, And marry her at Eaton: go, fend to Falstaffe draught.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Brooke, Hee'll tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l come.

Mf. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties And trickling for our Fairies.

Eunus. Let vs about it.

It is admirable pleasures, and merry honest knaueries.


Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde: Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will, And none but he to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender (though well landed) is an Idiot: And he, my husband best of all affects: The Doctor is well monied, and his friends Potent at Courte: he, none but he shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolf, Eunus, Caius, Quickly.


Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Slender.

Hoft. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Cattle, his flanding-bed and trucckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock and call: here's speake like an Anthropophagian unto thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be fo bold as fay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.


Ful. How now, mine Hoft?

Hoft. There's his (mine Hoft) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was not the Wife-woman of Beatneford?

Ful. I marry was it (Mufel-shell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my mafter Slender, fent to her seeing her go thorou the streets, to know (Sir) whethere one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Ful. I speake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what fayes she, I pray Sir?

Ful. Marry shee fayes, that the very fame man that beguil'd Mafter Slender of his Chaine, corond him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman her
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him. 
Fal. What are they? let us know. 
Fal. I may not conceal them. (Sir.) 
Hoft. Conceale them, or thou diest. 
Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Misfris Anne Pages, to know if it were my Mafter fortune to have her, or no. 
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune. 
Sim. What Sir? 
Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me 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 Mafter glad with these tydings. 
Hoft. Thou are clearly: thou art clearly (Sir John) was there a wife woman with thee? 
Fal. I that there was mine (Hoft) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.
Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage. 
Hoft. Where be your horse? speake well of them varietto. 
Bar. Run away with the cosonars; for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set furres, and away; like three Germanus-dielus; three Doctor Faus-flags. 
Hoft. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villain), doe not say they be fied: Germanes are honest men.
Euan. Where is mine Hoft? 
Euan. What is the matter Sir? 
Euan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cosend all the Hofts of Readins, of Maidemhed; of Cole-broke, of horse, and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wife, and full of gibes, and vlouting-focks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cosonazed. Fare you well. 
Cat. Ver's mine Hoft de fortore? 
Hoft. Here (Master Doctor) in perplextie, and doubtfull demeauna.
Cat. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de lamanita: by my trut: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: addes. 
Hoft. Huy and cry, (villaines) goe: ashe me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaines) I am vndone. 
Fal. I would all the world might be cozonard, for I have bene cozonad and beaten too: if it should come to the care of the Court, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath bene wathd, and cudgel, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and Equor Fishermen-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creft-falne as a dride-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at Primors: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you? 
Fal. From the two parties forfooth. 
Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bellowed: I have suf-
fer'd more for their sakes; more then the villainous in-confacy of mans dispofition is able to beare. 
Qgi. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; spe-
ically one of them; Misfris Ford (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 
Fal. What tell'lt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-
bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Drainford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman delier'd me, the knaue Conable had set me ith'Stocks, Ith' common Stocks, for a Witch. 
Qgi. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-
hearts) what a doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serue heaven well, that you are so croft'd. 
Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. 

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoft.
Hoft. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is heavie: I will give ouer all. 
Fen. Yet heare me speake: affh me in my purpose, 
And (as I am a gentleman) lce glue thee 
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loffe. 
Hoft. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at the leaf) keepe your counsell.
Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you 
With the deare louse I heare to faire Anne Pages, 
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, 
(So farre forth, as her felte might be her choosar) 
Even to my wish; I haue a letter from her 
Of such contents, as you will wonder at; 
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, 
That neither (singly) can be manifested. 
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaff, 
Hath a great Scene; the image of the leaf 
I shew you here at large (harke good mine Hoft) 
To night at Hermes-Oke, ju$t 'twixt twelve and one, 
Muf't my sweet Nan present the Faerie-Queen: 
The purpose why, is here: in which diffilte 
VVhile other leaves are something ranke on foote, 
Her father hath commanded her to slip 
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton 
Immediately to Marry: She hath confented: Now Sir, 
Her Mother, (seen strong against that match 
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed 
That he shall likewise thuffle her away, 
While other sports are tasking of their minde, 
And at the Deaury, where a Priest attends 
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot 
She feeming obdient) likewise hath 
Made promis(e to the Doctor: Now, it thus it rests, 
Her Father means she shall be all in white; 
And in that habite, when Slender les his time 
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe, 
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intende 
(The better to devote her to the Doctor: 
For they must all be mask'd, and visarded) 

That
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

That quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobb'd,
With Ribbons-pendant, farring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spits his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Exeunt.*

Come, Follow, the Exeunt.

To bring to your service, my lord, you shall have none
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Exeunt.*

Besides, the poore-old-man, Parke
Shuttle, he will knowe what to do.

Nay-word, Holie.

Ford. Fall. get when I Broome
I Broome:) I Broome.

Whipt your hand, they are wondrous.
you knowe, for footh, I Broome)

I Bioth, I Broome.

He if for midnight, now
will you knowe, I Broome.

Miff. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fairies?

Miff. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very infant of Falstaffes and our meeting, they will at once display to the light.

Miff. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Miff. Page. How he be not amaze'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaze'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Miff. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Miff. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Tho' they betray them, do no treachery.

Miff. Ford. The hourse draws-on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffes, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, I hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odd numbers: Away, go, they flye there is Diuinity in odd Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Reply. He provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a pair of horses.

Fal. Away I say, time warres, hold vp your head & mine. How now M. Brosrne? Master Brosrne, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oakes, 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 Brosrne) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Brosrne) like a poore-old-woman; that fame knawe (Ford his husband) hath the finest mad dwell of leasoufe in him (Master Brosrne) that ever govern'd Frendie. I will tell you, he beate me greewously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master Brosrne) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers beam, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with me, Ile tell you all (Master Brosrne) since I pluckt Geco, plaidie Trevant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knawe Ford, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, fraunge things in hand (M. Brosrne) follow.

Scena Tertia.


Mifs. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do, adieu.  

Mifs. Page. Fare you well (Sir), my husband will not renounce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-breake.

Mifs. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fairies, and the Welch-deuill Ferne?

Mifs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very infant of Falstaffes and our meeting, they will at once display to the light.

Mifs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mifs. Page. If he be not amaze'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaze'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mifs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mifs. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Tho' they betray them, do no treachery.

Mifs. Ford. The hourse draws-on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. 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, do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Miftrin Page, Miftrin Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Pages, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Philipp.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath broke twelve: the Minute draws-on: Now the hot-blooded Gods affit me: Remember loue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue set on thy horns. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of Leda: O omnipotent
omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complextion of a Goofe: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinkes not (O Loue) a fowl-fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor Strege, and the farriest (I thinke) I'th' Forreft. Send me a coole rut-time (Loue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Isob. Art thou there (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the sike raines Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-fleeues, halie-kissing Comfits, and fnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

M. Ford. Misris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide me like a birt'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my fides to my felie, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hones I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confidence, hence mak restituation. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noize?

M. Ford. Heauen forgivwe our finnes.

Fal. What sholde this be?


Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damned, Leafe the oyle that's in me shoulde set hell on fire; He would never else croffe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Que. Fairies blake, gray, greene, and white,
You Moomine reseluer, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed definity,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pij. Elies, lift your names: Silence you aeryt toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shal loue leape;
Where fires shou'd and that vnadle'd, and earths vnvept,
There pinche the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Shut, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speakes to them shal die,
Ile winke, and coach: No man their worke must ele.

En. Wher's the Bride? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the floweres hath thrice her prayers fayd,
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepes she as sound as carelesse infancy,
But that as sleepe, and thinke not on their fins,
Pinche them armes, legges, backes, shoulders, fides, & thin.

Que. About, about.

Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery faced roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In fate as wholemake, as in fate 'tis fit,
Worth the Owner, and the Owner it.
The feueraills Chaires of Order, looks you scourwe With lyue of Balme; and euery precious floweres,
Each faire Inflamte, Coate, and feu'ral Cryt,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
En. Nighty-meadow-Fairies, looke you fing
Like to the Garrer-Campaffe, in a ring,
Th'expreffe that it heares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, Helen Sies Que Maly-prize, write
In emerald-tuffes, Floweres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroderie,
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brains in the Sun, and dri’d is, that it wants matter to procure so groffie ore-reaching as this? Am I ridlen with a Welch Quate too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frieze? Tis time I were chock’d with a piece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Seefe is not good to glue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Have I liu’d to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mrs. Page. Why Sir Iohn, do you thinke though wee would have thrust virtuo out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have guen our selves without scru-ple to hell, that euer the deuill could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Page. Old, cold, wither’d, and of intollerable en-traits?

Ford. And one that is as flanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eun. And guen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and sweearings, and flarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme: you hau’e the heart of me, I am delected: I am not able to answer the Welsh Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vie me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, weel bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Broome, that you hau’e cozon’d of money, to whom you should hau’e bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you hau’e suffer’d, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bit ing affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful Knight: thou shalt eat a pot-fet to night at my house, wher I will deuere thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her Mr. Slen-dre hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor Caius wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatch’d?

Slen. Dispatch’d? Ile make the beet in Glostershire know on’t: would I were hang’d la, elie.

Page. Of what sorne?

Slen. I come yonder at Eaton to marry Miftris Anne Page, and she’s a great lubberly boy. If it ha’d not bene I’th Church, I would haue swing’d him, or hee should haue swing’d me. If I did not thinke it ha’d bene Anne Page, would I might never firre, and ‘tis a Poft-mafters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What need ye tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in woman 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 Greene, and cried Mum, and the cride budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Poft-mafters boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn’d my daughter into white, and in deed she is now with the Doctor at the Deante, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miftris Page: by gar I am conozed, I ha’ been marrie an Garfoon, a boy; oon peant, by gar, A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am conozed.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I be gar, and ‘tis a boy: be gar, Ie raie all Windor.

Ford. This is strange? Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart mislikes me, here comes Mr. Fenton.

How now Mr. Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon Page. Now Miftris:

How chance you went not with Mr Slen-dre?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Whereere there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long ficce contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can diffolue vs:
Th’offence is holy, that the hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein the doth euent and then
A thousand irreverant curled houses
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaze’d, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauen themselfes do guide the state,
Money buys Lands, and wifes are fold by fite.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special fand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc’d.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen glue thee joy, what cannot be eichew’d, must be embrac’d.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chace’d.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will mufe no further: Mr Fenton, Heauen glue you many, many merry days:
Good husband, let vs every one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir Iohn and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir Iohn)
To Master Broome, you yet shall hold yourword,
For he, to night, shall lye with Miftris Ford: Exeunt.
MEASURE,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Efrc. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the properties to vn-
Would feeme in me t'effect speech & discouer,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lift of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But, that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our Cites Institutions, and the Termes
For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and praftife, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I sry, bid come before vs Escalus:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence toupply;
Lent him our terror, drenq him with our loue,
And gien his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne poewe: What thynke you of it?
Efc. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord Escalus.

Enter Escalus.

Duke. Lookke where he comes.

c. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Escalus:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'otherer, doth thy historie
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belonging
Are not thinne owne so proper, as to waite
Thy selfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themelues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, twere all aike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely torch'd,
But to fine iiffies: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thisty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vie; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertize;
Hold therefore Escalus:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortalitie and Merce in Vienna
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escalus
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more teft, made of my mettle,
Before fo noble, and fo great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. No more euasion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our harte from hence is of fo quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe loue to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions,

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord),
That we may bring you somthing on the way.

Duke. My harte may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to informe, or quallifie the Lawes
As to your foule seemes good: Glue me your hand,
Ile priuilie away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to flage me to their eyes;
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thynke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauen glue safety to your purpouses.

Duke. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happy-
ness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well.

Ang. I shall defire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To lookke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I hauie, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet intruclouded.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-drawe together,
And we may loone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Efrc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exit.

Scena.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.


Luc. Thou oonch'd it like the Saint Simonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou haft not Steale?

Luc. I, that he rafs.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captain and all the reit from their functions: they put forth to finde: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giving before maire, do raffish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinkke thou neuer wast where Grace was fail'd.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinkke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despiught of all con troversei: as for example: Thou thy felie art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheerees betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may be betweene the Lifts, and the Velvet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kerfley, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinkke thou do't: and indeed with most pain full feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thry health; but, whilst I live for to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I think I haue done my felie wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou haft; whether thou art tainted, or free. Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I have purchas'd as many difeases under her Roofe, As come to


2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Catica?

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. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.


Bawd. Nay, but I know'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three dailes his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this foolishing, I would not have it for Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Iulietta with child.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euery preciue in promife keeping.

2. Gent. Befides you know, it draws somthing neere to the speeche we had to fetch a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamiations.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thou, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am Confom-branke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Cleone.

Cl. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Cl. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Cl. Gropping for Trowes, in a peculiar Rivel.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Cl. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Cl. All howles in the Suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Cl. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of refort in the Suburbs be pald downe?

Cl. To the ground, Misfitia.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Cl. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I lea be your Tapher full: courage, there will bee pitty taken on you: you that have wronged your eyes almoxt out in the serulce, you will be consider'd.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapfer? let's withdrw?

Cl. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prooust to prifon: and there's Madam Iuliet.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prooust, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio 7 Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'th thou show me this to the world? Bear me to prifon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euille disposition, But from Lord Angels by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by weight The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (for) yet still 'tis luft. (fratrain)

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this revolt?

Cla. From too much liberty, (my Lucie) Liberty As furiet is the father of much five, So every Scope by the immediate vice

Turnes to refraint: Our Natures doe pursuie
Like rats that ravin downe their proper Bone,
A thirsly eull, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wilfull vnder an arrest, I
would sende for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppyry of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisounment: what's thy offence,
Claud? 

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Levierie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If you doe any good: is Leckby so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contraet
I got possession of Julieta's bed,
You know the Lady, she is faft my wife,
Sawe that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propagation of a Duke,
Remaining in the Coffer, of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had them made for vs. But it chances
The sleath of our most moutvall entertainment
With Charader too gristy, is writ on Julieta.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horne whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Sate, that it may know
He can command; let it straytle the fpar:
Whether the Tiranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
If flagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-crow'd Armor) hung by th'waill
So long, that tintenee Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowzie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands fo tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milke-mald, if she be in love, may
flyght off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done fo, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my fifter should the Cloyfter enter,
And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my fate,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the thriest deputie, and bid her felle affay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and feechelesse dialaet,
Such as move men: befide, the hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and difcourfe,
And well the can perfwade.

Luc. I pray thee may: as well for the encouragement of
the like, which else shall stand vnder greuous im-
position: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
farry shoulde bee thus foolilfly lost, at a game of tick-
tacks: Ie to her.

Cla. I thank you good friend Lucio.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francisca a Nun.

IJa. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges? 
Nun. Are not these large enough?
IJa. Yes truly ; I speake not as desiring more, 
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votaries of Saint Clare.
Luc. within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
IJa. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a mens voice: gentle Isabella
Turne you the key, and know his buinesse of him.
You may ; I may not: you are yet vnsworne
When you have vowed, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the Prior[i];
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He calls againe ; I pray you answere him.
IJa. Peace, and prosperitie; who is't that calls?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thofe checke-rofs
Proclame you are no leff: can you so freely me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siffer
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
IJa. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his Siffer.
Luc. Gentle & faire : your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be wary with you; he's in prifon.
IJa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my felfe might be his Judge,
He should receiue his punishment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with child.
IJa. Sir, make me not your florid.
Luc. 'Tis true ; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maidens to leme the Lapwing, and to left
Tongue, far from heart ; play with all Virgin so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fielded,
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit
And to be call'd with in sinceritie,
As with a Saint.
IJa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleue it: feenes, and truth; 'tis thus,
Your brother, and his louter haue embrac'd;
As thofe that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seadnes, the bare fowle brings
To teeming foyon: even so her plentious wombe
Expresseth his full Thith, and husbandry.
IJa. Some one with childe by him? my cofen Juliet?
Luc. Is she your cofen?
IJa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maides change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
IJa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemens (my felfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action; but we doe learne,
By thofe that know the very Nerues of State,
His going-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant defigne: upon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)
Gouerns Lord Angelo: A man, whose blood
Is very know-broth : one, who neuer feele
The wanton thinges, and motions of the fence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: studie, and falt
He (to glee fearer to vie, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an ad,
Vnder whole heauy fence, your brothers life
Fals into forfit: he arreffe him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleffe you haue the grace, by your faire prizer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of buinesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
IJa. Dooth he fo,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has cenfur'd him already,
And as I hear, the Prouct hath a warrant
For's execution.
IJa. Alas : what poore
Abilide's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Asflay the poore you haue.
IJa. My power 's alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doothes are traitors
And makes vs looke the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Goe to Lord Angelo
And let him learne to know, when Maidens fue
Men glue like gods : but when they wepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as fresly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
IJa. Ile see what I can doe.
Luc. But speedily.
IJa. I will about it strait;
No longer flaying, but to glee the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thank you;
Commend me to your brothe: soone at night
Ile fend him certain word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
IJa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt

Acutus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eufcalus, and servants,ajuice.

Ang. We must not make a fact-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till cultome make it
Their search, and not their terror.
Euf. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruife to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would fave, had a moft noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleue to be moft frait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the refolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd effeect of your owne purpoe,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenfur him,
And pul'd the Law vpone you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Eufcalus)

Another
Another thing to fall: I do not deny
The fury paling on the Prisoners life
May in the Ixone twelve have a thief, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what’s open made to Justice,
That Justice ceases: What knows the Lawes
That thesees do passe on theesees? ’Tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde, we troope, and take’t,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenfure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partill. Sir, he must dye.

E. F. Be it as your wisdome will.
E. Ang. Where is the Provost?
P. Ang. Here if it like your honour.
E. Ang. See that Claudia
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeffor, let him be prepar’d,
For that’s the vmoft of his pilgrimage.

E. F. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive vs all:
Some rife by fame, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brake of Ice, and anwere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Closeane, Officers.

E. Elb. Come, bring them away: if thefe be people
In a Common-wealth, that doe nothing but vfe their
Abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

E. Ang. How now Sir, what’s your name? And what’s the matter?

E. Elb. If it pleafe your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Confable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane vpon Ju-
ficce Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors.

E. Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?

E. Elb. If it pleaze your honour, I know not well what they are: But precle villains are they, that I am sure of, and vold of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to haue.

E. Ang. This comes off well: here’s a wife Officer.

E. Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name?
Why do’t thou not speake Elbow?

E. Elb. He cannot Sir: he’s out at Elbow.

E. Ang. What are you Sir?

E. Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that
Ierves a bad woman: whole house Sir was (as they say)
plucked downe in the Suburbs: and now hee profesles a hot-house; which, I thinkes is a very vill housfe too.

E. Ang. How know you that?

E. Elb. My wife Sir? whom I deted before heaven, and your honour.

E. F. How? thy wife?

E. Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honest wom-
an.

E. F. Do’t thou deted her therefore?

E. Elb. I say Sir, I will deted my felpe also, as well as she,
that this housfe, if it be not a Bauds housfe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty housfe.

E. F. How do’t thou know that, Confable?

E. Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman
dearly gien, might have bin accu’d in forni-
cation, adultery, and all vncleneffe there.

E. F. By the womans meanes?

E. Elb. I sir, by Miftris Derent meanes: but as she spit
in his face, fo he defte him.

E. Ang. Sir, if pleafe your honor, this is not fo.

E. Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honora-
ble man, proue it.

E. F. Doe you heare how he miplaces?

E. Elb. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing
(fuing your honors reuerence) for dewd prewys: Sir,
we had but two in the housfe, which at that very distant
-time fiod, as it were in a fruit dih (a dih of some three
pence: your honours haufe feene fuch dihes) they are not
China-dishes, but very good dihes.

E. F. Go too: go too: no matter for the dihs Sir.

E. Elb. No indeece Sir not of a pin; you are therein in
the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Miftris Elbow,
being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and
longing (as I faid) for prewys: and hauing but two in the
dih (as I faid) Master Froth here, this very man, ha-
uing eaten the red, as I faid) & (as I fay) prouyng for them
very honestly: for, as you know Master Froth, I could not
give you three pence againe.

E. F. No indeece.

E. Ang. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-
bered) tracking the fhones of the foresaid prewys.

E. F. Sir, fo I did indeece.

E. Elb. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be
remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past
care of the thing you wot of, vnllefe they kept very good
diet, as I told you.

E. F. All this is true.

E. Ang. Why very well then.

E. F. Come: you are a tedious fool: to the purpuoe:
what was done to Elbowes wife, that hee hath caufe to
complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

E. Elb. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

E. F. No Sir, nor I meane it not.

E. Elb. Sir, but youall come to it, by your honours
leave: And I befieech you, looke into Master Froth
Sir, a mone of foure-kore pound a yeare; whose father
died at Hallowmas: Was’t not at Hallowmas Master Froth?

E. F. Alholland-Bae.

E. Elb. Why very well: I hope here be truths: he Sir,
fitting (as I fay) in a lower chaire, Sir, I was in the burch
of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to Sir, have
you not?

E. F. I haue fo, because it is an open roome, and good
for winter.

E. Elb. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

E. F. This will last out a night in Rufsia
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leuue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the caufe;
Hoping youl finde good caufe to whip them all. Exit.

E. F. I thinke no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife, once more?

E. Elb. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

E. F. I befieech you Sir, aske him what this man did to
my wife.

E. Elb. I befieech your honor, aske me.

E. F. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

E. Elb. Sir, he befieech you Sir, looke in this Gentlemen face:
good Master Froth looke vpou his honor; ’tis for a good
purpoe: doth your honor marke his face?

E. F. Ye.

F 3
Erf. I fir, very well.
Clo. Nay, I befeech you marke it well.
Erf. Well, I doe so.
Clo. Dost thy honor see any harme in his face?
Erf. Why not.
Clo. Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him; good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Con-fables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.
Erf. He's in the right (Conftable) what say you to it?
Ell. Firft, and it like you, the house is a requited house; next, this is a requited fellow; and his Miftris is a requited woman.
Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more requited per-son then any of vs all.
Ell. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever requited with man, woman, or childe.
Clo. Sir, she was requited with him, before he married with her.
Erf. Which is the wiser here; Injustice or Iniquity? Is this true?
Ell. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hannibal; I requited with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was requited with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore Duker Offi-cer: prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or ile haue mine action of battery on thee.
Erf. If he tooke you a box 'ochtare, you might haue your action of fliender too.
Ell. Marty I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caiiffe?
Erf. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst difcover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courfes, till thou knowest what they are.
Ell. Marty I thanke your worship for it: Thou feest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.
Erf. Where were you borne, friend?
Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.
Erf. Are you of four-score pounds a yeare?
Froth. Yes, and 't please you Sir.
Erf. So is what trade are you of, Sir?
Clo. A Tapfer, a poore whipowes Tapfer.
Erf. Your Miftris name?
Clo. Miftris Ouer-don.
Erf. Hath she had any more then one husband?
Clo. Nine, Sir, for one-doe by the left.
Erf. Nine! come hether to me, Master Froth; Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapfers; they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: goe you gone, and let me have no more of you.
Fr. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.
Erf. Well; no more of it Master Froth: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapfer: what's your name Mr. Tapfer?
Clo. Pompey.
Erf. What else?
Clo. Dam, Sir.
Erf. Truth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the backfliet fence, you are Pompey the

great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howfo-er you colour it in being a Tapfer, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.
Clo. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.
Erf. How would you like Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?
Clo. If the Law would allow it, fir.
Erf. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.
Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and spay all the youth of the City?
Erf. No, Pompey.
Clo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.
Erf. 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 glue out a Commissioon for more heads; if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you like to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.
Erf. Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesse, harke you: I advize you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever; no, nor for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shal beat you to your Tent, and prowe a thred Cefar to you in plaine dealing Pompey, I shal have you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the fysh and fortune shall better determine. Whim me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exeunt.
Erf. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Conftable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conftable?
Ell. Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.
Erf. I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seuen yeares togeth-
er.
Ell. And a halfe fir.
Erf. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you fo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to ferue it?
Ell. 'Faith fir, few of any wit in fhuch matters: as they are choaten, they are glad to chooie me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and goe through with all.
Erf. Lookie you bring mee in the names of fome fie or feuen, the moft sufficient of your parifh.
Ell. To your Worships house fir?
Erf. To my house: fare you well: what's a clokke, thinke you?
Ell. Eleuen, Sir.
Erf. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Ell. I humbly thanke you.
Erf. It grieues me for the death of Claudio
But there's no remedie:
Ell. Lord. Angels is feuer.
Erf. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not ifelfe, that oft looks fo,
Pardon is still the nurfe of fecond woe:
But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. Exeunt. 

Scene
Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Serv. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Prov. 'Pray you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may he be he relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame.

All Sefts, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudia shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'th thou aske again?

Prov. Left I might be too rath: Vnder your good correccion, I have feene When after execution, Judgement hath Repented on his doome.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or glue vp your Place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honours pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the groning Juliet? She's very neere herhoure.

Ang. Dispoofe of her To some more fittt place; and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the fifter of the man condemn'd, Desires acceffe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sitter?

Prov. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, And to be shorttie of a Sitter-hood, If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her he admitted, See you the Fornekrete be remov'd,

Let her haue needfull, but not lauifh meanes, There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and JIabelllo.

Prov. 'Sauze your Honour. (will ?

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

JIab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,

'Please but your Honor hear me.

Ang. Well: what's your fuite.

JIab. There is a vice that moff I doe abhorre,

And moff depre should meet the blow of Juflice; For which I would not plead, but that I muft,

For which I muft not plead, but that I am At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

JIab. I have a brother is condemnda to die,

I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

Prov. Heauen giue thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function To fine the faults, whose fine hands in record, And let goe by the Actor:

JIab. Oh iuft, but fevere Law: I had a brother then; heauen keep thee your honour,

Luc. Glue 't not ore fo: to him againe, entreat him, Kneel downe before him, hang yon his gowne,

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue defire it:

To him, I say.

JIab. Muft he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

JIab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,

And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe.

JIab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

JIab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong

If to your heart were touch'd with that remorfe,

As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's fentence'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

JIab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word

May call it againe: well, beleve this

No ceremony that to great ones longs,

Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,

The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe

Become them with one halfe so good a grace

As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,

You would haue flipt like him, but he like you

Would not haue bene fo fteene.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

JIab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,

And you were JIabelllo: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what 'were to be a Judge,

And what a prifoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,

And you but waife your words.

JIab. Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,

And he that might the vantage bell haue toke,

Found out the remedie: how would you be,

If he, which is the top of Judgement, should

But fudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And mercie then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my fonne,

It should be thus with him: he muft die to morrow.

JIab. To morrow? oh, that's fadaine,

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchins

We kill the bowle of feafon: shall we ferue heuen

With leffe reprefet then we doe minion,

To our groffe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well faid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath flept

Those many had not di'd to doe that euill

If the firft, that did th' Edift infringe

Had anfwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Loukes in a glaffe that fheews what future euills

Either now, or by remiflence, new conceu'd,

And fo in progreffe to be hart'ed, and borne,

Are now to have no succedue degrees,

But here they live to end.

JIab. Yet fhew some pittie.

Ang. I fhouf it moft of all, when I shou Juflice;

For then I pittie thofe I do not know,

Which a diſlim'd offence, would after gauge

And
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lies not to aot another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow: be content.

Ifab. So you must be y'first that givs this sentence,
And hee, that sufferes: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vie it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
As heu himselfe do's, how would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vie his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gasrled Oke,
Then the soft Merrill: But man, proud man,
Dreeth in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most auff'd,
(If his glassie Effence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weep: who with our fleeces,
Wear in all themselfes laugh mortal.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench! he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen hee win him.

Ifab. We cannot weig he our brother with our selfe,
Great men may left with Saints; ts wit in them,
But in the leffe weig he our prophanation.

Luc. Thou't i'th right (Girlie) more o'that.

Ifab. That in the Captains's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Soullier is flat blifiehime.

Luc. Art ait's o'd that? more on't.

Ang. Why doo ye put these sayings vpon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such fence
That my Sence breeds with it; save you well.

Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me i' come againe to morrow.

Jr. Hark, how Ile brieue you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? brieue me?

If. I, with such gifts that heauen flall share with you.

Luc. You had mar' d' all else.

Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the test'd-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That flall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rife: prayers from preferred foules,
From lisyng Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'ts well a way.

Ifab. Heauen keeps your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croffe.

Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Ifab. 'Sauve your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not the: nor doth the tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flower,
Corrupt with vertuous feasion: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneffe? having waife ground enough,
Shall we defire to raze the Sanquary
And pitch our eulks there? oh fie, ba, fie:
What doth thou? or what art thou. Angles?
Doth thou defire her fwole, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery have authoritie,
When Judges fleale themselfes: what, doe I love her,
That I defire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bad thy hooke: moft dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To fenny, in louing vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigil, Art, and Nature
Once flir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I fulfind, and wondred how. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Halie to you, Provost, so I thinkke you are.

Pro. I am the Provost: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to vifite the afficted spirits
Here in the prifon: doe me the common right
To let me fee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needful
Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaves of her owne youth,
Hath blifferd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, fentenc'd: a young man,
More fit to doe another fuch offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When muft he dye?

Pro. As I do thinkke to morrow.
I have prouided for you, flay a while
And you shall be conducted.

'Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the fin you carry?

Iul. I doe: and beare the name moft patiently.

Duk. He teach you how you flall aigne your conficcate
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Iul. Ie gladly learn.

Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it fencet your moft offence full aet
Was mutually committed.

Iul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your fin of heauier kindes then his.

Iul. I doe confiffe it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis

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Measure for Measure.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I think, and pray
To several fubsidies; heaven hath my empty words,
Whil'st my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Isabella: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the flame whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious; yea, my Gravitie.
Wherein (let no man heare) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an ilee plume
Which the ayrte beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dou'th thou with thy cafe, thy habitt
Wrench awe from foolees, and yxe the wierre foolees.
To thy feale fimeing? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horn.
'Tis not the Deuils Creft: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One Isabella, a Sister, desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauen.
Why doe's my blood thus mutter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dilpercing all my other parts
Of nessesary fiction?
So play the foolisht throns with one that twounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayrte
By which hee should reuine; and even fo
The general fubsidet a wel-wilht King
Quire their owne part, and in obloquious fondneffe
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Muff needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, wold much better please
Then to demand what'tis: your Brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so: heaven keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Vnder your Sentence?
Ang. Yea. Enter Servant.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be fitted
That his foule sicken not.
Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
to pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their lascive sweetenes, that do coyne heavens Image
In flamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eafe,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a felle one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moft luift Law
Now takest your brothers life, and to redeem him
Glie vp your body to such sweet vnclennesse
As the he hath flain?

Isab. Sir, beleue this.
I had rather glue my body, then my foule.
Ang. I talke not of your foule: our compel'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accomp't.

Isab. How lay you?
Ang. Nay ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Anfwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Promounce a fentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charlite in finne,
To bue this Brothers life?

Isab. Pleaе to you do't,
He take it as a peril to my soule,
It is no finne at all, but charlite.

Ang. Plea'd you to do't, at peril of your soule
Were equall paine of finne, and charlite.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be finne.
Heauen let me beare it; you granting of my fult,
If that be fin, Ile make it my Mornr-prayer,
To have it added to the fault of mine,
And nothing of your anfwere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fentence pursuets not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or feme fo crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wildome willes to appeare most bright,
When it doth take it felle: As thefe blacke Maques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could dispis'd: But marke me,
To be receu'd pleine, Ile speake more greffe:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I fuppos'd not that, nor any other,
But in the loffe of question) that you, his Sifer,
Finding your felie defir'd of such a perfon,
Whole creddit with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Mantacles
Of the all-building Law: and that there were
No earthly means to save him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this suppow'd, or else to let him fuffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my felie:
That is: were I vnder the tramers of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'd wear as Rubies,
And flit my felie to death, as to a bed,
That longing hase bin liceke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.

Ang. That
Measure for Measure.

Ang. Then muft your brother die.
Ija. And twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once
Than that a fitter, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
That you have flander’d fo?
Ija. Ignominie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houfes: in full merchie,
Is nothing kin to fwele redemption.

Ang. You feem’d of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou’d the fliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Ija. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane;
I fomething do excufe the thing I hate,
For his advantadge that I dearly loue.

Ang. We are all ftrife.
Ija. Elfie in my kindneffe, die,
If not a ferdie but onely be
Owe, and fucceede thy weakneffe.

Ang. Nay, women are ftrife too.
Ija. I, as the glaffes where they view themfelves,
Which are as eafe broke as they make formes:
Women? Hepe heauen; men their creation marr’d
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times ftrife,
For we are fott, as our compleations are,
And credulous to falle prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne fex
(Since I fuppofe we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may flake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you’t none.
If you be one (as you are well exprefit
By all external warrants) then you are,
By putting on the deflin’d Lusire.
Ija. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you fpeak the former language.

Ang. Plainliue conceive I love you.
Ija. My brother did love Iaffell,
And you tell me that he fhall die for’t.

Ang. He fhall not Iaffell, if you give me love.
Ija. I know your vertue hath a licence in’t,
Which femeles a little fouer then it is,
To plocke on others.

Ang. Beleue me on mine Honor,
My words exprefs my purpofe.
Ija. Ha’! little honor, to be much beleu’d,
And moft permittles purpofe: Seeing, feeming.
I will proclame thee Angela, looke for’t.
Signe me a prefent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-drefted throate Ie tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleue thee Iaffell?
My vnfold name, thou’reference of my life,
My vouch againft you, and my place I th’ State,
Will of your occupaction over-weigh,
That you fhall flifie in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I give my fentiffial race, the reigne,
Fit thy conflent to my harpe appetitie,
Lay by all nicetie, and profligous robes
That bandeth what they fay fo: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeielding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he muft not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneffe fhall his death draw out
To lingring foifance: Anfwer me to morrow,
Or by the afficion that now guideth me muft,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falle, ore-wェghs your true. Exit.
Ija. To whom fhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perilous moouthes
That bear in them, one and the fame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approfoe.
Bidding the Law make curtille to their will,
Hooing both right and wrong to th’ appetitie,
To follow as it draws. Ie to my brother,
Though he hath falne by promitue of the blood,
Yet hath he in him fuch a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie bloakes, he’d yeold them vp,
Before his fitter should her bodie fpoole
To fuch abhorrd pollution.
Then Iaffell true chaffe, and brother die;
“More then our Brother, is our Chaflifie.
Ile tell him yet of Angelo’s requell,
And fit his minde to death, for his foules ref.” Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudius, and Proueft.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope: I haue hope to live, and am prepar’d to die.

Du. Be abfolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do looke thee, I do looke a thing
That none but fooles would keep: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyee-influences,
That doft this habitation where thou keepest
Hourly affiuent: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourft by thy flight to flue,
And yet runft toward him fliue,
Thou art not noble,
For all th’accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurft by baseness: Thou’rt by no meannes waliant,
For thou doft fere the fott and tender fource
Of a poore worme: thy bell of reft is fleepes,
And that thou oft prouoakft, yet greffely fearch
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felfe,
For thou exifts on manie a thousand graines
That iflate out of duft. Happie thou art no’t,
For what thou haft not, fhill thou fuf’rift to get,
And what thou haft forget’t. Thou art no’t certaine,
For thy complexion thills to drange effe&s,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou’t pore,
For like an Aife, which backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearft thy heaine riches but a fournie,
And death vlandos thee; Friend haft thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The more effauion of thy proper lonnes.
Do curfe the Cewt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no fooner. Thou haft nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners fleepes
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begyr the sines
Of palced-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou
Mercie

Thou haft neither hate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches plesant: what's yet in this
That bearres the name of life? Yet in this life
Life hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fare
That makest these oddes, all euen.

Cl. I humbly thank you,
To sue to live, I finde I lecke to die,
And feeling death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Iphabella.

Ifab. What hast? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the with deferves a welcome.

Duke. Deere fir, ere long Ie visite you againe.

Cl. Most hoile Sir, I thankke you.

Ifa. My businesse is a word or two with Cludio.

Ifa. And verie welcom : lookke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Proudly, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to hear me speake, where I may be conceal'd.

Cl. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Ifa. Why,
As all consorts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord Angelo having allaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassadors,
Where you shall be an everlasting Legier;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedie?

I. None, but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleanse a heart in twaine:

Cl. But is there anie?

I. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a diuellish mericke in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cl. Perpetuall durance?

I. I infl, perpetuall durance, a refrant
Through all the worlds vastitude you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

I. In such a one, as you confenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunque you beare,
And leave you naked.

Cl. Let me know the point.

I. Oh, I do feare thee Cludio, and I quake,
Leaft thou a fearous life shouldit entertaine,
And fix or leeuw winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'th thou die?
The fence of death is mixt in apprehension,
And the poore Beelte that we tread on
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cl. Why giue you me this fharne?
Thinkke you I can a refolution fetch
From flowrie tenderness? If I must dye,
I will encounter darkneffe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

I. There fpake my brother: there my fathers grace
Did vster forth a voice. Yes thou must dye:
Thou art too noble, to conferre a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whole fetted vilage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i' th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowlie, is yet a diuell:
His blit within being call'd, he would appeare
A pond, as deepes as hell.

Cl. The prenzie, Angelo?

I. Oh 'tis the cunning Lurerie of hell,
The damnefle bodie to immofl, and couer
In prenzie garing; doft thou thinke Cludio,
If I would yeld him my virginitie
Thou might't be freed?

Cl. Oh heauen, it cannot be.

I. Yes, he would giue thee from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or els thou dieft to morrow.

Clau. Thou shalt not do't.

I. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it downe for thy deliverance
As frankly as a pin,

Clau. Thankes elect Iphabella.

I. Be resdie Cludio, for your death to morrow.

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nofe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no time,
Or of the deadly seen it is the leaft.

I. Which is the leaft?

Cl. If it were damnable, he being so wife,
Why should he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable finne? Oh Iphabella.

I. What fay's my brother?

Cl. Death is a fearfull thing.

I. And shameful life, a hateful.

Cl. I, bat to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obturcation, and to rot,
This fensible warme motion, to become
A kneded clode; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewleffe winde,
And blowne with refleffe violence round about
The pendent world: or to be worse then worse
Of those, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearefull, and moft loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonme
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

I. Alas, alas.

Cl. Sweet Sirer, let me live.

What finne you do, to fave a brothers life,
Nature dispenceth with the deede to farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

I. Oh you baf't,
Oh faithleffe Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Isn't not a kind of Inceel, to take life
From thine owne fitten flame? What should I thinke,
Heauen sheld my Mother plaied my Father faire:
For fuch a warped flip of wilderneffe
Nere iff'd from his blood. Take my defance,
Die, perih! But might my bending bowne
Reproue thee from thy fate, it should procede.
Ile pray a thousand praires for thy death,
No word to fave thee.

Cl. Nay heare me Iphabella.

I. Oh fie, fie, fie;
Thy finn's not accidentull, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it felle a Bawd,  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.  
Got. Oh hear me Isabella.  
Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.  
Is. What is your Will?  
D. Might you dispence with your layture, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.  
Is. I have no superfluous layture, my flay must be flown out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.  
Duke. Son, I have ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. Angelo had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an affer of her vertue, to pradice his judgmen with the dispofition of nature. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confeffor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefor prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your re- 
resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.  
Got. Let me hear this my fister's mind, I am so out of flife with life, that I will fie to be rid of it.  
Duke. Hold you there: farewell: Proueit, a word with you.  
Pro. What's your will (father?)  
Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.  
Pro. In good time.  
Duke. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodness that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodness; but grace being the soule of your exclamation, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the affault that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath conuayd to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his filling, I fhould wonder at Angelo how will you doe to content this Subtitute, and to leaue your Brother?  
Isb. I am now going to refolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne should be vn- 
lawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceu'd in Angelo? if euer he returnes, and I can fpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or dicovery his go- 
gerntment.  
Duke. That fhall not be much amifie: yet, as the mat- 
ter now flands, he will avoid your accuation: he made triall of you onelle. Therefore fiften your care on my advice, then run I have in the mouth doing good: a remede prefents it felle. I doe make me felle beleue that you may moft vprightly do a poor wronged Lady a mer- 
ited benefite; redeem your brother from thengary Law; doe no flaine to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the abfent Duke, if peradventure he fhall euer re- 
turne to have hearing of this buifeffe.  
Isb. Let me heare you fpeak further: I have fpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truthe of my fpirit.  
Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearfull: Have you not heard fpeak of Mariana the fitter of Fre-
drick: he the great Souldier, who mifercai at Sea?  
Isb. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.  
Duke. Shee should this Angelo have married: was af-
fanced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the folemnitie, her brother Frederick was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that 
periffed vellell, the dowry of his fitter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she loft a noble and renowned brother, in his houe toward her, euer moft kinde and naturall: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combinate-husband, this well-seeming 
Angelo.  
Isb. Can this be fo? did Angelo to leaue her?  
Duke. Left her in her teares, & dryed not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretend- 
ing in her, dicoueries of difhonor: in fewe, beffow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet wares for his fake: & he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.  
Isb. What a merit were it in death to take this poore 
maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can fhee a-
usile.  
Duke. It is a rupture that you may easilie heal; and the 
cure of it not onely fakes your brother, but keepe you from delight in doing it.  
Isb. Shew me how (good Father.)  
Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the con-
tinuance of her fift affection: his vaunt vnkindene 
(That in all reafon should have quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more vi-
Ient and viruall: Goe you to Angelo, anfwer his requi-
ring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felle to this advantage; firft, that your fay with him may not be long: that the 
time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place anfwere to conuenience: this being granted in courfe, and now follows all: we shall aduife this wronged maid to fee'd vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felle hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; & here, by this is your brother faued, your honor vaunted, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy falted. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from repmove. What thinkes you of it?  
Isb. The image of it gues me content already, and I truall it will grow to a moft properous perfection.  
Duke. It lies much in your holding vp: hacle you speec-
dily to Angelo, if for this night he intentre you to his bed, glue him promife of satisfaction: I will priffently to S. Lukes, and ouer-ferue the mofter depli-
ed Mariana; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.  
Isb. I thank you for this comfort:fare you well good 
father.  
Exit.  
Enter Elbora, Cleon, Officers.  
Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you 
will needs buy and fell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drink wrothe & white bafard.  
Duke. Oh heaven's, what fluffe is here.  
Cleon. I was never merry world fince of two vffaries the merrieft was put downe, and the worfer allow'd by order of Law; a far'd gowne to keepe him warme; and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to fignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, flands for the facing.  
Elb. Come your way sir: 'bless ye good Father Frier.  
Duke. And you good Brother Frier; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?  
Elb. Marry
Eib. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir; for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, the collt that thou cauflh to be done, This is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke What 'ts to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthy vice: say to thy felowe, From their abominable and basely touches I drinkke, I eate away my felowe, and live: Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So flimingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's thinke in some fort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proye.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell have gien thee proofs for fin Thou wilt proye his. Take him to prifon Officer: Correction, and Infruction muft both worke Ere this rude beaff will proffit.

Eib. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's gien him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maier: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would feeme to bee From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucius.

Eib. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord fir.

Clo. I fpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cesar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pigmaliom Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracing clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What faith thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd 'tis laft raine? Ha! What faith thou Troth? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vray? Is it fad, and few words? Or how? 'The Tricke of it?

Duke. Still thou, and thus: still vworfe?

Luc. How doth my deere Mofell, thy Miftris? Procures thee fill? Ha?

Clo. Troth fir, thee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and she is felie in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muft be fo. Enter your father Whore, and your poore-der Baud, an unman'd confequence, it muft be fo. Art going to prifon Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith fir.

Luc. Why 'ts not amiff Pompey: farewell: goe fay I fent thee thether: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Eib. For they are going a bauid.

Luc. Well, then imprifon him: If imprifonment be the due of a bauud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubt-leffe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pompey: Commend me to the prifon Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the hoafe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worfpil will be my baiie?

Luc. No indeed vinl I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Addio triful Pompey. Bleffe you Friar.

'Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's 'Bridge paint fill, Pompey? Ha?

Eib. Come your waftes fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Friier? What newes?

Eib. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Go to kennell (Pompey) goe:

What newes Friier of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some fay he is with the Emperor of Russif: other fome, he is in Rome: but where is he thinkes you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefoever, I with him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantafical tricke of him to feale from the State, and vurpe the beggerie hee was new borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his abfence: he puts tranfegrefion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenrible to Lecherie would doe no harne in him: Something too crabb'd that way, Friier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and feeuerifie mutt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good futh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vwel allied, but it is imposible to extirpe it quife, Friier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vray of Oreation: Is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid fpawn'd him. Some, that he was begotten betweene two Stock-filies. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleafant fir, and fpake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he vould have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bafards, he vould haue pai'd for the Nurfing a thoufand. He had some feeling of the fport, hee knew the fervice, and that infructed him to merce.

Duke. I never heard the abfent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vray.

Luc. Oh Sirs, you are deceu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not pooffible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his wife was, to put a ducet in her Clock-dish, the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.


Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a flie fellow was the Duke, and I beleue I know the caufe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethe) might be the caufe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret muft bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you underftand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be write.

Duke. Wife? Why no queftion but he was.

Luc. A very superficial, ignorant, vnweiging fellow Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Polly, or miftaking: The very freame of his life, and the buifnife he hath helmed, muft upon a warrantted neede, glue him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuis, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnknowingly: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G

Luc.
Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with dearer love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prais are he may) let mee defire you to make your an-

swer before him: if it bee honnest you have spokke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpone you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vanhurtfull an opposte: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-weare this a-
gaine?

Luc. He be hang'd drft: Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudius die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would not the Duke we talek of were return'd against this vagnenbur'd Agent will vn-people the Province with Continence. Sparowes must not build in his house-

eues, because they are lecherous The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelie anwered, hee would never bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this Claudius is condemned for vntruthing. Farewel good Friar, I preache pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridays. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a bel-
gar, though the smelt browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewel.

Exit.

Duke. No might, nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding culmene The whiteft vertue strikes. What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the flandersong tong? But who comes here?

Enter Efcallus, Procuft, and Berard.

Efc. Go away with her to prifon.

Berard. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Efc. Double, and treble admonition, and fill for-

felie in the fame kinde: This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pres. A Bavd of euen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Berard. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information a-
gainft me, Mithris Kate Kipe-deiuan was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promised her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come Philip and Ja-
cob: I have kept it my selfe, and fee how she goes about to abase me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licencie: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prifon: Go e-
to, no more words. Procuft, my Brother Anges will not be alter'd, Claudius must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and have all charitable prepa-
ration. If my brother wrouit by my pite, it should not be so with him.

Pres. So plea\-se you, this Friar hath beene with him, and adul'd him for the enter-teniment of death.

Efc. Good-euen, good Father.

Duke. Bliffe, and goodnesse on you.

Efc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Crountrie, though my change is now To vfe it for my time: I am a brother

Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,

In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Efc. What newses abroad I'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feuor on goodsmeet, that the diffolution of it must cure it. No-

celie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be con-

stant in vndertaking. There is scarce true enough alue to make Societies secure, but Securite enough to make Fellowships accord: Much vpon this riddle runs the wifedome of the world: This newses is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what dif-

pofition was the Duke?

Efc. One, that aboue all other strikes, Contended especielly to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Efc. Rather rejoicing to fee another merryn, than merrie at anie thing which profect to make him reioice.

A Gentleman of all tempemance. But leave wee him to his euents, with a praiy they may proue propperous, & let me defire to know, how you finde Claudius prepar'd?

I am made to vnderstand, that you have lent him vi-

ftion.

Duke. He professe to have receuied no smither meas-

ure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-

felfe to the determination of liucfe: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his trauitle) manie de-

ceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good lelfure) have discredite to him, and now is he relou'd to die.

Efc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prifoner the vere debt of your Calling. I haue la-

bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest Shore of my modell, but my brother-liucfe haue I found so feuerue, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeeue liucfe.

Duke. If his owne life, Anwer the straіneffe of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath fentenc'd himselfe.

Efc. I am going to visit the prifoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you. He who the word of Heauen will beare, Should be as holy, as fuewre: Paterne in himselfe to know, Grace to band, and Vertue go: More, nor leffe to others paying, Then by felie-offences weighing. Shame to him, whose cruelly Striking, Kills for fault of his owne liking: Twice treble frame on Anges, To vweed his vice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man within him hide, Though Angel on the outward side? How may Licenfe made in crimes, Making trauelke on the Times, To draw with yde Spiders ftrings Most ponderous and subfiantiall things? Craft against vice, I must applie. With Anges to night shall ye His old betroathed (but defi'd:) Sodifguise shall by th'disguised Pay with falhood, safce exa\-cting, And performe an olde contracting.

Exit. 

 subsidise
Enter. Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. 
Take, oh take thy lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And thy eyes: the brake of day
Lights that did mislead the Mornes;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Scales of love, but steal'd in vain, steal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Break ye off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I have made you, Sir, and well could I
You had not found me here so mucchall.
Let me excuse me, and beleaue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd but pleas'd my wo.
Duk. 'Tis good; though Mufick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good, and good prooue to harme,
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much upon this time haue I promis'd here to mee.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I haue fat here all day.

Enter Iphabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come
even now. I shall crave your forbearance alittle, may be I will call upon you anoone for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duk. Very well met, and well come: What is the newest from this good Deputie?

Iph. He hath a Garden circummurd with Bricke,
Whole wherefore is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key: This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promis, upon the Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shal you on your knowledge find this way?

Iph. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guilefull diligence,
In action all of precepts, he did shew me
The way twice ove.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obedience?

Iph. No: none but onely a reape its dark, And that I haue poffed him, my most flay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Servant comes with me along
That flaes vpon me; whoe perfusion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp,
I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what haue, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Iph. I doe defare the like.

Duk. Do you perwade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a flotte readie for your care:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. With pleae you walke aside.

Duk. Oh Place, and greemes: millions of false els
Are flucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these falles, and most contrarious Quell
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Iphabell.

Iph. She'll take the enterprise vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
But my entertay too.

Gu. Little have you to lye
When you depart from them, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Fear me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no finne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to low. Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Proueth and Clowe.

Pro. Come hither fris; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wifes head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct auerture. To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: heere is in our prizon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to affit him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuereance with an unpitied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receiuie some infraction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What haue, Abhorsan: where's Abhorsan there?

Enter Abhorsan.

Abb. Doe you call Sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow who will help you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compoud with him by the yeer, and let him abide here with you, if not, vfe him for the present, and difmisse him, hee cannot plead his elimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will difcredit our mysterie.

Pro. Doe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.

Exit.

Clo. Pray Sir, by your good favor: for surely sir, a good favor you haue, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a mysterie?

G 2 Abb. 1,
Measure for Measure.

Abb. Sir, a Misterie.

Pro. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being member of my occupation, v- 

fing painting, do prose my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hangings, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Pro. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Pro. Euerie true mans apparel fits your Theefe.

Pro. If it be too little for your theee, your true man 

thinks it bigg enough. If it bee too bigg for your 

Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie 

true mans apparel fits your Theefe.

Enter Pro. 

Pro. Are you agreed?

Pro. Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your Hang- 

man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth 

ofter ask forgiveness.

Pro. You sirth, provide your blocke and your Axe 

to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. I am on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my 

Trade: follow.

Pro. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have 

occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde 

me y're: For truly sir, for your kindnese, I owe you a 

good turne.

Exit Pro. Call bether Barnardine and Claudio:

Th'one has my pite: not a lot the other,

Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death,

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow

Thou must be made immoall. Where's Barnardine?

Claudio. As faft lock'd vp in sleepe, as guittelle labour, 

When it lies flarkely in the Truellers bones,

He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your flese. But hark, what noife?

Heauen give your spirits comfort: by, and by,

I hope it is some pardon, or reprove 

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beft, and wholomft spirits of the night,

Insellup you, good Proosow: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None fine the Curpewh rung.


Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in it.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputation.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great Judith: 

He doth with holie abstinence fubdue

That in himselfe, which he ffures on his powre 

to Qualifie in others: were he mei'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tirannous,

But this being is, he's io. Now are they come.

This is a genteel Proosow, idole when 

The feeld Gaoler is the friend of men: 

How now? what noife? That spirit's poifeft with hat

That wounds th'vnfiting Poetern with thse strokes.

Pro. There he must flay vntil 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 neere the dawning Proosow, as it is, 

You shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know; yet I believe there comes 

No countermand: no such example haue we: 

Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,

Lord Angelo hath to the publike care 

Profeft the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Miff. My Lord hath fent you this note,

And by mee this further charge; 

That you fawre not from the smalllest article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrows for as I take it, it is almoft day.

Pro. I tall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such fin,

For which the Pardoner himfelfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority,

When Vice makes Merce; Mercie's fe extended,

That for the faults lice, is th'offender frendied.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remifile 

In mine Office, awakens mee 

With this vnwent putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be 

executed by force of the clocke, and in the afternoon Bernar- 

dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee have Claudio's 

head sent mee by five. Let this be daily performed with a 

thought that more depends on it, then we mutt yet deliver.

Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anfwere it at 

your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be execu- 

ted in theafternoon?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here run't vp & bred,

One that is a printer nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abfent Duke had not 

either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him I 

have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Reprueves for him: 

And indeed his fad till now in the government of Lord 

Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull profe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifefl, and not denied by himfelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himfelfe penitently in prison? 

How faeme he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadful-

ly, but as a drunken fleepe, carefel, wreakeffe, and 

tarefelle of what's paff, pretent, or to come: Insensible 

of mortallity, and desperatly mortall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the 

liberty of the prison: heume him leave to escape hence, hee 

would not Drunk one many times a day, if not many daies 

together drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to 

carrie him to execution, and then'd him a feoming war- 

rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prossous, honesty and constance; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my sale in hazard: Claudius, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath contemned him. To make you understand this in a ministred effect, I crave but four daies reftit: for which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtei.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what? 
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do it? Having the house illimit, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my cafe as Claudio’s, to croffe this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide.

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath feene them both, and will discover the fauer.

Duke. Oh, death’s a great disquieter, and you may add to it; Shuše the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the defire of the penitent to be so bar’d before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fail to you upon this, more then thanke and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you fware 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 aussuch the l ufice of your dealing? 
Pro. But what likelihood is in that? 

Duke. Not a reemblance, but a certainty; yet since I fee you fearefull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfwaion, can with eafe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucks all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke; you know the Charracler I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your plesaure: where you falle finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not; for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchaunce of the Dukes death, perchaunce entering into some Mofaeftery, but by chance nothing of what is writ.Looke, this unfolding Starre calles vp the Sheepheard; put not your felle into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but eafe when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will give him a profert thrifie, and aduie him for a better place. Yet you are amaze’d, but this flall absolutely refolue you: Come away, it is almost cleeare dawn. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clownes.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Midas

Ouer-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here’s young Mr Ralph, hee’s in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine foore and eueneteene pounds, of which hee made fife Markes ready money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requite, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr Capell, at the fuite of Master Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure fuites of Peach-colour’d Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue we heere young Dishe, and young Mr Depe-

Dowes, and Mr Copperhurres, and Mr Stanton-Locke the Ka-

pier and dagger man, and young Drop-beare that killed In-

nie Pudding, and Mr Fortblight the Titter, and braue Mr Sowathe the great Traveller, and wilde Halfe-Canne that fabb’d Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords fake. Enter

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.

Clo. Mr Barnardine, you muft rife and be hang’d,

Mr Barnardine.

Abb. What hoe Barnardine.

Bar. A pox o’your throat: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You muft be fo good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe.

Abb. Tell him he muft awake,

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you areex-

ecuted, and flepe afterwahrs.

Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I hear his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the blockes, sirrah? 
Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abberfon?

What’s the newes with you?

Abb. 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 fittted for’t.

Clo. Oh, the better Sirr for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghastly Fa-

ther: do we left now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haftily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall heare out my brains with bilens: I will not content to die this day, that’s certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you muft: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the jornie you shall go. 
Bar. I sware I will not die to day for anie mans perf-

wation.

Duke. But heare you: Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prossous.

Duke. Vnfit to live, or die: oh gruuel heart. 
G G After
Measure for Measure.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

**Pro.** Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

**Duke.** A creature vniue-pur’d, vniuee for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

**Pro.** Heere in the prifon, Father, There died this morning a cruell Feauor, One Ragozine, a moft notorious Pirate, A man of Claudio’s yeares: his beard, and head Huft of his colour. What if we do omit This Reprobate, till he were well enclin’d, And fatifie the Deputie with the vifage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

**Duke.** Oh, ’s an accident that heaven provides: Dispatch it prefently, the hour draws on Prefart by Angelo: See this be done, And fent according to command, whiles I Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

**Pro.** This shall be done (good Father) prefently: But Bernardine muft die this afternoone, And how shall we continue Claudio, To fave me from the danger that might come, If he were knowne allies?

**Duke.** Let this be done, Put them in secret holds, both Bernardine and Claudio, Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting To yond generation, you fhall finde Your fafetie manifefited.

**Pro.** I am your free dependant. Exit. **Duke.** Quickke, dispatch, and fend the head to Angelo Now will I write Letters to Angelo. (The Priffon he fhall betre them) whose contents Shal witneffe to him I am niece at home:

And that by great Iniuctions I am bound To enter publickly: him Ile define To meet me at the confecrated Fount, A League below the Clite: and from thence, By cold gradation, and weale-baillance’d forme. We fhall proceed with Angelo. Enter Prouoit.

**Pro.** Here is the head, Ile carrie it my felfe.

**Duke.** Convenient is it: Make a swift returne, For I would commune with you of fuch things,

That want no care but yours. **Pro.** Ile make all speede. Exit. Ifabella within.

**Ifa.** Peace hoa, be here.

**Duke.** The tongue of Ifabella. She’s come to know, If yet her brothers pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of difpaire, When it is leaft expected. **Ifa.** Ifabella.

**Ifa.** Hoa, by your leave.

**Duke.** Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

**Ifa.** The better given me by fo holy a man, Hath yet the Deputie fent my brothers pardon?

**Duke.** He hath releafe him, Ifabella, from the world, His head is off, and fent to Angelo. **Ifa.** Nay, but it is not fo.

**Duke.** It is no other, Shew your wifdome daughter in your clofe patience. **Ifa.** Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eyes. **Duke.** You fhall not be admitted to his fight. **Ifa.** Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Ifabella,

Inurious world, moft damned Angelo.

**Duke.** This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot, Forbear it therefore, give your caufe to heaven, Mark what I fay, which you fhall finde By every fillable a faithful verite.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dicr your eyes, One of our Counent, and his Confelior

Gives me this intimation: Already he hath carried Notice to Eufalbus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet me at the gates, (fome, There to give vp their powre: If you can pace your wif-

In that good path that I would with it go, And you fhall have your bofome on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart, And general Honor.

**Ifa.** I am direcd by you.

**Duke.** This Letter then to Friar Peter glue,

’Tis that he lent me of the Dukes returne: Say, by this token, I defire his company At Marianna’s howse to night. Her caufe, and yours Ile perfecf him withall, and he fhal bring you Before the Duke: and to the head of Angelo

Accufe him home and home. For my poffe felle, I am combined by a farred Vow, And fhall be abdent. Wend you with this Letter: Command theire fretting waters from your eier

With a light heart: truft not my holie Order If I peruerft your courrfe: whole heere?

Enter Lucio.

**Luc.** Good euen: fwer, where’s the Prouoit?

**Duke.** Not within Sir.

**Luc.** Oh pretty Ifabella, I am pale at mine heart, to fee thine eyes fo red: thou muft be patient; I am faine to dine and flup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fet mee too’t: but they say the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my troth Ifabella I lou’d thy brother, if the olde fan-
tatichal Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

**Duke.** Sir, the Duke is marveulous little beholding to your reports, but the bell is, he lives not in them.

**Luc.** Friar, thou knoweft not the Duke fo wel as I do he’s a better woodman then thou tak’st him for.

**Duke.** Well: you’u anfwere this one day. Fare ye well.

**Luc.** Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee, I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

**Duke.** You have told me too much of him already for if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

**Lucio.** I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

**Duke.** Did you such a thing ?

**Luc.** Yes marrie did I: but I was faine to forfere it, They would elfe have married me to the rotten Medler.

**Duke.** Sir your company is fairer then honest, reft you well.

**Lucio.** By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if haudly takke offend you, we’l have very little of it. nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I fhal flick.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Eufalbus.

**Euf.** Every Letter he hath writ, hath difcouched other.

Aug.
Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angeli, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy Cofen, fairly met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you. Ang. &c. Happy returne be to your royall grace. Duke. Many and harty thankings to you both: We have made enquiry of you, and we heare Such goodnesse of your Lutice, that our soole Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes Forerunning more requital. Ang. You make my bonds still greater. Duke. Oh your deceit speaks loud, & I should wrong it To locke it in the weary of covert boisme When it deferves with characters of brasse A forted residence gainst the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion: Glue we your hand And let the Subiect see, to make them know That outward curtseyes would faine proclaime Favours that keeps within: Come & calme, You must waile by vs, on our other hand: And good supporters are you. Enter Peter and Isabella. Peter. Now is your time Speake loud, and kneele before him. Isab. Lutice, O royall Duke, waile your regard Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have fale a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, diuonor not your eye By throwinge it on any other obiect, Till you have heard me, in my true complaint, And gueine me Lutice, Lutice, Lutice, Isab. Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what, by whom? be briefe: Here is Lord Angeli shall give you lutice, Reveale your felle to him. Isab. Oh worthy Duke, You bid me seeke redemption of the dwell, Heare me your felle: for that which I must speake Must either punche me, not being beleue'd, Or wring redresse from you: Heare me: oh heare me, heare. Ang. My Lord, her wits I feake me are not firme: She hath bin a fitor to me, for her Brother Cut off by course of lutice. Isab. By course of Lutice. Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange. Isab. Moth.
Measure for Measure.

Iab. Most strange; but yet most truely wil I speake,
That Angelo's forsworne, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?
Iab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor foule
She speakes this, in th'infirmity of fence.
Iab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev't
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneffe; make it not impossible
That which but feemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedd caitiff on the ground
May feeme as the, as graue, as luft, as absolute:
As Angelo, even so may Angelo
In all his dresseing, casings, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royl Prince
If he be lefte, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneffe.

Duke. By mine honeffy
If he be mad, as I beleue no other,
Her madneffe hath the oddest frame of feene,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneffe.

Iab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason preserue
To make the truth appeare, where it feemes hid,
And hide the falsfe feemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have fore more lacke of reason:
What would you fay?

Iab. I am the Sister of one Claudius,
Condemned vnpon the Act of Fornication
To loofe his head, condemn'd by Angelo,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother, one Lucio
As then the Meffenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudius, and defir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Iab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor with'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I with you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A bullifie for your felle: pray haueven you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for your felle: take heed to't.

Iab. This Gentleman told somwhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are 't the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed.

Iab. I went
To this pernicious Califfe Deputie.

Duke. That's somwhat madly spoken.

Iab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.


Iab. In briefes, to let the needless proceepe by:
How I perwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refiell'd me, and how I repli'd
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaffe body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debate,
My liftery remove, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose furfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Iab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak't)

Duke. By heauen (fond wretch)? knoweft not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull praftice: firft his Integritie
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehement he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had fo offended
He would have weight'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off: some one hath fet you on:
Confeffe the truth, and say by whole advice
Thou camst heere to compleaine.

Iab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Kepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the eull, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen thielde your Grace from wo,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbelieved goe.

Duke. I know you'll take be gone: An Officer: To
Prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him to necer vs? This needs must be praftice,
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Iab. One that I would were heere, Frier Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that Lodowick?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a mealling Fryer,
I do not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him foulely.

Duke. Words against mee? this a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yeerndight my Lord, she and that Fryer
May them at the prizon: a lawye Fryer,
A very scurril fellow.

Peter. Bleff'd be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by your Lord, and I have heard
Your royall ear abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleue no leffe.

Know you that Frier Lodowick that the speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man diane and holy,
Not fcarcey, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trut, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously beleue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But as this in fantast he is sick, my Lord:

Of
Measure for Measure.

Of a strange Feuor: upon his more request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, come I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full clear
Whensoever he's conuerted: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disfroved to her eyes,
Till the selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Friar, let's hear it:
Doe you not smifie at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fools.
Glue vs some seates, Come cozen Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your owne Caufe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Untill my husband bid me.

Duk. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Pancke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some caufe to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I never was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert go to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to, my Lord.

Shew that accuses him of Foragination,
In fife-fame manner, doe accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all this effect of Love.

Ang. Charges shee mee then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? she fay your husband.

Mar. Why luft, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes Isabella.

Ang. This is a strange abufr: Let's let thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnamake.

This is that face, thou cruell Angelo
Which once thou forswt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowe contractd
Was fast belocet in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from Isabella,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagind person.

Duk. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie the tares.

Duk. Sirch, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fie yere since there was some speach of marriage
Betwixt my felie, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Compoition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In leviete: Since which time of fie yere
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words firo breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affinced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowe: And my good Lord,
But Twelvnight last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smifie till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instrumcnts of more mightier member
That lets them on, Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this pruflife out.

Duk. 1, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure,
Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman
Compaft with her that's gone: thinkt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would sweare downe each particular Saint,
Were testimomies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord Epscadus
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abufe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Friar that let them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath let the women on to this Complaint:
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duk. Go, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cofen
Whom it concerns to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your inuiures as seemes you beft
In any chafflement: I for a while
Will leave you; but let not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Exit.

Efc. My Lord, we'll doe it throughly: Signior Lucio,
did not you say you knew that Friar Ladowrick to be a dishonest perfon?

Luc. Cauumini non facit Monachum, honest in nothing but in hios Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villaneous speeches of the Duke.

Efc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
And informe you against him: we shall finde this Friar a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Efc. Call that same Isabella here once again, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, glue mee leave to question, you shall see how Ie handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Efc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be ahamd.'

Enter Duke, Proserp. Isabella.

Etc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at mid-nignt.

Etc. Come on Mitrid, here's a Gentlewman,

Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the raclaf I spoke of,

Here, with the Proserp.

Etc. In very good time: speake not to you him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum. 

Etc. Come Sir, did you see these women on to flan-
der Lord Angelo? they have confed'd you did.

Duch. "Iis fide. Etc. How? Know you where you are?

Duch. Respeft to your great place; and let the diuell

Be sometime honoure'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Etc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake,

Looke you speake truly.

Duch. Boldly, at least. But oh poor foules,

Come you to feele the Lamb here of the Fox;

Good night to your redreffe: Is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vniuift,

Thus to retort your maiftif Apoalle,

And put your triall in the villains mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the raclaf: this is he I spoke of.

Etc. Why thou vnairerend, and vnshadowed Fryer:

Is't not enough thou hast fabor'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,

And in the witneffe of his proper eare,

To call him villain: and then to glance from him,

To th'Duke himfelfe, to taxe him with Injuittice:

Take him hence to th' racke with him: we'll towre you

Jout by joutns, but we will know his purpole:

What? vniuift?

Duch. Be not fo hot: the Duke dare

No more fretch this finger of mine, then he

Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not.

Nor here Provinciall: My buiffice in this State

Made me a looker on here in Venna,

Where I haue fene corruption boyle and bubble,

Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all fault,

But faults fo countenanc'd, that the ftrong Statutes

Stand like the forretes in a Barbers shop,

As much in mocke, as marke.

Etc. Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prifon.

Ang. What can you vouch againft him Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Duch. This is my Lord: come hither goodman bald-
pate, doe you know me?

Duch. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice,

I met you at the Prifon, in the abence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you

fald of the Duke?

Duch. Moft notably Sir.

Luc. Do you fo Sir: And was the Duke a flocke-

men, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duch. You muft (Sir) change perfon with me, ere you

make that my report: you indeede spoke fo of him, and

much more, much worfe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee

by the nofe, for thy speeches?

Duch. I profeff, I love the Duke, as I love my felfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after

his treftable abuses.

Etc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away

with him to prifon: Where is the Proserp? away with

him to prifon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake

no more: away with thofe Giglets too, and with the other

confedifhe companions.

Duch. Stay Sir, play a while.

Ang. What, refaits he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir: fo fhir, why you

bald-pated lying raclaf you must be hooded muft you?

Shou your knaues village with a poxe to you: shou your

thereby fittine fice, and be hang'd an hour: will't not of?

Duch. Thou art the firft knaue, that ere mad't a Duke.

First Proserp, let me byfhe thefe gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Muft have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worfe then hanging.

Duch. What you have spoke, I pardon: fit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him: Sir, by your leave:

Ha'ft thou word: or, wit, or impudence,

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't

Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,

I shoul be guiltier then my guiltineffe,

To thinke I can be vnfoleerneable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my paffa. Then good Prince,

No longer Seflion hold vpon my fhamne,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeffion:

Immediate fentence then, and fquent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duch. Come hither Mariana,

Say: was't thow ere contracled to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

'Duch. Goe take her hence, and marry her infantly.

Do you the office (Fryer) which confummate,


Etc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his difhone,

Then at the strangeneffe of it.

Duch. Come hither Isabella,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then

Aduerfifying, and foly to your buiffife,

(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,

Attourned at your fervice.

Iob. Oh give me pardon

That I, your vaiffalle, have imploide, and pain'd

Your vikrnoune Soueraigntie.

'Ang. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, deere Malice, be you as free to vs.

Your Brothers death I know fts at your heart:

And you may maurbile, why I obfcur'd my felfe,

Labouring to faue his life: and would not rather

Make rath renountrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him fo be loft: oh most knide Maid,

It was the twift celerite of his death,

Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpole: but peace be with him,

That life is better life palt fearing death,

Then that which blies to feare: make it your comfort,
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angell, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whole fair imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor; you must pardon
For Marianne's fake: But as he adiug'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred Cauthitie, and of promisse-breath;
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.

An Angell for Claudius, death for death:
Hate fill gaites hate, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure fill for Measure:
Then Angell, thy fault's thus manifest'd;
Which though thou woul'dt deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blockes
Where Claudio flipp'd to death, and with like hate.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Contesting to the fafe-guard of your honor.
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And chuse your good to come: For his Poffessions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-flame, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duk. Neuer craue him, we are defitive.

Mar: Gentle my Liege.

Duk. You doe but looee your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabell, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all fence you doe importune her,
Should the kneele downe, in merie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paused bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar: Isabell:
Sweet Isabell, doe yet but kneele by me,
He or vp your hands, say nothing I'll speake all.
They say beft men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moft, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Isabell: will you not lend a kneee?

Duk. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Moft bounteous Sir,
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinkes,
A due fincerite gouern'd his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angell, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That penall'd by the way: thoughts are no subleets
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Merely my Lord.

Duk. Your suit's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an vnufuall howre?

Pron. It was commanded fo.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pron. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk. For which I doe difcharge you of your office,
Give vp your keyes.

Pron. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimonie whereof, one in the prifon
That should by priuate order elle have dide,
I have refer'd alias.

Duk. What's he?

Pron. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hast done fo by Claudio:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpou him.

Efe. I am forry, one fo learned, and for wife
As you, Lord Angell, have still appear'd,
Should flip fo grolifie, but in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such forrow I procure,
And fo deeply ficks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
To my deferving, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudius, Julietta.

Duke. This is that Barnardine?

Duk. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Siros, thou art fald to have a flubborne foule
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'th thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mericie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's this?

Pron. This is another prisoner that I saide,
Who shoulde haue dide when Claudio loft his head,
As like almoft to Claudio, as himfelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his fake
Is he pardoned, and for your louelie fake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord Angell perceives he's fale.
Methinks I fee a quickning in his eye:
Well Angell, your eulli quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my felle:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You forbe, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:
Wherein have I fo defuer'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would plesse you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, fit, and hang'd after.
Proclame it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear he himfelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finis,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I befeech your Highneffe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneffe said even now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Upon
**Measure for Measure.**

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**Duke.** Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her.

**Luc.** Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

**Duke.** Slandering a Prince deferves it.

**Luc.** Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,

Whipping and hanging.

**Duke.** Slandering a Prince deferves it.

**She Claudia that you wrong'd, looke you restore.**

**Joy to you Mariana, love her Angela:**

I have confess'd her, and I know her vertue.

**Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodness,**

---

**Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodness,**

---

There's more behinde that is more gratulate.

Thanks Provost for thy care, and secrecie,

We shall impoy thee in a worthier place.

Forgue him Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragonine for Claudia's;

Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabell,

I have a motion much imports your good,

Whereo if you'll a willing care incline;*

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So bring vs to our Pallace, where we'll shew

What's yet behinde, that meeke you all should know.

---

**The Scene Vienna.**

**The names of all the Actors.**

*Vincentio : the Duke.*

*Angelo, the Deputy.*

*Escalus, an ancient Lord.*

*Claudio, a young Gentleman.*

*Lucio, a fantastique.*

*2. Other like Gentlemen.*

*Provost.*

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*Thomas. 2. Provost.*

*Peter. 2. Friers.*

*Elbow, a simple Constable.*

*Froth, a foolish Gentleman.*

*Clowne.*

*Ahborsan, an Executioner.*

*Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.*

*Isabell, sifter to Claudia.*

*Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.*

*Iuliet, beloved of Claudia.*

*Francisca, a Nun.*

*Mifris Ouer-don, a Bawd.*

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**FINIS.**
The Comedie of Errors.

Aestus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Epheseus, with the Merchant of Sirazafa, Loylas, and other attendants.

Marchant.

Roceed Solimus to procure my fall, And by the doome of death end woes and all. Duk. Merchant of Sirazu, farewell no more, I am not partial to infringe our Laws; The emnity and discord which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke, To our Merchants well-dealing Counrmen, Who wanting gliders to redeem their lives, Have feeld their rigorous statutes with their blouds, Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes: For since the mortall and intifine iarres Twist thy sedulous Counrmen and vs, It hath in solenme Synodes beene decreed, Both by the Sirazufans and our selves, To admit no traffick to our aduerfe townes: Nay more, if any borne at Epheseus Be seene at any Sirazufan Marts and Fayres: Againe, if any Sirazufan borne Come to the Bay at Epheseus, he dies: His goods confecrate to the Dukes dispofe, Vnleeffe a thousand markes be leued To quit the penalty, and to ransome him: Thy sublance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes, Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die. Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done, My woes end likewise with the evening Sonne. Duk. Well Sirazu, I say in briefe the cause Why thou departest from thy native home? And for what cause thou cam'st to Epheseus. Mer. A heauier taze could not have beene impos'd, Then I to speake my griefes vnpeaceable Yet that the world may witnesse that my end Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, Hee vter what my sorrow glues me leaue. In Sirazu I was borne, and wedde Vnto a woman, happy but for me, And by me : had not our hap beene bad With her 1 liu'd in joy, our wealth increas By prosperus voyages I often made To Epheseus, till my factors death, And he great care of goods at randome left, Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse; From whom my abstinence was not xix moneths olde, Before her felle (almost at hainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare ) Had made provision for her following me, And foon, and late, arrived where I was. There had she not beene long, but she became A joyfull mother of two goddy fones: And, which was strange, the one so like the other, As could not be dillinguishing but by names. That very howre, and in the felle-name Ine, A meane woman was delivered Of fuch a barren Male, twins both alike: Thofe, for their parents were exceeding poor, I bought, and brought vp to attend my fones. My wife, not meaneely proud of two fuch boys, Made daily motions for our home returns: Unwillig I agreed, alas, too foon were came about. A league from Epidamium we faid Before the alwayes winde-obeying deep As any Tragick Inffiance of our harme: But longer did we not retaine much hope: For what obscured light the heavens did grant, Did but conuay vnto our fearfull minds A doubfull warrant of immediate death, Which though my felle would gladly have imbrac'd, Yet the incontinent weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what the law must come, And pittores playnings of the prettie babes That mourn'd for foulation, ignorant what to fear, For riot we seeked delays for them and me, And this it was (for other meanes was none) The Sailors fought for fafety by our boate, And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs. My wife, more careful for the latter borne, Had fadned him vnto a small spare Maske, Such as fear-firing men proude for thirmes: To him one of the other twins was bound, Whil'st I had beene like headfull of the other. The children thus dispof'd, my wife and I, Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt, Fadned our selves at eyther end the maff, And floating straight, obedient to the dreame, Was caried towards Corinth, as we thought. At length the fonne gazing vpwn the earth, Did ferifie those vapours that offended vs, And by the beneft of his wiished light The faes waxt calm, and we discovered Two Tripes from farr, making amaine to vs: Of Corinth that, of Epidamus this, But ere they came, oh let me fay no more, Gather the sequell by that went before. Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merc. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthy term'd them mercifull to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was spilt in the midst;
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to forrow for,
Her part, those foules, seeming as hardened
With leffer weight, but not with leffer woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fisheermen of Corinthis, as we thought.
At length another ship had feeld on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very flow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thou haue heard me feuer'd from my bliffe,
To those by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishares.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou forrowest for,
Doe me the favoure to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.

Merc. My youngest boy, and yet my sideft care,
At eightene yeares became incontinent
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendante, to his cafe was like,
Reft of his brother, but rest'st him name,
Might bear him company in the queft of him:
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to fee,
I hazarded the loffe of whom I lou'd.
Fiee Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coafting homeward, came to Ephesos:
Hopeless to finde, yet loth to leave unfought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heare must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Egeon whom the fates have markt
To bear the extremity of dire mishap:
Now trust me, wee it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not difanull,
My soule should fue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art aduidged to the death,
And paffed sentence may not be recould,
But to our honours great dispacement:
Yet will I favoure thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ite limte thee this day
To fecke thy helpe by beneficall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesos,
Be thou, or borrow, to make vp the fumme,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Taylor, take him to thy cabodie.

Taylor. I will my Lord.

Merc. Hapless and helpefull doth Egeon wende,
But to procrasinate his luceffe end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Eros, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore glue out you are of Epidamium,
Left that your goods too fome be confinate:
This very day a Syracusian Marchant
Is apprehended for a ruall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the townne,
Dies ere the worse famine fet in the Welt:
There is your monie that I had to keep:

Ant. Goe beare it to the Cenature, where we hofl,
And dale there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the townne,
Perufe the traders, gare vpone the buildings,
And then returne and slope within mine lane,
For with long travaile I am fittie and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing fo good a meane.

Ant. A truflle villainie first, that very of
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry lefts:
What will you walke with me about the townne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.March. I am bound for to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pordon, fome at fieue a clocke,
Plsfe you, we meete with you vpont the Mart,
And afterwards comfort you till bed time:
My preuent buynffe calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looke my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citle.
E.March. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exit.

Ant. He that commendes me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Visone, incontinent) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queft of them (vnhappie) loose my felfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesos.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:

What now? / How chance thou art returned so soon.

E.Dro. Return'd do fome, rather approacht to late:
The Capon burns, the Pig fitts from the fip:
The clocke hath strucken twelve vpden the bell:
My Miftifes made it one vpden my cheeke:
She is so hot because the maffe is cold:
The maffe is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no fomacke:
You have no fomacke, hauing broke your fift:
But we that know what 'tis to falt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you.

E.Dro. Oh fay pence that I had a wenfday laft,
To pay the Sadler for my Miftifes crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie:
We being Strangers here, how darft thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne cabodie.

E.Dro. I pray you left Sir as you sat at dinner:
I from my Miftris came to you in poft:
If I returne I shall be poft indeede.
Exit.

They'll sure be glad to have you home. The Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My Miftres and her sister stay for you.

Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have betow'd my monie;
Or I shall break that merrie fonge of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vaadip'd:
Where is the thousand Marks thout hast of me?

I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Miftres markes upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both,
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Thy Miftres markes what Miftres flafe haft thou?
Your worship's wife, my Miftres at the Phoenix;
She that doth fit till you come home to dinner:
And prates that you will live you home to dinner.

What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.

What means you sir, for God fake hold your Nay, and you will not sir, He take my heales.

Vpon my life by some deuile or other,
The villain is o're-worsh of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cozenage:
As nimble luglen that deceat the cie:
Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie:
Difguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks:
And manie fuch like liberties of fame:
If it proue so, I will be gone the fooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe fecke this flafe,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Serpentus, with Luciana his Sifter.

Neither my husband nor the flafe return'd,
That in fuch haste I fent to fecke his Mafter?
Sure Luciana it is two a clocke.

Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sifter let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Mafter of his libertie:
Time is their Mafter, and when they fee time,
They'll goe or come; if fo, be patient Sifter.

Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Because their buffonf still lies out fadore.
Looke when I ferue him fo, he takes it thus.
Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
There's none but affes will be bridled fo,

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is laft with woe:
There's nothing firat undr heaven's ey:
But hath his bound in earth, in fea, in skie.
The beasts, the fihes, and the winged bowles
Are their males subject, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Mafter of all thefe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilder watry feas,
Induced with intelleluall fence and bowles,
Of more preeminence then fih and bowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

This feruitude makes you to keepe vnved.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

But were you wedded, you would bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learn love, Ile pradife to obey.

How if your husband flart fome other where?
Till he come home againe, I would forebeare.

Patience vnmoou'd, no marvel though fie paufe,
They can be meele, thefe have no apparell:
A wretched foule bruide with aduerfitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry.

But were we burdens with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our felues compaine:
So thou that haft no violence mate the groove thee,
With vrging helpelefe patience would relieve me;
But if thou looe to fee like right bereft,
This foulc-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Say, is your tardic matter now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneffe.

Say, didst thou speake with him? knowft thou
his minde?

I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Behfaw his hand, I fcarce could vnderfand it.

Spake hee fo doubtfully, thou couldst not fee
his meaning.

Nay, fee froke fo plainly, I could too well
feele his bowles; and withall fo doubtfully, that I could
fcarce vnderfand them.

But fay, I prethee, is he coming home?
It leemes he hath great care to pleafe his wife.

Why Midtreffe, fure my Mafter is borne mad.
Horne mad, thou villain?

I meane not Cuckold mad,
But fure he is flanke mad:
When I defir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quoth I t' my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth barren, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thoufand markes I gaue thee villain?
The Pigge quoth I, is burre'd: my gold, quoth he:
My midtreffe, sir, quoth I: hang up thy midtreffe:
I know not thy midtreffe, out on thy midtreffe.

Quoth who?

Quoth my Mafter, I know quoth he, no houfe,
no wife, no midtreffe: fo that my arrant due vnto my
yong, I thake him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did best me there.

Go back againe, thou flawe, & fetch him home.
Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods fake fend some other meffenger.
The Comedie of Errors.

Adir. Backe flauke, or I will breake thy pate a-croffe.

Dro. And he will blaffe y croffe with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

Adir. Hence prating peans, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I fo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe fprune me thus:
You fprune me hence, and he will fprune me hither,
If I laft in this feruice, you muft cafe me in leather.

Luc. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adir. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home flauce for a merry lookke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheekes? then he hath wafted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vankindneffe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay veritjns his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my flate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruind? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A fannie lookke of his, would foone repairre.
But, too vanuly Deere, he breaks the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his flate.

Luc. Selle-harming leflounie; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeeding fools can with fuch wrongs difpence:
I know his eye doth hommage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sifter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I fee the Jewell bell enamelled
Will looke his beautie; yet the gold bides fiff;
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it thame;
Since that my beautie cannot pleafe his eie,
He wepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luc. How manie fond fooles ftere mad Leloufie?

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Er-ratis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to Dromio is laid vp
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull flauce
Is wandred forth in care to fceke me out
By computation and mine hofts report.
I could not fpeakke with Dromio, fince at firft
I fent him from the Mart? fie here he comes.

Enter Dromio Saracentia.

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd? 
As you looe froolkes, fo left with me againe:
You know no Centaur? you receiued no gold?
Your Mistrefse feit to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phwnix? Wait thou mad,
That thus fo madlie thou didst anfver me?

S.Dro. What anfwer fir? when fanke I fuch a word?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, nor hale an howre fince.

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 didst denie the golds receiue,
And told me of a Mistrefse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felft I was difplease.'d.

S.Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this left, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, doth thou leere & flrow me in the teeth?
Think it? I left; hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro.

S.Dro. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your left is earneh,

Vpon what bargain do you give it me?

Antipb. Because that I famillia tie sometimnes
Doe vie you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your fawleneffe will left vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my lercous howres,
When the funne shines, let foolish grazes make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will left with me, know my appearce,
And fufhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your fonce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? So you would leave battering,
I had rather hauie it a head, and you vfe these blows long,
I must get a fonce for my head, and Infonce it to,
or else I shall fek 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 firft for flowing me, and then wherefore,
For vrging it the fecond time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of feacon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reafon. Well fir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry fir, for this something that you gaue me for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amendz next, to give you nothing for something. But fay fir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time fir: what's that?

S.Dro. Baffing.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reafon?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollerick, and purchase me another drie hauing.

Ant. Well fir, leerne to left in good time, there's a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durft have denied that before you were fo chollerick.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S.Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himfelf.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his hairre that grows balde by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerlie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loft hairre of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time fuch a naggard of hairre, being (as it is) fo plentiffull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a bleffing that hee befoones on beaws, and what he hath flantted them in laire, hee hath guien them in wit.

Ant. Why, but thers manie a man hath more hairre then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hairre.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hauie men plain dealers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner loft; yet he looth it in a kinde of lolitie.

Ant. For what reafon.

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.

An.Nay
The Comedie of Errors.

Act. Nay not found I pray you.
S.Dres. Sire one.
Act. Nay, not in a thing falling.
S.Dres. Certaine one.
Act. Name them.
S.Dres. The one to save the money that he spends in
trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in
his porriage.
Act. You would all this time have prou'd, there is
no time for all things.
S.Dres. Marry and did sir, namely, in no time to re-
cover halfe lost by Nature.
Act. But your reason was not substanially, why there
is no time to recover.
S.Dres. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and
to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, L. antipholus, looke strange and browne,
Some other Mistreffe hath thy sweet aspect:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were mulliter to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well come to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-fauour'd in thy taste,
Vnleffe I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or care'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then effranged from thy felie?
Thy felie I call it, being strange to me:
That vundaulcar Incorporated
Am better then thy deere felies better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy felie from me;
For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking guile,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy felie, and not me too.
How dreerly would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but hear we were licencious?
And that this body confecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luft should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spet at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the plain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my fleshe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deep-seowing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore fee thou doe it.
I am poefte with an adulate blott,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luft:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy felie,
Being surprumed by thy contageion:
Keppe then false league and truce with thy true bed,
I live diffain'd, thou vnFlohonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being fcar'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.
Luci. He brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vfe my filter thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Act. By Dromio?

Drom. By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did bufet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Drom. Didst thou conferre with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compatri?
I ftr flat I never faw her till this time.

Ant. Villain thou liest, for eu'n her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

Ant. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she the then call vs by our names?
Vnleffe it be by inspiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grossely with thy fkaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wouldst with more contempt.
Come I will often on this fcheese of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Who's weakneffe married to thy stranger fmate,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If I ought poiffe thee then, it is drie,
Vaurting Jule, Brier, orIdle Maffe,
Who all for want of pruining, with intruion,
Infeft thy fap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee fpeeakes, thee mouses mee for her
themes;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or fleee now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our cies and cares amife?
Vntill I know this fure vncertainty,
Ie entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Lucr. Dromio, goe bid the freuants sprede for dinner.

S.Dres. Oh for my head, I croufe me for a finner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of fspirits,
We talk with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will infue:
They'll flocke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why pratt's thou to thy felie, and answerst not?

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou finale, thou flug, thou fot.

S.Dres. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and I am L.

S.Dres. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou haft thinne owne forme.

S.Dres. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.

S.Dres. 'Tis true the ride me, and I long for graffe.
'Tis so, I am an Affe, eile it could never be,
But I should know her as well as the knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foolere,
To put the finger in the cle and weep;
Whilf't man and Master laughes my woes to fcorne:
Come fir to dinner, Dromio keepe the gate:
Husband Ie dine abow with you to day,
And thriue you of a thousand ftaile fprances:
Sirs, if any ask ye for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come firter, Dromio play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduerte:
Knowne vnto thefe, and to my felie diuguidle:
Ie fay as they fay, and peruerfe fo:
And in this mift at all adventures go.

S.Dres. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. I, and let none enter, lef I breake your pate.

Lucr. Come, come, antipholus, we dine to late.

H 3

Atiu
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Bartholomew the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all,
My wife is firewhel when I keep not howres;
Say that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that I did deny my wife and houfe.
But here's a villains that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I best him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and houfe.
Thou drudg'ard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will fir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If your skin were parchement, & your blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E. Ant. I thinke thou art an affe.
E. Dro. Marry fo it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that paffe,
You would keepe from my heele, and beware of an affe.
E. Ant. 'Y are bad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap fir, & your welcom deer.
E. Ant. Oh Signior Balthazar, either at feft or fish,
A table full of welcom, makes fearce one dainty deer.
Bal. Good meat fir is cûmon that every chearly affords.
Ant. And welcome more common, for thats nothing
but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcom, makes a merrie feaft.
E. Ant. I, to a niggardly Hof, and more spering guest:
But though my cates be meanes, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But for my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
E. Dro. Mrud, Briget, Marian, Cifley, Gillian, Ginn,
S. Dro. Moms, Malthorfe, Capon, Cooxemer, Idi- eg, Patch,
Either get thee from the doore, or fit downe at the hachat:
Doft thou coniure for wenches, that y call for fuch flore,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Maffter
stayes in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left hee
catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the doore.
S. Dro. Right fir, Ile tell you when , and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe
when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep't mee out from the house I owe!
S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Dro. O villains, thou haft fhone both mine office
and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Lucce.
Lucce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are these at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Mafter in Lucce.
Lucce. Faith no, he comes too late, and fo tell your Mafter.
E. Dro. O Lord I muft laugh, haue at you with a Pro
uerbe,
Shall I let in my ftrafe.
Lucce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called Lucce, Lucce thou haft an
fwer'd him well.
Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope.
Lucce. I thought to haue askt you.
S. Dro. And you faid no.
E. Dro. So come helpe, well ftroke, there was blow
for blow.
Ant. Thou baggage let me in.
Lucce. Can you tell for whole fake?
E. Dro. Mafter, knocke the doore hard.
Lucce. Let him knocke till it ake.
Ant. You'll cere for this minion, if I beat the doore
downe.
Lucce. What needs all that, and a pair of flocks in the
towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the door y keeps all this noife?
S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vn
ruely boles.
Ant. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.
Adri. Your wife is knau, go get you from the doore.
S. Dro. If you went in paine Mafter, this knau void
gore face.

Angelo. Here is nother cheere fir, nor welcome, we
would faine Mafter weither.
Balfo. In debating which was left, wee shall part
with neither.
E. Dro. They fland at the doore, Mafter, bid them
welcome lither.
Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can
not get in.
E. Dro. You would fay o Mafter, if your garments
were thin.
Your cake here is warme within; you stand here in the
cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be fo bought
and fold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
knaues pate.
E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your fir, and
words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, fe he break it not behind.
S. Dro. It foemes thou want'it breaking, out upon thee
hindes.
E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let
me in.
S. Dro. I, when lowles haue no feathers, and filh, haue
no fin.
Ant. Well, Ile breake ingo borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, Mafter meanes you for
For
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For a fish without a finne, ther's a foule without afeather,
If a crow help vs in frra, we'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be fo,
Herein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspexit:
Th'vnviolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wifedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some caufe to you vnowne;
And doubt not sir, but thee will well excuse.
Why at this time the zores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your felfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by frong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the flattering pageage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that suppos'd by the common rowt
Against your yet vnger
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your graue when you are dead;
For slander lies upon suceffion.
For ever hews'd, where it gets poifeon.

Ant. You have presu'd, I will depart in quiet,
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the Porteente,
For there's the house: That chaine will I beftow
(But it for nothing but to fight my wife)
Vpon mine hofteffe therre, good sir make hate:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile make you els-where, to see if they'll discharge me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some hooure hence.

Ant. Do fo, thus left shull cot me some expense.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Stracusa.
Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall Antipholus.
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so stalemane?
If you did wed my fitter for her wealth,
Then for her wealthes-fake vfe her with more kindnesse
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse;
Let not my fitter read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shame Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become diffolyalitie.
Apparel vice like vertues harbinger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach finne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret fiddle; what need the be acquainted?
What simple thiefes brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bafbarf fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an eull wound.
Als poor women, make vs not beleuee
(Being compact of credit) that you love vs,
Though others have the arme, shew vs the fleece:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my fitter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers frie.

S. Ant. Sweete Miltris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lelle in your knowledge, and your grace you shou not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthie groffe conceit:
Smothered in errors, feele, shallow,weake,
The fouled meaning of your words deceit:
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 Ile yeeld.
But if that I am, then well I know,
Your weeping fitter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaid with thy note;
To drowne me in thy fitter foud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy felde, and I will dote;
Spread oro the fiffer waves thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thes, and there Ile:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gains by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if the finke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire fun being by.
Luc. gaze when you shoule, and that will cleere your fght.

Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me louse? Call my fitter fo.

Ant. Thy fitters.
Luc. That's my fitter.

Ant. No: it is thy felle, mine owne felles better part:
Mine els cleere eie, my deere heare deere heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aume;
My folke earths heauen, and my heauens claime.

Luc. All this my fitter is, or else shoule be.

Ant. Call thy feller fitter sweet, for I am thee:
There will I loue, and with thee lend my life;
Thou haue no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Glue me thy hand.

Luc. Oh foit fir, hold you fill:
Ile fetch my fitter to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Stracusa.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run't thou so fast?

S. Dromio. Do you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my felle?

Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy felle.

Dromio. I am an affe, I am a woman man, and befides my felle.

Ant. What women man? and how befides thy felle?

Dro. Marrow fir, befides my felle, I am due to a woman:
One that claime me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Ant. What
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claime lies she to thee?

Dro. Marry fir, such claime as you would lay to your horfe, and she would have me as a beault, not that I beeing a beaux she would have me, but that she being a verie beauly creature lays claime to me.

Ant. What is the?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say fir reverence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doft thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry fir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what we to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland WINTER: If the liues till doomesday, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. Which is complexion is the of?

Dro. Swart like my fhou, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No fir, 'tis in graine, Moths flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Eel and three quarters will not meaure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then the bears some breath?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is spherically, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry fir in her buttockes, I found it out by the boggen.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the pelme of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and woret, making ware against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalklie Cliffs, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I gueffe, it flood in her chin by the falt rheume that ranne betweene Francis, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I law it not, but I felt it hot in her broth.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh fir, vpon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Ap- peal, I saw the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadores of Carretts to be ballaft at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh fir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee Drogo, I heard, I was affur'd to her, told me what privile grade I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I think, if my bretf had not beene made of faith, and my heart of fleete, she had transform'd me to a Cartull doge, made me turne 12 wheele.

Ant. Go lie thee prefently, poft to the rode,
And if the wind blow any way from thore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabithe here,
And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my foole
Doth for a wife aborre.
But her faire fitter
Posfeft with such a gentle fouterane grace,
Of such inhabiting preence and difcourfe,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my felle:
But leant my felle be guilty to felle wrong,
Ile flie mine cares against the Mermaids fong.

Enter Antipholus with the Chains.

Ang. Mr Antipholus,

Gold, Enter that's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the Po-pentines,
The chaine vnsfign'd me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What pleafe your felle fir: I haue made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me fir, I bepoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and pleafe your Wife withall,
And fome at fupper time lie vlt you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you fir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're see chainge, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well.

Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is fo vaine,
That would refufe to fare an offer'd Chainge.
I fee a man heere needs not luye by fhifts,
When in the streets he meetes fuch Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for Drogo fly,
If any fhip put out, then fraught away.

Achus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecoff the sum is dute,
And since I know not much importance, you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perfoa, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even let the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the infant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at feue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the fame:
Pleafeeth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephef. Drogo from the Courtyama.

Offi. That labour may you faile: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And
The Comedie of Errors.

And buy a ropes end, that will I befoow,
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But sof I fee the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Droaso

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that trufts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belie you thought our loue would last too long
If they were chaine together; and therefore came not.

Gold. Suing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weigs to the vmtost charect,
The finemess of the Gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three oddie Duckers more
Then I fland debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you fee him prentely digitsg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnisht with the præsent monie:
Besides I have no monie for some,
Good Signor take the stranger to his hous,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburfe the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as fleeone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Ant. No beare it with you, leaf I come not time e-ough.

Gold. Well fir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I have not fir, I hope you have:
Or ellse you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you fir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stays for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you vie this dailiass to euaue
Your breach of promisse to the Perpetning
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a threw you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre stales on, I pray you fir dispatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Wh'y glue it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gold. Come come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. flee, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me fee it.

Mar. My butler can not know this dialiass,
Good fir fay, whe'r you' anfwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue 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 owre you none, till I recieve the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an hour fhnce.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to fay fo.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrefet him at my fute.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-bey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either content to pay this sum for me, or
Or let me to you by this Officer.

Ant. Content to pay thee that I never had:
Arreft me foolifh fellow if thou dar't.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arreft him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he shouldforme me fo apparently.

Offic. I do arreft you fir, you hear the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.

But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your fhop will anfwer.

Gold. Sir, fir, I shall have Law in Ephesius,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Droaso Siras from the Bay.

Dro. Matter, there's a Barke of Epidamium,
That flails but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then fir the beares away.
Our fragoftch fir, I have come'd aboard, and I have bought
The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aquavit.
The flip is in her trim, the merrie windes
Blowses faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Matter, and your felles.

Ant. How now a Madman! Why thou peecilh steep
What ship of Epidamium, I haue behoile for some.

S. Dro. A ship you fent me too, to hiler waflage.

Ant. Thou drunken flau, I fent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpofe, and what end.

S. Dro. You fent me for a ropes end as loone,
You fent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiuere
And teach your cares to lift me with more heede:
To Adriana Villaine hee thee ftraight:
Glue heer this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's causer'd o're with Turkish Tapflerie,
There is a purfe of Duckers, let her fend it:
Tell her, I am arrefted in the streete,
And that thall baile me: hee thee flaues be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

S. Droaso. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfablel did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compafs,
Thither I mutt, although againft my will:
For fervants muft their Masters minds fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee fo?
Might'ft thou perceiue aherely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneft, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?
What obervation mad'ft thou in this cafe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. Firft he denie you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my fighnt
Luc. Then I faw he that he was a stranguer heree.

Adr. And true he fware, though yet forworne hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what faid he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perfuafion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honett fuit might mone.

Firft, he did praffe my beautye, then my speech.

Adr. Did it praffe him faire?

Luc. Have patience I befeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongues, though not my heare, flall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked old, an ill-faied,
Ill-faied, worse bodied, shameleffe every where:
Vicious, vengent, foolifh, blant, vnkinde,

Stigma-
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmatical in making worfe in minde.

Luc. Who would hee jealous then of such a one?
No cuilf loth is wall'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worfe:
Tarry from her neft the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe : the deske, the purfe, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How haft thou loth thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faile.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worfe then hell:
A diuell in an everlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with fleete:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileffe and ruffle:
A Wolf, they worfe, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermarks:
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws driuot well,
One that before the Judges carrie poore foales to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on the cafe.

Adr. What is he arrested tell me at whole face?
S. Dro. I know not at whole face he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Midris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sifter : this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adr. What, the chaine?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'ts time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The hours come backe, that did I never here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any hour meeete a Seriante, a turnes backe for verie faire.

Adr. As if time were in debt: how fondly do't thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie barrenout, and owes more then
he's worth to feasone.

Nay, he's a theefe too : haue you not heard men say,
That time come dealong on by night and day?
If he be in debt and thefe, and a Seriante in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, heare it straight,
As you would your Master home immediately.
Come fitter, I am pref to downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injure.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Syracuse.

There's not a man I meete but doth olute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some frowne at me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneffes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy,
Euen now a tailor call me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meafeure of my body.
Sure there be but imaginarie wiles,
And Iapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio Sirs.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What Adam do'th thou meane?
S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paraffe: but that Adam that keeps the prisone: hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-fake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.
S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bafe-Viole in a cafe of leather: the man fir, that when gentlemen are tired glues them a bob, and reft them:
he fir, that takes pittie on decaled men, and glues them futes of durance: he that sets vp his reft to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Morris Pike.

Ant. What thou meanef't an officer?
S. Dro. I fir, the Seriante of the Band: he that brings any man to anfwer it that breaks his Band: one that thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and fakes God give you good reft.

Ant. Well fir, there reft in your foulerie:
Is there any thips puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the Barkes Expedition put forth to night, and then were you hindered by the Seriante to tarry for the Hey Delay: Here are the angels that you fent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is drafhed, and fo am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some bleffed power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Currison.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus:
I fee fir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Satan advis'd, I charge thee tempt me not.
S. Dro. Master, is this Midris Satan?
Ant. It is the diuell.
S. Dro. Nay, he is worfe, he is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appear to men like angels of light, light is an effeét of fire, and fire will burne: ergs, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marauillous merrie fir.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Master, if do expel bypass-ment, or befpeake a long fponne.

Ant. Why Dromio?
S. Dro. Marrie he muft have a long fponne that muft eate with the diuell.

Ant. Avoide then fiened, what tell's thou me of sup.
Thou art, as you are all a fortereffe: (ping ? I conjure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And lie be gone fir, and not trouble you.
S. Dro. Some diuels sake but the parings of one naile,
The Comedie of Errors.

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a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but the more coccus, wold have a chaine: Ma-
ter be wife, and if you give it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Car. I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go.

S.Dro. Flie pride fakes the Pea-cocke, Misfris that
you know.

Car. Now out of doubt Antipbolus is mad,
Elfe would he neuer so demean himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Ducquets,
And for the fame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this pretent infrance of his rage,
is a rude tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose that the doores against his way:
My way is now to his home to his house,
An looke his wife, that being Lusitickes,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This courte I fitte choofe,
For fortie Ducquets is too much to lofe.

Enter Antipbolus Epsof. with a Lailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money,
Warrant thee as I am raffled for,
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truft the Meatfinger,
That I should be attach'd in Epsofus,
I tell you 'twill found harfthy in her ears.

Enter Dromio Epsof. with a ropes end.

Here comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie,
How now sir? Have you that I fent you for?

E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Ducquets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ille ferue you fowre hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end fir, will I welcome you.

Offi. Good fir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adver-
sifie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson feneffelle Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were feneffelle fir, that I might
not feel ye blows.

Ant. Thou art fenfible in nothing but blows, and
so is an Aflie.

E. Dro. I am an Aflie indeede, you may prooue it by
my long ears. I have earnd him from the houre of my
Nacitulle to this instant, and hauing nothing at his hands
for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heastes
me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with
beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rain'd with
it when I fit, driven out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, my
I bare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courteane, and a Schoole-
maffer, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Misfris reffice fynaen, respect your end, or ra-
ther the prophetic like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talkes?

Blasts Dro. Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuliury confirmes no lefe:

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjuror,

Etablith him in his true fense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how firy, and how sharp he lookes.
Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extaffe.

Pinch. Give you me your hand, and let mee feel your
puile.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ears.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, how'd within this man,
To yeld poffeflion to my holie praiers,

And to thy flate of darkneffe his thee ftrait,
That I conure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace dotting wizard, peace: I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou wert not, poore diftrefled soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are th'ee your Cuftomers?

Did this Companion with the faffron face
Rewell and fealit at my houfe to day,

Whill it vsen upon the gallite doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my houfe.

Adr-O husband, God doth know you did'st at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,

Free from these flanders, and this open flame.

Ant. Dind at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest
thou?

Dro. Sir footh to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut
out.

Ant. And not the her felle reale me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her felle reulid you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maine raile, taunt, and
scorne me?

Dro. Certif the did, the kittoon verfall form'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witneffe,
That fince hauie felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to footh him in thefe contraries?

Pinch. It is no Shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou haft subborn'd the Goldsmith to arret
mee.

Adr. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you,

By Dromio heere, who came in Haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,

But surely Mafter not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentith not thou to her for a purfe of Ducquets.

Adr. He came to me, and I dellaer'd it.

Luc. And I am witneffe with her that the did

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneffe,

That I was fent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Misfris, both Man and Mafter is poofett,

They

I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laide in some darke roomes.
Adr. Say wherefore didst thou loose me forth to day,
And why doft thou deny the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle Sir I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lockt out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou perfick'd in both
And dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a dammed packe,
To make a louthome abecct forme of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these falle eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to binde him.
His freinds.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

Pinche. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Adr. What will you murther me, thou Tailor thou? I am thy prifoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Off. Masters let him go: he is my prifoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinche. Go binde this man, for he is franckie too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou punchiff Officer?
Hath thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displaife to himselfe?
Off. He is my prifoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor fees him faire consey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.

Adr. Oh most vnhappy trumpet.
Dro. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Adr. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Mater, cry the duell.
Luc. God helpe poor foules, how idly doe they talk.
Adr. Go bear him hence, sider go with me you
Say now, whose suiter is he arrest'd at?
Exeunt, Manet Offic. Adr. Luc. Courtezan

Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the femme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a Chaine for me, but had it not.
Car. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and woke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finge now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never fee it.
Come Tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Stratiotus with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Strato.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked fouls,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away: they'll kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, at fea as may be, frighted.

S. Adr. I see thee Witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Adr. Come to the Centaur, fetch our fluffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and found abroad.
Dro. Faith stay heree this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, glue vs gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad feth that claims marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heree still, and turne Witch.
Adr. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our fluffe abroad.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am forry Sir that I have hinderde you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mar. How is the man eftem'd here in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly below'd,
Second to none that lines here in the Citie:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speakes folly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio again.
Gold. 'Tis fo: and that false chaine about his neckes,
Which he forswore most moneftrously to have.

Ant. Speake now to mee: I doe speake to him:
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumspection and oaths, to doe denie
This Chaine, which now you wearre so openly.

Before the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoiffeed faile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to doe it or forswere it?

Mar. These cares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pritty that thou liest.
To walke where any honest men reforme.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou darst stand:
Mar. I dare and do desie thee for a villaine.

They drawe. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde Dromio too, and bearne them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Prioritie, in, or we are spoild.

Exeunt to the Prioritie.
Enter Lady Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distrafted husband hence, Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast, And bear him home for his recoouer.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am forry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this persecution held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath bene heausie, lower fad, And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his paffion

Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not loft much wealth by wrack of sea, Buried some deere friend, hath not esie his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love, A fman poulauing much in youth; therefore, Who give their eies the liberty of gazing.

Of which that forrowes is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of thefe, except it be the laft,

Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.

Ab. Thou shouldst, in such case, have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rought enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modellie would let me.

Ab. Happily in private.

Adr. And in affemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my vrging it,

At board he fed not for my vrging it:

Alone, it was the subiect of my Theme:

In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was vtilde and bad,

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a leauall woman,

Pollen more deadly then a mad dogges tooth,

It seems his feepers were hindered by thy railing, And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou faist his meate was faw'd with thy vprailding,

Vnquiet meales make ill digeftions,

Thereof the raging fire of feauier bred,

And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madness?

Thou fayft his fports were hindered by thy bralles.

Sweet recreation bar'd, what doth enfeeze

But moockie and dull melancholy,

Kinfman to grim and comfortleffe despair,

And at her heeles a huge infecteous troope

Of pale diftemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in fport, and life-preferuing reft

To be dibur'd, would mad or man, or beafi:

The conquence is then, thy leauale fits

Hath feared thy husband from the vfe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himfelfe, rough, rude, and wildy,

Why beare you thefe rebukes, and anfwer not?

Adrj. She did betray me to my owne reproofs,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houfe.

Adr. Then let your fervants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither; he tooke this place for fanchuary,

And it fhall priludige you from your hands,

Till I haue brough't him to his wits againe,

Or loofe my labour in affayling it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurfe,

Diet his fickneffe, for it is in my Office,

And will haue no attorney but my felfe,

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him firre,

Till I haue vs'd the approv'd means I haue,

With wholesome frrups, drugs, and holy prayers

To make of him a formal man againe:

It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,

A charitable dutie of my order,

Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:

And ill it doth befome your hollineffe

To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,

And never rise vntil my teares and prayers

Hau'e won his grace to concurr in affection hither,

And take perfore my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fue:

Anon I'ne fure the Duke himfelf in perfom

Comes this way to the melancholly vale;

The place of death, and forrie execution,

Behind the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Upon what caufe?

Mar. To fee a reverent Straconian Merchant,

Who put vnluckily into this Bay

Against the Laws and Statutes of this Towne,

Reheaded publiquely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he paffe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesius, and the Merchant of Stracon.

bare head, with the Headman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclame it publiquely,

If any friend will pay the fumme for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverent Lady,

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,

Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

At your important Letters this ill day,

A most outrageous fit of madness tooke him:

That desparately he hurried through the frecete,

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing difpleasure to the Citizens,

By running in their houfes : bearing thence

Kings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and fent him home,

Whil'lt to take order for the wrongs I went,

That heere and there his firfe had committed,

Anon I wot not, by what ftrong efficace

He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mad attendand and himfelfe,

Each one with irrefufable fentiments, with drakne swords

Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs

Chace'd vs away ; till railing of more side:

We came againe to binde them ; then they fled

Into this Abbey, whether we purf'd them,

And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,

And will notuffer vs to fetch him out,

Nor fend him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe. Duke. Long since thy husband for'd me in my wars And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word, When thou didst make him Master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate, And bid the Lady Abbeye come to me: I will determine this before I retire.

Enter a Messinger.

Oh Milifirs, Milifirs, shi't and loose your selies, My Master and his man are both broke loose, Bosten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor, Whose heard they have fign'd off with bands of fire, And euuer as it blaz'd, they threw on him Great pales of pullede myre to quench the haires; My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while His man with Cizers nickes him like a fool: And sere (vnlfie you send some preuent helpe) Betwixt them he will kill the Conqueror.

Adr. Peace foolo, thy Master and his man are here, And that is false thou doit report to vs. Mejt. Milifirs, vpon my life I tel you true, I have not breath'd almoyst since I did see it. He cries for you, and wines if he can take you, To search your face, and to disfigure you: Crying within.


Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneffe you, That he is borne aboute and unlawful, Even now we hou'd him in the Abbey heere. And now he's there, paft thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke,oh grant me ju- Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee, When I befrid thee in the warres, and tooke Deepes fcares to faue thy life; euuen for the blood That then I loft for thee, now grant me induce. E. Mar. Fat. Vnlfie the fear of death doth make me dote, I fee my fonne Antipholus and Dromio. E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) againft 'o Woman there: She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonored me. Even in the strength and height of injurie: Beyond imagination is the wrong That the this day hath shameflee throwne on me. Duke. Difcouer how, and thou shalt finde me juft. E. Rhet. This day (great Duke) he fhot the doores vpon me, While the he with Harlots feafl'd in my house. Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou fo? E. Adr. No my good Lord. My felle, he, and my fitter, To day did dine togethe'r: fo belial my fole, As this is felle he burthen me withall. Lucr. Nere may I looke on day, nor slepe on night, But the tels to your Highnffe simple truth. Gold. O perier'd woman! They are both forrowne, In this the Madman luftly chargeth them. E. Ant. My Liege, I am abased what I say, Neither disturbed with the effeft of Wine, Nor headle-fad prowak'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner; That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witneffe it: for he was with me then, Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine, Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, Where Bulbous and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not commun thither, I went to feke him. In the street I met him, And in his companie that Gentleman, There did this perier'd Goldsmith sweare me downe, That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine, Which God he knowes, I lie not. For the which, He did arret me with an Officer. I did obey, and sent my Pfent home For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd. Then freily I besoke the Officer To go in perfon with me to my houfe. By'th'way, we met my wife, her filter, and a rabble more Of vile Confedrates: Along with them They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine; A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke, A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller; A needy-hollow-ey'd-flare-looking-wretch; A living dead man. This pernicious flae, Forfooth tooke on him as a Conqueror: And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulfe, And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me, Cries out, I was posseff. Then altogether They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence, And in a darke and danklieth vault at houfe. There left me and my man, both bound together, Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder, I gain'd my freecome; and immediately Ran hereth to your Grace, whom I befeech To give me ample satisfaction For these deepes fames, and great indignities. Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him: That he din'd not at home, but was lock't 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. Mar. Beside, I will be (worne these eares of mine, Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him, After you first forswore it on the Mart, And thereupon I drew my sword on you: And then you fled into this Abbey heere, From whence I think you are comped by Miracle. E. Ant. I never came within thence Abbey walls, Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me: I neuer saw the Chaine, fo helpe me heauen: And this is false you burthen me withall. Duke. Why what an intricate impecch is this? I think you all have drunke of Circs cup; If heere you housed him, heere he would haue bin. If he were mad, he would not please so coldly; You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you? E. Dre. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine. Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring. E. Antii. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her. Duke. Saw't thou him enter at the Abbey heere? Cur. As for (my Liege) as I do see your Grace. Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbese hither. I think you are all mated, or farke mad.
Enter one to theAbbess.

Fa. Moft mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word: Hayly I fee a friend will faue my life, And pay the fum that may deliver me.
Faith. Is not thy name Sir call'd Antipholus?

E. D. Within this howre I was his bondman Sir, But hee thenke he could in two my cords, Now am I Dromio, and his man, vnbound.
Faith. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our felues we do remember Sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinches patient, are you Sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never faw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! grieveth haue chang'd me since you faw me laft, And carefull howres with times deformed hand, Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But deale you yet, doth thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Fat. Dromio, nor thou Sir?
Dro. No truth me Sir, nor I.

E. Dromio. I Sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatfoever a man denies, you are now bound to belive him.
Faith. Not know my voice, oh times e trenty
Haft thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In feuen short yeares, that heere my onely fonne
Knownes not my feeble key of natun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In fap-consuming Winters drazled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life fome memorie:
My waiting lampes fome fading glimmer left.
My dull deafe eares a little vie to heare:
All these old witnesfies, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my fonne Antipholus.
Ant. I never faw my Father in my life.
Fa. But feuen yeares fince, in Siracufa boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my fonne,
Thou damnd to acknowledge me in mistere.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesfie with me that it is not fo.
I ne'er faw Siracufa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee Siracufian, twenty yeares
Have I bin Patron to Antipholus,
During which time, he ne'er faw Siracufa:
I fee thy age and dangers make thee dothe.

Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracufa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbess. Moft mighty Duke, behold a man much wound'd.
All gather to see them.

Adr. I fee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other:
And fo of thefe, which is the natuall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Drom. I Sir am Dromio, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him here?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will loose his bonds, And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde Egeon, if thou be'ft the man That had a wife once call'd E Emilia, That borne thee at a burthen two faine fonnes? Oh if thou be'ft the fame Egeon, speake:
And speake vnto the fame E Emilia.
Duke. Why here begins his Morning florie right:
These two Antipholus, thefe two fo like, And these two Dromio's, one in semblance:
Before her viging of her wrakke at fea,
These are the parents to thefe children, Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art E Emilia,
If thou art thee, tell me, where is that fonne
That floated with thee in the fatall rafe.
Abb. By men of Epidamium, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken vp:
But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corinbe
By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them,
And me they left with thefe of Epidamium.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I to this fortune that you fee me in.

Duke. Antipholus thou cam'st from Corinbe first.
S. Ant. No Sir, nor I, I came from Siracufa.
Duke. Stay, fand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinbe my mort grucious Lord.
E. Dro. And with me Sir.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moft famous Worriour,
Duke Menaphon, your moft renowned Vnckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Milistros.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I fay nay to that.
S. Ant. And fo do I, yet did the call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her fuber heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leifure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I thinke it be Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you Sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did Sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I fent you monie Sir to be your baile
By Dromio, but I thinke he brought it not.
S. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purfe of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I fee we fill did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon thefe errors are arose.
S. Ant. These Duckets I pawned for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Car. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Adr. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one daies error
Hau'e suffier'd wrong. Go, keep vs company,

And
The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in traualle
Of you my sones, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goffip's feaft, and go with mee,
After so long greete such Nativity.
Duke. With all my heart, He Goffip at this feaft.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.
S.Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuffe from shippord?
E. An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine haft thou imbarkt?
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoft fir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He spakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. Exit
S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sifer, not my wife,
E.D.Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I fee by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to fee their gollipping?
S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a question, how shal we trie it.
S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.
E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
Much ado about Nothing.

Aëlius primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Ianneta his wife, Hero his daughters, and Beatrice his Neice, with a messinger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A viſtore it twice it selfe, when the schrieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heretof, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudius.

Mess. Much defer'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promis of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed indeed bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not stiew it selfe modest enough, without a bag of bitterneffe.

Leo. Did he breake out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde overflown of kindneffe, 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 Mountanto return'd from the wares, 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 Nece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his billes here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foule reading the Challenge, subscribe'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kil'd, and eaten in these wares? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Nece, you taxe Signior Benedick too much, but hee shall meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars. Beat. You had manfully, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent romache.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may guess by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her sense: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Bened. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for al Meffina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Bened. What my deere Ladie Diodaine! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Diodaine should die, while she hath such meate foode to feede it, as Signior Benedick? Curtefe it feele must convert to Diodaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtefe a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I loue none.

Bened. A deere happinelle to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pernicious Sater, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loves me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predefinate refcrach feare.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worfe, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Bened. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Bene. I would my horse had the feed of your tongue, and so go a continuator, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Bened. You alwaies end with a Ladies tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the fumme of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke; my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall lay here, at the leaft a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may deale our love. I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Plesse it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Leonato Benedicke and Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I looke on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man shoud doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my cursume, as being a professed tyrant to their feaze?

Claud. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Bened. Why yeffith me thinks shee's too low for a heile praire, too browne for a faire praire, and too little for a great praire, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were none other then the is, she were unhandome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou likk't her.

Bened. Would you bieue her, that you enquier after her?

Claud. Can the world bieue such a Jewell?

Bened. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a fift brow? Or doe you play the flowing lache, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter? Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the fong?

Claud. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bened. I can fie yet without speectacles, and I see no fuch matter: there's her cofin, and the were not pofted with a firit, she exceeds her as much in beautie, as the firt of Male doth the lift of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claud. I would scarce truft my felle, though I had fwnore the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. If it come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with fufpition? shall I neuer fee a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yeffith, and thou wilt needes thruft thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and figh away fundales: looke, don Pedro is returned to lecke you.

Enter den Pedro. Iohn the baflard.

Pedro. What fecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonatos?

Bened. I would your Grace would contraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bened. You hear, Count Claudio, I can be fecret as a dumbe man, I would you think of (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who now that is your Graces part: marke how short his anfwer is, with Hero Leonatos short daughter.

Claud. If this were ffo, so were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not fo, nor 'twas not fo: but indeede, God forbid it should be fo.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Claud. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee shoud be loaed, nor know how shee shoud be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the flake.

Pedro. Thou wart euer an obitinate heretique in the defight of Beautie.

Claud. I never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bened. That
Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise give her most humble thankes: but that I will have a rechae winded in my forehead, or hang my bagle in an insulable baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my felfe the right to truft none: and the finall, (for which I may goe the finner) I will line a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall fee thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with fickneffe, or with hungre, my Lord, not with loue: prove that ever I looke more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Bullet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the figne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I doe, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot me at, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the faueful Bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The faueful bull may, but if ever the feffible Beneidcik heare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and fet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in fuch great Letters as they write, here is good horfe to hire: let them signifie vnder my figne, here you may fee Beneidcik the married man.

Clau. If this fould ever happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the mean time, good Signior Beneidcik, repaire to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great prepraation.

Bene. I have almoft matter enough in me for such an Embaffage, and do I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houfe, if I had it.

Pedro. The fext of July. Your loving friend, Beneidcik.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not: the body of your discourse is sometyme guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly bafted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your confcience, and do I leave you.

Exit. Clau. My Liege, your Highneffe now may doe mee some.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, and thou shalt fee how apt it is to learne

Any hard Leffen that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any fome my Lord?

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not: he's his onely heire.

Doft thou affeft her Claudia?

Clau. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldiers eye,

That like'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,

Than to dove liking to the name of loue: But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts have left their places vacant: in their roome, Come thronging foft and delicate defires,

All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,

Saying I like'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover prettily, And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If thou doft loue faire Hero, cherish it,

And I will brakke with her: wait not to this end,

That thou beganft to twitt fo fine a torty?

Clau. How sweety doe you minifter to loue,

That know loues griefe by his complexion!

But left my liking might too sodaine feeme,

I would have fau'd it with a longer trestife.

Ped. What need ye bridge much broder then the flood?

The fairest granti is the necessitie:

Looke what will ferue, it fit : tis once, thou loueft,

And I will fit thee with the remedie,

I know we shall haue resuelling to night,

I will alsume thy part in some difguife,

And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bonume Ie vnclafpe my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after, to her father will I brake,

And the conclusion is, face shall be thine,

In prudifile let vs put it presently.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato. LEO. How now brother, where is my cofen your fon: hath he prou'd this musicke?

Old. He is very buie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

LEO. Are they good?

Old. As the events stampes them, but they have a good couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince difcovered to Claudio that hee loued my niece your daugther, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the preuent time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharp fellow, I will send for him, and question him your felle.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an anfwer, if peradventure this bee true: I goe you and tell her of it: couine, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vfe your skill, good cofin have a care this buie time.

Exit. Enter Sir John the Baftrard, and Comrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure (ad?)

Iob. There is no measure in the occaion that breeds, therefore the fadneffe is without limit.

Con. You should heare reafon.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a prefent remedy, yet a patient sufferrance.

Iob. I wonder that thou (being as thou falt thou art, borne vnder Saturne) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying michiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee lid when I have caufe, and smile at no mans left, eat when I have homacke, and wait for no mans leuire: sleepe when I am crowne, and tend on no mans bufineffe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the ful show of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you have of late
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 needful that you frame the seacon for your owne harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muflel, and entrenchide with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to fing in my cage if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and feele not to alter me.

Can. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

John. I will make all vse of it, for I vse it only. Who comes here? what news Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it cere for any Modell to build mischief on? What is heere for a foule that betrothes himselfe to vnquiteme? Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chickie, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was snaaking a mufly roomes, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Ar- ras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himselfe, and hauing obtained her, gave her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this may prove food to my displeaseure, that young start vp hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can euffe him any way, I bleffe my felic every way, you are both sure, and will affit mee?

Corr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let vs to the great supper, theris cheer is the greater that I am subdude, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe prove whates to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinman.

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tardily that Gentleman lookest, I never can fee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hourse after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Heere were an excellent man that were made juft in the mid-way betwene him and Benedicks, the one is too like an image and fables nothing, and the other too like my Ladys eldest fonne, euermore tattling.

Leon. This halfe signifie Benedicks tongue in Count Johns mouth, and halfe Count Johns melancholy in Signior Benedicts face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnuckle, 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 Niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, it shoule be so shrewed of thy tongue.

Beat. Infaith thee's too curft.

Beat. Too curft is more then curft, I shall leffen Gods fending that way: for it is fald, God sends a curft Cow short horns, but to a Cow too curft he fends none.

Leon. So, by being too curft, God will fend you no horns.

Beat. If he fed me no husband, for the which bleffings, I am at him vpon my knees every morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What shoule I doe with him? dreffe him in my apparell, and make him my walking gentlewoman the 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 for him: therefore I will even take fixepence in earneft of the Berrod, and leade his Ape into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and fay, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, here's no place for you maids, so deliure I vp my Ape, and away to S. Peter's for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers fit, and there live wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well ncee, I truft you will rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cofens duty to make curt, and fay, as it pleafe you: but yet for all that, cofen, let him be a handfome fellow, or else make an other curt, and fay, father, as it pleafe me.

Leonato. Well ncee, I hope to fee you one day fitten with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other meta- tall then earth, would it not giue a woman to be over-madred with a piece of valiant duft? to make account of her life to a clof of waiward marble? no vnckle, lie 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 follicet you in that kinde, you know your an- fwer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muffiecke cofin, if you be not wood in good time: if the Prince bee too impor- tant, tell him there is measure in every thing, & fo dance out the anfwer, for heere me Hero, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first fuite is hot and haftly like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantafically) the wedding manerly mollid, (as a measure) full of fife & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace tamer and tamer, till he linkes into his grace.

Leonato.
Much ado about Nothing.

Leonato. coffin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye vnto, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon. The rushers are entreating brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Balthasar, or duns Jem, Masters with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and specially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when pleae you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Duke should be like the cafe.

Leon. My visor is Philemon to of, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcatch.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your own sake, for I have made ill qualities.

Ben. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers allowed.

Ben. I louse you the better, the hearsers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my fight when the daunce is done: anfwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is anfwered.

Virg. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Virg. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit you.

Virg. You could never doe him so ill well, you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Virg. Come, come, doe you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Ben. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who are you?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disfainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, beleue me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes leafer, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuiling impoffible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witre, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boored him.

Ben. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but brooke a comparision or two on me, which peraduenture (not market, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing faued, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Mufick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to breake with him about in the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

Borachio. And that is Claudio, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his love, he is enamoz'd to her, I pray you difuide him from her, she is no euill for his birth: you may do th part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him feare his affliction.

Beat. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let vs to the banquet.

Exeunt Clau.

Claud. Thus anfwere I in name of Benedick, but here thefe ill newes with the eares of Claudio:

'Tis certaine fo, the Prince woes for himselfe: Friendship is constant in all other things, saue in the Office and affaires of loue: Therefore all hearts in loue vfe their owne tongues. Let euerie eye negotiate for it felfe, and truft no Agent: for beaute is a witch, againft whole charmes, faith melteth into blood: This is an accident of hourly proofe, which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Ben. Count Claudio.

Claud. Yes, the fame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your owne businesse, Count. What fashion will you ware the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vfiers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants Scarfe? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him ioey of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouler, fo they fel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would have ferued you thus?

Claud. I pray you leue me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you beat the poft.

Claud. If it will not be, Ile leave you.

Exeunt.

Ben. Aha poor hart fowle, now will he creepe into folges: But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, & not know me t' the Princes foole! Hah! It may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my felle wrong: I am not fo reputed, it is the bafe (though bitter) defpifion of Beatrixe, that putt's the world into her perfon, and fo gues me out well, I he be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Ben.
Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady
Fame, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your
grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered
him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a
garland, as being forfaken, or to bind him a rod, as be-
ing worthy to be whipt.
Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who
being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, bawes it his
companion, and he fleas it.
Pedro. Witt thou make a truth, a transgression? the
transgression is in the dealer.
Bene. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have bawed on
you, who (as I take it) have finde his birds nest.
Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and refrome
them to the owner.
Bene. If their finging answer your saying, by my faith
you say honorably.
Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you, the
Gentleman that daunff with her, told her thee is much
wrong'd by you.
Bene. O you mistake me past the insurance of a block:
an oak but with one greene leafe on it, would have an-
swered her: my very vifor began to affume life, and scold
with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my
felle, that I was the Prince Ieffter, and that I was duller
then a great thaw, hudling left vpon left, with such im-
possible comuince vpon me, that I flound like a man at a
marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes
powynards, and every word ebbes: if her breath were
as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere
her, she would infect to the north flame: I would not
marry her, though she were indowed with all that Adam
had left him before he transgrefled, she would have made
Hereules have turnd fป, yea, and haue cleft his club to
make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde
her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God
some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she
is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fancury,
and people finde vpon purpose, because they would go
thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation
follows her.

Enter Claudia and Beatrices, Leonato, Hero.
Pedro. Look here where she comes.
Bene. Will your Grace command mee any feruice
to the worlds end? I will goe on the lightest arrand now
unto the Antypodes that you can deuile to sende me on:
I will fetch you a tooth-picke nother from the furthest inch
of Afa: bring you the length of Wyfter Islands footfeth:
you a huyre off the great Oceans beard: doe you any em-
passage to the Pignemies, rather then hould three words
conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment
for me?
Pedro. None, but to declare your good company.
Bene. O God it is, heere a dith I love not, I cannot in-
dure this Lady tongue. Exit.
Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of
Signior Benedick.
Beat. Indeed my Lord, hee lent me it a while, and I
give him v/e for it, a double heart for a single one, marry
once before he wonne it of mee, with dille dice, therefore
your Grace may well say I have lovt it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady,you have put
him downe.
Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, let
I should prooue the mother of foes: I have brought
Count Claudia, whom you lent mee to feake.
Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?
Claud. Not fad my Lord.
Pedro. How then? fiecke f
Claud. Neither, my Lord.
Beat. The Count is neither fad, nor fiecke, nor merry,
nor well: but culll Count, culll as an Orange, and some-
thing of a fealous complexion.
Claud. Ifinthe Lady, I thinkke your blazon to be true,
though Ile be worme, if hee be fo, his conicet is falle:
here Claudia, I have wound in thy name, and faire Here is
wom, I haue broke with her father, and his good will
obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee
joy.
Leon. Count, take of me thy daughter, and with her
my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace
say, Amen to it.
Beat. Speaketh Count, tis your Qu.
Claud. Silence is the perfece Herault of joy, I were
but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you
are mine, I am yours, I giue away my felle for you, and
donat vpon the exchange.
Beat. Speaketh cousin, or (if you cannot) fhop his mouth
with a kniffe, and let not him speake neither.
Claud. Infath Lady you have a merry heart.
Beat. Yea my Lord I thankit it, porefoo it kepees
upon the windy side of Care, my coofin tells him in his care
that he is in my heart.
Claud. And so the doth cousin.
Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one
to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may flitin a cor-
nery, and cry, heigh ho for a husband.
Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
Beat. I would rather haue 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 haue mee? Lady.
Beat. No, my Lord, vistifie I might have another for
working-dates, your Grace is too coldly to wear euerie
day: but I beleeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne
to speake all mirth, and no matter.
Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be mer-
ry, bett becomes you, for out of question, you were born
in a merry heart.
Beat. No fure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then
there was a flare daunff, and vnder that was I borne: co-
fin God giue you joy.
Leonato. Neceee, will you looke to those rhings I told
you of?
Beat. I cry you mercy Vucle, by your Gracees pardon.
Exit Beatrice.
Prince. By my troth a pleanfent spirited Lady.
Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her
my Lord, she is never fad, but when she speakes, and not
ever fad; then ffor I have heard my daughter fay, the hath
often dreamt of vnhappyffes, and waket her felfe with
laughing.
Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell a of husband.
Leonato. O, by no meane, shee mocks all her wooers
out of fale.
Prince. The were an excellent wife for Benedick.
Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke
married,
married, they would talk themselves made.

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meanes you goe to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, time goes on crutches, till Loue have all his rites.

Leonato. Not till today, my deare fonne, which is hence a luft feuernight, and a time too briefe, too have all things anerfinde.

Prince. Come, you flake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, undertake one of Her- cules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, thone with th’other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fusilion, if you thee will minifter such affi-

 Pawe as I shall glue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prim. And you to gentle Hero?

Her. I will doe any modest office,my Lord, to helpe my cofin to a good husband.

Prim. And Benedick is not the vnhopefulllest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble saine, of approved valour, and confirmd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cofin, that shee shall fall in loue with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will so profifle on Benedick, that in defpite of his quicke wit, and his queanie stomacke, shee shall fall in loue with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. Exit.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice.

Isb. It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daugh-
ter of Leonato.

Bona. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

Isb. Any barre, any crofe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sick in dilettuere to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bona. Not honestly my Lord, but so courtely, that no difhonesty shall appear in me.

Isb. Shew me bredefly how.

Bona. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere hence, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentle-

woman to Hero.

Isb. I remember.

Bona. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Isb. What life is in that, to be the death of this mar-
riage?

Bona. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, parte not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose affimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated flafe, such a one as Hero.

Isb. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bona. Proofe enough, to mislike the Prince, to vnde Claudio, to vnlove Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for an-
other illuse.

Isb. Oneyly to defpight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bona. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of a sole both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match,) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cofen’d with the semblance of a maid, that you haue difcouver’d thuthy will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them infinaces which shall beare no leffe likelihood, than to fee mee at her chamber window, hence mee call Margaret, Hero; hence Margaret term me Claudio, and bring them to fee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meanes time, I will fo fusilion the matter, that Hero shall be abient, and there shall appear such seeming truths of Heroes dilhonesty, that Leonato shall be call’d assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrown.

Bona. Grow this to what aduerce issue it can, I will put it in practive: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bona. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cuning (hall not blame mee.

Isb. I will preferntlie goe learne their day of marri-
age.

Exit.

Enter Benedick alone.

Bona. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bona. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hithe to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir.

Exit.

Bona. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fooloe, when he devides his behavious to loue, will after hee hath laught at such foolish follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorn, by falling in loue, & such a man is Claudio, I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fire, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would haue walkd ten mile afoot, to fee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fusilion of a new dub-
let: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpoe (like an honest man & a foulider) and now is he turn’d ortho-
graphy, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, sait so many strange difies: may I be fo converted, & fee with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee fwise, but loue may transforme me to an olyster, but Ie take my oaths on it, till he haue made an olyster of me, he shall never make me such a fooloe: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wife,yet I am well: another virtu-
ous, 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 lie none: vertuous,or lie ne-
uer cheape her: faire, or Ie never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discoure: an excellent Mufitian, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monfieur Louis, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson.

Prin. Come,shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how stille the evening is,

As hurth on purpoe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where Benedick bath hid himselfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord: the musick ended, We’ll fit the kid-foxes with a penny worth.

Prince. Comesaltatorial,ye’ll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not to bid a voyce,

To fander musickie any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse fill of excellency,

To
Much ado about Nothing.

To slander Musicke any more then once.  
Princ. It is the witnesse still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,  
I pray thee sing, and let me wooe no more.  
Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,  
Since many a woode doth commene his suit,  
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,  
Yet will he fweare he loues.  
Princ. Nay pray thee come,  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Doe it in notes.  
Balth. Note this before my notes,  
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
Princ. Why there are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Note notes foroath, and nothing.

Ben. Now divine sire, now is his foule rault, is it not strange that sheepe guts shoulde foules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when alls done.

The Song.

Sing no more Ladies, sing no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One finte in Sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant neuer,  
Then sigh not fo, but let them gas,  
And be you kisse and kenne,  
Converting all your founds of woe,  
Into boy nony nony.

Sing no more dittyes, sing no more,  
Of dumpes so dull and beaute,  
The fraud of men were ever fo,  
Since summer fyrth was leaute,  
Then sigh not fo, &c.

Princ. By my troth a good song.  
Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.  
Princ. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that shoulde haue howled thus, they would haue hang'd hym, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mishike, I had as litle haued heard the night-rauen, come what plague haue com after it.

Princ. Yea marry, doth thou heare Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick : for to morrow night we will haue ane at the Lady Hero chamber window.  
Balth. The beef I can, my Lord.  
Exit Balthasar.

Princ. Do fo, farewel. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?
Cia. O I, talke on, talke on, the foule sin. I did never thinke that Lady would haue loved any man.

Ben. No, nor I neither, but most wonderfull, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours feemeuer euene to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? is't the windie in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinkne of it, but that she loues him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Princ. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leo. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came fo neere the life of passion as he discovered it.

Princ. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Balte the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leo. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene Invincible against all afflaments.
Leo. I would haue sworn it had, my Lord, especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the whitebearded fellow speakes it: knavey cannot sure hide himself in such reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane this infection, hold it vp.

Princ. Hath shee made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and shewes he never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter faies: shall I, faies she, that haue so oft encountered him with scornes, write to him that I love him?
Leo. This faies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for she'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will she fit in her smockes, till she write a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Claud. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer, she found Benedick and Beatrice betwixt the sheete.

Claud. That.

Leo. O the tere the letter into a thousand halfeines, ralld at her self, that she should be so immobile to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, faies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee write to me, yea though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes, sobes, bestes her heart, tears her hayres, prays, curset, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the extase hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is fortime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worde.

Prin. And he shoulde, it were an almes to hang him, there's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all fulspition,) she is vertuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wife.

Princ. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leo. O my Lord, wifedome and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one,that blood hath the victorie, I am forry for her, as I haue hearde cause, being her Vnclle, and her Guardian.

Princ. I would shee had befowled this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her halfe my felle: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will fay.

Leo. Were it good thinke you?

Claud. Hero thinkes sorely the wil die, for she faies she will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere she make her loue knowne, and she will die if shee woor her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crofnesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she shoulde make tender of her loue,
loue, 'tis very possible he'll scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemplative spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Clau. 'Tis true God, and in my minde very wife.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Heuer, I affure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wife, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must neceffarie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with fear and trembling.

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, however it seemes not in him, by some large leafts hee will make: well, I am forry for your niece, shall we goo see Benedick, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her wearie it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will hearie further of it by your daught-er, let it coole the while, I loue Benedicke well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to fee hauing in him he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he doe not doat on vpon this, I will never truft my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the name Spred for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlemewan 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 meerely a dumble shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Exit.

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was fadly borne, they have the truth of this from Hero, they feeme to pitie the Lady: it seemes her affections have the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am cenfur'd, they say I will bære my felfe prouided, if I perceive the loue come from her: they say too, that shee will rather die than goo any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not feeme prouid, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can bære them witnessse: and veruuous, tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my truth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance have some odde quirkes and reminants of witte broken on mee, becaus I haue railld so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and censures, and these paper bullets of the braineawe a man from the careare of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I saide I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, there's a faire Lady, I doe fine some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paynes.

Beat. I tooke no more paynes for those thankes, then you take paynes to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the meaffe.

Beat. Yea lift fo much as you may take upon a knifes point, and choake a daw withall: you have no Romacke signlor, fare you well.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paynes for those thankes then you tooke paynes to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paynes that I take for you is as calde as thankes: if I do not take pity of her I am a villain, if I do not loue her I am a lew, I will goe get her picture.

Enter Hero and two Gentleman, Margaret, and Vrjula.

Here. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour, there shalt thou finde my Cofin Beatrice,
Proposing with the Prince and Claudius,
Whisper her care, and sett her in and Vrjula,
Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleased bower,
Where hony-fuckles ripened by the funne,
Forbid the funne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes,that advance their pride,
Against that power that bred is,there will she hide her,
To liften our purpofe, this is thy office,
Besee thee well in it, andleave vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Here. Now Vrjula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talee muft onely be of Benedickes,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praffle him more then euier man did merit,
My tale to thee muft be how Benedick is ficken in love with Beatrice: of this matter,
Is little Cupids crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-fay now begin,
Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing-runs,
Clape by the ground, to heare our conference.
Vrj. The pleasant'th angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the faluer streame,
And greedily dewoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for Beatrice, who eu'n now,
Is couched in the wood-bine concerte,
Faire you not my part of the Dialogue.

Here. Then we neare her that her care loofe nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely Vrjula, she is too difdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggers of the rocks.

Vrjula. But are you sure,
That Benedickes loves Beatrice so intirly?
Here. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.
Vrj. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Here. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I peruaide them, if they lovd Benedick.

K
Much ado about Nothing.

To with him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Frjula. Why did you so? doth not the Gentleman
defere as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Her. O God of love! I know he doth defere,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of proverbe'thuse then that of Beatrice:
Difaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mid-prizing what they look on,
And her wit
Values it selfo so highly, that to her
All matter else femes weake: she cannot lose,
Nor take no shape nor procect of affection,
Shee is so fefte incearde.

Frjula. Sure I think it so,
And therefore certainly it was not good
She knew his love, left she make sport at it.

Her. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wife, how noble, young, how rarely fear'd a.
But were I to tell him what I knew
She would swear the gentleman should be her fitter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vilifie cut:
If speaking, why a vaine blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moud with none,
So turnes the euym the man the wrong side out,
And neuer glues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplefesse and merit purchaseth.

Frj. Sure, sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Her. No, not to be fo odde, and from all fashions, As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her fo? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into a'ye, O shee would laugh me Out of my felfe, precise me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like covered fire,
Confame away in fighthes, waffe inwardly:
It was a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Frj. Yet tell her of it, heare what thee will say.
Her. No, rather I will goe to Benedick,
And counthelle him to fight against his falcon,
And truly Ie deule some honest flanders,
To flaine my coyn with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impofion likingen.

Frj. O doe not doe your coyn such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgment, Having fo swift and excellent a wit
As hee is pride to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedick,

Her. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare Claudia,
Frj. I pray you be not angry with mee, Madame,
Speaking my fantasy? Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes fomfort in report through Italy.

Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Frj. His excellence did earne it ere he had it.
When are you married Madame?

Her. Why euer day to morrow, come goe in,
Ie faw thee some attires, and have thy counthell,
Which is the beft to furnish me to morrow.

Frj. She's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?
Her. If it proue fo, then louing goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.
Exit.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares! can this be true?
Stand I commend'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farlewell, and maideen prides, adew,
No glory lues behind the bucke of fuch.
And Benedick, love on, I will require thee,
Taming my wide heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doft loue, my kindeneff shall incite thee
To binde our louses wp in a holy band.
For others sty thou doft defere, and I
Receaze it better then reportingly.
Exit.

Enter Prince, Claudius, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but flay till your marriage be confirmate, and then goe I toward Arragon.

Claus. He bring you thither your Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new gloffe of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will oneely bee bold with Benedick, to chuse a dauncie, for from the crowne of his head, to the fole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupids bow-fringe, and the little hang-man dare not flout at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So faie I, methinks you are fadder.

Claus. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be fad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claus. You must hang it ifft, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What figh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. What is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euer one cannot matter a griefe, but hee that has it.

Claus. Yet faie I, he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancy in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange difguifes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appears hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Claus. If he be not in loue with some vvwman, there is no beholding old signes, a bruishe his hat a mornings, What shoulde that bode?

Prin. Hath any man scene him at the Barbers?

Claus. No, but the Barbers man hath beene feen with him, and the olde ornament of his checke hath alreadie fhaft tennis balls.

Leo. Indeed he looks youner then hee did, by the loffe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himfelfe vvith Cluit, can you fimmle him out by that?

Claus. That's as much as to faie, the sweet youths in loue.

Prin. The greatenote of it is his melancholy.

Claus. And when was he vronto to vvash his face?

Prin. Yes, or to paint himfelfe? for the which I hearre what they fay of him.

Claus. Nay, but his lefting spirits, wvich is now crept into a lute dring and now govern'd by fops.

Prince.
Much ado about Nothing.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.
Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.
Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.
Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite 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 fignior, walk ye strife with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.
Prin. For my life to break with him about Beatrice.
Clau. 'Tis even so, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Watcher.
Baff. My Lord and brother, God faue you.
Prin. Good den brother.
Baff. If your leisure fer'd, I would speak with you.
Prince. In private.
Prin. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speake of concerns him.
Prin. What's the matter?
Baff. Means ye your Lordship to be married to morrow?
Prin. You know he does.
Baff. I know not that when he knows what I know.
Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
Baff. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter; and seem better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think he holds you well, and in dearest of heart) hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: sureely futile ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.
Prin. Why, what's the matter?
Baff. Means ye your Lordship to be married to morrow?
Lady. Is he your Hero?
Baff. Even she, Leonatus Hero, your Hero, every mans Hero.
Clau. Dilloyall?
Baff. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say the were worse, think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall fee her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you loose her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your mind.
Claud. May this be so?
Prince. I will not think it.
Baff. If you dare not truit that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.
Clau. If I see any thing to night, why should I not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.
Prin. And as I woed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyn with thee to disgrace her.
Baff. I will dispesse her no farther, till you are my witnesse, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.
Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief estranged thwarting!
Baffard. O plague right well presented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequel.

Exit.

Enter Dogberry and his companion with the watch.
Dog. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Ye, or else it were piteous but they should suffer salvation body and soule.
Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.
Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.
Dog. First, who think you the most desartlefe man to be Confitable?
Watch. 1. Hugh Oke-cake sir, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and read.
Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.
Watch. 2. Both which Master Conitable
Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour sir, why glue God thankes, & make no boaste of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought here to be the most senflefe and fit man for the Conitable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.
Watch. 2. How if a will not stand?
Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and pretendly call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are ridde of a knave.
Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subiects.
Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talkes, is most tolerable, and not to be inured.
Watch. We will rather fliepe than talkes, wee know what belongs to a Watch.
Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how cleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not fione: well, you are to call at all the Allehoueset, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.
Watch. How if they will not?
Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.
Watch. Well sir.
Dogb. If you meet a thiefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kindes of men, the least you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.
Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.
Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be deflied: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thiefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and fleaze out of your company.
Verg. You have bin alwaies cal'd a merciful man partner.
Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath ane honesty in him.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Verger. If you heare a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her fill it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear you?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it bies, will never anwer a calf when he bleates.

Verger. 'Tis true very.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you confable are to prevent the Princes owne perfon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may stale him.

Verger. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Flue billings to one on't with anie man that knows the Statues, he may stale him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to flay a man against his will.

Verger. Birladie I thinke it be fo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well matters good night, and there be many matters of what a deare, call vp me, keep your fellows confalues, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well matters, we heare our charge, let vs go fit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Lomatius doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Basilio and Conrade.

Ber. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, fir not.

Ber. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Ber. Mas and my elbow itch, I thought there would a cabbie follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Ber. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it drippes raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason matters, yet stand close.

Ber. Therefore know, I have earned of Don Iohn a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanous should be so deare?

Ber. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible anie should be so rich for when rich villains have neede of prore ones, prore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Ber. That shewes thou art vnconfirmed, thou knowest that the fashions of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Ber. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Ber. Truth, I may as well say the fowle's the fowle, but seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vil. yeare, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Ber. Didst thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, was the vaine on the house.

Ber. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thief this fashion is; how giddily a turns about all the Hot-
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heuerier soone, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed ?

Marga. Of what Lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? is not your Lord honourable without marriage ? I think you would have me fay, saving your reverence a husband : and bad thinking do not wreft true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the hauing for a husband ? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady Beatrice elfe, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet Hero.

Hero. Why how now ? do you speake in the fick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinks.

Hero. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you fong it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alowe with your heele, then if your hauing faire enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no bernes.

Hero. No illegitimate construction ! I forne that with my heele.

Beat. 'Tis almoft flue a clocke cohn, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a howke, a horfe, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more faying by the flarre.

Beat. What means the foole tow ?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloues the Count fent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am flue cohn, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and fluff ! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profytt apprehension ?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Beat. It is not feene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am fickle.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd cordeus beneiticus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickt her with a thiffell.

Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus ? you have some morall in this benedictus.

Mar. Monall ? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiffell, you may thinkke per-chance that I thinkke you are in loose, nay birauly I am not such a foole to thinke what I lift, nor lift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loose, or that you will be in loose, or that you can be in loose ; yet Benedictus was fuch another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would never marry, and yet now in deplot of his heart he estees his meat without guerdging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eyes at other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepeas.

Mar. Not a faie gallop.

Enter Verges.

Verg. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior Benedick, Don Iohn, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Haue help to dreffe mee good coze, good Madam, good Verges.

Enter Leonato, and the Confiable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour ?

Conf. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that descerns you nearly.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a bufe time with me.

Conf. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Head. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends ?

Conf. Dog. Goodman Verges sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not fo blunt, as God helpe I would defire they were, but infall honest as the skin between his brownes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter then I.

Conf. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, paleras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Conf. Dog. It pleases your woraship to fay fo, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finte in my heart to bellow it all of your woraship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah !

Conf. Dog. Yes, and I'vre a thousand times more than this, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to fay.

Head. Marry sir, our watch to night, excepting your worships prefence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Meffina.

Conf. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they faie, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to fee : well fiid yfaith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horfe, one must ride behinde, an honest foule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshipfull, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.


Leon. I must leave you.

Conf. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprehended two affidious perfons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it mee, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Conf. It shall be suffigence.

(Exit.)

Leon. Drinkke some wine ere you goe : fare you well.

Meffing. My Lord, they fay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dog. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Swinge, bid him bring his pen and inkborne to the Gaole : we are now to examine thofe men.

Verges. And we must doe it wifely.

Dog. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you :
Enter Prince, Ballard, Leonato, Frier, Claudia, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Frie. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.
Cla. No.
Lez. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.
Frie. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.
Hero. I do.
Frie. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be coniyned, I charge you on your foules to viter it.

Claud. Know you anie, Hero?
Hero. None my Lord.

Frie. Know you anie, Count?
Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Cla. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interjections! why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Claud. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave, Will you with free and uncontrained foule Glue me this maid your daughter?
Leon. As freely fonne as God did glue her me.

Claud. And what haue I to glue you back, whose worth May counterpoife this rich and precious gift?

Princ. Nothing, vnlecce you render her agonie.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Guis not this rotten Orange to your friend,
Shes but the figne and feeme of her honour:
Behold how like a maid the blusses heere!
O what authority and fiew of truth
Can cunning finne cover it felle withall!
Comes not that blood, as modift euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not fware
All you that fee her, that the were a made,
By thefe exterior fiewes? but she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is gulltineffe, not modelife.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my foule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne profe,
Have vanquished the refillance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

Claud. I know what you would fay: if I have knowne
You will fay, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And fo extenuate the forehand finne: No Leonato,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his fitter, theved
Baffullencitie and comely lone.

Hero. And feme'd I euer otherwife to you?
Much ado about Nothing.

Bea. How now cousin Hero?
Fri. Have comfort, Ladie.
Leon. Dost thou look vp?
Fri. Yea, wherefore should he not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why dost not every earthly thing
Cry flame upon her? Could the heere denie
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not like Hero, do not one chine eyes:
For did I think thee wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy flames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproches
Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was thou louelie in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars life at my gates,
Who fastned thus, and med'd with infamous, I
Might haue saied, no part of it is mine:
This flam' deriu'd it selfe from unknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why thee, O she is false
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane again,
And felt too little, which may seafon guie
To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, fie, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.
Bea. O on my soule my coyn is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?
Bea. No truly: not although untill last night,
I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her fouleness,
Wast'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Hearre me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so
long, and gien way vnto this course of fortune, by no-
ting of the Ladie, I haue marke.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent flames,
In Angel whiteneffe heare away those blusses,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that thefe Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Tru't not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seiel doth warrant
The tenure of my bookes: trust not my age;
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinity,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guildeffe heere,
Vnder some bitting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
That all the once that the hath left,
Is, that the wil not add to her damnation,
A finne of perjury, she not denie it:
Why seek'll thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakendesse?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Her. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modelfe doth warrant,
Let all my finnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me conuerst,

At hours vymeete, or that I yefternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be mislaid in this:
The prouidence of it liues in Leon the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: if they wrong her honour,
The prouedest of them shall wel hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age to eate vp my inventhon,
Nor Fortune made such hauccke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, a wake'd in fuch a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meenes, and choyle of friends,
To quie me of them throughly.

Fri. Paufe a while:
And let my counsell fway you in this cafe,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she's dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning overtrau'tment,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournefull Epithaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a burriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carri'd, shall on her behalfe,
Change flander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trau'ling looke for greater birth:
She dyeing, as it must be fo maintain'd,
Vpon the infant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it fo falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that poftification would not flew vs
Whiles it was ours, fo will it fare with Claudio:
When he shal heare the dyed vpon his words,
Th' Idee of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his fludy of imagination,
And evry lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habite:
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and profpe't of his soule
Then when the lid's indeed: then shal he mourne,
If euer Loue had intercept in his Loure,
And with he had not so accused her
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but frustrate
Wil fashion the easent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe with such like hold;
But if all syne but this be lusel'd fale,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it fort not well,you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputacion,
In some recluswe and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries.

Ben. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardness and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio.

Yet
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As secretly and slyly, as your soul
Should with your bodie.

Beat. Princes and Counties I surelie a Princely testimon-y
A goodly Count, Comely, a sweet Gallant sure-lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is me-tting into curises, valour into complement, and men are once in the tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wailing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Beat. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I love thee.

Beatrice. Vfe it for my love some other way then swear-ing by it. Bended. Think you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Here?

Beat. Yet, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Beatrice. Enough, I am engage, I will challenge him, I will kife your hand, and so leave you: by this hand Claudi shall render me a deere account: as you hear of me, so think of me: I doe comfort your cooin, I must lay the dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerk in gownes.

Keppe. Is our whole diffemibly appear'd?

Cewley. O a boole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sixton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cewley. Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition to examine.

Sixton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-amined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yes marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours fir.

Com. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Coradre.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman Coradre, master, doe you serue God: masters, it is proved alreade that you are little better than falle knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought so shortly, how anwer you for your offences?

Com. Master sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvoules witty fellow I affure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither fir, a word in your ear sir, I say to you, it is thought you are falle knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-cusers.

Kemp. Yes marry, that's the effect way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said fir, that Don John the Princes brother was a villain.

Kemp. Write down, Prince John a villain: why this is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villain.

Bora. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thousand Du-kates of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrong-fully.
Enter Leontes and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, and 'tis not wise to doe thus to second griefe, against your selfe.

Leom. I pray thee cease thy counsafe, which falls into mine ears as profane, as water in a fume: give not me counsafe, nor let me comfort delight mine ears, but such a one whole wrongs doth fite with mine. Bring me a father that fo lou'd his child, whose joy of her is over-welmed like mine, and bid him speake of patience, measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, and let it anwere every braine for braine, as thus for thus, and such a grief for such, in every lineament, branch, shape and forme: if such a one will smile and froke his heard, and forrow, wagg, cry him, when he should grone, patch griefe with pover, make misfortune drunke, with candle-waters: bring him yet to me, and I of him will gather patience: but there is no such man, for brother, men can counsafe, and speake comfort to that griefe, which they themselves not feel, but feting it, their counsafe turns to paffion, which before, would glue preceptissi medicine to rage, fretter strong madness in a filkene thred, harme ache with ayre, and agony with words, no, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience to thole that wring vnder the load of sorrow: but no mans vertue nor sufficiency to be fo morall, when he shall endure the like himselfe: there fore glue me no counsafe, my griefs cry lowder then aduentement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leom. I pray thee peace, I will be feels and bles, for there was never yet Philosophers, that could endure the toole-sake patiently, how euer they have writ the file of gods, and made a push at chance and sufferance. Broth. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your felse, make thole that doe bend you, suffer too. Leom. There thou speake'rt reaon, nay I will doe so, my foule doth tell me, here is beleved, and that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince, and all of them that thus diholour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio. 

Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haftily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leom. Hear ye my Lords?

Prin. We have some haft Leomens.

Leom. Some haft my Lord? well, fareyouwel my Lord, are you so haftly now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling, some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leom. Marry y' doft wrong me, thou diffembler, thou, Nay, never lay thy hand vpon thy sword, I feare thee not.

Claud. Mary befhrow my hand, if it should give your age such cause of fear, Inflath my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leom. Tush, tush, man, never feare nor left at me, I speake not like a dotard, nor a fool, as vnder prunelude of age to bragge, What i have done byeng, or what would doe, Were not old, know Claudio to thy head, Thou haft so wrong'd my innocent child and me, that I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, and with grey haires and bruife of many daies, doe challenge thee to triall of a man, I lay thou haft belied mine innocent child, thy flander hath gone through and through her heart, and the ies buried with her ancestor: O in a tome where neuer scandall flept, Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leom. Thine Claudio, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leom. My Lord, my Lord, Ile proue it on his body if he dare, Delight his nice fence, and his aduis prelife, His Maie of youth, and bloom of lufhlood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leom. Canst thou so daufe me? haft haft kill my child, if thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Brot. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed, but that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Actus Quintus.
Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, lie whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my necce,
And she is dead, flander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a ferpent by the tongue.

Boy espress, braggarts, I ackes, milke-fops.

Leon. Brother Antonio.

Bro. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmoff scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and fount, deprave, and flander,
Goe antiquely, and thou outward hidiousness,
And speake of half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother Antonio.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is forry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooffs.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Pri. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedick.

Les. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of us will fmarit for it.

Pri. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now fignior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Pri. Welcome fignior, you are almoft come to part
almoft a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our two noxes snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leone and his brother, what think'thout had wee fought, I doubt we should have beene yong for them.

Ben. In a fift quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clau. We have beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high proofes melancholy, and would faine have it
beaten away, witt thou wt ye witt?

Ben. It is in my feabearb, Ihall I draw it?

Pri. Dost thou weare thy witt by thy fide?

Clau. Neuer any did fo, though verie many have beene
beside their witt, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the
minfrel, draw to pleafure vs.

Pri. As I am an honnef man he lookes pale, art thou
ticks, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kill'd a
cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I hall meete your wit in the careeree, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chufe another subiect.

Clau. Nay then give him another sallie, this laft was
broke croffe.

Pri. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his giddle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Clau. God bife me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I left not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protest your cowardice: you have
kill'd a fairete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on you,
let me answere from you.

Clau. Well, I will meets thee, so I may haue good
answere.

Pri. What, a staff, a ftaff?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I do not care mouf cu-
riously, lay my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easly.

Pri. Ile tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy witt the
other day: I faid thou had a fintrue fakes fhee, a fine
little one: no faid I, a great witt; right fakes fhee, a great
groffe one: fay faid I, a good witt; but faid fhee, it hurts
no body: fay faid I, the gentleman is wife: certain faid
fhee, a wife gentleman: fay faid I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleue faid fhee, for hee fware a thing to me on
munday night, which he forfwore on tuesfday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
fhee in howre together tranf-shape thy particular ver-
tues, yet at laft she concluded with a figh, thou wait the
proppr man in Italie.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and faid fhe
card not.

Pri. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if fhee
did not hate him deadlie, fhee would love him dearly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God faw him when
he was hid in the garden.

Pri. But when shall we fet the favage Bulls horns on
the fenfible Benedicks head?

Clau. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells Bene-
dicke the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leave you now to your goffip-lik humors, you breake
lefs as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-
full hurst not: my Lord, for your manie courteties I thank
you, I must difcontinue your company, your brother
the Esafard is fled from Messina: you have among you,
kill'd a fweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacks-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Pri. He is in earneft.

Clau. In moil profound earneft, and Ile warrant you,
for the lone of Beatrice.

Pri. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Mofh fincerly.

Pri. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hofe, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Docthor to such a man.

Pri. But foff you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
be fad, did he not fay my brother was feld?

Con. Come you sir, if inuifce cannot tame you, thee
shall here weig more reaons in her balance, nay, and
you be a curing hypocrite once, you must be looke to.

Pri. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Bo-
racchio one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Pri. Officers, what offence have thefe men done?

Con. Marrie
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Marrie sir, they have committed false report,
moreover they have spoken vntruths, secondayly
they are flanders, first and lastly, they have belyed a Ladie,
thirdly, they have verified vniust things, and to conclude
they are lying knaves.

Prin. Firft I ask thee what they have done, thridle
I ask thee what's their offence, first and lastly why they
are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their
charge.

Clau. Rightlie reafoned, and in his owne diuision, and
by my truth there's one meaning vvvell fatted.

Prin. Who have you offended madam, that you are
thus bound to your anfwer? this learned Contable is too
cunning to be vnderfoold, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine an-
fwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee? I
have deed enorie of your noble nie; what your wife-
domes could not dilouer, these shallow fooles have
brought to light, who in the night overheard me con-
feffing to this man, how Don John your brother incenfed me
to flander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought into
the Orchard, and faw me court Margaret in Heroes
garments, how you dignifed her when you should
marrie her: my villainie they haue vpon record, which
I had rather feale with my death, than repeate ouer to
my fame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters
false accuation: and brefeilie, I define nothing but the
reward of a villain.

Prin. Runs not this fppech lie yron through your
blood?

Clau. I haue drunke poifon whiles he vtted it.

Prin. But did my Brother fet thee on to this? 

Bor. Yes, and paid me richly for the prafite of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of teachertie,
And flid he is vpon this villainie.

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare femeblance that I loud it firft.

Conf. Come, bring away the fpftiffies,by this time
our Section hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter:
and matters, do not forget to fixepiche when time & place
shall ferue, that I am an Agit.

Con. a. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and
the Section too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villainie? let me fee his cies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoide him: which of thefe is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronges, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thoe the fpake that with thy breath
haft kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yes, eu'n I alone.

Leon. No, no to villainie, thou belief thy felie,
Have drunke poifon of thy noble fons.
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthe decees,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to praye your patience,
Yet I muft speake, choofe your reuenge you felie,
Impofe me to what penance your intention
Can lay vpon my finne, yet finne'd I not,
But in miflaking.

Prin. By my foule nor I,
And yet to finde this good old man,
I wou'd bend vnder anie heauie vweight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter blue,
That were impossible, but I praye you both,
Poliffe the people in Muffine here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in fad intention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And fing it to her bones, fing it to night :
To morrow morning come you to my houfe,
And if you could not be my fonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoft the cople of my childe that's dead,
And she alone is helre to both of vs,
Glue her the right you fhould giue in her cofin,
And fo dies my reuenue.

Clau. O noble Sir! 
Your ouerkindneffe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and difpoce
For henceforth of poore Claude.

Leon. To morrow then I will efpext your comming,
To night I take my leauo, this naughtie man
Shall fake to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleuue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my foule the was not,
Nor knew not what he did when the spoke to me,
But always hath bin luft and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover fir, which indeeude is not vnder white
and black, this fpitate here, the offendour did call mee
afie, I befeech you let it be remembered in his punish-
ment, and also the vwatch heard them talke of one Deform-
ed, they lay he weares a keynie his cure and a lock
hang-
ing by it, and borowes monie in Gods name, the which
he hath w'd fo long, and neuer pailed, that now men grow
hard harted and will lend nothing for Gods fake: praise
you examine him vpont that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Conf. Your vvorship fpakes like a moft thankfull
and reuerend youth, and I praiue God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conf. God fawe the foundation.

Leon. Go, I difcharge thee of thy prifones, and I
thanke thee.

Conf. I leave an arrant knawe vwith your vworship,
which I befeech your vworship to correct thy felie, for
the ex ample of others: God keepe your vworship, I
with your vworship vwell, God refoure you to health,
I humble you to leuue to denart, and if a mer-
rie meeting may be wift, God prohibite it: come
neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to mor-
row.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night Ie mourne with Hero.

Leon. Bring you thofe fellows on, weel talke vwith
Margaret, how her acquaintance grew vwith this lewd
fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedigie and Margaret.

Ben. Praye thee fweete Miffis Margaret, deferie
vwell at my hands, by helping mee to the fppech of Be-
trice.

Mar. Will
Much ado about Nothing.

Marc. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Beat. In so high a style Margaret, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Marc. To have no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies kepe belowe flaires?

Beat. Thy wit is as quickie as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Marc. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Beat. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I give thee the bucklers.

Marc. Give vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Beat. If you vfe them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Marc. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legges.

Exit Margaret.

Marc. And therefore will come. The God of loue that fits above, andknowes me, and knows me, how pitiful I defende. I meane in finging, but in loving. Lean, the good fwinmer, Troilous the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the eu-uen rode of a blanke verde, why they were never so true-ly turned ouer and ouer as my poore felfe in loue: marrie I cannot owre it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but baby, an innocent rime: for sorne, horne, a hard time: for schoole fule, a babling time: verie ominous endings, so, I was not borne under a ri-ming Planett, for I cannot wooe in poetical terms:

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Wouldst thou come when I cal'd thee?

Marc. Yes Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Marc. O flay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare ye well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath passe betweene you and Claudius.

Beat. One by foule words, and therupon I will kiffe thee.

Beat. Foulle words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is no faire, therefore I will depart vs kit.

Beat. Thou haft righted the word out of his right fonce, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, Claudius undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a flate of cuill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first fuffer loue for me?

Beat. Suffer loue! a good epithete, I do fuffer loue indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight for my fake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never loue that which my friend hates.

Beat. Thou and I are too wise to woole peaceable.

Beat. It appears not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentieth that will praise himselfe.

Beat. An old, an old infance Beatrice, that liued in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not ered in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bel's ring, & the Widow wepe.

Beat. And how long is that thynke you?

Beat. Queffion, why an hower in clamour and a quar-ter in rhemwe, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his confience) finde no impediment to the contrare, to be the trumpet of his owne verses, as I am to my felfe so much for praifying my felfe, who I my felfe will haue winifles is praine worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Beat. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Beat. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in halfe.

Prs. Madam, you must come to your Vnce, youn-der old coife at home, it is proved my Ladie He-re hath bin falifelle accufle, the Prince and Claudius mightbelle abufe, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come prefentlie?

Beat. Will you goe heare this newes Signior?

Beat. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be burried in thy clies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vnces.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudius, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claus. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by flanders tongue,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guardion of her wrongs,
Giers her fame which never dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorius fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praifing her whom I am diuine.

Claus. Now muffle found & ting your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon godfifhe of the night,
Those that flew by virgins knight,
For the which with songs of vone,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight affift our mune, helpe us to figh and groan.
Heavenly, beamy.
Graves yarne and yelds your dead,
Till death be wittered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

(two right)

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeereely will I do

Prin. Good morrow maisters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day Before the whelles of Phoebus, round about
Dappes the drowsie Eaft with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leasse vs, fare you well.

Claus. Good morrow maisters, each his feueral way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonato we will goe.

Claus. And Hymen now with bucklier issue speedes.

Then
Then thus for whom we rendred vp this wo. Exeunt.
Enter Leonato,Bene. Marg. Virsula,old man, Frier, Hero, Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent? Leo. So are the Prince and Claudia who accus'd her, Vpon the error that you heard debated: But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although againft her will as it appears, In the true course of all the question. Old. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well. Bene. And so am I, being eile by faith enforc'd To call young Claudia to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter,and you gentelwomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your selues, And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd: The Prince and Claudia promis'd by this howre To visit you, you know your office Brother, You must be father to your brother daughter, And give her to young Claudia. Exeunt Ladies. Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance. Bene. Frier, I must intrest your paines, I thynke. Frier. To doe what Signior? Bene. To binde me, or vendee me, one of them: Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior, Your neece regards me with an eye of favoure. Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true. Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her. Leo. The light whereof I thynke you had from me, From Claudia,and the Prince, but what's your will? Bene. Your answer fir is Enigmatical, But for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conldoy, In the state of honourable marriage, In which(good Frie) I shall defire your helpe. Leon. My heart is with your liking. Frier. And my helpe. Enter Prince and Claudia, with attendants. Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly. Leo. Good morrow Prince,good morrow Claudia : We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter ? Claudia. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope. Leo. Call her forth brother,heres the Frier resdy. Prin. Good morrow Benedice,why this is what's the matter? That you have such a February face. So ful of frost,of storme,and coldwine. Claudia. I thynke he thinks vpon the fause bull : Thuffs, feare not man,we'll tip thy horses with gold, And all Europa shall relyose at thee, As once Eriopa did at Charlemain. When he would play the noble beast in love. Bene. Bull louse fir, he had an amiable low, And some fuch frange bull leapt your fathers Cow, A got a Calfe in that fame noble fleete, Much like to you, for you have iut his blate. Enter brother,Hero,Beatrice,Margarit,Virsula. Clau. For this I owe her here comes other rechings. Which is the Lady I must feele vpon ? Leo. This fame is she, and I doe glue you her. Clau. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face. Leon. No that you shall nee till you take her hand, Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her. Clau. Glue me your hand before this holy Frier, I am your husband if you like of me. Hero. And when I li'd I was your other wife, And when you li'd I was your other husband. Clau. Another Hero? Hero. Nothing certiner. One Hero died, but I doe liue, And surely as I liue, I am a maid. Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead. Leon. Shew diied my Lord, but whiles her flander liu'd. Frier. All this amazement can I quallifie, When after that the holy rites are ended, Ile tell you largely of fake Heroes death : Meane time let wonder teeme familiar, And to the chappell let vs preffently. Bene. Soft and faire Frier,which is Beatrice? Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will ? Bene. Doe not you loue me? Beat. Why no, no more then reafton. Bene. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & Clau- dia, have beene deceiued, they loued you did. Beat. Doe not you loue mee? Bene. Troth no, no more then reafton. Beat. Why then my Cofin Margaret and Virsula Are much deceiued,fors they did sweare you did. Bene. They sweare you were almof t ficker to me. Beat. They sweare you were wel-eye dead for me. Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me? Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence. Leon. Come Cofin, I am sure you loue the gentem. Clau. And lie be fworne vp'n, that he loues her, For heres a paper written in his hand. A halting fanett of his owne pure braine, Fashioned to Beatrice. Hero. And heere another, Writ in my cofins hand, fille in her pocket, Containing her affeccion vnto Benedick. Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pitie. Beat. I would not denye you, but by this good day, I yeold vpon great perifhacion, & partly to fave your life, for I was told, you were in a confumption. Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth. Prin. How doth thou Benedick the married man ? Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince : a College of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my hummery, doft thou think I care for a sonet or an Epigram ? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall wearable nothing handfome about him : in briefe, since I do purpofe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpofe that the world can fay gainft it, and therefore never flout at me, for I haue faid againt it : for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con- clusion : for thy part Claudio, I do thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinman, lie vn- brull'd, and loue my couln. Clau. I had well hop'd ye would have denied Beatrice, I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy finge life, to make thee a double delicer, which out of queftion thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee. Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lightten our own hearts, and our viles heales. Leon. We'll haue dancing afterward. Bene. First, of my vord, therfore play musick. Prince, thou art fad, get thee a vife, get thee a vife, there is no stuff more reuerent then one fipt with horn. Enter Mf. Mejfen. My Lord,your brother John is inue in flight, And brought with armed men becke to Miffinne. Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deale thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. Dance.

FINIS.
Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Beroune, Longauill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

That endeavours, that all hunt after in their lives, Lust requir'd upon our broken Tombs, 
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death: 
When sight of corrompt doth ouer Time, 
The endeavour of this present breath may buy: 
That honour which shall bate his Rythes keen edge, 
And make vs heare of all eternities. 
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are, 
That warre against your owne affections, 
And the huge Armie of the worldes desire. 
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force, 
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world. 
Our Court shal be a little Achademe, 
Sell and contemplative in living Art. 
You three, Beroune, Dumaine, and Longauill, 
Have sworn for these yeeres terme, to live with me: 
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes 
That are recorded in this Jedule here. 
Your oathes are pitifully subscrib'd now your names, 
That his owne hand may striking his honour downe, 
That violates the smallest branch herein: 
If you are arm'd to bee, as sworn to do, 
Subscribe to your depe oaths, and keepe it to. 
Longauill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faft: 
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine, 
Fat paunches haue leave pates: and dainty bits, 
Make rich the ribs, but bale out the wins. 
Dumaine. My loving Lord, Dumaine is mortified, 
The groser manner of these worlds delights, 
He throwes upon the groffe worlds bafer flaues: 
To lose, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die, 
With all these living in Philosophie. 
Beroune. I can but say their protestation ouer, 
So much, deare Liege, I have already sworn, 
That is, to live and fludy heere three yeeres. 
But there are other strict observances: 
As not to fee a woman in that terme, 
Which I hope well is not enrol'd there. 
And one day in a weke to touch no foodes: 
And but one meale on every day before: 
The which I hope is not enrol'd there. 
And then to sleepe but three hours in the night, 
And not be scene to winke of all the day. 
When I was wont to thinke no harms all night, 
And make a darke night too of halfe the day: 
Which I hope well is not enrol'd there.
O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe, 
Not to see Ladies, fludy, fast, not sleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.
Beroune. Let me say no more my Liege, and if you please, 
I onely swore to fludy with your grace, 
And they heere in your Court for three yeeres pace. 
Long. You swore to that Beroune, and to the rest.
Beroune. By yea and nay fir, than I swore in left.
What is the end of study, let me know?
Ferd. Why that to know which else wee shold not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense.
Ferd. 1, that is studies god-like recompence.
'Bers. Come on then, I will sweare to study so, 
To know the thing I am forbid to know: 
As thus, to study where I well may dine, 
When I to fast expressly am forbid. 
Or fludy where to meete some Midstrefte fine, 
When Midstrefte from common sense are hid. 
Or having sworn too hard a keeping oath, 
Studie to break it, and not breake my troth. 
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so, 
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sware me to this, and I will nere say no.
Ferd. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 
And traine our intellectuals to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painfully to poore upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth eilely blinde the eye-light of his booke: 
Light fcareing light, doth light of light beguile: 
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies, 
Your light growes darke by lofing of your eyes. 
Studie me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a faire eye, 
Who darie bo, that eye shall be his heed, 
And give him light that it was blinded by. 
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe seach'd with fawcy lookes:
Small have commend'd plodders ever wonne, 
Sane base authority from others Bookes. 
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights, 
That gue a name to every fixed Starre,
Have no more profit of their shining nights, 
Then those that walke and wot not what they are. 
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame: 
And every Godfather can gue a name.
Ferd. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. 133.
Loues Labour's lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lan. Her weedes the corne, and still letts grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is near when greene geefle is a breeding.
Dum. How followeth that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. Berenice is like an enuous sneaping Froft, That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any caufe to sing?
Why should I loy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more defer a Roe,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clyme ore the house to unlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, fit you out: go home Berenice: ause.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworn to fly with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ie keepe what I have sworne,
And hide the penance of each three yeares day.
Give me the paper, let me reade the fame,
And to the strictest decree Ie write my name.
Fer. How well this yielding referees thee from blame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lan. Four days agoe.
Ber. Let's fee the penaltie.
On paine of louing her tongue.
Who deueth this penaltie?
Lan. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lan. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item. If any man be seen to talke with a woman with-
in the terme of three yeares, hee shall induce such publike flame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.
Ber. This Article my Ledge ye your felfe must brake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The French Kings daughter, with your felle to speake:
A Maid of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her deceipt, fike, and bed-nid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vain:
Or vainly comes th'amired Princefse hither.
Fer. What fay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie eevermore is ouerhoht,
While it doth studye to have what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hungeth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won,so loft.
Fer. We must of force difference with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affeks is borne,
Not by might maffred, but by specall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breaches them in the least degree,
Stands in attainer of eternall flame.
Suggretions are to other as to me;
But I believe although I feeme fo loth,
I am the last that will lett keepe his oth,
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined traualer of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrafaes in his braine:
One, who the musick of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauih like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that Armado hight,
For Interim to our studiies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worthe is many a Knight:
From tawne Spaine lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I love to heare him lie,
And I will vfe him for my Minstreline.
Bera. Armado is a most Illuflrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fations owne Knight.
Lan. Coflard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And fo to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Confable with Coflard with a Letter.
Confi. Which is the Dukes owne perfon.
Bera. This fellow, What would it?
Con. I my felfe reprehend his owne perfon, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would fee his owne perfon in flesh and blood.
Bera. This is he.
Con. Signior Army,Army comends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Ber. How low souer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lan. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.
Lan. To heare meekely firs, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well firs, be it as the firs shall give vs cause to clime in the merrinfe.
Clow. The manner is to me firs, as concerning Iaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clow. In manner and forme following fir all thofe three.
I was feene with her in the Manner house, fitting with her vpun the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke; which put to gether, is in manner and forme following.
Now fir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in forme forme.
Ber. As the following fir.
Clow. As it shall follow in my correffion, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the fleep.

L 2 For. Great
Loues Labour's lost.

Ferdinand.

Great Deputies, the Wiltshires Vicegerent, and sole dominat of Naure, my foules earths God, and bodys firesing patron:

Cfist. Not a word of Cgward yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cfist. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Cfist. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd, No words,

Cfist. Of other mens secrets I befeech you.

Ferd. So it is befieged with fable coloured melancholy, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the moft whole-fome Physicke of thy healt-giving eyre: And as I am a Gentleman, because my felfe to awake the time When I about the first hour, When befitts moft greats, birds left pecks, and men fit downe to that nonrfiment which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I wake upon, it is efticed, Thy Parkes. Then for the place Where? where I mean: I did encounter that obfene and moft proprieouers event that draweth from my fnow-white pane the then coloured Ive, which becre thou twis wifcowft, behold it, sharpened, or jet. But to the place Where? It is Bandebt North North-east, and by Eafi from the Wofl corner of thy curioust knotted garden; There did I fee that low spirite Samwe, that boft Mivew of thy myth, (Cfist. Keep) that unfortuned small knowing foule, (Cfist Me) that fallow-kefll (Cfist. Still mee?) which as I remember, bight Coftard, (Cfist. O me) forfted and comforted contrary to thy eftablished proclam'd Edict and Contin, Canm: Which with, awith, but with the I fation to fay wherewith:

Cfist. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a child of our Grandmutter Eoe, a female; or for thy more fweet understanding a woman: kim, (as my ever efclamed dutie prickes me on) have fent to thee, to receive the med of punishment by thy fweet Greates Officer Anthony Dunl, a man of good repatus, carriage, bearing, & elimination. Anth. Mean't shall pleafe you? I am Anthony Dunl.

Ferd. For laquenetta (Ic is the weaker defcall called) which I apprehended with the afterfald Samwe, I keppe her as a cffall of thy Leofe fons, and f Joanna of thy next notice, being her to retial. These in all complements of windy and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Bar. This is not fo well as I looked for, but the beft that ever I heard.

Fer. I the beft, for the worft. But fira, Whay fay you to this?

Cfist. Sir I confefte the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Cfist. I do confefte much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprifonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Cfist. I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Cfist. This was no Damofell neyther fir, shee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is fo varried, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Cfist. If it were, I deny her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maid.

Fer. This Maid will not ferue your turne fir.

Cfist. This Maid will ferue my turne fir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your fentence: You shall falt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Cfist. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin, And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berewmen, fee him deliuer'd ore, And goo we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath fo strongly sworne.

Ber. Ie lay my head to any good mans hat, These othes and lauves will prove an idle fororne.

Sirr., come on.

Cfist. I suffer for the truth fir: for true it is, I was taken with laquenetta, and laquenetta is a true girl, and therefore welcome the foeure cup of proporitie, affifi- on may one day finale againe, and vintill then fit downe forrow.

Enter Armado and Mek b. Page.

Arna. Boy, What figne is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great figne fir, that he will looke fad.

Boy. Why? Sineffe is one and the felfe-fame thing dearde impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Boy. How canft thou part fideffe and melancholy my tender Ivanell?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough figneur.

Boy. Why tough figneur? Why tough figneur?

Boy. Why tender Ivanell? Why tender Ivanell?

Boy. I spoke it tender Ivanell, as a congruent app- atthon, appertraining to thy young daues, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough figneur, as an appertinent title to thy oldie time, which we may name tough.

Boy. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meanes you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt? or I apt, and my faying prettie? I.

Boy. Thou pretty becaufe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becaufe little: wherefore apt?

Boy. And therefore apt, becaufe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praffe Mafter?

Boy. In thy condigne praffe.

Boy. I will praffle an Eele with the fame praffe.

Boy. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Boy. I doe fay thou art quicke in anfweres. Thou heat't my bloud.

Boy. I am anfwer'd fir.

Boy. I loue not to be croft.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary,croffes loue not.

Boy. I have promis'd to study ij. yeares with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre fir.

Boy. Impossibile.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Boy. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapiter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamefier fir.

Boy. I confede both, they are both the varnish of a comples man.

Boy. Then I am fure you know how much the grosfe fumm of deul-rice amounts to.

Boy. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the lafe vulgar call three.

Boy. True.

Boy. Why fir is this fuch a peece of fudy? Now here's three studies,ere you'll thirle wink, & how eafe it is to put yeares to the word three, and thyue three yeeres in two words, the dancing horfe will teell you.

Boy. A
Loues Labour's lost.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confess I am in loue; and as it is bile for a Souldier to love; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affoord, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Defire prisoner, and ranfome him to any French Courtier for a new deuls'd curtie. I think sicorne to figh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in loue!

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority dear Boy, name more; and sweet my child let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampfon Master. was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampfon, strong ioynted Sampfon! I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou diest mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampfon loue my deare Master?

Boy. A Woman Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene fir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I have read fir, and the beeft of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louen: but to have a Loue of that colour, methinks Sampfon had small reason for it. He sorely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so fir, for she had a Greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affist mee.

Brag. Sweet inoculation of a child, most pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If thee be made of white and red, Her faults will never be knowne:

For bloud in cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shone:

Then if the fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks oflate the fame,

Which natur the doth owe:

A dangerous time master against the reason of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I doe loue that Country girl that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde Coftard: shee deferves well.

Boy. To bee whipt: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in loue.

Boy. And that's great manuell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say ang.

Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clerve, Confidie, and Wench.

Conf. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Coftard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three dailes a weeke: for this Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is aloof for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my felle with blushing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maid. Howe wife you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Mr. With what face?

Boy. I love thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maid. Fare well after you.

Clo. Come Iaquemette, away.

Execut.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomack.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranfgreffing blase, away.

Clerv. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will being loue.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loue: thou shalt to prifon.

Clerv. Well, if ever I doe fee the merry days of defolation that I have seen, some shall fee.

Boy. What shall some fee?

Clerv. Nay nothing, Master Meth, but what they looke vp they. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothin I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is bafer) guided by her foote (which is balest) doe tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of faultihood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diswell. There is no euel Angell but Loue, yet Sampfon was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Solomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Caples Butshaft is too hard for Heradder Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaiuers Rapier: The first and second cause will not ferue my turne: the Paffado hee refpech not, the Duelle he regards not; his digracy is to be called Boy, but his gerie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, ruff Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yee hee loueth. Allit me some extemporall god of Rome, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deule Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.
Loues Labour's lost.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeps of France, with thre three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father fends: To whom he fends, and what's his Embaflie. Your felfe, held precious in the worlds esteme, To parle with the folc inheritour Of all perfecions that a man may owe, Matchfeele Nauros, the plea of no leffe weight Then Aquatina, and Davus. Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did warne the generall world before. And prodigall gave them all to you. Queen. Good L. Boyet, my beauty though but mean, Nor not the praife of your prouder praeife. Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, Not vttred by base fale of chapmans tongues: I am leffe proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much wiling to be counted wife, In spending your wit in the prafe of mine. But now to task the tasker, good Boyet,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth noye abroad Nauros hath made a vow, Till painfull patience shall out-weare three yeres, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's fomelth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthineffe, we angle you, As our belt moving faire solidite: Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On furious busineffe crauing quicke dispatch, Importunnes perfonall conference with his grace. Hafe, lignifie fo much while we attend, Like humble vifag'd futers his high will.

Boy. Proud of improvement, willingly I goe. Exit. Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo: Who are the Voratieus my louting Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke? Lor. Langaulif is one.

Prin. Know you the man? I Lady, I know him Madame at a marriage feast, Betweene L. Pevigrt and the beautious heire Of Inques Fauconbridge solemnized. In Normandie saw I this Langaulif, A man of furious partes he is extem'd: Well armed in Arms, glories in Quiems: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The onely foyle of his faire vertues flotte, If vertues flotte will thrive with any foile, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will: Whole edge hath power to cut whole will all wills, It should none pare that come within his power. Prin. Some merry mocking Lord beleife, It to? Lad. 1. They say fo moft, that moft his humors know. Prin. Such shott lid'ud wits do wither as they grow. Who are the reth? 2. Lad. The yong Dumas, a well accomplifh youth,

Of all that Vertue lose, for Vertue loused. Most power to doe most harme, leaft knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though she had no wit. I saw him at the Duke Alanjes once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Ruja. Another of thefe Students at that time, Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.

Bereuwel they call him, but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hours talk withall. His eye begets occasion for his wit, For evey obiect that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving loyn. Which his faire tongue (conceits expeditor) Deliuereth in a courfe apt and gracius, That aged eares play treuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite ruffhied.

So sweet and volable is his discours.

Prin. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in love? That every one her owne hath garnished, With such bedecking ornament of prafe.

Ma. Heere comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord? Boyet. Nauros hath notice of your faire approach; And he and his competitors in oath, Were all ahide to meete you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to befiege his Court, Then seekke a difpenfation for his oath: To let you enter his vnpoepleed houfe.

Enter Nauros, Longaulif, Dumas, and Bereuwel.

Heere comes Nauros.

Nauros. Faire Princeffewel comew to the Court of Nauros.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I have not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too fafe to be mine.

Nauros. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court. Prin. I will be welcome then, Condoft me thither.

Nauros. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath. Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nauros. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will. Prin. Why, will shal heire it will, and nothing els. Nauros. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hearre your grace hath sworne o're Housekeeping: 'Tis deadly finne to keepe that oath my Lord, And finne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold, To teach a Teacher ill befemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming, And sodainly refolute me in my fute.

Nauros. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll prooue perjur'd if you make me fay.

Bereuwel. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? Rifa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ber. 1
Loues Labour's lost.

Ber. I know you did.
Rofa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quick.
Rofa. 'Tis long of you I spurn with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it spoild too fast, 'twill fire.
Rofa. Not till it leauë the Ruser in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Rofa. The howre that foolish should ask.
Rofa. Faire fall beare your maske.
Rofa. Faire fall the face it coveres.
Ber. And lend you many runners.
Rofa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intime,
The palment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'o halfe, of intire damme,
Disburied by my father in his waies.
Ber. Shall I say then, as you do in your song.
Rofa. I receiug'd that damme, yet there remaynes unpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of Aquaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
Ber. If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is unfastified.
We will give vp our right in Aquaine,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that he seemes he little purpofeth,
For heere doth demand to haue repair
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One palment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title lieue in Aquaine,
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then Aquaine, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princeffe, were not his requeu'ts fo faire
From reaons yielding, your faire felfe shoule make
A yeuling gainst some reaon in my breif,
And soe well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In soe unconfortable receiue receiued
Of that which hath fo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ie repaye it backe,
Or yeild vp Aquaine.

Prin. We arreft your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquitances
For such a damme, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me so.
Boyet. So pleasse your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialitie are bound,
To morrow you shall have a fight of them.
Kin. It shall sufficke me, at which interview,
All liberal reason would I yeild vnto:
Meane time, receiue such as is my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princeffe in my gates,
But heere without you shalbe so receiued,
As you shall deeme your faile lodg'd in my heart,
Though soe deale'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excute me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health & faire deires confort your grace.
Kin. Thy own with which I thee, in every place. Exit.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La. Re. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
Boy. I would you heard it gone.
La. Re. Is the foule sickle?
Boy. Sickle at the heart.
La. Re. Alack, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La. Re. My Philicke faies I.
Boy. Will you pricks with your eye.
La. Re. No poynt, with my knife.
Boy. Now God save thy life.
La. Re. And yours from long lying.
Ber. I cannot stay thankfulling. Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word; What Lady is that fame?
Boy. The heire of Laffon, Refalls her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well.
Long. I bfetch you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman fontimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I defire her name.
Boy. Shee hath but one for her felfe,
To defire that were a flame.
Long. Pray you fir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods blessing a your beard.
Boy. Good fir be not offended,
Shee is an hyere of Pauicbridge.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady.
Boy. Not unlike fir, that may be.

Enter Berowe.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. Katherine by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will fir, or fo.
Ber. You are welcome fir, adieu.
Boy. Fare well to me fir, and welcome to you. Exit.
La. Ma. That left is Berowe, the mery mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a left.
Boy. And every left but a word.
Frit. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boarde.
La. Ma. Two hot Sheepe marie:
And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnletterd we feed on your Lyn.
That Sheep and I pasture: shall that finish the left?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me.
La. Not fo gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though feuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be tangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of which were much better vfed
On Nunnar and his booke-men, for heere 'tis about.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldom lies
By the hearts still rhetorick'd, discolod with eyes) Deceiue me not now, Nunnar is infect'd.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intite affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behawvours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impreffed,

Proud
Proud with his forme, in his ele pride express'd.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his ele-fight to be,
All fenses to that fence did make their repair,
To feele oneely looking on fairest of faire's?
Me thought all his fenses were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Chriftall for some Prince to buy.  
(ghast,
Who tending their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you pifi.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes faw his eles enchanted with gazes.
He give you appilates, and all that is his,
And you give him for my fake, but one looking Kiffe.

Prin. Come to our Pauilion, Boyer is disposed.
Bro. But to speake that in words, which his ele hath dif-
I onelie have made a mouth of his ele.  
(cho'd.

Boy. What then, do you fee?

Lad. 1. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me.  

Aeës Tertius.

Enter Broggarl and Boy.  

Song.

Bra. Warble child'se, make paffionate my fense of hearing.

Brog. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneffe of yeares: take this Key, glue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-

Edlinly hither: I must implo him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your Loue with a French bracle?

Bra. How meaneat thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat mater, but to ligge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your ele: fish a note and fing a note, sometyme through the throuse; if you swallowed Loue with finging, loue sometime through; note as if you inuif vp voue by smelling loue with your hat penthoufe-

like ore the thop of your eles, with your armes croft on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbiit on a spit, or your hands in your pochet, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a fip and away: these are complements, these are humourous, these betraie nice wenchese that would be betrayed without thef, and make them men of note: do you note men that moft are affected to thefe?

Brag. How haft thou purchased this experience?

Brag. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobblie-horfe is forgot.

Bra. Call'th thou my loue Hobblie-horfe.

Boy. No Matter, the Hobblie-horfe is but a Colt, and

and your Loue perhaps a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almof I had.

Boy. Negliget fttant, leame her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Mather: all thofe three I will

prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I liue(and this)by,in, and without, vp-
on the infant: by heart you love her, becaufe your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becaufe your heart
is in love with her: and out of heart you love her,

being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all thafe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at

all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muft carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A meffage well sympathi'd, a Horfe to be em-

baflallour for an Affe.

Brag. Ha, ha! What faieft thou?

Boy. Marrie fir, you must fend the Affe vpon the Horfe
for he is very flow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead fir.

Brag. Thy meaning prette ingenious, is not Lead a met-
tall heauie, dull, and flow?

Boy. Miomine honest Mather, or rather Mather no.

Brad. I luy Lead is flow.

Boy. You are too swift fir to say fo.

Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete fmoake of Rhetoricks,

He repukes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:

I choote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I fee.

Bra. A Moft acute lueneall, volable and free of grace,

by thy favour sweet Welkin, I muft figh in thy face.

Moft rude melancholie, Valour gives thee place.

My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Cleone.

Pag. A wonder Mather, here's a Coffard broken in a

fin.

Arg. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenamy

begin.

Cle. No egma, no riddle, no lenamy, no falue, in thee

male fir. Or fir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no lenamy,

lenamy, no Salue fir, but a Plantan.

Arg. By vertue thou informeft Laughers, thy fillie

thought; my fillene, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to rediculous fimyling; O pardon me my fillers, both the inconfiderate take faline for lenamy, and the word len-

amy for a faline?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lenamy a

faline?

Arg. No Pag, it is an epilogue or discourse to make

some obscure prudence that hath tofore bin faine.

Now will I begin your morall, and do you follow with

my lenamy.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were fill at oddes, being little three.

Arna. Vatill the Goofe came out of doores,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good Lenamy, ending in the Goofe: would you
define more?

Cle. The Boy hath fold him a bargain, a Goofe, that's that's

flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fish and foole:
Let me see a fat Lenwy, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a Coifard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the Lenwy.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat Lenwy, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Coifard broken in
a shin?
Peg. I will tell you feinely.
Clow. Thou haft no feeling of it Mag.
I will speake that Lenwy.
1 Coifard running out, that was safely within,
For one thing forsooth, that I shal intrate.
Arm. We will take no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra Coifard, I will infranchifie thee.
Clow. Or, marrie me to one France, I smell some Lenwy,
some Goose in this.
Arm. I glue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Bear this significant to the country Mulde Inquenittas:
it is remuneracion, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. Mone, follow.
Peg. Like the sequell I.
Signeour Coifard adiew.
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneracion.
Remuneracion, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneracion, What's the price of
this yncle? I, d.no, lie give you a remuneracion: Why?
It carries it remuneracion: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Bervowe.

Ber. O my good knawe Coifard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
am a man buy for a remuneracion?
Ber. What is a remuneracion?
Coifard. Marrie sir, half a penny farthing.
Ber. O, Why then three-farthings worth of Silke.
Coifard. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O thy flaus, I must employ thee.
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knawe,
Do as one thing for me that I shall intrate.
Clow. When would you have it done far?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will doe it far: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clow. I shall know far, when I have done it.
Ber. Why villaines thou must know first.
Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke flaus, it is this:
The Princecess comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speake sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her, ask for her:
And to her white hand fee thou do commend
This feal'd vp counsell. Th'ers thy guerdon: goe.
Ch. Garden, O sweete garden, better then remunera-
tion, a leucencepeenaeuthing better: moost sweete gar-
don. I will doe it fir in print: garden, remuneration.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that have beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a hurneous fig : A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Confable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall fo magnificent.
This vimiplied, whyning, pubblinde waryard Boy,
This signior Lunoys gent draws, don Capid,
Regent of Loues-tymes, Lord of hunte armes,
Thannomitted foureaigne of fighthes and graces:
Liedge of all loteyers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Copeeeces.
Sole Emperor and great general
Of trotting Marrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And wære his colours like a Tumblers hoore.
What? I love, I suee, I seke a wife,
A woman that is like a German Cloake,
Still a repairing: cur out of frame,
And never going a right, being a Watch:
But being watch't, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be purride, which is worst of all:
And among three, to lose the worst of all,
A wheel wanton, with a veilct brow.
With two pitchبالs flucke in her face for eyes,
Lend by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to fighe for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Capid will impoze for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will love, write, figh, pray, due, grone,
Some men must love my Lady, and some Ione.

a

Enter Bervowe.

Ber. O my good knawe Coifard, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man by for a remuneracion?
Ber. What is a remuneracion?
Coifard. Marrie sir, half a penny farthing.
Ber. O, Why then three-farthings worth of Silke.
Coifard. I thank you your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O thy flaus, I must employ thee:
As you will win my favor, good my knawe,
Do as one thing for me that I shall intrate.
Clow. When would you have it done far?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clow. Well, I will do it far: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clow. I shall know far, when I have done it.
Ber. Why villaines thou must know first.
Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke flaus, it is this:
The Princecess comes to hunt here in the Parke,
Loves Labour's loft.

For. Ye Madam faire.
L. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiue cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiments for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
L. See, see, my beautie will be fau'd by merit,
O herefie in faire, fit for these daies,
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praiue.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accouted ill:
Thus will I faue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittle would not let me doe't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praiue, then purpoce meant to kill.
And out of question, fo it is sometimes:
Glory growses gullite of deftred crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praiue an outward part,
We bend to that, the workings of the hart.
As I for praiue alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my hart means no ill.
Boy. Do not curst wisees hold that selfe-foueragniue
Oneely for praiue sake, when they trie to be
Lords ore their Lords?
L. Onely for praiue, and praiue we may aford,
To any Lady that subdeuws a Lord.

Enter Clavune.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
L. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the reft that have no heads.
Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Boy. The thickest, and the talllest.
Clo. The thickest, & the talllest: it is fo, truth is truth.
And your waite Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a thefe Maltes girdles for your waife should be fit.
Are not you the chiefest woman? You are the thickest here?
L. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clo. I have a Letter from Monfier Bervone.
To one Lady Rafaline.

Boy. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a good good bearer.
Boyet. you can care,
Brauke vp this Caupon,
Boyet. I am bound to ferue.
This Letter is mitbooke: it importeth none here:
It is wrtie to Laperunea.
L. We will read it, I fware.
Brauke the necke of the Waxe, and every one gie care.

Boyet reads.

By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallable: true
that thou art beauituous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely:
more faire then faire, beautifull then beauituous, true
then truth it felle: hauue comiferation on thy heroic
caull Vaefall. The magnanimous and moft illustrate King
Cepheus fct ecie upon the peniicient and indumbate Begger
Zenelope and he it was that might rightly fay, Veni,
vidi, voce: Which to annotamize in the vulgar, O
bafe and obfcurc vaure; videlict, He came, See, and o-
uercame: he came one fee, two; ouercame three:
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why
did he fee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What faw he? the Begger. Who ovrcame he?
the Begger. The conclusion is viictorie: On whom fide
the King? the captue is inricht: On whom fide? the
Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whom fide?
the Kings? no, on both, in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for fo flands the comparifion) thou the Beg-
ger, for fo witnefteth thy lowlineffe. Shall I command
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, that thou ex-
change for rages, roaies: for titles titles, for thy felfe
mer.
Thus expexting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy footes, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
euerie part.

These in the deareft disguise of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doth thou hear the Nemean Lion roar,
Gainft thee thou Lambe, that flandeft as his pray:
Submit thy felf in princely ftepe before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ftrive (poore foule) what art thou then?
Fode for his rage, reparture for his den.

Boy. What plume of feathers is hee that inditted this
euer hear better?
Boy. I am much deceuied, but I remember the fille.
Boy. Efte your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Phantafime, a Monarcho, and one that makes fport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Boy. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?
Clo. I told you, my Lord.
Boy. To whom fhould't thou give it?
Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.
Boy. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clo. From my Lord Bervone, a good mater of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rafaline.
Boy. Thou haft mitthen his letter. Come Lords away.
Here fweete, put vp this, twill be thine another day.

Boy. Who is the Shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rafa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continuence of beauitue.
Rafa. Why the that bears the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on.
Rafa. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare.
Rafa. If we chosse by the hornes, your felfe come not
nace. Finely put on indeede.
Maria. You fill wrangle with her Boyet, and thee
strike at the bow.
Boyet. But the her felle is hit lower:
Hauie I hit her now.
Rafa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old faying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy,
as touching the hit it.
Boyet. So I may anfwer thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene Guformer of Britaine was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.
Rafa. Thou
Loves Labour's loss.

Nath. Very reverence sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience,

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the care of Calle the fkie, the weelen the heaven, and a non falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the foyle, the land, the earth.

Cert. Nath. Truly M. Holferens, the epithethes are fweetly varied like a scholler at the leaste but if I affure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dul. 'Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moft barbarous intimation: yet a kind of intimation, as it were in wia, in way of explication fivere: as it were replication, or rather oftentare, to shew as it were his inclination after his vnprebred, vnpolifhed, vnaeducat'te, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather valettered, or rather unconfirmed fashion, to infringe againe my hand credo for a Deare.

Dul. I fald the Deare was not a hand credo, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice fod simplicitie, bis cælatus, O thou monfter Ignorance, how deformed dooef thou looke.

Nath. Sir lice hath never fed of the daunites that are bred in a booke.

His intellect is not replenifh'd, hee is owely an animal, onlye fensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are fet before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we take and feeling,are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indifcreen, or a foole;

So were there a patch fet on Learning, to fee him in a Schoole.

But some here lay L, being of an old Fathers minde,

Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the wiande.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Caies birth, that's not fte weeke old as yet?

Hol. Difijfima goodman Dul, disijfima goodman Dul.

Dul. What is disijfima?

Natb. A title to Phebe, to Luna, to the Moone.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was no more. (fore.

And wrought not to fte-weeke when he came to fte-

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I say bide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princefle kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princefle kill'd a Pricket.

Natb. Perge, good M. Holferens, perge, so it shall pleafe you to abrogate facultie.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facultie.

The prayfull Princefle peareft and pricket a prettie pepulflig Pricket,

Some fay a Sore, but not a fere,

till now made fere quite fecting.

The Dogges did yeu, put all to Sore,

then Sore'll limp's from thicke to:

Or Princefle-fere, or elfe Sorell

the people fall a bootting.

If Sore be fere, then el to Sore,

makes fiftte feres O forell:

Of one fere I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

Natb. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Natb. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo-

liish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, ob-

jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions. These are

begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the wombe of primaters, and delivred upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is

acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praffe the Lord for you, and so may my pa-throners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Natb. Me becle, If their Sonnes be ingenious, they shall
Loues Labour's loft.

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Vir sapit qui paucu loquitur, a foule Feminine fulaute vs.

Enter Ioquenetta and the Closowne.

Iap. God giue you good morrow M.Perfon.
Nath. Master Perfon, quaft Perfon? And if one should be perit, Which is the one?
Cl.Marry M. Schoolmaster, hee that is likest to a hoghead.
Nath. Of peruing a Hoghead, a good luther of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iap. Good Master Parfon be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by Cifard, and fert mee from Doez Arrmato: I befeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia hab umbras ruminas, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the trauerle doth verfe, 'veni, veniam, venia, non te vult, non te pertecet. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan. Who vnderhandeth thee not, veg fol la mi fa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as Horace lays in his, What my soule veres.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.
Nath. Let me haere a thinf, a flanze, a verfe, Legge do- mine.

If Loue make me forworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah newer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my felfe forworn, to thee Jle faultfull proue. Thofe thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Oifers bowed.

Studie his byas leues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all thofe pleasures lye, that Art would compre- hend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee fhall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder. Which is to me Some praffe, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye Loues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and fweet fire. Cecettall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong. That fings heauen praffe, with fuch an earthly tongue. Ped. You finde not the apothephas, and fo misfe the accent. Let me fuperfune the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegance, facility, & golden cadence of poete caret: O-uidios Nafco was the man. And why in deed Nafco, but for fmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuition imitaire is nothing: So doth the Hound his mafter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But Damoeltia virgin, Was this directed to you.

Iap. I fir from one mounfter Berowme, one of the fraunge Queens Lords.

Nath. I will overlaurence the supercript.

To the fnow-white hand of the moft beaution LadyRobeline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perfon written vnto.

Tear Ladiships in all defred imploymt, Berowme.

Per. Sir Horfeferes, this Berowme is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a fe- quent of the stranger Queens; which accidently, or by the way of progredius, hath miscarried. Trip and
go my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: flay not thy complement, I forgive thy duty, adue.

Maid. Good Cifard go with me:
Sir God faue your life.

Cift. Haue with thee my griles.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you have done this in the feare of God very religiouely: and as a certaine Father faith
Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I doe colourable colours. But to returne to the Verfes, Did they pleae you Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Maruoules well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu- pill of mine, where if (being repast) it shal pleae you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my prouifuall I have with the parents of the forefaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your bien vounts, where I will proue thofe Verfes to be very undernour, neither fauouring of Pootrie, Wit, nor Invention. I befeech your So- ciety.

Not. And thanke you to: for societe (faith the text) is the happinffe of life.

Ped. And certes the text moft infallibly concludes it. Sir I do incite you too, you shall not fay me nay: paucu verbus.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Excurnt.

Enter Berowme with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bera. The King he is hunting the Desre, I am courting my felfe.

They haue pitched a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defilies; defile, a foule word: Well, let thee downe forrow; fo for they fay the foule fald, and fo fay I, and I the foule: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as Saiir, it kils fheep, it kils mee, I a fheeper. Well proued againe a my fide. I will not loue; if I do hang me; yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throte. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallowie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicolle. Well, the hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowme bore it, the Foulle fent it, and the Lady had it: fweet Clowme, fweete- ter Foule, fweeteft Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God glue him grace to grone.

He stands afeide. The King entreats.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede fweet Cupid whom I haft thump him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kiffe the golden Sunne guies not, To thofe fresh morning drops upon the Rofe.

As thy eye beams, when their freth raye haue fmut.

The night of dew that on my cheekes douile fowes.

Nor fhines the filver Moone one halfe fo bright.

Through the transparent buttoe of the drepe.

As doth thy face throughe teares of mine giue light:

Thou thinkest in euery teare that I doe wepe,

No drop, but as a Coach doth carry the.

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.

Do but behold the teares that dwell in me,

And they thy glory through my giere will flow:

But
But do not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaifes, and still make me wepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doth thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shadie folly, who is he comes here?

Enter Long auall. The King steps aside.
What Long auall, and reading : liken care.
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he cometh in like a periure, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in flame.
Ber. One drunckard loues another of the name.
Lon. Am I the first I have beena'ld so? (know.
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou art the triumph'd, face corner cap of societie.
The shape of Loues Tiburine, that hang vp simplicite.
Lon. I fear thee fubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in profe.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Capides hole,
Disguise not his Shop.
Lon. This name shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.
Did not the heavenly Rotteride of thine eye,
"Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perfongs my heart to this false periure?"
Peruse for thee brake defrance not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vew was earthly, thou a heavenly Loue.
Thy grace being gaitd doth cure all difficrce in me.
Peruse are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Exaltd this vapour vppon thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is to fowe,
To lofe an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the bluer venine, which makes fles hy deity.
A greene Goose, a Coddell, pure Idletry.
God amen vs, God amen, we are much out o' th'way.

Enter Domaine. 
Lon. By whom shall I find this (company?) Stay.
Ber. All kid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demie God, here fit I in the skie,
And wretched fooleis secret hidefuly ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heuement I have my wifh,
Dumaine transform'd, faire Woodcocks in a dill.
Dum. O moft diuine Kate.
Ber. O moft prophane coccobre.
Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, corpordall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vighted as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I fay, her shoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some daies, but then no funne must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wifh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen,so I had mine : is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision.
Would let her out in Sawcres, sweet mifirifion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have wriete.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Domains reads bis Sonnet.
On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blosisme paffing faire,
Playing in the winton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaves the winde,
All vnforme, can paffage finde.
That the Louer jelt to death,
Wife himselfe the heavenly breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph fo.
But alacke my knight a faire corner cap of societie,
Nere to plucke thee from thy thron.
Vow alacke for youth vnmeetes,
Teath fo apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it fune in me,
That I am forsworne for thee,
Thou for whom Loue would favore,
Ino but an Echop were,
And denie himselfe for loue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues faining paine.
O would the King, Beroone and Long auall,
Were Louen too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all slicke doe dote.
Lon. Domaine, thy Loue is farre from charlilie,
That in Loues griefe defir'd societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blueth I know,
To be ore-hoard, and taken napping so.
Kin. Come frst, you blueth so his, your cafe is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue Maria? Long auall,
Did neuer Sonnet for her fake compile.
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I have bene cleefly throwed in this bath,
And marketh you both, and for you both did blueth.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obser'd your fashion:
Saw righeese rekke from you, noted well your paffion.
Aye me, fayes one! O Ioue, the other crye!
On her haires were Gold, Chriftall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And Ioue for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Beroone say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which fuch zeale did fware.
How will he fcone? how will he fpned his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Ber. Now rep I forth to whip hypocrifie.
Ah good my Ledge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace halfe thou thus to reprove
These wormes for louing, that art mort in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appears,
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush, none but Minrels like of Sonnetteing.
And are you not ashamed? I say, are you not
Loues Labour's lost.

All three of you, to be thus much ore'hot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did fee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of thre.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of fighs, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what thrift patience have I fat,
To fee a King transformed to a Grat?
To fee great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Solomon tuning a lygge.
And Neptun play at puth pin with the boyes,
And Cetticle Tyron laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dommaine;
And gentle Longaunell, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle ho!  
Kin. Too bitter is thy left.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it finne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you fee me write a thing in rime?
Or gone for Iane? or spend a minutes time,
In prunning me, when shall you heere that I will prase a hand,
a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a flate, a brow, a brest,
a watch, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a way so faft?
A true man, or a theafe, that gallops fo.
Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Lagonetta and Clowse.

Lag. God blesse the King.
Kin. What Prefent haft thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treafon.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither, the treafon and you goe in peace away together.
Lag. I brieefh your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perfon mis-doubts it: it was treafon he said.

Kin. Berewes, read it ouer. He reads the Letter.
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Lag. Of Cypard.
King. Where haft thou it?
Cyp. Of Dun Abrandelle, Dun Abrandelle.
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doft thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not fear it.
Lag. It did moue him to paffion, and therefore let's hear it.

"Dum. It is Berewes writing, and here is his name.
Ber. Ah you whereon loggethead, you were borne
to doe me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee fool, to make vp the meffe.
He, he, and you, and I you, and I, are picke-purfes in Loue, and we delurce to die.
O diemisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.
"Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berewes. True, true, we are fowre: will thefe Turtles be gone?
Kin. Hence fir, away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folkes, & let the traytors flay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleth and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebebe and flowing, heauen will hew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crofte the caufe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands mutt we be forsworne.

King. What, did thefe rent lines thow some louse of thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
That (like a rude and fauage man of Ande.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous Eaf,
Bowses not his vaffal head, and ftruken blinde,
Kiffes the bafe ground with obedient breath?
What peremptory Eagle-fightefed eye
Dares looke vpn the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her malefic?

Kin. What zale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miftres) is a gracios Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce feene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berewes,
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd forseralnty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire checke,
Where feuenall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it felle doth feecke.
Lend me the flourith of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Bethericke,O the needs it not,
To things of fale, a tellers praffe belongs:
She paffes praye, then praye too short doth blot.
A withered Hermithe, fluetyre winters worn,
Might fhaue off fifie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varieth Age, as it new bornes,
And glues the Crutch the Cradles infaunlt:
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebionie,
Berew. Is Ebionie like her? O word divine?
A wife of fuch wood were felicate.
O who can glue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may fwear Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learnt not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.

Kin. O paraide, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of cunning, and the Schooles of night:
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels foundest tempt refembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It murmures, that painting vferping halfe
Should ramnit doters with a fell apiece.
And threfore is the borne to make blackes faire.
Her favoure turns the fashion of the days,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoide diaprasi,
Paints it felle blackes, to imitate her brow.

"Dum. To look like her are Chinnie-sweeper blacke.
Lan. And fince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And a Epifcop of their sweet comexation crake.
Dum. Dark needes no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your midrefses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be blown away.

Kin. Iwere good yours did for fir, to tell you plaine,
I finde a fairer face not wath to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as thee.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuffe fo dere.
Lan. As hot, his head's thy loue, his foot and her face fee.
Ber. O if the streets were pased with thine eyes, Her
**Loues Labour’s lost.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.</th>
<th>As bright Apoll’s Lucs, furng with his haire.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Dama. O vile, then as he goes what upward lye?</em></td>
<td>And when Loues speakes, the voice of all the Gods,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The street should see as the walk’d over head.</td>
<td>Make heavens drowzie with the harmonie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?</em></td>
<td>Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.</em></td>
<td>Untill his Inke were tempred with Loues lythes:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Kin. Then leave this chat, &amp; good * <em>Berenon</em> now proue * *</td>
<td>O then his lines would nauish fadge cares,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our lauing lawfull, and our fyrth not torne.*</td>
<td>And plant in Tyrants mildre humilitye.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Dum. I marle there, some flattary for this cuill.</em></td>
<td>From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Long. Some fome authorty how to proceed.</em></td>
<td>They fpare all the right promethean fire,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some tricks, fome quillets, how to cheat the duell.</td>
<td>They are the Books, the Arts, the Achademyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Dum. Some fome for purifie.</em></td>
<td>That shew, containe, and nourith all the world.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Ber. O’tis more then neede.</em></td>
<td>Elke none at all in ought proues excellent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have at you then affections men at armes,</td>
<td>Then foole you were thefe women to forswaie:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consider what you first did sware vnto.*</td>
<td>Or keeping what is forsworne, you will prove false,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To faft, to study, and to fee no woman.*</td>
<td>For Wifedomes fake, a word that all men loue:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flat trefon against the Kingsly flate of youth.*</td>
<td>Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, Can you fay? your fomackes are too young:</td>
<td>For Mens fake, the author of thefe Women:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Above the fenfences malapropish fayd.*</td>
<td>Or Womens fake, by whom we men are Men.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And where that you have vow’d to study (Lords) * *</td>
<td>Let’s once loofe our pathes to finde our felues,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In that each of you forsworne his Bookke.*</td>
<td>Or else we loofe our felues, to keep our oathes:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.</td>
<td>It is religion to be thus forsworne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,</td>
<td>For Charity it felle fulfils the Law:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have found the ground of studies excellence,*</td>
<td>And who can feuer loue from Charity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Without the beauty of a woman face;</td>
<td><em>Kin. Saint Capitall the Lord, see soules rise to the field.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,*</td>
<td><em>Ber. Advancse your fandardes, &amp; vpon them Lords.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achademyes,*</td>
<td>Pell, mell, downe with them: but be fift adu’d,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.*</td>
<td>In confflct that you get the Sunne of them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, vnderfall paddling poynons vy*</td>
<td><em>Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay thefe glazes by,</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The nimble fpirits in the arteries,*</td>
<td>Shall we refolute to woe thefe gilies of France?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As motion and long during action tyes,*</td>
<td>*Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs diews,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The finnyow vigour of the transulier.*</td>
<td>Some entertainment for them in their Tents.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now for not looking on a womens face,*</td>
<td><em>Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You haue in that forsworne the vfe of eyes:*</td>
<td>Then homeward every man attach the hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And studie too, the cauler of your vow.*</td>
<td>Of his faire Milfrefle, in the afternoone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For where is any Author in the world,*</td>
<td>We will with some strange paftime folace them:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Teaches fuch beauty as a womens eye:*</td>
<td>Such as the shorniffle of the time can shape,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learning it but an adjunct to our felke,*</td>
<td>For Reuils, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And where we are, our Learning likewise is.*</td>
<td>Fore-runne faire Loue, frewing her way with flowres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes,*</td>
<td><em>Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With our felues.*</td>
<td>That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do we not likewise fee our learning there?*</td>
<td><em>Ber. Alone, alone fowed Cockel, reaped no Corne,</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,*</td>
<td>And Juflice alwais whales in equall measure:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:*</td>
<td>Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For when would you (my Lege) or you, or you,*</td>
<td>If fo, our Copper buys no better treasure.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In leaden contemplation hauent found out.*</td>
<td><em>Exeunt.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,*</td>
<td><em>Actus Quartus.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of beauties tutors hauent inricht’d you with.*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Other flow Arts intirely keepe the brace:</td>
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<tr>
<td>And therefore finding barraine practions,*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Scare fiew a harvest of their heauy tayle.*</td>
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<tr>
<td>But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,*</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lyes not alone emuered in the brace:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>But with the motion of all elements,*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Coures as swift as thought in every power,*</td>
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<tr>
<td>And gois to every power a double power,*</td>
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<tr>
<td>And adde a precious feeling to the eye:*</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Loues eye will gaze an Eagle blinde.*</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Louers eare will hear the loudest found,*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>When the fulpicious head of theft is foint.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Loues feeling is more fast and fensible,*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Then are the tender horns of Cockled Swyles.*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loues tongue proues dainty, Bacchus groffe in taste,*</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subdill as Sphynx, as sweet and mufical,*</td>
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**Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.**

**Pedant.** Saudit quid justificat.

**Curat.** Praie God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have bene sharper & fententious pleasent without furcility, witty without affection, audacious without improperity, learned without opinion, and strange without herefi: I did conuerse this quantum day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Avarnato.

**Ped.** Nunc humilium tangam te. His humour is lofty, his difcourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiestical, and his generall behavour vaine, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregriant, as I may call it.

---

**M 2.**

**Curat.**
Carat. A most singular and choifie Epithat,  
\textit{Draw out his Table-book.}

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbofity, fir  
then the flaple of his argument. I abhor such pha-  
natical phantastms, such infociable and poynt double  
companions, such rackers of ortagaphie, as to speake  
dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold  
pronounce debt; d\textit{e} b\textit{t}, not \textit{det}; he clepeth a Cali, Calue,  
halle, haufe; neighbour \textit{vocatur} nebour; neig abreuned  
net: this is abominable, which he would call abomini-  
ablecit infrunuthe me of infamie: ne intellig domine, to  
make frantick, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intellige.

Peda. \textit{Borne born for bron prifion, a little scratcht; twill  
serue.}

\textit{Enter Bragart, Boy.}

Carat. \textit{Vide ne quis veniat?}

Peda. \textit{Vide, & gandi.}

Brag. \textit{Chira.}

Peda. \textit{Hau, Chira, not Sirra?}

Brag. \textit{Men of peace well inquired.}

Ped. \textit{Most militarie fr futilation.}

Boy. They have beene at a great feast of Languages,  
and ilone the kraps.

Clew. O they have lia'd long on the almes-basket of  
words. I maruell thy M, hath not eaten thee for a word,  
for thou art no loong by the head as honorificabilitu-  
dintitubus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdra-  
gon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounifter, are you not lutter?  
Page. Ye\textit{t},\textit{yes}, he teaches boyes the Horne-book:  
What is Ab geted backward with the horn on his head?  
Peda. \textit{Bapurticia with a horse added.}

Page. Ba moft feely Sheepe, with a horse: you heare  
his learning.

Peda. \textit{Quis quis, thou Confomant?}

Page. The laft of the fieu Vowells if You repeat them,  
or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them : a e i.  
Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.  
Brag. Now by the falt wave of the mediteran, a  
sweet tutch, a quick vne we of wit, fuip snap, quick &  
home, it reioycych my intellect,\textit{true wit.}

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man : which is  
wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?  
Page. Hornes.  
Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant : goe whip thy  
Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will  
whip about your infamie \textit{vnum cita} a gigge of a Cuck-  
olds horne.

Clew. And I had but one penny in the world, thou  
shoulft have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the  
very Remuneration I had of thy Maifter, thou halfpenny  
parle of wit, thou Pigleon-egg of disfrecion. O \& the  
heavens were then pleas'd, that thou wert but my Bafftrd;  
What a joyfull father would thou make me? Goe to,  
thou haft it \textit{ad dungil}, at the fingers ends, as they faie.  
Peda. Oh I smel fealle Latine, dungbel for enguim.  
Brag. \textit{Artf-man preambulat}, we will bee angiled from  
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-  
house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. \textit{Or Most the hill.}

Brag. At your sweet pleafure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe fans queftion.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleafure and af-  
fecction, to congratulatate the Princelfe at her Pauliun, in  
the \textit{piffer} of this day, which the rude multitude call  
the after-noone.

Ped. The \textit{piffer} of the day, most generous sir, is lia-  
ble, congruent, and meaffurable for the after-noone: the  
word is well culd, chofe, sweet, and apt I doe affure you  
Sir, I doe affure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fa-  
miliar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is in-  
ward betweene vs, let it paffe. I doe beeche the re-  
member thy curteisie. I beeche thee apparell thy head:  
and among other importunate & moft serverous defignes,  
and of great import indeed too: but let that paffe, for I  
must tell thee it will pleafe his Grace (by the world)  
sometime to leave upon my poore shoulder, and with  
his royall finger thus daliie with my excrement, with my  
mutrhor : but sweet heart let that paffe. By the world  
I recollect no fable, some certaine speciall honours it  
pleafeth his grootness to impart to \textit{Armado} a Souldier,  
a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that  
paffe; the very all of all is but sweet heart, I do implore  
fercretie, that the King would have mee present the  
Princelfe (sweet chucke) with some delightful orienta-  
tion, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke.  
Now, unverfhanding that the Curate and your sweet  
selfe are good at such ephusions, and sodaine breaking out  
of myth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to  
the end to careless your affiance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Wor-  
thies. Sir \textit{Hofformet}, as concerning some entertainment  
of time, some show in the potier of this day, to bee  
rendred by our affiantst the Kings command ; and this  
moft gallant, illuftrate and learned Gentleman, before  
the Princelfe: I lay none fo fit as to prefent the Nine  
Worthies.

Carat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to  
pretend them?

Peda. \textit{Ejus, your selfe fymef fice}, and this gallant gen-  
tleman \textit{Iudan Mackaben} \& this Swaine (because of his  
great Emme or ioynt) shall paffe \textit{Pompey} the great, the  
Page \textit{Herocles.}

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantifie enough  
for that Worthyes thumbe, hee is not fo big as the end of  
his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall pretent \textit{Hercu-  
let} in minoritie: his enter and exit shall be stranfing a  
Snake; and I will have an Apologe for that purpoff.

Page. An excellent deuide: So if any of the audience  
hilfe, you may cry, Well done \textit{Herocles, now thou cru-  
shelt the Snake}, that is the way to make an offence gra-

cious, though fewe have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reft of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my felfe.

Page. \textit{Triche worthy Gentleman.}

Brag. Shill I tell you a thing?  
Peda. \textit{We attend.}

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I  
beeche you follow.

Peda. \textit{Via good-man Dull}, thou haft spoken no word  
all this while.

Dull. Nor underfood none neither sir.  
\textit{Page Dull}, we will employ thee.

Dull. I le make one in a dance, or so : I will play on
Loues Labour's lost.

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully.
A lady wal'd about with Diamonds : Look you,what I have from the loving King.

Rof. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this : yes as much louse in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leaves, margin and all,
That he was faile to feale on Cupids name.

Rof. That was the way to make his god-head wax :
For he hath beene five thousand yeares a Boy.

Kath. I, and a thread vnappy gallows too.

Rof. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your fitter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and beauty,
and so she died : had the beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble flaring spirit, the might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you. For a light heart lives long.

Rof. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word.

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rof. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kath. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe :
Therefore lie darkely end the argument.

Rof. Look what you dooe, you doe it fill I th darke.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rof. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rof. Great reason : for paft care, is still paft care.

Kath. Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played.

But Reallye, you have a Favour too?
Who sent it ? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Favour were as great, be wittes this.
Nay, I haue Verfes too, I thankke Berowme,
The numbers true, and were the numerous too,
I was the fairest goddeffe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand faire.
O haue drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rof. Much in the letters, nothing in the praffe.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke : a good conclusion.

Kath. Faire as a teext B. in a Coppie booke.

Rof. Were penfals, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

Qu. That your face were full of Oes.

Rof. A Pox of that leff, and I befhrew all Shrewes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you
From faire Duanie?

Kath. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Ye Madame : and moreouer,
Some thousand Verfes of a faithfull Lourer.
A huge translation of hypocrifie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and therfe Pearls, to me sent Longuail.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no leffe : Doth thou witt in heart
The Glaine were longer, and the Letter shorter.

Mar. I, or I would those hands might neuer part.

Qu. We are wife girles to mockke our Louers fo.

Rof. They are wors foole to purchase mocking fo.

That fame Berowme ile torture ere I goe,
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawe, and begge, and fecke,
And wait the feaon, and obferve the times,
And spend his prodgall with in bootelles rimes.
And shape his feruice wholly to my deare,
And make him proud to make me proud that leff.
So pertauer like would I o'reway his flate,
That he thold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so furely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, fille in Wifedome hatch'd :
Hath wifdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole ?

Rof. The blood of youth burns not with fuch exceffe,
As grudges resolt to wantons be.

Mar. Tolle in Fooles beares not fo strong a note,
As fool'y in the Wife, when Wit doth dote :
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicite.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am hab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyet ?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arne Wenchers arme, encounteres mounted are,
Against your Peace. Loue doth approach,dives'd :
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd.
Muffer your Wits,find in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint Demas to S. Cupid: What are they,
That charge their breath againft vs ? Say fooner lay.

Boy. Vnder the coole fiaede of a Siccamore,
I thought to clofe mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoe'd reff,
Toward that fiaede I might behold addreff,
The King and his companions waresly
I clole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by digni'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty Knauifh Page :
That well by heart hath con'd his emballege,
Action and accent di'd they teach him there.
Thus muft thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Prefence mateficial would put him out:
For quoth the King,an Angell fhal thou fee :
Yet beware not thou, but speake audaciously,
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill :
I should haue feared her, had the beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praffles bolder.

One rob'd his elboe thus, and floop'd, and fware,
A better fpeech was never fpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd wia, we will not, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he felled:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With fuch a zealous laughter fo profound,
That in this fpleene ridiculous appears,
To check their folly faffions solemnne teares.

Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus, Like Magicians, or Kunfants, as I fpee.
Their purpofe is to parle, to court, and dance,
And every one his Loue-feat will advance,
Vnto his feuerall MilTreffe: which they'll know
By fawours (external, which they did before,
Queen. And will they fe? the Gallants shall be task:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Delight of fute, to fee a Ladies face.
Hold record, this Fawour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Brounaw take me for Record.
And change your Fauours too, fo shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceed'd by these remoues.
Refa. Come on them, wear the fawours most in sight.
Keith. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croffe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is only my intent.
Their feuerall clothes they vnbroke shill,
To make them melt, and their faces rich, fo infinite.
Vpon the next occacion that we meete,
With Wifages dispayd to talke and greete.
Refa. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Queen. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
That while 'tis joke, each turns away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Queen. Therefore doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reft will ere come in, if he be out.
There's no fuch sport, as sport by sport overthrown:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we fly mocking entended game,
And they well mock't, depart away with flame. Sound.
Boy. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black mores with muffack, the Boy with a speech,
and the reft of the Lords disfigu'd.

Page. All bailes, the riches Beaus on the earth.
Boy. Beauties no richer than rich Taffita.
Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortal viewes.
The Ladies turne their backs to him.
Boy. Their eyes villainize, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal viewes.
Out.
Boy. True, out indeed
Pag. Out of your fawours beaunty spirit's vouchfafe.
Not to beholds.
Boy. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold, with your Sunne beam'd eyes,
With your Sunne beam'd eyes.
Boy. They will not anwer to that Epythire,
You were beft call it Daughter beam'd eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Boy. Is this your perfecution? be gon you rogue.
Refa. What would these strangers?
Know their minds Boyet.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some paine man recount their purpofes.
Know what they would?
Boy. What would you with the Princes?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.
Refa. Why that they have, and bid them fo be gon.
Boy. She faves you have it, and you may be gon.
Kim. Say to her we have meafur'd many miles,
To treat a Meafure with you on the graffe.
Boy. They fay that they have meafur'd many a mile,
To treat a Meafure with you on this graffe.
Refa. It is not fo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have meafur'd manie,
The meafure then of one is eafeft told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have meafur'd miles,
And many miles is the Princefle bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Boy. Tell her we meafure them by weary fteps.
Boy. She heares her felte.
Refa. How manie weare fteps,
Of many weare miles you have one-gone,
Are numbred in the truell of one mile?
Ber. We number nothing that we fpend for you,
Our duties mild for you, and frong, fo infinite.
That we may doe it fill without accompl.
Vouchfafe to fhew the fhinne of your face,
That we (like fawours) may worship it.
Refa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
Kim. Blefted are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do.
Vouchfafe bright Moone, and thefe thy fen to fhine,
(Thofe clouds remoued) upon our watterie eyne.
Refa. O valeye petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requets but Moonshine in the water.
Kim. Then in our meafeur, vouchfafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
You may doe it fill without accompl.
Vouchfafe to fhew the fhinne of your face,
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Kim. Then in our meafeur, vouchfafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Loues Labour's loft.

Lu. Gall, better.
Ber. Therefore meeet.
Dy. Will you vouchsafe me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fare Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Fare Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Dy. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: Is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and were it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Look how you but your felle in these tharpe mockes.
Will you give horns chaff Ladie? Do not fo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Beet softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wits are ween
As is the Razors edge, inuible:
Cutting a smaller hair then may be seene,
Above the senfe of fence fofensible:
Scemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, wither things.
Rof. Not one word more my maidens, break off, break of.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure fofce.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits.
Exit.
Lu. Twente adieu my frozen Mofcouites.
Are thefte the breed of wits so wonderd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes put out.
Rof. Wel liking wits they haue, groffe, groffe, fat, fat.
Rof. O pouerite in wit, Kingly poor stout.
Will they not (thynke you) hang themselfes to night?
Or euer but in vizards fwee thwmselfes?
This pert Berewne was out of countnance quite.
Rof. They were all in lamentable cafes.
The King was weeping rife for a good word.
Rof. Berewne did fware himselfe out of all fute.
Mar. Dumaine was at my feruice, and his word:
No point (quoth 11) my fervant drift vwas mut.
Ka. Lord Longauill fald I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Lu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Lu. Go ficknese as thou art.
Rof. Well, better wits haue worn plain flatrate caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue fowne.
Lu. And quicke Berewne hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And Longauill was for my feruice borne.
Mar. Dumaine is mine as fure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistrefles glue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heare
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harth indignite.

Lu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Faouris, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Rofes, in this summer aire.
Lu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnder
food.
Boy. Fare Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud:
Difmaskt, their damaske sweet commixture shovne,
Are Angels valling clouds, or Rofes blowne.
Lu. Auant perplexité: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rof. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mocke them till as well knowne as difguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what foolish were heare,
Difguis'd like Mofcouites in shapefele geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow thowes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridicule,
Should be prefented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdrawe: the gallants are at hand.
Rof. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes one Land.

Enter the King and the refit.

King. Faire sir, God faue you. Wheres the Princeffe?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any feruice to her?
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will fhe, I know my Lord. Exit.
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peafe,
And ytters it againe, when few doth pleafe.
He is Wits Peeller, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such fhow.
This Gallant pinn the Wenchens on his fleece.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can cure too, and lifte: Why this is he,
That kif away his hand in courtefe.
This is the Ave of Forme, Monfieur the nice,
That when he plate at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can fage
A mane most meane, and in Wabing
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him fweete.
The faires as he tredds on them fiffe his feste.
This is the flower that fmilles on euerie one,
To fhow his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And confidences that will not die in debts,
Pay him the dutie of honef-tongued Boyet.
King. A blifer on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put Armatiion Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladie.

Ber. See where it comes, Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madam swhe'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All halfe sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Lu. Faire in all Halle is foule, as I conceuie.
King. Contruie my spechees better, if you may.
Lu. Then with me better, I will give you leaque.
We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Lu. This field felde hold me, and fo hold your row.
Nor God, nor I, delights in perfur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke: The
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

2. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spake:
   For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maidens honor, yet as pure
As the vnfallen Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeild to be your housewes guete:
So much I hate a breaking saufe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. How Madam! Ruffians?

2. Not fo my Lord, it is not fo I sware,
   We haue had paitimes here, and plentifall game,
A meife of Ruffians left us but of late.

Kin. O you haue lie'd in defolation here,
Vnleeme, vnlistred, much to our shame.

2. Not fo my Lord, it is not fo I sware.
   We haue had paitimes here, and plentifall game,
A meife of Ruffians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam! Ruffians?

2. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of flate.

Refa. Madam speake true. It is not fo my Lord:
   My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtenece gies vndefiering praffe.

Ber. This left is dreie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your eies makes wife things foolish when we greate
With eles beft feeling, heacuns fierie eie:
By light we looffe light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge flores,
Wife things teeme fooffish, and rich things but poore.

Refa. This proues you wife and rich: for in my eie
   Ber. I am a foole, and full of poouerte.
Refa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
   It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I pooffe.
Refa. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot give you leffe.
Refa. Which of the Vizarts what it that you wore:
   Ber. Wherefore? What Vizard?

Kin. Why demand you this?

Refa. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous cafe,
   That hid the worfe, and hee'w'd the better face.

Kin. We are defir'd,

They'll mocke vs now downright.

Dn. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a left.

Refa. Amaund my Lord? Why looke's your highnes
   As fooke?

Refa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke you pale?
Sea-fiske I think thee comming from Mucosie.

Ber. Thus pour the staves down plaques for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Here and I Ladie darst thy skill at me,
Brutifie me with fornone, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wt quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:
And I will with thee none more with dance,
Nor newer more in Rusalian habit waite.
O! newer will I truuf to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boys tongue.
Nor newer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in time like a blind-harpers Tongue,

Three-pl'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, thefe summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be express'd
In ruffet yeas, and honest kerrie noes.
And to begin Wench, fo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is found, fans cracke or flaw.

Refa. Sam. fans, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am fiche.
I leae it by degrees: foft, let vs fee,
Write Lord haue mercy on vs, on thofe three,
They are infect'd, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plagues, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are vitified, you are not ffree:
For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.

Refa. No, they are free that gave these tokens to vs.
Ber. Our flates are forfeit, festeke not to vs.
Refa. It is not fo: for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being thefe here?
Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Refa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speak for your felves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs fweete Madam, for our rude tranfgration, some fute excufe.

Refa. The fuit is eonfufion,
Were you not heere but euyn now, difgus'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.

Refa. And were you well adu'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.

Refa. When you then were heere,
Whit did you whisper in your Ladies ear?
King. That more then all the world I did refeft her.

Refa. When thee shall challenge this, you will refeft her.
King. Upon mine Honor no.

Refa. Peace, peace, forbear: your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Defpife me when I break this oath of mine.

Refa. I will, and therefore keepe it. Refa.

What did the Russian whipper in your care?

Refa. Madam, he fware that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-light, and did value me.

Aboue this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he vsould Wed me, or Else die my Louser.

Refa. God glue thee love of him the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madam?

By my life, my troth,
I neuer fware this Ladie fuch an oth.

Refa. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it fir again.

King. My faith and thin, the Princeffe I did glide,
I knew her by this Jewell on her fleee.

Refa. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did the weare,
And Lord Berroune (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I fee the tricke on't: Here was a content,
Knowing aforeshand of our erriment,
To dauf it like a Christmass Comedie.

Some carru-tale, some pleate-man, some flight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencer-knight, some Dick
That tops his checke in yeares, and knowes the tricke
To make my Lady laugh, when he's dispo'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Favour; and then we
Following the signes, who'd but the signe of she.
Now to our pericule, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much upon this tis; and might not you
Forehall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squarer?
And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, leifting merrile?
You put our Page out: go, you are al ow'd.
Dye when you will, a smocke shall be your throwed.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leader sword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this careere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowes.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'fl a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clow. No fir, but it is vare fir,
For euery one purfents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clow. Not so fir, vnder correclion fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot bag vs fir, I can affure you fir, we know what
we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correclion fir, wee know where-vntill it
doeth amoun.
Ber. By Ione, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.
Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should gettie your
living by reckning fir.
Ber. How much is it?
Clow. O Lord fir, the parties themsches, the actors fir
will flew where-vntill it dooth amoun: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) Pompey the great fir.
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthy of Pompey
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to fland for him.
Ber. Go, bid them prepare. Exit.
Clow. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some
care.
King. Berowres, they will shame vs.
Let them not approach.
Ber. We are flame-proofs my Lord: and 'tis some
police, to have one flew worfe then the Kings and his
company.
King. I say they shall not come.
Boy. Nay my good Lord, let me ord-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale fhrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preffes:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will vter a brace of words.
Ou. Doth this man ferue God?
Ber. Why ask ye?
Ou. He speak's not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmater is exceeding fantaffically:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they
say) to Fortuna delagar, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall supplement.
King. Here is like to be a good preface of Worthies;
He preffents Ilieter of Troy, the Swaine Pompey the great,
the Parith Curate Alexander, Armados Page Hercules,
the Pedant Iudas Macabens: And if these four Wor-
thies in their first shewe thrieue, these four will change
habites, and preffent the other fue.
Ber. There is five in the first shew.
Kin. You are deceived, tis not fo.
Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prief, the
Fool, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world agaime,
Cannot pricke out fine fuch, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ship is vnder failie, and here the coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.
Ber. You lie, you are not he.
Clow. I Pompey am.
Boy. With Libbars head on knee.
Ber. Well said old mockeir,
I muft needs be friends with thee.
Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.
Du. The great.
Clow. It is great fir: Pompey surnam'd the big:
That sitt in fieldes, with Target and Shield,
did make my foe to fventat:
And trembling alonge the coaft, I beare am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of the faire Laff of
France.
If your Ladiship would fay thanks Pompey, I had done.
La. Great thankses great Pompey.
Clow. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-
fich.
I made a little fault in great.
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the
beft Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curate. When in the world I liue, I was the worlds Com-
mander:
By East, Weft, North, & South, I liued my conquering might
My Scutcheon plains declares that I am Alifander.
Boat. Your nose faies no, you are not:
For it fhalt be too right.
Ber. Your nose smels no, in this moit tender fming
Knight.
Brag. The Conqueror is difmaid:
Proceede good Alexander.
Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Com-
mander.
Boat. Moft true, 'tis right: you were fo Alifander.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clow. Your Ieruant and Coflard.
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alifander
Clow. O fir, you have ouerthrowne Alifander the con-
quereur: you will be fcrap'd out of the painted cloth for
this.
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax fitting on a clofe
foole, will be guen to Aiax. He will be the ninth wor-
thile. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runne away
for fame Ailflander. There an't hall pleaze you: a foot-
lie milde man, an honet man, looke you, & soon daife.
He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie
good Bowler: but for Ailflander, alas you fee, how 'tis a
little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming,
will speake their minde in some other fort. Exit Go.
Eto. Stand afide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is prefented by this Impe,
Whole Club kil’d Cerberus that three-headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a child, a thirme,
Thus did he triangle Serpents in his Manus:
Quoniam, whofe ftoule,
Mayfe, he seemeth in minoritie,
Eryx, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. Exit Boy
Ped. Iudas I am.
Dum. A Judas?
Ped. Not yecharft fr.
Iudas I am, yeclipted Merchabens.
Dum. Iudas Merchabens cipys, is plaine Iudas.
Ber. A kiolding traitor. How art thou prou’d Iudas?
Ped. Iudas I am.
Dum. The more fame for you Iudas.
Ped. What meane you fr?
Ber. To make Iudas hang himcife.
Ped. Begin fr, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow’d, Iudas was hang’d on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
Ber. Because thou haft no face.
Ped. What is this?
Ber. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a hoekin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Bel. The pummell of Cafars Faulchion.
Dum. The caru’d-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeeks in a brooch.
Dum. 1, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. 1, and wore in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance
Ped. You have put me out of countenance.
Ber. Falle, we have gonne thee faces.
Ped. But you have out-face’d them all.
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Affe, let him go:
And so adieu sweet Iudas. Nay, what doth thou say?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the Affe to the Iuda: giue it him. Ind-as a-
way.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for monfieur Iudas, it grows darke, hemay flamble.
Qe. Alas poore Merchabens, how hath hee beene
blasted.
Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, heere comes Hector in
Armes.
Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will
now be merrie.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Ber. But is this Hector?
Kin. I thinke Hector was not fo cleane timber’d.
Lon. His legge is too big for Hector.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Ber. No, he is best indust in the small.
Ber. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He’s a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Bray. The Armigent Mars of Launche the almighty,
gave Hector a gift.
Dum. A gift Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Bray. The Armigent Mars of Launche the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Ilion;
A man so breashed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauliiion.
I am that flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Lon. That Callamime.
Bray. Sweet Lord Longaulue reigne thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-
again Hector.
Dum. 1, and Hector’s a Grey-hound.
Bray. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bellow on me the fence of hearing.

Berowse fleppest forth.
Qu. Speake brasse Hector, we are much delighted.
Bray. I do adore thy sweet Graces flipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Bray. This Hector furre furmounted Hanniball.
The partie is gone.
Qo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months
on her way.
Bray. What meanest thou?
Qo. Faith vnto you play the honest Trojan, the
poore Wench is call away: he’s quick, the child brags
in her belly already: is yous.
Bray. Doth thou infamize me among Potentes?
Thou haft die.
Qo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaunnetta that
is quicke by him, and hang’d for Pompey, that is dead
by him.
Dum. Moit rare Pompey.
Ber. Renowned Pompey.
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:
Pompey the huge.
Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moned, more Ates more Ates flirre
them, or firrie them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge them.
Ber. I, if a hu practice no more mans blood in’s belly, then
will fup a Flea.
Bray. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Qo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ie flalls, Ie do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my Armes againe.
Dum. Room for the incend Lynorths.
Qo. Ie do it in my hirt.
Dum. Moit refolute Pompey.
Page. Mafter, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not fee Pompey is vncauffling for the combat: what
meane
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not deny it, Pompys hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bar. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt, I go worldwide for penance.

Boy. True, and it was informd him in Rome for want of Linnen: since when, lie be sworne he wore none, but a dishcloth of Inquisition, and that hee weares next his heart for a favoure.

Enter a Message, Mayfieur Marcade.

Mar. God faue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptst our merriment.

Marc. I am forrie Madame, for the newes I bring is haue in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even fo : My tale is told.

Bar. Worthes away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have fene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthis

Kin. How farre's your Maiflief?

Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not fo, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say, I thanke you gracious Lords For all your faire enteours and entreats ;

Out of a new fad-foule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wifdomc to excufe, or hide,

The libraill oppression of our spirits,

If ouer-boldly we have borne our felves,

In the converfe of breath (your gentlemene

Was guilte of it.) Farewell wonderlie Lord :

A heauie heart beares not a humblle tongue.

Excufe me fo, comming fo short of thankes,

For my great fault, fo easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes

All causse to the purpoe of his fpee:

And often at his very liefc decores

That, which long proccfe could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning bow of progenie

Forbid the smiling curtefie of Loue :

The holy fale which faine it would convince,

Yet fince loues argument was firft on foote,

Let not the cloud of forrow iuffle it

From what it purpo: fince to waile friends lof,

Is not by much fo whollome profitable, As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my greeses are double.

Bar. Honest plain words, beft pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire fakes hau we neglected time,

Plain foule play with our orthis your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fadithing our humors

Even to the opped end of our intents.

And what in vs hath feem'd ridiculous : As Loue is full of vnbeiting fraines,

All wanton as a childie, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of draying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiecks as the eie doth roule,

To euerie varied object in his glance : Which partie-coated preence of loose love

Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eies,

Hauie misbecom'd our oathes and grauites.

Those heauenelie eies that looke into their faults,

Suggered vs to make : therefore Ladies

Our love being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewize yours. We to our felues proue false,

By being once faile, for euer to be true.

To chose that make vs both, fare Ladyes you.

And euen that falhood in it felfe a faine,

Thus purifies it felfe, and turns to grace.

Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Favour, the Ambassadors of Loue,

And in our maiden counfalle rated them,

At courdship, pleasant left, and curtefie,

As bumbaff and as lining to the times:

But more devout then thence are our respects

Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, would much more then left.

Len. So did our lookes.

Refa. We did not cost them fo.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in ;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,

Full of theake gullitinesse, and therefore this :

If for my Loue (as there is no fuch caufe)

You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your oth, I will not truft: but go with fpee:

To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world :

There fay, untill the twelve Celefliall Signes

Hauie brought about their annuall reckoning.

If this authore infoluble life,

Change not your offer made in heate of blood :

If froths, and fails, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But that it bearre this triall, and laft loue :

Then at the expiracion of the yeare.

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deferts,

And by this Virgin palme, now kiding thine,

I will be thine: and till that infant that

My wofull felie vp in a mourning howle,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the other hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flatter vp thefe powers of mine with reft,

The fadaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie,

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breth.

Bar. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Refa. You muft be purged too, your furs are rack'd.

You are attaint with faults and perjurie :

Therefore if you my fower meanes to get,

A twelvemonth fhall you fpend, and never reft,

But feeke the weare beds of people fickes.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a heard, faire health, and honeftie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all thefe three.

Du. O flall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not fo my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,

Ille
Loues Labour's lost.

Ile marke no words that smoothes'd woorers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I have much loue, Ie give you some.

Dum. Ile ferue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swearst not, leeff ye be foriworne agen.

Loule. What file's Maria?

Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blakke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Loule. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mifrefle, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble sulte attends thy anfwer there,
Impose some ferulce on me for my loue.

Ref. Of haue I heard of you my Lord Bervoure,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclames you for a man regale with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floures:
Which you on all easates will execute,
That lie within the merce of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Vifte the speechleffe ficks, and still converffe
With graving wretchtes: and your taskel shall be,
With all the fercce endeare of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throatte of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a foule in aponie.

Ref. Why's that's the way to choie a giying spirit,
Whole influence is begot of that loofe grace,
Which shallow laughing heares gue to foolish?
A lefts prosperite, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Dealt with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle fonees; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I haue finde you empte of that fault,
Right loyall of your reformation.

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well I beffal what beffal,
Ile lea a tweluemonth in an Hofsitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Jacke hath not Gill: the Ladys courteze
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiefey voucheffe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kiffe thy royall finger, and take leave,
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to Lupensta to holde the
Plough for her sweet loue three years. But moft efteem

ded greatneffe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praffe of the Owle and the
Cuckow? It shoule have followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do so.


Enter all.

This side is Hymen, Winter.
This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
The other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dafus pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buts of yellow howe:
And Ladie-smockes all fluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus fings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow; a word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheardes pipe on Osten owne,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tied, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus fings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow; a word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Ificles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blows his nalle;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pale:
When blood is nipt, and wales be fowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle
Tu-whit to who.
A merrie note,
While greacie lone doth keele the pot.

When all sloud the winde doth blow,
And coiling drowne the Parfons faw;
And birds fit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nofe looks red and raw:
When rosted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greacie lone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are hard after the fongs of Apollo:
You that way: we this way.

Excuse annes.

FINIS.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hour
Drawes on space: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinke, how low
This old Moon wanes: she lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenn.

Hip. Foure daies will quickly steep themselves in nights
Foure nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a fluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Pilgrimage,

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pOME,
Hippolita, I woo thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good Egeus what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bofore of my childe:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou hast gien her times,
And interchandg'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window fung,
With faining voice, veris of faining love,
And fline the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knaakes, trifles, Note-gales, sweet meats(measengers
Of strong preualiment in vnhardned youth.)

With cunning haft thou dich'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harfheffe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it to thee will not here before your Grace,
Confent to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient pruillage of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispoze of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that cafe.

The. What say you Hermia? be advis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in weaxe
By him imprinpted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himselfe he is

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modestie
In such a preence heere to ploe ade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The word that may befall me in this cafe,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mee'd,
To liue a barren fitter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessest they that matter fo their blood,
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rofe diil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,lines, and dies; in holie blesseftefe.
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a speene) vnfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to lay, behold,
The lawes of darkneffe do devoure it vp;
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have bene euer croft,
It standes as an edict in defining:
Then let vs teach our trill patience,
Because it is a custome barefse.
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Wifes and tears; poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perfuasione; therefore hear me Hermia,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenue, and the hath no childe,
From Athens is her houfe remou'd feuen leagues,
And she refpects me, as her only Sonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the fharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou loue me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houfe to morrow night:
And in the night, doe come, in a league without the bataue,
(Where I did meeute thee once with Helena,
To do obfervance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his left arrow with the golden head,
By the similitude of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth foules, and propers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the faile Troyan vnder faile was feene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spake)
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meeute with thee.

Lyf. Keepe promife loue; looke here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed thee faire Helena, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnfaie,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happe faire!
Your eyes are loadfarres, and your tongues fweet ayre
More tuneable then Larkie to shepheards ear,
When wheate is greene, when hauthouse buds appear,
Sickneffe is catching: O were faie for,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eie,
My tongue should catch your tongues fweet melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being lated,
The reft Ile gue to be to you tranflated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you fway the motion of Demetrius hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my fmalles fuch skil.
Her. I glie him curfes, yet he glies me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection moone.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall fee my face,
Lyfander and my felie will file this place.
Before the time I did Lyfander fee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.
Ly. Helen, to you my minde we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebus doth behold
Her Rayer vllage, in the weary glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the blazed glass:
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athen's gates, haue we deu'd to slaele.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bottomes, of their countell viles:
There my Lyjander, and my furtle shall meete,
And thence from Athen's turne away our eyes
To fekke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keepe word Lyjander we must forsooke our fight,
From louers toile, till morrow deepde midnights.

Exit Hermia. Ly. I will my Hermia: Helena aside.
Ask him, Demetrius dore on you. Exit Lyjander.
Helo. How happy some or other some can be?
Through Athen is I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doing on Hermia eyes;
So I, advertisinge of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantitie.
Loue can transforme to forme and dignitie,
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taile:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy faire.
And therefore is Loue faile to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggil boyes in game themselues forwaere;
So the boy Loue is perier'd every where.
For ere Demetrius looke on Hermia eyes,
He hall'd downe oasthes that he was onely mine.
And when this Halle some heat from Hermia felt,
So he diffus'd, and showres of oasthes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermia flight:
Then to the wood will be, to morrow night
Purse her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein meanes I to enrich my paine,
To save his fight thither, and backe again.

Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Juyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellower-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were bett to call them generally, man by man, accounting to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the crolwe of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athen's, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. First, good Peter Quinces, by what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.
Bot. A very good peace of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quinces, call forth your Actors by the crolwe. Matters spred your felues.

Quin. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottom the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moue thernes: I will condole in somme measure. To the rest yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all spilt the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prion gates, and Pithon's carre shall shone from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condescending.

Quin. Franch Flute the bellower-mender.
Flu. Heere Peter Quinices.

Quin. You must take Thebbee on you.
Flu. What is Thebbee, a wandering Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Make, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thebbee too: Ie speake in a monfrous little voyce; Thibin, Thibes, th Pyramus my louver deare, thy Thibes deare, and Ladie deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thibin.
Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the Taylor.
Star. Heere Peter Quinces.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thibbes mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.
Snoout. Heere Peter Quinices.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my self, Thibes father;
Snagge the Iuyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snag. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am flow of fludie.

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 say, Let him roare again, let him roare again.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would frighte the Dutcheffe and the Ladies, that they would shriake, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.

Bottom. I grant you friends, if that you should frighte the Ladies out of their Witteres, they would have no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gentely as any fucking Doue; I will roare and twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Piran-

N 2
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through boughs, through brier, ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euery where, twitter then y Moons sphere; I and Ierue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the Cowflips tall, her pen-fomers bee, (green.) In their gold coats, spots you fee, Thofe be Rubics, Fairies fauors, In thofe freckles, live their fauors, I must go feeke some dew drops here, And hang a pearle in euery cowflips ear, Farewel thou Lob of spiritis, Ile be gon, Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For Oberon is fallingell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hathe A louely boy flowne from an Indian King, She never had so sweet a changeling, And jealous Oberon would have the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde, But the (perforce) with holds the loued boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ly, And now they never meeete in grove, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they doe floure, that all their Elues for feare Creep into Acornes caps and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mischief your shape and making quite, Or else you are that threwd and knauish spirit Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bodefull make the breathlesse huswife chore, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Mileade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Thofe that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You doe their worke, and they shal have good lucke. Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright; I am that merrie wanderer of the night: I left to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fat and beane fed horfe beguile, Neighing in likenesse of a filly foale, And sometime lurke I in a Gooseys bole, In very likenesse of a rosalid crab: And when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her wethered dewlop poure the Ale. The wilie Aunt telling the faddled tale, Sometime for three foot foole, milkesketh me, Then flip I from her bum, downe topples the, And tiloure cries, and falls into a coffee. And then the whole quire hold their hips, and luffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swarea, A merrier houre vs never waited there. But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fai. And heere me my Miftris: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with bis traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud Tytania.

Qy. What, leauous Oberon? Fairy skilp hence. I have forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarry ruft Wanter; am not I thy Lord?

Qy. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou wvast flone away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of Ceres fate al day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and verting louse To amorous Philida. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest steepe of Indie? But that forsooth the bouncing Amanon Your buskin'd Miftrife, and your Warrior louse, To Thefien must be Wedded; and you come, To glue their bed ly and prosperfite.

Ob. How canst thou thus for Thame Tytania, Glance at my credite, with Hippolita? Knowing I know thy louse to Thefien? Daf't thou not leave him through the glimmering night From Perseus, whom he rauiled? And make him with fire Esels brake his faith With Ariadne, and Atropa?

Qy. These are the forgeries of jealous, And never since the middle Summers spring Met vve on hille, in dale, forrest, or mead, By paued fountaine, or by rufie brooke, Or in the beache margent of the sea, To dance our rингlets to the whilling Wind, But vith thy braules thou haft disturbed our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reooke, have yack'd a vp from the sea. Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euery petty Riner made fo proud, That they have ouer borne their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore stretc'h'd his yaske in vaine, The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath roto, ere his youth attaine a beard: The fold fandles empty in the drowned field, And Crowes are fittet with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,  
And the quinet Mazes in the wanton greene,  
For lacke of tred are vndistinguishable.  
The humane mortals want their winter heere,  
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleft;  
Therefore the Moone (the gouernor of floods)  
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;  
That Rheumsticke diases doe abound.  
And through this diatemperture, we fee  
The feaons alter; hoared headled frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,  
And on old Hymen chime and Ice crowne,  
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds  
Is as in mockery fet. The Spring, the Sommer,  
The chiling Autumn, angry Winter change  
Their wonted Loeeries, and the mazed world,  
By their increade, now knowns not which is which;  
And this fame progeny of euilla,  
Comes from our debate, from our diftension,  
We are their parents and original.  
Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,  
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changing boy,  
To be my Hancheman.  
Qu. Set your heart at rest,  
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,  
His mother was a Votere of my Ordes,  
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night  
Full often hath the goippi of my fide,  
And fat with me on Neptune yellow fands,  
Marking th'embarke tradors on the flood,  
When we have laught to fee the falles conceive,  
And grow big belliad with the wanton winde:  
Which she with prettly and with swimming gate,  
Following (her wonbe then rich with my yong ifquire)  
Would imitate, and falle upon the Land,  
To fetch me tribes, and returne againe,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.  
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,  
And for her fake I doe reare vp her boy,  
And for her fake I will not part with him.  
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?  
Qu. Parchance till after Theseus wedding day.  
If you will patiently dance in our Round,  
And see our Moone-light reuels, goe vs with;  
If not, then me and I will faire your haunts.  
Ob. Glue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.  
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away!  
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.  
Exc.  
Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembret  
Since once I faw upon a promontory,  
And heard a Mere- made on a Dolphins backe,  
Vittering fuch dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude fea grew chyll at her fong,  
And certaine frases hot madly from their Spheres,  
To hear the Sea-maids musicke.  
Pos. I remember.  
Ob. That very time I faw (but thou could not)  
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
At a faire Vefhall, throne of the Weft,  
And loue his loose-shaft fmarly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hunderd thousand hearts,  
But I might fee young Cupids fiery shaft  
Quencht in the chaffe beamses of the wafty Moone;  
And the imperiall Votreife paffed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell.  
It fell vpon a little weiferne flower ;  
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.  
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I faw'd thee once,  
The ioyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Vpon the next live creature that it fees.  
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
Ere the Lewathan can swim a league.  
Pucke. Ille put a girdle about the earth, in forty minites,  
Ober. Having once this ioyce,  
Ille watch Titania, when she is asleepe,  
And drop the liqour of it in her eyes:  
The next thing when the waking lookses vpon,  
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,  
Or medling Monkey, or on bufie Ape)  
Shes shall pursue it, with the soul of loue.  
And ere I take this charmse off from her fight,  
(As I can take it with another hearse)  
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.  
But who comes heere? I am insubile,  
And I will ouer-heare their conference.  

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.  

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lyfander, and faire Hermia?  
The one Ile flay, the other thyereth me.  
Thou toldfed me they were fholne into this wood;  
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.  
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adaman,  
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart  
Is true as flcele. Leave you power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.  
Deme. Do I enice you? do I speake you faire?  
Or rather doe I not in plainett truth,  
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?  
Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;  
I am your spaniell, and Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will favne on you.  
Vie me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,  
Negleft me, lose me; onely give me leane  
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.  
What worfer place can I begin in your loue,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me)  
Then to be vfed as you doe your dogge.  
Dem. Temp not too much the hatred of my spirit,  
For I am facke when I do looke on thee.  
Hel. And I am facke when I looke not on you.  
Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,  
To leuase the Citty, and commit your felle  
Into the hands of one that loues you not,  
To truft the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsell of a defert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.  
Hel. Your vertue is my pruelidge: for that  
It is not night when I doe fsee your face.  
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,  
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
150

A Midsommer nights Dreame.

For you in my respect are all the world,
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to looke on me?

But I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And loose thee to the mercy of wildle leafe.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chace;
The Doe pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Birdlike speedes,
When cowardlike pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mishcliffe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mishcliffe. Eye Demetria,
Your wrongs doe fet a scandal on my fexe:
We cannot fight for lose, as men may doe;
We should be wood, and were not made to woole.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell;
To die upon the hand I love so well. Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do loose this grous,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall feele thy love.
Hait thou the flower then? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Pack. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweete muske rodes, and with Eglandite;
There sliues Tytania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snaue throwes her enamell'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in,
And with the iuynce of this I theeke her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasie.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grous;
A sweete Athenian Lady is in lazen
With a disdainfull youth ; annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eplies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on,
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then the vpon her love;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pres. Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exit.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rod buds,
Some warre with Reermifl, for their heathen wings,
To make my small Elies costes, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits : Sing me now aleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lullie, lullie, lullaby, lullie, lullie, lullaby;
Nectar barme, nor spoil nor charmes,
Come our lovely Lady eyes,
So good night mercy with Lullaby.
2. Fairy. Weasing Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence;
Beetles blacke approach not here;
Worme nor Single doe no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aliope, famd Concinell.
Shoo sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feelest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Louse take:
Louse and languish for his fake,
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boore with brifilt hair,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'th, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire love,you faynt with wandering in y'wood,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
We'll ret vs Hermia, if you thinke it good, *
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Herm. Be it to Lysander; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rett my head.
Lys. One tyme shall ferue as pillow for both,
One heart, one bed, two bofomes, and one troth.
Herm. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie fo neere.
Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Louse takes the meaning, in louses conference,
I meant that my heart vnto yours is knitt,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bofomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bofomes, and a fingle troth.
Then by your fide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying fo, Hermia, I doe not lye.
Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beflow my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courttefe
Lie further off, in humane moiterie,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be difant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy love nere alter, till thy sweet life end.
Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed, sleepe glue thee all his reft.
Herm. With halfe that wish, the widers eyes be preft.

Enter Puck.

They sleepe.

Pack. Through the forest haue I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approye
This flowers force in stiring loue,
Night and filence ; who is here?
Weedes of Athens he doth weare:
This is he (by my matter said)
Despifed the Athenian maid:
And here the maiden sleepeing found,
On the danke and dartie ground.  
Pretty foule, the durt is not lye  
Nere, this lacke-lous, this kill-curtuefie.  
Charle, vpon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charme doth owe :  
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid  
Sleepe his fate on thy eye-lid.  
So awake when I am gone:  
For I must now to Oeben.  

Exit.  

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.  

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius.  
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.  
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.  
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.  

Exit Demetrius.  

Hel. 0 I am out of breath, in this fond chace,  
The more my prayer, the leerrer is my grace,  
Happy is Hermia, wherefore the lies ;  
For the hath blefed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with fault teares.  
If so, my eyes are oftner women then hers.  
No, no, I am as vugly as a Bear.  
For beales that meeke me, strange away for feare,  
Therefore no maruall, though Demetrius  
Doe as a monter, fie my preience thus.  
What wicked and diffloming glasse of mine,  
Made me compare with Hermia spheiry euye?  
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;  
Dende or asleepe? I fee no blood, no wound,  
Lyfander, if you live, good frie awake.  

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweete fake.  
Transparent Helena, nature her bowes art,  
That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my fword!  
Hel. Do not say so Lyfander, say not so;  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.  

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love;  
Who will not change a Raen for a Dose?  
The will of man is by his reaon (way'd)  
And reaon files you are the worthier Maide,  
Things growing are not rife vntill their reafon;  
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reafon,  
And touching now the point of humane skill,  
Reafon becomes the Marshall to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I oreloke  
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.  

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockerye borne?  
When at your hands did I deferve this fcrone?  
If not enough, if not enough, yong man,  
That I did never, nor nor not earie can,  
Deferve a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,  
But you must flout my inffuficiency?  
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)  
In such deftinfall manner, me to woe.  
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,  
I thought you Lord of more true gentenneffe,  
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,  
Should of another therefore be abus'd.  

Exit.  

Lyf. She fees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,  
And never maiit thou come Lyfander neere;  

For as a ferviet of the sweetefte things  
The deepest loathing to the stomache brings:  
Or as the herrefies that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:  
So thou, my ferviet, and my heresie,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me;  
And all my powers address your love and might,  
To honour Helen, and to he her Knight.  

Exit.  

Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy beft  
To plucke this crawling serpent from my bref;  
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?  

Lyfander lookst, how I do quake with feare  
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,  
And yet fat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lyfander, what remou'd? Lyfander, Lord,  
What out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?  
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:  
Speake of all loues; I found amost with feare.  
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,  
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.  

Exit.  

Actus Tertius.  

Enter the Clowres.  

Bot. Are we all met?  
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruallous convenient place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthern brake our trying house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.  

Bot. Peter quince?  
Peter. What fault thou, bully Bottom?  
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will neuer please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill hymselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.  
How answere you that?  
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.  
Stear. I beleue we must leave the killing out, when all is done.  
Bot. Not a whit, I have a deuide to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the Weazer; this will put them out of feare.  

Quin. Well, we will haue 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 afeard of the Lyon?  
Stear. I feare it, I promis you.  

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to bring in(God shiel) that Lion among Ladies,is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearfull wilde foule then your Lyon fluing: and wee ought to looke to it.  

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.  

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be feene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, faying thus, or to the fame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would request.
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no fuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is Such the iony.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calenger, a Calenger looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. What then may you leave a cafement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the cafement.

Quin. 1, or else one must come in with a buch of thorns and a lanthorne, and fay he comes to disfigure, or to pre- fent the perfon of Moone-thine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talk through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What fay you Botome?

Bot. Some man or other muft preffent wall, and let him have fome Plater, or fome Lome, or fome rough caft about him, to dignifie wall; or let him hold his figh- ners thus: and through that cranny, hall Piramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe euery mothers fonne, and reheare your parts. Piramus, you begin; when you haue spoken your speeche, enter into that Brake, and fo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we fweage- ring here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairie Queene?

What! Play toward? He be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I fee caufe.

Quin. Speake Piramus; Thisby hand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious fowers sweete.

Quin. Odoors, odoors.

Pir. Odoors fowers sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearer Thisby deare.

But haute, a voyce! flay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit. Pir. Puck. A Stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here.

Thyf. Muit I speake now?

Pet. I marry muft you. For you muft vnderhand he goes but to fee a noyfe that he heard, and it is to come a- gain.

Thyf. Most radiant Piramus, mift Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky hueneall, and eke mift lovely Jew,
As true as truift horfe, that yet would never tyre,
He meete thee Piramus, at Ninnets toome.

Pet. Ninnus toome mane: why, you muft not speake that yet; that you anfwere to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter,your cue is pit; it is never tyre.

Thyf. Or as true as truift horfe, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine.
Per. O monftrous, O strange. We are hanted: pray masters, fye masters, helpe.

Pet. I leue follow you, I leue lead you about a Round, Through bogge, through buft, through brake, through Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer,
A bogge, a headlefe beare, sometimne a fire,
And Neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, at euery turne. Exit.

Enter Piramus with the Affe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. Enter Souweet.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I fee on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleffe thee Bottome, bleffe thee; thou art tranla- ted. Exit. Bot. I fee their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not flire from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will fing that they hall heare I am not a-fraid.

The Wooffe cooke, so blacke of hew,
With Orange-tawny bill.
The Throffe, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowrie bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainfong Cuckow gray;
Whole note full many a man doth make,
And dares not anfwer, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to fo foolish a bird? Who would glue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer fo.

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, fing againe,
Mine ear is much enamoered of thy note;
On the first view to fay, to swear I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy hape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mineffe, you should have little reafon for that; and yet to fay the truth, reafon and loue keepe little company together, nowadayes.
The more the pittie, that fome honest neighbours will not make them friends.

Nay, I can gleeke vpon occafion.

Tyta. Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not fo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ferue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not defire to goe,
Thou halt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer ftil doth tend vpon my flate,
And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile glue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they hall fetch thee Jewels from the deepes,
And fing, while thou on perflied flowers doft fleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groffeneffe, for
That thou halft like an aire spirit go.

Enter Peas-blossome, Cloverow, Moch, Masterward- zard, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Wherehall we go?

Tita. Be
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Thou be kinde and courteus to this Gentleman, Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies, Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries, With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, The hone-sbags steale from the humble Bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise: And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, To fan the Moone-beames from his sleepeing eies. Nod to him Eluys, and doe him curtseys."

"I.
Fac. Halle mortall, halle.
2. Fac. Halle.
3. Fac. Halle.

But I cry your worshipes mercy hardly; I befeech your worshipes name.

"Cob. Cobweb.

But I shall defire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you."

"Your name honest Gentleman?"

"Perf. Peas-blossome;
Perf. Peas-blossome.

But I pray you commend mee to mistrefe Spagii, your mother, and to master Peasfood your father. Good master Peas-blossome, I shall defire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I befeech you sir?"

"Maj. My lord the Gentleman.
Perf. Peas-blossome.

But good master Mylord seedes, I know your patience well: that fame cowardly gant-like Ox-eye had desoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now, I defire you more acquaintance, good Master Mylord-seedes."

"Titania. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a warrte eie, And when he weepes, weepes everie little flower, Lamenting some enforced charitie. Tye vp my lovers tongue, bring him silently."

"Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Oh, I wonder if Titania be awake?
Then what it was that next came in her eie, Which the mift dote on, in extremetie."

"Enter Pucke."

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule now about this gauze mount?"

"Puck. My Misfri des monsieur is in loue, Neere to her clofe and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleepeing hower, A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals, That worke for bread vpoun Athenian flats, Were met together to rehearse a Play, Intended for great Telleus nuptiall day: The slenderest thick-skin of that barren fort, Who Piramus prefented, in their sport, Forlook his Scene, and entered in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take, An Affes note I fixed on his head, Anon his Tribble must be answered, And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie, As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye, Or ruffed-pated Peshes, many in fort (Riding and cawing at the gun report) Sensor them selves, and madly sweep the skye:"

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye, And at our flandre, here ore and ore one fall; He murtheres cryes, and helpe from Athenian cats. Their fene thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong, Made fenesleffe things begin to doe them wrong. For briars and thornes at their apparell stick, Some fleues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch, I led them on in this drifted fears, And left sweete Pyramus translated there: When in that moment (so it came to paffe) Tytania waked, and straightway Iou'd an Affe.

"Oh. This falls out better then I could deuide: But haue thou yet lucht the Athenian eyes, With the lowe lyue, as I did bid thee doe?"

"Rob. I tooke him sleepeing (that is finneth to) And the Athenian woman by his side, That when he wake't, of force the musk be yeede."

"Enter Demetrius and Hermia."

"Oh. Stand clofe, this is the same Athenian.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man."

"Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you? Lay breath in bitter on your bitter toe."

"Herm. Now I but chide, but I should vie thee worfe. For thou (I fear) haft given me cause to curse, If thou haft saine Lyfander in his sleepe, Being ore choosen in bloud, plunge in the deep, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day, As he to me. Would he have stabbed away, From sleepeing Hermia? He believe as soon This whole earth may be borth, and that the Moone May through the Center crepe, and to dissipe Her brothers noontide, with th' Antipoetes. It cannot be but thou haft murded him, So shoulde a murtherer looks, so dead, so grim."

"Dem. So shoulde the murderers looks, and so shoulde I, Pierced through the heart with thine harsh cruelty: Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare, As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Herm. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou glue him me?"

"Dem. I'd rather glue his caraff to my hounds."

"Herm. Out dog, out cur, thou driu't me past the bounds Of maidens patience. Haft thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake, Durst thou a lookt vpoun him, being awake? And haft thou kill'd him sleepeing? O brave tutch: Could not a worme, an Adder do so much? An Adder did it: for with double tongue Then thine (thou serpente) neueradder rung."

"Dem. You spend your passion on a milpried mood, I am not guilty of Lyfanders blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell."

"Herm. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?"

"Herm. A priulidge, never to see me more; And from thy hated preference part I see me no more Whether he be dead or no."

"Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine, Here therefore for a while I will remaine, So forrowes theseinesse doth heavier growe: For debt that bankrout flip doth sorrow owe, Which now in some flight measure it will pay,
Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mitlooke by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant fee?
Lord, what foules these mortals be!
Oh, Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will caufe Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woe one,
That muft needs be sport alone:
And those things doe beit pleas me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think I should woe in sport?
Scorne and derision never comes in teares;
Looke when I vow weeppe; and vowes doe borne,
In their nature all truth appears.
How can these things in me, seeme sorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hely. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth, O diuellish hoile tray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you glue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh,
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgmeunte, when to her I swore.
Hely. Nor none in my minde, now you glue her ore.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her, and he loues not you. A kw.

Did. O Helen, goddeffe, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what my loue, shall I compare thine eyene?
Christaffil is mudy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips,those kifing cherrie, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fan’d with the Eastern winde, turns to a crow,
When thou holdest vp thy hand. O let me kiffe
This Princeffe of pure white, this seale of blifte.

Hely. O sport! O hell! I see you are all bent
To fet against me, for your merriement;
If you were ciuil, and knew curteiue,
You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you mult ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in how,
You would not vie a gentle Lady fo;
To vow, and iure, and superpraze my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and loue Hermias;
And now both Rivals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble fort,
Would fo offend a Virgin, and extort;
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lyf. You are vnkind Demetrius;be not fo,
For you loue Hermias; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias loue I yeeld you vp my part,
And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

Hely. Neuer did mockers want more idle breth.

Did. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:
If ere I lou’d her, all that loue is gone,
My heart to her, but as guiffe-wit solomn’d,
And now to Helen it is home return’d,
There to remaine.

Lyf. It is not fo.

Did. Diaprage not the faith thou doft not know,
Leit to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes,yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Hely. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing fense,
Ir pales the hearing double recom pense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander found,
Mine eare (I thank it) brought me to that found.
But why vnkindly dint thou leave me so?
(To go?)

Lys. Why should you hee flay whom Looe doth preffe
Her. What loue could preffe Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysanders love (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helena; who more engiis the night,
Then all you fierie oes, and eles of light.
Why seeke’t thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Hely. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hely. Lo, she is one of this confedery,
Now I perceive they have coniuy’d all three,
To fashion this falle sport in fplight of me,
Injuirous Hermia, most vngratefull maid,
Hau we conipar’d, hau we with thefe contrib’d
To batte me, with this foule defirion?
Is all the counsell that we two have all they’d,
The fillers vowes, the hours that we have spent,
When wee haue chal the hilty footed time,
For parting vs; O is all forgot?
All schoolemales talieth child,child—hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificall gods,
Hauwe with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, fitting on one cusion,
Both warbling of one song,both in one key;
As if our hands, our fides, voices, and minds
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, forming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life costs in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love alway?
To loyne with men in forming your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the iniuries.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorn you not; it seemeth that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not yet Lyfander, as in former
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foot)
To call me godselfe,nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, cold? what? when did he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyfander
Denie your love (for rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your content?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with loues, so fortunate?
(But miserable moost, to love vnlove?)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, do, perfore, counterfeitt fad lookes,
Make mouches ypon me when I turne my bucke,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete left vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But faire ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence loone shall remeide.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuise,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!  forsooth, do not fcorne her so.

Dick. If she the cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lyf. Thou canst compell, no more then the entertaine.
Thy threats have no more strengthe then her weak praife.

Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I fwear by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him falle, that fates I loue then not.

Dem. If I may, I loue thee more then he can doe.

Lyf. If thou say so, with draw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Hel. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you scurril.

Dem. No, no, Sir, beware to breake loose.

Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tane man, go.

Lyf. Hang off thou eate, thou burly thing let loose,
Or I will shawe thee from me like a serpent.

Hel. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?

Lyf. Thy loue? out swamy Tartar, out;
Our loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not like?

Hel. Yes, girl, and do to you.

Lyf. Demetrius I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ie not trauet your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harme her so.

Her. What can you do me greater harms then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what news my Loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyfander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you loued me yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earneft, shall I say?

Lyf. By my life; and never did desire to fee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no leas,
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.

Hel. O me, you figrer, you canker bloffe
You theefe of loue: What, have you come by night,
And done my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yse:
Hate you no modestly, no maiden shame,
No touch of bafline, what, will you teaze
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeitt, you puppet, you.

Hel. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that the hath made compare.
Betweene our cuttures, the hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him,
And are you growne so high in his effeme.
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curfit:
I have no gift at all in threweinheffe;
I am a right madde for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my felis,
That I can match her.

Hel. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good Hermia, doe not be so bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you Hermia,
Did euer keep your counsell, never wronged you,
Sawe that in loue vnto Demetrius,
I told him of your health vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Hel. Why get you gone: who lift that hinderes you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I lese here behinde.

Lyf. What, with Lyfander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and threwd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Hel. Little agane! Nothing but low and little?
Why will you fuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You minium, of hindring knot-grace made,
You bead, you aumone.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that fcorne your servises.

Let
Let her alone, Speake not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Let. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whole right,
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee checke by lowle.

Her. You Mistirs, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not truss you,
Nor longer stay in your curt compaine.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak't,
Or else commit'th thy knaureys willingly.

Puck. Bleeuce me, King of shadoyes, I mifbooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelose proues my enterprise,
That I have nooted an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their langling I efteeme a sport.

Thou feelst thefe Louers fecke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, overcatt the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead thee tettie Riuais to altray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then hire Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou lead them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, fleepe
With leaden legs, and Battel-wings doth creepe;
Then criue this heare into Lyfanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this virtuouse properitie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall frame a dreame, and fruitlesse vition,
And backe to Acheron shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releae
From monstros view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder thines Auros harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in croft-waies and bowes have burelall,
Areadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare lest day should looke thier flames vpon,
They wilfully themselfes exile from light,
And must for aye comfort with blacke broude night.

Ob. But we are spirts of another fort:
I, with the mornings loue have oit made sport,
And like a Forrester, the growes may tread,
Euen till the Eastern gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire bleeled beames,
Turnet into yellow gold, his felt Greene dreames.
But notwithstanding haue, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.

Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?

Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee outright.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speake in some busie: Where doft thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the busses that thou lookest for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is desist'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yes, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Exit.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

The villain is much lighter hee'd then I:
I followed fast, but fafter he did flye;

Shifting places.

That fallen am I in darke someueen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:
Ie downe.

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and revenge this slight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'lt thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st.

For well I wot,

Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar't not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this Learre,

If euer I thy face by day-light see.

Now goe thy way: sifnnetle confrainteth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approche looke to be viuited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours, shine comforts from the Earl,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From thence that my poore companie detest;

And sleepe that sometime flutes vp forrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,

Two of both kindes makes vp foure.

Here he comes, curt and fat,
Cupid is a knauih lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer fo weare, neuer fo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and borne with briaire,
I can no further crawl, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I renn me till the brake of day,
Heaven's shield Lyfander, if they mean a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe found,

Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight in the light of thy former Ladies eye,
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

And the Country Proverb knowne,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be flowne,
Jatte shall have ill, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

They sleepe all the Ait.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queen of Faires, and Cloone, and Faires, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable checkes doe coy,
And flicke muske roes in thy fleece smoothe head,
And kiffe thy faire large ears, my gentle joy.
Clowf. Where's Peafe blissome?
Peaf. Ready.
Clowf. Scratch my head, Peafe-blissome. Wher's Moun-

Enter Moun-

Clowf. Mounfieur Cobe, good Mounfier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounfier bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret thy selfe too much in the action, Mounfier; and good Mounfier have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have yon over-flowne with a hony-bag signilour. Where's Mounfier Mushardied?

Muf. Ready.
Clo. Glue me your neafe, Mounfieur Mushardied. Pray you leave your courtesy good Mounfier.

Muf. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounfier, but to help Caualary Cobe to farthac. I must to the Barres Mounfier, for me-thinkes I am marvoulous hairy about the head. And I am such a tender aff, if my hair de do tinkle mee, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou have some muffcke, my sweet love.
Clowf. I have a reasonable good ear in muffcke. Let vs have the tongs and the bones.

Musficke Tongs, Rurall Musficke.

Tita. Or say sweete Louse, what thou defirest to eat.
Cloone. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great defire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venroutous Fairy,
That shall flicke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clo. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease, But I pray you let none of your people flire me, I have an expostion of sleepe come vpon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Faires be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so,
Enrings the barking fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I do re on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.
Ob. Welcome good Robin:
Seekst thou this sweet fight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete fayours for this hateful foole,
I did vpraid her, and fall out with her.
For his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that fame dew which sometime on the busb,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriet eyes,
Like tears that did ther owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde tares beg'd my patience,
I then did asek of her, her changeling child;
Which straight the gave me, and her Fairy sent
To heare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle Pucke, take this transformed falke,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to Athen backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

Now my Titania wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My Oberon, what violons haue I sence!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aife.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tita. How came they things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this vilage now!
Ob. Silence a while. Robin take off his head:
Titania, muffcke call, and strike more dead.
Then common seepe of all thefe, fine the fen.

Tita. Muffcke, ho muffcke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Muffcke full.

Rob. When thou wakest, with thinne owne foolest eies peape.

Ob. Sound muffcke; come my Queene, take hands with
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers bee.
Now thou and I are now in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,
And baffle it to all faire pottefry.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iolity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene in silence sate,
Tripe we after the nights shade; we
The Globe can compasse foome,
Swifter then the wandering Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found.

Sleepers Eye full.

O With
With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traines.

T. f. Go one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall hear the murlick of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Weterne valley, let them goe;
Difpatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.
And marke the muscall confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crecte they bayed the Bear
With hounds of Spartæ; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chalynd. For besides the groves,
The field, in the mountaines, the fountains way,
Seeme all one mutuell cry. I neuer heard
So muscall a discord, such sweet thunder.

T. f. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So frew 'd, to fanned, and their heads are hung
With ears that wike the morning dew,
Crooke kneeed, and dew-lapt, like Testatum Buls,
Slow in purfuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheare'd with home,
In Crecte, in Spartæ, nor in Tefally;
Judge when you heare. But looke, what nymphs are these?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter here aleepe,
And this Lyfander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, olde Nedarus Helena,
I wonder of this being hereee together.
Th. No doubt they rofe vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speake Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give anwer of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.

T. f. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their horns.
Horns and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

T. f. Good morrow friends! Saint Valentine is paft,
Begin thele wood birds but to couple now?
Lyf. Pardon my Lord.
T. f. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is is so farre from Jealousie,
To fleepe by hate, and feare no eminity.
Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazely,
Halt fleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I fware,
I cannot truly lay how I came here.
But as I thynke (for truly would I speake)
And now I die forthine my selfe, as it is; I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord; you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head;
They would have Stolne away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my confent;
Of my confent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire Helen told me of their health,
Of this their purpos hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them;
Fair Helen, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is solely Helen. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrath'd, ere I faw Hermia,
But like a fickeneffe did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my natural tate,
Now doe I wth it, love it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

T. f. Where Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse shall hear a more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos hunting shall be fet aside.
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnite.

Come Hippolita.

Dem. These things seem small & vndistinguifhable,
Like barley off into Clouds.

Herm. Me-thinks I fee these things with parted eye,
When every thing seemes double.

Helm. So me-thinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a j ewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to mee,
That yet we fleepe, we dreame. Do not you thynke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?
Herm. Yea, and my Father.
Helm. And Hippolita.
Lyf. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake? let us follow him,
And by the way let vs recount our dreams.

Bottomes wakes.

Enter Lovers.

Clav. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anwer.
My next is, most faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Qunice?
Flute the bellows-mender? Sowt the tinkers? Starveling?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aleepe: I have a maid a rare vision.
I had a dreaming, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe,
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 heare,
The care of man hath not heere, mans hand is not able to taffe, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report,
What my dreame was. I will get Peter Quinice to write a ballate of this dreame, it shall be called
Bottomes Dreame,because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke.
Pertadventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quinices, Flute, Christmas, Starveling.

Ruin. Have you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

Starr. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Th. If
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Piramis but he.

Tbf. No, hee hath simpilly the best wit of any handy-
craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yes, and the best perfon too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

Tbf. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleffe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comimg 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.

Tbf. O sweet bally Bottom: thus hath he left fore-
pence a day, during his life, he could not have faped six-
pence a day. And the Duke had not given him fixpence a day for playing Piramus, Ile be hang'd. He would have deferved it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

But. Where are thefe Lads? Where are thefe hearts?

Quin. Bottom, 3 most couragious day! O must hap-

But. Masters, I am to dis confuse you, but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Py. Let vs hear, sweet Bottom.

But. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dinet. Get your apparell together, good things to your bearde, new ribbonds to your pumps, meete prefectly at the Palace, every man looke by his part: for the short and the long is, our play is prefered: In any cafe let Thisby have cleane linen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee to vster sweete Comedy, and I doe not doubt but to hear ye say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolite, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. This strange my Theseus, y these lourers speake of. Thee more strange then true. I never may beleue These ancie fables, nor these Fairy toyses, Lovers and mad men have fuch feething braines, Such shaping plants, faine that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One fees more dulces then vaile hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknoowne: the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And gives to aire nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some faire, How easie is a bull supposd a Bear? Hip. But all the rotie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfused to together, More wittoeth then fancies images, And grows to something of great constancies; But howfouer, strange, and admirable.

Enter lourers, Lisander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the lourers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days Of louse accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, wait in your royall walkes, your board, your bed.

The. Come now, what makess, what dances shall we haue, To weare away this long age of three houres, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our vilial manager of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, To safe the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this even-
ing? What makese? What musick? How shall we beguile The lazie time, if not with some delight? Ege. There is a breete how many sportes are rife: Make choife of which your Highenesse will fee first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be fung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Woe! none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tipic Bachanals, Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deceite, and it was plaid When I from Theseus came laft a Conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late defeat in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and critical, Not forting with a nuptiall ceremoney.

Lys. A tedious breede Scene of your Piramus, And his loue Thisby; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragical! Tedious, and briefe! That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall we finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breefe, 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 fitten. And tragical my noble Lord it is: for Piramus Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw Reheard, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter Neuer fhad.

Tbf. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which neuer labord in their minds till now; And now have toyed their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

The. And we will hear it.
One noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It o'er, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Vaine you can find sport in their intents,
Exremely stretch'd, and conv with cruel paine,
To doe you feruice.

But we will hear that play. For newer any thing
Can be amisse, when simpliceness and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Thou, why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
This He fakes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thou, the kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mi$take ;
And what does poor duty cannot, noble reftpect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great Clerks have purpo fie
To greete me with pretemeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen themتميزer and looke pale,
Make period in the midst of sentences,
Thro' their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion, dummy have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweetie,
Out of this silence yet, I picket a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearfull duty,
I read as much, as from the rating tongue
Of fancy and audacious eloquence;
Loze therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
In leaf, speake most, to my capacity.

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If you offend, it is with our good will.
That you shoule think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in delight.
We do not come, as mindeing to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not herere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their shew,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thou. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lyf. He hath hid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the flop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
enough to speake, but to speake true.

Hif. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
child on a Recorder, a found, but not in government.

Thou. His speech was like a tangled chaine nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Actoryer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisbie, Wall, Mome-fline, and Lyon.

Pro. Gent. perchance you wonder at this shew,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, Thisbie is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-calf, doth pretend
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers arm'd
And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Pretendeth moone-fline. For if you will know,
By moone-fline did those Lovers think no more
To meet at Nimus toombe, there, there to woe:

This grisly beart (which Lyon hight by name)
The trufly Thoby, comming firft by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine.
Anon comes Pirames, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his Thisbius Mantle flaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely brought his boiling bloody breast,
And Thoby, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Mome-fline, Wall, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourses, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thou. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when
many Afes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbius, and Mommesine.

Wall. In this fame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Swett (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cramp'd hole or chinkie;
Through which the Lovers, Pirames and Thisbius
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-calf, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and thinke,
Through which the fearfull Lovers are to whisper.

Thou. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the vittifer partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord.

Thou. Pyramus draws near the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue fo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not :
O night, o night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thisbius promife is forgot.
And thou o vall, thou sweet and lovely vall,
That fands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vall, o vall, o sweet and lovely vall,
Shew me thy chinkie, to blinke through yth with mine eire.
Taneues courtesy vall. I nee fheild thee vall for this.
But what fee I? No Thisbius doe I fee.
O wicked vall, through whom I fee no bliffe,
Curft be thy fones for thus deceiving me.

Thou. The vall me-thinkes being fenfible, should
curfe againe.

Pir. No in truth fir, he should not. Deseiving me,
Is Thisbius eue, the e is to enter, and I am to spy.
Her through the vall. You shall fee it vall fall.

Enter Thisbius.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

Thou. O vall, full often hath thou heard my mone,
For parting my faire Pirames, and me.
My cherry lips have often kift thy fones;
Thy fones vith Lime and Haire knitt vp in thee.

Pyra. I fee a voyce; now vull I to the chinke.
To spy and I can hear my Thisbius face. Thisbius?

Thou. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou vilt. I am thy Louears grace,
And like Limander am I trufly still.

Thou. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.
Pir. Not Sefafalus to Procrus, was fo true.

Thou. As Sefafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pir.
Pir. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.  
Telf. I kiss the walls hole, not your lips at all. 
Pir. What thou at Ninian tomeet me straight way?  
Telf. This is the filled stuffe that ere I heard. 
Du. This is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbours. 
Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning. 
Du. I must by your imagination then, & not theirs. 
Du. If wee imagine no worre of them then they of themselves, they may paff for excellent men. Here come two noble beafts, in a man and a Lion. 

Enter Lyon and Moone-faine. 
Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle harts do fear 
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor:) May now perchance, both quake and tremble here, When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare. 
Then know that I, one Smug the loyner am A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam: For if I should as Lion come in strive Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life. 
Du. A vere gentle beaft, and of a good confidence. 
Dem. The verie beaft at a beaft, my Lord, yere I saw. 
Lij. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor. 
Du. True, and a Goofe for his discretion. 
Dem. Not to my Lord: for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe. 
Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone. 
Mon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present. 
De. He should have wore the hornes on his head. 
Du. Hee is no crencent, and his hornes are inusitible, within the circumfrence. 
Mon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My felpe, the man i'th Moone doe femee to be. 
Du. This is the greatest error of all the reft; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone? 
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you fee, it is already in fruife. 
Du. I am vearie of this Moone; 'would he should change. 
Lij. Proceed Moone. 
Mon. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone: I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buie, my thorne biff; and this dog, my dog. 
Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thoby. 

Enter Thoby. 
Thoby. This is old Ninian tombe: where is my loue? 
Lyon. Oh. 
Thoby. The Lion roares, Thoby runs off. 
Dem. Well roar'd Lion. 

Du. Well run Thoby. 
Dut. Well done Moone. 
Truly the Moone shines with a good grace. 
Du. Wel mouz'd Lion. 
Dem. And then came Piramus. 
Lij. And so the Lion vanilh. 

Enter Piramus. 
Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny bemses, I thank thee Moone, for shining now so bright: For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beams, I truft to taste of truest Thoby's light. 
But tay: O sight! but marke, poore Knight, What dreadful dole is heere? 
Eyes doo you fee? How can it be! 
O dainty Duke: O Deere! 
Thy mantle good; what staind with blood! 
Approch you Furies fell: 
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum, Quilf, crufh, conclude, and quell. 
Du. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, Would go neere to make a man looke fad. 
Du. Beflaw my heart, but I pittie the man. 
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'th thou Lions fame? Since Lion vilde hath heere defcour'd my deere: Which is: no, no, which was the faireft Dame 
That hu'd, that loo'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere. 
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound 
The pap of Piramus: 
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop; 
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus. 
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my foule is in the sky, Tongue lofe thy light, Moone take thy flight, 
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye. 
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one. 
Lij. Left then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing. 
Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and proue an Afro. 
Du. How chance Moone-faine is gone before? 
Thoby comes backe, and finds her Louer. 

Enter Thoby. 
Duke. She will finde him by farre-light. 
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play. 
Du. Me thinkes shee should not vie a long one for such a Piramus: I hope he will be breve. 
Dem. A Moth will turne the balancie, which Piramus which Thoby is the better. 
Lij. She hath fpred him already, with thofe sweete 
Dem. And thus the meanes, videlicit. 
This. Aifece my Loue? What dead my Douse? 
O Piramus arife: 
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe 
Mufi couer thy sweet eyes. 
These Lilly Lips, this cherry nofe, 
These yellow Cowflip cheeckes 
Are gone, are gone: Louers make monke: 
His eyes were greene as Leeks. 
O fifters three, come, come to mee, 
With handes as pale as Milke, 
Lay them in gore, since you have shore 
With theares, his thred of filke. 
Tongue not a word: Come trufly fword: 
Come blade, my breaf imbren: 
O 3 And
And farewell friends, thus Thebaic ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to bury the dead.
Drom. I, and Wall too.
Bar. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaide Pomona, and hung himselfe in Thebaic garret, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably diuerg'd. But come, your Bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I fear we shall out-diepe the comming morn,
As much as we this night have ouer-watcht.
This palpable groffe play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuel; and new iollitie.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilst he the hauly ploughman shoores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wafted brands doe glow,
Whilst the fritch-owle scratching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the Church-yard paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame.
Now are frolickes, not a Moufe
Shall disturb his hallowed houfe.
I am fent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queenes of Fairies, with their traines.
Ob. Through the houfe glue glimmering light,

By the dead and droweke fer,
Euerie Elfe and Fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.

Tit. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

The Song.
Now untill the breake of day,
Through this houfe each Fairy stray.
To the best Bridie-bed will we,
Which by we shal bless be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shal be fortunate:
So shal all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the blots of Nature's hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Nor male, barren, nor scarce,
Nor marke proligious, such as are
Displeas'd in Naturaltie,
Shall upon their children be:
With this field dews consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each several chamber bleffe,
Through this Palace with sweet peace,
Euer shal in safety rest,
And the owner of it bleffe,
Trip away, make no play;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but flumberd here;
While these visions did appear,
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame;
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Puck,
If we have uerned lucke,
Now to gave the Serpentes tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elfe the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antinio, Salario, and Salanio.

Antinio. 

N' sooth I know not why I am so sad, 
It wearies me; you say it wearies you; 
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, 
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne, 
I am to learn; and such a Want-wit falloffie makes of me, 
That I have much ado to know my selfe. 
Sol. Your minde is tosift on the Ocean, 
There where your Argoves with portly falle 
Like Signiors and rich Burgiers on the flood, 
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea, 
Do ouer-peepe the Petti Traffiquers 
That curtie to them, do them reverence 
As they flye by them with their woven wings. 
Sal. Believing me for, had I such venture forth, 
The better part of my affections, would 
Be with my hopes abrode. I should be still 
Plucking the graffe to know where fits the winde, 
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rode: 
And every obiect that might make me feare 
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt 
Would make me sad. 
Sol. My winde cooling my broth, 
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought 
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea. 
I should not see the saultie loure-galfe runne, 
But I should thinkke of shallows, and of flats, 
And fee my wealthy Andrew dockes in hand, 
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs 
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church 
And fee the holy edifice of stone, 
And not behincke me straight of dangerous rocks, 
Which touching but my gentle Veolves side 
Would scatter all her splices on the stremee, 
Enrobe the roaring waters with my skiles, 
And in a word, but even now worth this, 
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought 
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought 
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad? 
But tell not me, I know Antinio 
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize. 

Ant. Beleeue me no, I thank me fortune for it, 
My ventures are not in one bottome truthed, 
Nor to one place; nor is my whole effate 
Vpon the fortune of this preuent yeere: 
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad. 
Sala. Why then you are in loue. 
Anth. Fiat, fi. 
Sala. Not in louse neither: then let vs say you are sad 
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie 
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry 
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Lamen, 
Nature hath fram'd strange followes in her time: 
Some that will euermore pepe through their eyes, 
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper. 
And other of such vipher apec'd, 
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile, 
Though Nefur fwear the left be laughable. 

Enter Baffanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano. 
Sala. Heere comes Baffanio, 
Your most noble Kinman, 
Gratians, and Lorenzo. Paryewell, 
We leave you now with better company. 
Sala. I would have fluid till I had made you merry, 
If worther friends had not prevented me. 
Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard. 
I take it youe owne busines calls on you, 
And you embrasse th'occasion to depart. 
Sala. Good morrow my good Lords. 
Baff. Good signiors both, when shall we laught fay, 
You grow exceeding strange, must it be so? 
Sala. We'll make our leyfiores to attend on yours. 
Exeunt Salario, and Salanio. 

Lor. My Lord Baffanio, since you have found Antinio 
We two will leave you, but at dinner time 
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete. 
Baff. I will not faiue you. 
Grat. You looke not well signior Antinio, 
You have too much relpect vpon the world; 
They loose it that doe buy it with much care, 
Beleeue me you are maruellous chang'd. 
Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano, 
A flage, where every man must play a part, 
And mine a fad one. 
Grat. Let me play the fool, 
With mirth and laughther let old wrinckles come, 
And let my Lauer rather heate with wine, 
Then my heart coole with mortifying grotes, 
Why should a man whose blood is warme within, 
Sit like his Grandfat, cut in Alabaster? 
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaudies 
By
By being peevish? I tell thee what \textit{Antonius},
I love thee, and it is my love that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whole visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull filthfull entertaine,
With purpose to be drew in an opinion
Of wildome, gravity, profound conceit,
As who shuld say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dogge barke.
O \textit{my Antonius}, I do know of thee
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they shoule speake, would almost dam thiose ears
Which hearing them would call their brothersfooles:
I tell thee more of this another time.
But thin not with this melancholy bale
For this foole Goddias this is
Come good \textit{Lorenzo}, faryewell a while,
I end my exhortation after dinner.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.}

\textit{Portia.} By my troth \textit{Nerissa}, my little body is a weare
of this great world.

\textit{Ner.} You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the fame abundance as your fortunes are:
and yet for ought I fee, they are as ficker that furtet
with too much, as they that fare with nothing; it is no small
happinesse therefore to be fated in the meanes, superflu-\fi
comes sooner by white haires, but competencie
lives longer.

\textit{Portia.} Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

\textit{Ner.} They would be better if well followed.

\textit{Portia.} If to doe were as ease as to know what were
good to doe, Chappells had beene Churches, and poor
mens cottages Princes Palace:s; it is a good Diuine
that followes his owne instructions; I can eaiser teach
twenty what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the brains may de-
utilize thes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes oer a
cold decre, such a hare is madnede the youth, to skip
ore the methes of good counsaille the cripple; but this
reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband; O mee,
the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would,
nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daugh-
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard \textit{Ner-
issa}, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

\textit{Ner.} Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men
at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lo-
terie that hee hath deviued in thefe three cheffes of gold,
fluer, and lace, whereof who choose his meaning,choose
chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of those Princely futures that are already come?

**Por.** I pray thee own-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description shouldst thou in my affection.

**Nor.** First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

**Por.** That's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropration to his own good parts that he can shoo him himself: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

**Nor.** Than is there the County Palatine.

**Por.** He doth nothing but frowne as who should say, and you will not have me, choofoo: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Phrygian when he grows old, being so full of vn-naturally sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these: God defend me from these two.

**Nor.** How say you by the French Lord, Mounfer Le Boune?

**Por.** God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, he is every man in no man, if a Traffell finge, he fisa fraught a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despeare me, I would forgive him, for if he lose me to madneffe, I should never require him.

**Nor.** What say you then to Fauncombe, the young Baron of England?

**Por.** You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnder-

stands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court &eware that I have a poore penne-worth in the Englijhe: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbbe shewe? how odly he is futed, I thinke he bought his doubllet in Italie, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behaviour euywhere.

**Nor.** What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

**Por.** That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englijman, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the Frenche man became his furietie, and feald vnder for another.

**Nor.** How like you the yong Germane, the Duke of Saxonys Nephew?

**Por.** Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most mvildilly in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beft, he is a little worfe then a man, and when he is worste, he is little better then a beast: and the worste fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to doe without him.

**Nor.** If he shoule offer to choos, and choos the right Casket, you shousl refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

**Por.** Therefore for fear of the worste, I pray thee set a deeppe glasse of Reinwijn on the contrary Casket, for if the dueell be within, and that temperament without, I know he will choofoo it. I will do any thing Nerriffa ere I will be married to a spunge.

**Nor.** You neede not Rare Lady the hauing any of thefe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more false, unless you may be won by some other fort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

**Por.** If I flue to be as old as Sibilla, I will dye as chaffe as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcel of woers are so reasonble, for there is not one among them but I doe on his very abstinence: and I with them a faire departure.

**Nor.** Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Vencian, a Scholler and a Soulidor that came hither in companie of the Marqueffe of Mount-forest?

**Por.** Yes, yes, it was Baffano, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

**Nor.** True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deferving a faire Lady.

**Por.** I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy prifhe.

**Enter a Servingman.**

**Ser.** The foure Strangers fecke you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moros, who brings word the Prince his Maifter will be here to night.

**Por.** If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, I had rather hee should shrieve me then wise me. Come Nerriffa, firra go before; whiles wee shunt the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

**Enter Baffano with Skylocks the Jew.**

**Jew.** Three thousand ducats, well.

**Baff.** I fir, for three months.

**Jew.** For three months, well.

**Baff.** For the which, as I told you, Antinio shall be bound.

**Jew.** Antinio shall be come bound, well.

**Baff.** May you fleed me? Will you pleasure me?

**Jew.** Shall I know your anfwer?

**Baff.** Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antinio bound.

**Jew.** Your anfwer to that.

**Jew.** Antinio is a good man.

**Baff.** Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

**Jew.** Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover vpon the Rytla, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squadron abroad, but ships are but boards, Sayers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thieves, and land theuws, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, winde, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

**Baff.** Be allured you may.
Enter Antionio.

**Baff.** This is signior Antionio.

**Iev.** How like a fawning publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vfnce here with vs in Venice.

If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fit the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he rales
Even there where Merchants must doe congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interret: Curfed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

**Baff.** Shylock, doe you heare.

**Sym.** I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gefle of my memorie
I cannot infantly raife vp the gropfe
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
**Tubal.** A wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but how many months
Do you defire? Retch you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

**Ant.** Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceffe,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ie breake a cuftome: is he yet pooffe
How much he would?

**Sym.** I, I, three thousand ducats.

**Ant.** And for three months.

**Sym.** I had forgot, three months, you told me fo.

Well then, your bond: and let me fee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you fay, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage.

**Ant.** I doe neuer vfe it.

**Sym.** When Iacob graed his Vncle Labans thepepe,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wroght in his behalfe)
The third pooffeer; I, he was the third.

**Ant.** And what of him, did he take interest?

**Sym.** No, not take interest, not as you would fay
Directly interest, marke what Iacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were comperrym'd
That all the eandlings which were fireakt and pidd
Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autunme turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generacion was
Betwene those wolly breeders in the a(e,
The skilful hepheard pild me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the dece of kindes,
He flake them vp before the fullome Ewes,
Who then conceaung, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloure'd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleft:

And thirft is blling if men fleale it not.

**Ant.** This was a venture for that Iacob feru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But fway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this inferted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and fliuer Ewes and Rams?

**Sym.** I cannot tell, I make it breete as falt,
But note me signior.

**Ant.** Marke you this Baffanios,
The drell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill foule producing holy witneffe
Is like a vllaine with a finding cheere,
A goodly apple roten at the heart.
O what a goodly outide falsehood hath.

**Sym.** Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round fum.

Three months from twelue, then let me fee the rate.

**Ant.** Well Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

**Sym.** Signior Antionio, many a time and oft
In the Rallyo you have rated me
About my monies and my vfnces:
Still have I borne it with a patient frug.
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-chroate dog,
And fpent upon my Jewish gaberden,
And all for vfe of that is mine owne.

Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you fay,
Shylock, we would have moneys, you fay fo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you fpurne a stranger curre
Over your threhold, moneys is your fuite.
What should I fay to you? Should I not fay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poiffible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whifpring humbleneffe,
Say this: Faire sir, you fpent on me on Wednesday laft;
You fpurned me fuch a day; another time
You caid me dog: and for these curtedies
He lend you thus much moneys.

**Ant.** I am as like to call thee fo againe,
To fpet on thee againe, to fpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends,for when did friend/fhip take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maift with better face
Exaft the penaltys.

**Sym.** Why looke you how you fhorne,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the fames that you have flaind me with,
Supple your preuent wants, and take no doite
Of vfnce for my moneys, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

**Baff.** Well these were kindneffe.

**Sym.** This kindneffe will I foowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, fale me there
Your fingle bond, and in a merrie fport
If you repaie me not on fuch a day,
In fuch a place, fuch fum or fums as are
Express in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire ffe, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me.

**Ant.** Content infall, Ie fale to fuch a bond,
And fay there is much kindneffe in the Iew.
Bass. You shall not fear to task a bond for me, Ile rather dwell in my necessitie, Sir. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it, Within these two months, that’s a month before This bond expire, I doe expect returne Of thrice three times the wale of this bond. Sir. O father Abram, what thefe Christians are, Whoe owne hard dealings teaches them fupped The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this, If he fhould breake his date, what fhould I gaine By the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, Is not fo effimable, profitable neither As flefh of Muttons, Beefe, or Goates, I fay To buy his favours, I extend this friendship, If he will take it, fo if not allow, And for my love I prave you wrong me not. Sir. Yes, Sleybte, I will feale vnto this bond. Stay. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries, Gie me his direcition for this merrie bond, And I will goe and purfe the duetes traitre. See to your houfe left in the fearefull gard Of an unchristian knave: and prefherable Ile be with you. Exit. Sir. He thie gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne Christian, he grows kinde. Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde. Sir. Come on, in this there can be no disfince, My Shippes come home a month before the date. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Moroles cu.et vmo. Morose all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their maides. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed licrole of the burnifhe fonne, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the faireft creature Northward borne, Where Phoebus fire fcarce thaves the ycleps, And let vs make incifion for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine. I tell thee Ladie this afpeafe of mine Hath feared the valiant, (by my love I swear) The belt regardid Virgins of our Clyme Haue lou’d it to: I would not change this hue, Except to fteale your thoughts my gentle Queene. Per. In termes of choife I am not fole led By nice direcition of a matrons eye: Beside, the lottrice of my defteinie Bars me the right of voluntarie choofing: But if my Father had not fainted me, And hed’d me by his wit to yeade my felle His wife, who wins me by that means as I told you, Your felle (renowned Prince) then flone as faire As any commer I have look’d on yet For my accent. Mor. Even for that I thanke you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To trie my fortune: By this Symitrate

That flew the Sophie, and a Perifian Prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymon, I would ore-flare the ferneffe zies that looke: Out-braue the heart moft daring on the earth: Plucke the yong fucking Coub from the fie Beare, Yes, mocke the Lion when he roars for pray To win the Ladie. But alas, the white If Hercules and Lyctus pleaf at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turne by fortune from the weaker hand: So is Aicilder beaten by his rage, And fo may I, blinde fortune leading me Mifle that which one vnworthier may attaine, And die with grieuing. Port. You muft take your chance, And either not attempt to choofe at all, Or fwear before you choose, if you choose wrong Neuer to feake to Ladie afterward In way of marriage, therefore be aduis’d. Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance. Per. Firt forward to the temple, after dinner Your hazard shall be made. Mor. Good fortune then, Cornets, To make me bleit or curf’d it among men. Exeunt.

Enter the Cloane alone.

Chor. Certenely, my confidence will ferue me, to run from this Jew my Mafter: the fied is at mine elbow, and tempts me, faying to me, Ides, Launceler Ides, good Launceler, or good Ides, or good Launceler Ides, vfe your legs, take the fart, run away: my confidence fays no; take heed honefe Launceler, take heed honefe Ides, or as afore-faid honefe Launceler Ides, doe not runne, fcone running with thy heelles; well, the moft coragious fied bids me packe, fia faries the fied, away fides the fied, for the heauens route vp a braue minde fides the fied, and run; well, my confidence hanging about the necke of my heart, fates verele widelye to me; my honeft fRIEND Launceler, being an honeft mans fonne, or rather an honeft womans fonne, for indeede my Father did something fmacs, something grow too; he had a kinde of tafte; well, my confidence fays Launceler bouge not, bouge not fides the fied, bouge not fides my confidence, confidence fay I you compaffe well, fient fay I you compaffe well, to be rul’d by my confidence I should fay with the Jew my Mafter, (who God bleffe the marke)is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fied, who faying your reverence is the diuell himfelfe: certainly the Jew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my confidence, my confidence is a kinde of hard confidence, to offer to compaffe fide to flay with the Jew; the fied gives the more friendly compaffe: I will runne fide, my heelles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Bafier.

God. Mafter yong-man, you 1 prave you, which is the wale to Mafter Jewes? Lan. O heauen, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then fand-bline, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him. God. Mafter yong Gentleman, I prave you which is the wale to Mafter Jewes. Lan. Turne upon your right hand at the next turn-
The Merchant of Venice.

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn downe indirectlie to the Iews house.

Gob. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Lancelot that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Talkle you of yong Maister Lancelot, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister Lancelot?

Gob. No Maister fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Fa- ther though I fay't is an honell exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to line.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister Lancelot.

Gob. Your worshipes friend and Lancelot.

Lan. But I praiie you erge old man, erge I befeech you, talkle you of yong Maister Lancelot.

Gob. Of Lancelot, ant please your maistership.

Lan. Erge Maister Lancelot, talke not of maister Lancelot, for the yong gentle man according to fates and definities, and fuch oddays fayings, the fitter three, & fuch braches of lernings is indeeited deceas'd, or as you would fay in plain teares, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boye was the verie flaffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgel or a houell-post, a flaffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle man, but I praiie you tell me, is my boye God reft his foule alive or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke fir I am fain blindle, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeeide if you had your esies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knows his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your fan, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praye you fir stand vp, I am fere you are not Lancelot my boye.

Lan. Praye you let's have no more fooling about it, but give mee your blessing: I am Lancelot your boye that was, your fonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think ye are my fonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Lancelot the Iews man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ibe fureone if thou be Lancelot, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord woldhipt me he be, what a bearded thou got; thou haft got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhlophere has as on his tale.

Lan. It should feme me then that Dobbins tale grows backward. I am fure he had more haire of his tale then I have of my face when I left faw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doft thou and thy Maister agree, I have brought him a prefent, how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have fet vp my refl to run awake, I go not refl till I have run some ground; my Maister's a verie Iews, give him a prefent, give him a halter, I am famifhit in his fervice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your prefent to one Maister Baffianio, who indeede giues rare new Liversie, if I fere not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I fere the Iew anie longer.

Enter Baffianio with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe fo, but let it be fo hated that fupper be readie at the fartheft by fue of the cluке: fee thefe Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and defire Gratiano to come amone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father, 
Gob. God bleffe your worship.

Baff. Gramercie, would'thou ought with me.
Gob. Here's my fonne fir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Iews man that would be, my Father shall fpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great importation, as one would fay to ferue.

Lan. Indeede the shorte and the longe is, I fere the Iew, and have a defire as my Father shall fpecifie.

Gob. His Maister and he(fauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercofins.

Lan. To be brieve, the verie truthe is, that the Iew hauing done me wrong, doth caufe me as my Father be Iing I hope an old man shall frutile unto you.

Gob. I have here a difh of Douse that I would beftow upon your worship, and my fuiue is.

Lan. In verie brieve, the fuite is imperient to my felle, as your worship shall know by this honeft old man, and though I say I is, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you fir.

Baff. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtayn'd thy fuite, Skylocke thy Maister fpoke with me this daie, And hath prefir'd thee, if it be prefumtion To leue a rich Iews fervice, to become The follower of fo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister Skylocke and you fir, you have the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speake it well; so Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Luiere

More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Clo. The Father fir, I cannot get a fervice, no, I have here a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italy haue a firfer table which doth offer to ferve upon a booke, I fhall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifles of wines, alas, fiftene wines is nothing, a leuen widlowes and nine maides is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to fcape drowning thricethre, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are fimple fapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, he's a good wench for this gere: Father come, lie take my leave of the Iew in the twinking.

Exit Clowne.

Baff. I praiie thee good Leonard think on this.

Thefe things being bought and orderly befowed Returne in hafe, for I doe feate to night

My beft eftemed acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Lan. My beft eftendeauntes shall be done herein. Exit. Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Lan. Yonder.
Leon. You'd fir: he walks.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a fute to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not dente me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,

Parts that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;

But where they are not knowne, why there they show

Something too liberal, pray thee take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modeifie

Thy skipping spirit, leaft through thy wilde behauiour

I be mistaken in the place I goe to,

And looke my peace.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talkie with respehe, and sware but now and than,

Were prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is living, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and ashy and fray Amen:

Vfe all the obseruance of chiuillie

Like one well studied in a fad offent

To please his Grandam, neuer truft me more.

Bass. Well, we shall fee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but barre to night, you shall not gage me

By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pittie,

I would intreate you rather to put on

Your boldest fute of mirth, for we have friends

That poffege merriment: but far you well,

I have some businesse.

Gra. And I mutf to Lorenzo and the rest,

But we will vifite you at supper time.

Exeunt. Enter Iffica and the Cloane.

Iff. I am forry thou wolt leaue my Father so,

Our houfe is hell, and thou a merrie divell

Do's rob it of some saie of tediumfneffe; but far thee there, there is a darke for thee,

And Lancelot, fooe at fupper fhalt thou fee

Lorenzo, who is thy new Mahers gueft,

Gue him this Letter, doe it fecretly,

And fo farrewell: I would not haue my Father

See me take with thee.

Clo. Adeue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull

Pagan, moft sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the

knaue and get thee, I am much deceived: but adeue, thefe foolish drops doe sometyme drowne my manly fpirit; adeue.

Exeunt. Enter Iffica.

Iff. Farewell good Lancelot,

Alacke, what hainous finne is it in me

To be afhamed 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 prouifie I shall end this fufe,

Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Exeunt. Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salamain, and Salanio.

Lan. Nay, we will flanke away in supper time,

Diguife vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sel. 'Tis vife vneffe it may be quainty ordered,

And better in my minde not vnderfooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres

To furnifh vs; friend Lancelot what's the newes.

Enter Lancelot with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall pleafe you to break vp this, it shall vseome to figuife.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith this is a faire hand

And whiter then the paper it writ on,

I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Lan. By your leave sir.

Lor. Whither goeft thou?

Lan. Marry fir to bid my old Mafter the Jew to sup to night with my new Mafter the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iffica

I will not faile her, preake it priviteely:

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,

I am prouded of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Cloane.

Sel. I marry, ile be gone about it ftrait.

Sel. And fo will I.

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodgine

Some houre hence.

Sel. 'Tis good we do fo.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iffica?

Lor. I mutf needs tell thee all, the hath directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers houfe,

What gold and jewels she is furnifh with,

What Papers fute the hath in readineffe:

If ere the Jew his Father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughters fake;

And neuer dare misfortunue croffe her feetes,

Vneffe she doe it vnder this excufe,

That she is ififie to a faithflie Jew:

Come goe with me, perve it as thou goeft,

Faire Iffica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit. Enter Jew, and his man that was the Cloane.

Jew. Well, thou shall fee, thy eyes shall be thye judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio;

What Iffica, thou shalt not gurmandize

As thou haft done with me? what Iffica?

And sleepe, and floere, and rend apparell out,

Why Iffica I say.

Clo. Why Iffica.


Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me

I could doe nothing without bidding.

End Iffica.

Iff. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to fupper Iffica,

There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love, they flatt're me,

But yet Ile goe in hate, to feeke vpon

The prodigall Christian. Iffica my girle,

Looke to my houfe, I am right loath to goe,

There is some ill a bruine towards my rett,

For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I befoche you sir goe, my yong Mafter

Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they have confpired together, I will not say

you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

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The Merchant of Venice.

Here dwells my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieffica, above.

Iff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty, 
Albeit Ile sware that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy loue.

Iff. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I is much? and now who knowes
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Haue, and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Iff. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aANNOT'S of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselfes commit,
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
To fee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Defende, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Iff. What, must I hold a Candle to my flames?
They in themselfes goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of dioucere Loue,
And I should be obcur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Even in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the clocke night doth play the run-away,
And we are flaid for at Baffiano's feast.

Iff. I will make fast the doores and guard my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you faire.

Gra. Now by my hand, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Be thow I loue my heartily.

For the is wife, if I can judge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true the is, as the hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wife, faire, and true,
Shall he be placed in my conffant foule.

Enter Iffica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for to fly.

Exit.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all fly for you,
No make to night, the windes is come about,
Baffiano presently wol go aboord,
I have sent twenty out to secke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I defire no more delight
Then to be vnder falle, and gone to night.

Execute.

Enter Portia with Mardoc, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and difcouer
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choice.

Mar. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooeth me, shall gaine what men defire.
The second flueres, which this promife carrie,
Who chooeth me, shall get as much as he defereus.
This third, still lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooeth me, must glue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe chooeth the right?

Por. The
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How shall I know if I do choose the right.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment, let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions, backe againe:
What fates this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must glue and hazard all he hath.
Muft glue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all.

Doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde floopes not to thowes of droffe,
Hie then nor glue nor hazard ought for lead.
What fates the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deferves.

As much as he deferves; paule there Mirocko,
And weigh thy value with an euene hand,
If thou beft rated by thy estimation
Thou dooët deferve enough, and yet enough,
May not extend fo farre as to the Ladic:
And yet to be afraid of my deferving,
Were but a weake disbling of my felfe.
As much as I deferves, why that's the Lady,
I doe in birth enforce her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then thefe, in love I doe deferve.

What if thou draid no farther, but chofe here?
Let's fee once more this laying grau'd in gold.
Who chooët me shall gaine what many men defire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world defires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kfite this fhine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deferts, and the vafe widnes,
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now.
For Princes to come view feare Portia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To flop the fornaine spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to fea faire Portia.

One of thefe three contains her heavenly picture.
It's like that Lead contains her twere damnation
To chinke fo bafe a thought, it were too grofe
To rib her fearcloath in the obfure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Siluer he's immor'd
Being ten times undervalued to true gold;
O finfull thought, neuer fo rich a Lem
Was fet in worfe then gold? They have in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's infulut upon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lay all within.
Deliver me the key:
Here doe I chooue, and thirue as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme yere there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose efting eye there is a written frowne:
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But muft out fiue to behold;

Guillemet timber doe wormses infold;
Had you beeue as wife as bold,
Tong in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answears had not beene infring'd,
Farewell you, your faulte is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed,e and labour loth,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I have too grief'd a heart.

To take a tedious leave: thus looers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go:
Let all of his complexion chooëe me so.

Enter Salario and Solanio.
Flo, Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffiano vnnder fayle,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sal. The villaine Iew with outwardes raflet the Duke,
Who went with him to search Baffiano ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnnderfaile;
But there the Duke was gluuen to vnderfaile
That in a Gondillo were fene together
Lorenzo and his amorous effe.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Baffiano in his ship.

Sal. I neuer heard a paftion so confuf'd,
So strange,outragious, and fo variable,
As the dogge Iew did vttre in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chrifian, O my Christian ducats!
Ruftice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A fealed bag, tvvo fealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats,ofme from my daughter,
And tvve, two fones, two rich and proueious fones,
Stoine by my daughter: Ruftice, finde the girl,
She hath the fones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his fones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sal. Let good Antonio looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reaon'd with a Frenchman yesterdaye,
Who told me, in the narrow lea that part
The French and English, there mifcar'd
A vefell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon Antonio when he told me,
And with in silence that it were not his.

Sal. Yo were beft to tell Antonio what you here.
Yet doe not fuddainely, for it may griete him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman tends not the earth,
I saw Baffiano und Antonio part,

Baffiano told him he would make fome speede
Of his returne: he anfwered, doe not fo,
Shubber not bufeines for my fake Baffiano;
But ftay the very ripinge of the time,
And for the treuer bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and impoy your chieftest thoughts
To courthip, and fuch faire offents of loue.
And if he wifely, happily you be,
As fahly conueniently become you there;
And even then his eye bright, and with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affeftion wondrous fencible
He wrung Baffiano hand, and fo parted.
Sal. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let us goe and raflet him out
And quicken his embraced heauineffe
With fome delight or other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Nerriffa and a Servaunt.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ftrait,

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The
The Prince of Arragon hath tune his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.

Fior. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioy'd by oath to obtaine three things;
First, never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, nearer in my life
To weoe a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do fall in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to Leone you, and be gone.
- Refering this choice intimation, we doth allure
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd, fortune now
To my hearts hope; gold, filuer, and base lead.
Who choofeth me must glue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I glue or hazard.
What faies the golden cheef, ha, let me fee;
Who choofeth me, shall gaine what many men desire;
What many men desire that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choo' by how,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which prays not to th'interior, but like the Marliet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rude of catastale,
I will not choo' what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitude.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treause houfe,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost bear;
Who choo'eth me shall get as much as he defueres;
And well fald too for who shall goe about
To cofon Fortune, and be honourable
Without the flame of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndefér'd dignitie;
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deri'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchaft by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then shold covar that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleyfantry would then be gleaned
From the true feece of honor? And how much honor
Picket from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnife: Well, but to my choise.
Who choofeth me shal get as much as he defueres.
I will affume defert; give me a key for this,
And infantly unlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a fiddle, I will reade it:
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes and my deferinings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he defueres.
Did I defuer no more then a foole head,
Is that my price, are my defers no better?

Por. To offend and judge are difficil offices,
And of oppofed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fir, Javen times tried this,

Some times tried that indument is,
That did never choose am's,
Some there be that foodeowes kiffe,
Such bee as but a fuddowes kiffe:
There bee foles alike Twit
Siluer'd o're, and fo was th'is:
Take what wise you will to bed,
I will ever be your beds,
So be gone, you are fped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appear
By the time I linger here,
With one foole head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Por. Thou hast the candle fing'd the mouth:
O thou, a higher foole if when they doe chooseth,
They have the wilifome by their wit to looke.

Ner. The ancient faying is no hereifie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by definifh.

Por. Come draw the curteine Neriffia.

Enter Messinger.

Mef. Where is your Lady?

Por. Here, what would your Lord?

Mef. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To defir the approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth fennible regreets;
To wit (besides commendis and curious breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not feene
So likely an Embassador of love.
A day in April never came fo sweete
To shew how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-furer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a feard
Thou wilt fay anoone he is fome kin to thee,
Thou fpand'null such high-day'd wit in praising him:
Come, come, Neriffia, for I long to fee
Quicke Cupids Poff, that comes fo mannerly.

Ner. Baffonia Lord, loove if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solano and Salerino.

Sal. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vouchcheckt, that Anthonio
hath a flip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
fat, and fastile, where the caraffes of many a tall ship,ye
burned, as they say, if my goiffes report be an honest wom-
man of her word.

Sal. I would the were as lying a goiff in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue the weft
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any flips of probability, or crefting the plain high-way of
tale, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio, that
I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full fit.

Sal. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a fit.
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Sol. I would it might prove the end of his loaves.
Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil crooke my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now Shylock, what news among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sol. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings the flew withal.

Shy. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Sol. That's certain, if the diuell may be her Judge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood. Sol. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Lat and Lucret, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennife: but tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthony haue had ane loffe at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce flew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vs'd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vfurier, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtie, let him looke to his bond.

Sol. Why I am sure if he forfeite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To bathe withal, if it will feele nothing else, it will feele my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loffes,mockt at my gaines, scorned my bargaines, cooled my friends, ende my enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dementions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same fooche, hurt with the same weapons, sick and weak with the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you prick vs doe we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you vs any good we be not avenged?

Enter Tubal.

Tub. One of them hewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monke.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortur'd me Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a waldenite of Monckes.

Tub. But Anthony is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, fee me an Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: goe Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, at our Sinagogue Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassiano, Portia, Gratians, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you curre, paufe a day or two Before you hazards, for in choosing wrong I looke on your company; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not loue) I would not looke you, and you know your selue, Hate counfailes not in such a qualitie; But least you should not vnderstand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I will detaine you here three moneth or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to chose right, but then I am forsworne, So will I never be, so may you misse me, But if you doe, youe make me with a faine, That I had beene forsworne: Behrow your eyes, They haue ore-look't me and deuided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would fay but of mine then yours, And so all yours, O these naughtie times Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights. And so though yours, not yours (praise it so), Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I. I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time, To ich it, and to draw it out in length, To flay you from eleclion.

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Bass. Let
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Baff. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Par. Upon the racke Baffanio, then confess;
What treason there is mingled with your loue.
Baff. None but that vrgle treason of mistrust.
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my loue:
There may as well be sinfull and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue:
Par. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Baff. Promiſfe me life, and Ie confess the truth.
Par. Well then, confess and live.
Baff. Confess and live.

Had beene the verie fum of my confeffion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anuers for delierance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Par. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.

Nerfilia and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let muſicke found while he doth make his choife,
Then if he loole he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the {3}erace
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſicke than? Than muſicke is
Even as the flourifh, when true书法te bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thofe dulcett founds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes ear,
And fummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leffe preference, but with much more loue
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeem
The vrgins tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I fand for facrifice,
The reft aloofe are the Dardanian wines:
With bleared vifages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,
Lieve thou, I live with much more diffay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ft the fray.

Here Muficke.

A Song the vtilſt Baffanio comments on the
Caskets to bijmſſe.

Tell me where a fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, bow nourifhed.
Replie, replie.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With Generate feed, and faecies dies,
In the cradle wheare it lies:
Let us all ring faecies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell,
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Baff. So may the outward showes be leaft themselves
The world is still decu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea fo tanted and corrupt,
But being feaon'd with a gracious voice,
Obferves the show of eulph. In Religion,
What damned error, but fome fober brow
Will bleffe it, and approfe it with a text,
Hiding the grofeneffe with faire ornament:
There is no voice fo fimple, but affumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as faule
As fayers of fand, were ye vert upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward feaeh, have lyuens white as milke,
And thee affume but valors excriment,
To render them redoubtles. Lookke on beauties,
And you shall fee 'ts purchafe by the weight,
Which therein worke a miracle in nature,
Making them lighted that ware moft of it:
So are thofe cripted fnakle golden locks
Which make fuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon suppedoed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a fecond head,
The faull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the gullid shore
To a mort dangerous fea: the beautifull scarf
Valling an Indian beautie: In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſhet. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for Alidias, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threateneth then doth promise ought,
Thy palenie moues me more then eloquence,
And here choofe I, joy be the confequence.

Par. How all the other paftions fleet to ayre,
As doubling thoughts, and rash imprad' deare:
And shuddring fear, and greene-eyed jealousy.
O loue be moderate, alway thy extasie,
In meaure raine thy joy, feant this excelle,
I feele too much thy bleyning, make it leffe,
For feare I forfeit.
Baff. What finde I here?
Fare Poetia counterfeit, What demie God
Hath come fo neere creation? moue thefe efes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are feuer'd lips
Parted with fuger breath, fo sweet a barre
Should funder luch sweet friends: here in her hairs
The Painter plies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meff t' intrap the hearts of men
Fatter then gnats in cobwebs: but her efes,
How could he fee to doe them? haunting made one,
Me thinkes it shoule have power to fiale both his
And leave it felle unpalatable: Yet looke how farre
The fubftance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprifing it, fo farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the fubftance. Here's the fercoute,
The continent, and fummarie of my fortune.

You that choofe not by the view
Chance as faires, and choofe as true:
Since this fortune fails to you,
Be content, and feke no more.
If you be well plaied with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss;
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving hiff.

Baff. A gentle fercoute: Fare Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two containing in a prize
That thinkes he hath done well in peoples efes:
Hearing applaufe and vnuerfall shout,
Giddie in spiritt, still gazing in a doubt
Whether thofe pesels of praffe be his or no.
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So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Wittill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see my Lord Baffiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my with,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be troubled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, luings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to termes in gross,
Is an vnselfed girl, vnschool'd, vnpreacht's,
Happy in this, she is not yet to old
But she may learn: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle sprit,
Commits it faire to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King,
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ere my selfe: and even now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or glue away,
Let it praffle the raine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Baff. Madam, you have hereof me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in your vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spake
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every thinge being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, faue of joy
Express, and not express: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then para life from hence,
0 then be hold to say Baffiano's dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That hauie flood by and scene our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord Baffiano, and my gentle Ladie,
I wish you all the joye that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Baff. With all my heart, I thou canst get a wife,
Gra. I thankye your Lordship, you gave me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as witt as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune flood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooring heere untill I witt againe,
And Iwearing till my very rough was dry
With othes of lone, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistreffe.
Por. Is this true Nerissa?
Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Baff. And doe you grant this mean this faith?
The Merchant of Venice.

Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one well-fell scape the dreadful touch
Of Merchant-marrying rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Beshies, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He gies 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 Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all periwended with him,
But none can drive him from the enulous plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Ieff. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tuball and to Chou, his Country-men,
That he would rather have Antipholus' thief,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power dente now,
It will goe hard with poore Antipholus.

Por. Is it thy deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Baff. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The belt condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies: and one in whom:
The ancient Roman honneur more appears
Then any that draws breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Baff. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him faire thousand, and deface the bond:
Double faire thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hairre through Baffiano's fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an vnquiet foule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid Nerissa, and my selfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes; I come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, how a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baffiano, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors growe cruel, my estate is very lowe, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cled between you and I, if I might see you at my death: nowe take this: if your pleasures; if your love do not perforce you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue dispach all bufines and be gone.

Baff. Since I have your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my lays,
Nor raffe be interpofter twist vs twaine.

Ieff. Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antipholus, and the Taylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
The Merchant of Venice.

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Yet till my Lord returne, for mine owne part
I have toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attend'd by Neriffa here,
Yet till her husband and my Lord returne:
There is a monethry too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe defire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now layes upon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.
Per. My people doe already know my mindes,
And will acknowledge you and Ieffica
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
So fast you well till we shall meete again.

Lor. Fake thoughts & happy hours attend on you,
Ieff. With your Ladiship all hearts content.
Per. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To have it backe on your faryouell Ieffica.

Exit. Now Bassaio, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this coin letter,
And we all thou the indenser of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cofins hand, Doctor Belard,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray the with imag'd speed
Vnto the Trancet, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice: waife no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Baili. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.
Per. Come on Neriffa, I have worke in hand.
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of vs.

Neriffa. Shall they see vs?
Portia. They shall Neriffa: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplisht
With that we lacke: Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my daguer with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a redee voyce, and turne two minding dreps
Into a many stride; and speake of frayses
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lytes
How honourable Ladies bought my love,
Which I denying, they fell lice and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile reape,
And with for all that, I had not kill'd them;
And twente of these purpie lies Ile tell,
That men shal sweare I have diuindshed school
Above a twelth moneth: I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will prati.

Neriff. Why, shall wee turne to men?
Portia. Fle, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewed interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuide
When I am in my coach, which flayres for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore halfe away,
For we must mesure twentie miles to day.

Exit. 

Enter Clowes and Ieffica.

Clowes. Yes truly; for looke you, the finnes of the Fa-
ther are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you ane good, and that is but a kinde of bafard hope neither.

Ieffica. And what hope is that I pray thee?
Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter.

Ieff. That were a kinde of bafard hope indeed, so the
fins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother: thus when I thin Scilla your father, I
fall into Carihde your mother; well, you are gone both
wales.

Ieff. I shall be fau'd by my husband, he hath made me a
Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans euer before, e're as many as could well liue one by a-
other: this making of Christians will raffe the price of
Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie haue a raver on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieff. Ile tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere
he comes.

Loren. I shall grow lesions of you shortly Lancelet,
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieff. Nay, you need not fear vs Lorenzo, Lancelet
and I are out, he tells me fatly there is no mercy for mee
in heauen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee saies
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in converting lewes to Christians, you raffe the price of
Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common-
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes beli-
t; the Moore is with childe by you Lancelet?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if the be leffe than an honest woman, the is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euer foole can play vpon the word, I
think the beft grace of witte will shortlie turne into fi-
lence, and doocourfe grow commendable in none onely
but Parrots; goo in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done fir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to fir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than fir?

Clow. Not to fir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
flew the whole wealth of wit in an instant; I pray thee
understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goo
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ferue in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table fir, it shall be feru'd in, for the
meat fir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-
erne.

Exit Clowes.

Lor. O deare 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 fland in better place,
Garnish't like him, that for a tricke ye word
Diffe the matterhow cheerr't thou Ieffica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
The Merchant of Venice.

How dost thou like the Lord Bassiano's wife?

If thy fault be not of thy own act,

The Lord Bassiano telleth thee that he wishes thee to be in his service.

For it is the custom of the merchants of Venice to have a servant who can speak several languages.

And if thou be not in his service, thou must not return to thine own country.

His servant, Portia, is to be sent to Bassanio to make an explanation.

And thou must be able to speak English.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, to please your grace.

Duke. I am for thee, thou art come to an answer.

Ant. A ducat or two, if thou hast not got them.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room for Shylock. Let him stand before our face.

Shylock. Shylock the world thinkes, and I think so too.

Thou hast been dealt with in a manner that is not right.

To the last hour of thy life, and then 'tis thought

Thou'lt have thy money and remore more strange.

Than is strange apparent cruelty.

And where thou now exactest the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor Merchant flesh.

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,

But touch'd with humane gentleness and love.

Forgive a moatly of the principal,

Glancing an eye of pity on his lofes.

That have of late so bled on his backe,

Now to preffe a roayll Merchant downe;

And plucke commination of his flate

From braffe bobomes, and rough hearts of flints,

From stubborne Turkes and Tarters never trained.

To offices of tender curtesie,

We all expect a gentle answer:

Iew. I have poisseth 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 make me why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive

Three thousand Duckets? Hee not answer that?:

But say it is his humor; Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Duckets

To have 't balm'd? What are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are lose not a gaping Pigge:

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat;

And others, when the big -pipe fings 'tis note,

Cannot contain their V dine for affright.

Matters of passion fways it to the moode
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:

As there is no firme reason to be rendred

Why he cannot abide an gaping Pigge?

Why he a harmefull necessarie Cat?

Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force

Must yeeld to such insusituable flame,

As to offend himselfe being offended:

So can I glue no reason, nor I will not,

More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing

I heare Antonio, that I follow thus

A looking suite against him? Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer thou vanefseing man,

To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the maine flood baite his vshall height,

Or even as well vfe question with the Wolf,

The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines

To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are set with the gusts of heaven.

You may as well do any thing most hard,

As fecke to softe that, then which what harder?

His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, vie no farther meanes,

But with all brieue and plaine convenientce

Let me have judgement, and the Iew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Duckets hereis fix.

Iew. If euerie Ducat in fix thousand Duckets

Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,

I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.

Do. How shalst thou hope for merce, rendring none?

Iew. What judgement shal I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a parchet flauu,

Which like your Affies, and your Dogs and Mules,

You vfe in abieed, and in fluidous parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marrie them to your heiress.

Why swete they vnder burthen? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours: and let their palfats,

Be fefond with such Vlands: you will anver

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The flaves are ours. So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him

Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.

If you deny me: I lie upon your Law,

There is no force in the decrees of Venice;

I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,

Valeffe Bellario a learned Doctor,

Whom I have hasted for to determine this,

Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere flaves without

A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,

New come from Padua.

Du. Bring us these Letters, Call the Messengers.

Baj. Good cheere Anthenio. What man, corage yet?

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Erre thou shalt looke for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the Flock,

Meateth for death, the weakest kinde of fruite

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;

You cannot better employ'd Bellario,

Then to live fill, and write mine Epithaph.

Enter Nerilia.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both.

My Lord Bellario greetes your Grace.

Baj. Why dost thou writ when thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy faire: but on thy faire harth Jew.

Thou mak'st thy knife keenie: but no mettall can,

No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keeneness

Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,

And for thy life let Justice be accus'd:

Thou almoft mak'st me waver in my faith;

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That foules of Animals inuole themselves

Into the truncks of men. Thy curruh spirit

Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slauhter,

Even from the gallowes did his fell foule fleete;

And whilst it layeth in thy unhallowed dam,

Infod it felte in thee: For thy desires

Are Wouluih, bloody, fluent and raenous.

Jew. Tell thus canst reale from off my bond

Thou but offend'st thy Luens to speake so loud.

Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

To endelesse ruine. I stand heere for law.

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend

A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by

To know your anwer, whether you'll admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him curteous conduct to this place,

Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarias Letter.

Y our Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your Letter I am very faine; but in the influent that your messenger came, in loveing suggestion, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the case in Controversie, betweene the Jew and Anthenio the Merchant: We turn'd our many Booke together: for is furnished with my opinion, which bordered his course learning, the greatest auhor of I cannot enough commend, caus'd

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requisit in my stead. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a rewarden committion: for I never knew so yong a body, with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his communion.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

'Duke. You heare the learnt Bellario what he writes, And herefore I take it is the Doctor come.

Gie me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the Merchant hereof and which the Jew?

'Du. Anthenio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Iew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fute you follow,

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law

Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, fo he fayes.

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulsion muft I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,

It bleffeth him that giveth, and him that takes,

'Tis mighty in the mightie, it becomes

The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.

His Scepter fiewes the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and Maietie,

Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of Kings:

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,

It is an attribute to God himselfe;

And earthly power doth then fiewe likeit Gods

When mercie lesions faluice. Therefore Iew,

Though Iewice by thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of Iulicie, none of us

Should fee futilion: we do pray for mercie,

And that fame prayer, doth teach vs all to render

The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the faluice of thy plea:

Which if thou follow, this firit cours of Venice

Must needs giue fentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vsyon my head, I craue the Law,

The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Baj. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,

Yea, twice the summe, if that will not faluice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not faluice, it must appeare

That malle beares downe truth. And I befeech you

Week once the Law to your authority,

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It muft not be, there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree establisht:

'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example, Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

*Por.* A Daniel come to judgement, yea a Daniel.

*O* wife young judge, how do I honour thee?

*Por.* I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

*Por.* Here be at most reverend Doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thre' s thousand monie offered thee.

Shy. An oth' an oth', I have an oth' in heauen:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soule?
No not for Venice.

*Por.* Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearreth the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

*Por.* When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy judge:
You know the Law, your councellor,
Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-defearing pillar,
Proceede to judgement: By my soule Ieware,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I lay here, you on my bond.

*Por.* Most heartily do I beseech the Court
To giue the judgement.

*Por.* Why then thus it is: you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

*Por.* O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

*Por.* 'Tis very true: O wife and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosome.

*Por.* I, his breth,
So fayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Nearreth his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so: Are there balanc' heere to weigh the flesh?

*Por.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, leafe he should bleed to death.

*Por.* It is not nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express: but what of that?

*Por.* Thus you do bud, nor cut thou leefe nor more
But is a pound of flesh: if thou tak'rt more
Or leefe then a pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the duellion of the twentieth part
Of one poore scraple, say if the scale doe turne
But in the eballation of a hayre,

*Por.* Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A secon Daniel, a Daniel law,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the law proue, take thy forfeiture.

*Por.* Give me my princiall, and let me goo.

*Por.* I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meery luffe and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel till say I, a secon Daniel,
I thanke thee lew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my princiall?

*Por.* Thou haust not haue but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy peril lew.

*Shy.* Why then the Deuell giue him good of it?

Shy: ne'er no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry
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Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirec't attempts
He feke the life of any Citizen,
The party gains the which he doth contrive,
Shall loose one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the pruie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou:Randiff:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirec'tly, and directly to,
Thou haft contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me reheard.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue lease to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou haft not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duk. That thou mightst see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: 
For halfe thy wealth, it is antoniano's,
The other halfe comes to the general state,
Which humblenesse may drive unto a fine.

Por. For the state, not for antoniano.

Sly. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him antoniano's?
Gra. A halfer gratia, nothing else for Gods sake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other halfe in vfe, to render it
Upon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christen:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Herein in the Court of all he dies poss'd
Vnto his fonne Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?
Sly. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Sly. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, fend the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In chriftening thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I beene judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Duk. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.
Duk. I am sorry that thy legesse serves you not:
Antoniano, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisely done this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Jew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ouer and above
In love and service to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuerung you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I with you well, and so I take my leave.

Baff. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preffe mee faire, and therefore I will yield,
Gie me your gloves, Ile wear them for your sake,
And for your loue Ie take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, Ie take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Baff. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not flame my selfe to gue you this.

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a minde to it.

Baff. There's more depepends on this then on the vaelw,
The dearest ring in Venice will I gue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Baff. Good sir, this ring was gieen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither fell, nor gue, nor lofe it.

Por. That feule serues many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deluer'd this ring,
Sche would not hold out enemy for euer
For gluing it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt. My L. Baffanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deferings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.

Baff. Goa Gratianio, run and ouer take him,
Gie him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antoniano house, away, make haste.

Exit Gratianio.

Come, you and I will thinke presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Balsino, come Antoniano.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jews house out, gie him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'1l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.


Enter Gratianio.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. Baffanio upon more advice,
Hath sent you hereto this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept moft thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylocks house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Nor. Sir, I would speake with you:

Q

Ille
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iffica.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise, in such a night Trojans me thinkes mounted the Trojan walls, And fight'd his foule toward the Grecian tents Where Crefid lay that night. 

Iff. In such a night Did Thoebis fearfully one-trip the dewe, And saw the Lyons shadow ere hiisfelle, And ranne diisayed away. 

Loren. In such a night Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue To come againe to Carthage. 

Iff. In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted hearths That did renew old Elys. 

Loren. In such a night Did Iffica steal from the wealthy Iew, And with an Uncerftain Loue did runne from Venice, As farre as Belmont. 

Iff. In such a night Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well, Stealing her foule with many vows of faith, And nere a true one. 

Loren. In such a night Did pretty Iffica (like a little throw) Slender her Loue, and he forgive it her. 

Iff. I would out-night you did no body come: But harke, I hearre the footing of a man. 

Enter Meffinger.

Lor. Who comes to foat in silence of the night? 

Meff. A friend. 

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you 

Meff. Stephanos is my name, and I bring word My Miferelle will before the breake of day Be here at Belmont, the doth fary about By holy crofes where the kneelles and prayers For happy wedlock hours. 

Loren. Who comes with her? 

Meff. None but a holy Hermit and her maid: I pray you it my Mafter yet returnd? 

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him, But goe we in I pray thee Iffica, And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare Some welcome for the Miferelle of the house, 

Enter Clowns.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ha, sola, sola.
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if the should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Murdian then the Wren?
How many things by feason, feason’d are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak’d.

Mystake caesars.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv’d of Portia.
Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We haue bne praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return’d?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Maffinger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in Nerissia,
Give order to your Servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Let no you
A Tucket founds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight succes,
It looks a little paler, ’tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffiano, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Baf. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abstinence of the funne.
Por. Let me glie light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heaue husband,
And never be Baffiano so for me,
But God for all you are welcome home my Lord.
Baff. I thank you Madam, glie welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all fience be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitt’d of.
Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I fiant this breathing cartule.

Gra. By younder Moone I fweare you doe me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Judges Clearkes,
Would he were get that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe atreade, what’s the matter?
Gra. About a hoppe of Gold, a paltry Ring
That the did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlem Poetry
Upon a knife; Loue me, and leave mee not.

Por. What tale you of the Poesie or the valew?
You fvere to me when I did glie it you,
That you would wear it til the hour of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene reprefeulie and haue kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clearkes: but well I know
The Clearkes wil nere ware halre on’se face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.
Neriffa. If, a Woman live to be a man.
Por. Now by this hand I gau’d it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrupled boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clearkes,
A prating boy that begg’d it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part fo slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing fuckle on with oathes upon your finger,
And fo rueted with faith vnto your fheft.
I gau my Loue a Ring, and made him feware
Neuer to part with it, and heere he fands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratians,
You glee your wife too vnkinde a caufe of griefe,
And twere to mee I should be mad.

Baff. Why I were belt to cut my left hand off,
And fware I loft the Ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Baffiano gau his Ring away
Vnto the Judge that beg’d it, and indecede
Defere’d it too: and then the Boy his Clearkes
That tookke some paines in writing, he begg’d mine,
And neyther man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gau ye my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv’d of me.

Baff. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen fo voide is your falle heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
Vntil I fee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe fee mine.

Baff. Sweet Portia,
If you did knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gau the Ring,
And would confeue for what I gau the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gau the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vareasurable,
If you had pleas’d to have defended it
With any terms of Zeale: wanted the modelle
To vgre the thing held as a ceremonie:
Neriffa teaches me what to believe,
Ile die for’t, but some Woman had the Ring?

Baff. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a cuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And begg’d the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer’d him to go displea’d away:
Even he that had held vp the vere life
Of my deere friend. What shou’d I fay sweete Lady?
I was infor’d to fend it after him,
I was befet with flame and curtedie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much befmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by thee bleffed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begg’d
The Ring of me, to glue the worthie Doctor.

Q.2 Por.
F I N I S.
As you Like it.

Aëcus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and I, besides my sadnesse: My brother daues he keepes at Schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruffly at home, or (to speake more properly) failes me here he at home vnderkep: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differ not from the dalling of an Ox? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end, Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) gain nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gaue mee, his contenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hinde, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orl. Goe a-part Adam, and thou shall haue what he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then Sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orl. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huakes with them? what prodigall portion haue I speate, that I should come to suche penury?

Oli. Know you where you are Sir?

Orl. O Sir, very well here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you whom Sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtese of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brethren betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I contesse your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Orl. What Boy.

Oli. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.

Orl. Why stay I not hands on me villaine?

Oli. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that failes such a father beget villaines: 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 rality on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I pleafe; you shall haue mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you haue train'd me like a peasant, oldefuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercise as may become a gentleman, or glue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what will thou do? beg when that is fent? Well Sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is olde dogge my reward: moe true, I haue loft my teeth in your service: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. Ex. Orl. Ad. Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow vp on me? I will physticke your runcenne, and yet glue no thousand crownes neyther: holla Denni.

Enter Denni.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wraffler heere to speake with mee?

Den. So pleafe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accessse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraffling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounther Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?

Char. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure houing Lords

Q.3

A. A
As you like it.

Scena Secunda.

Col. I pray thee Resalind, sweet my Cos, be merry.

Rof. Deere Cellia, I shew more mirth then I am mistrefle of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlfe you could teach me to forget a banisht father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Col. Herein I see thou lon't mee not with the full weight that I love thee; if my Vnce thy banisht father had banisht thy Vnce the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could have taught my louse to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy louse to me were fo righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to joyne in yours.

Col. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to have, and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affecction: by mine honor I will, and when I break that oath, let mee turne monarch therefore my sweet Rofe, my deare Rofe, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will Cos, and deuise sports: let me fee, what thinke you of falling in Love?

Col. Marry I prethce doo, to make sport withall: but love no man in good earned, nor no further in sport neyther, then with a bumb of a pure blifh, thou maist in honor come off agayne.

Rof. What shall be our sport then?

Col. Let vs fit and mocke the good housewife Fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bellowed equally.

Rof. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistaake in her gifts to women.

Col. 'Tis true, for thothe that the makes faire, the scarcity makes honed, & thothe that the makes honed, she makes very lifelessmore.

Rof. Nay now you goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Cluesne.

Col. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune taint in this foole to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures natural, the cuttie off of natures wither.

Col. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceieth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddeses, hath sent this Naturall for our whettonece, for alwais the dulnede of the foole, is the whetstone of the witts. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clues. Mistrefle, you must come away to your father.

Col. Were you made the meffenger?

Clues. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.
As you like it.

Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?

Col. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mufard was naught; now Ie fland to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mufard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Col. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdome.

Col. Stand you both forth now: broke your chinnes, and swearne by your heads that I am a knaue.

Col. By our heads (if we had them) thou art.

Col. By my knaure (if I had it) then I were; but if you swears by that that is not, you are not forsworne: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had ane; or if he had, he had sworne it a waye, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mufard.

Col. Prethee, who is’t thou mensa’t?

Col. One that old Fredericke your Father loves.

Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you’l be whipt for taxation one of thee duels.

Col. The more pitte that fools may not speake willy, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Col. By my troth you failest true: For, since the little wit that fools haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great flor; Here is Monfieur le Beau.

Enter le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of neues.

Col. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shal we be neues-cram’d.

Col. All the better: we faile the more Marketable.

Bien-aure Monfieur le Beau, what’s the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princke, you haue lost much good sport.

Col. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Col. Or as the definies decrees.

Col. Well said, that was laid on with a trowlaw.

Col. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ref. Thou lookest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrasfling, which you haue left the fight of.

Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrasfling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Col. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Col. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ref. With bilts on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these pretends.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrafslied with Charles the Duke Wrafsli, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribsbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he fero’d the secon, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their Father, making such pitifull dole over them, that all the behol-
Col. Amide me to eke out hers.

Ref. Fare you wellsparke heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Col. Your hearts defiles be with you.

Coes. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so defrous to lie with his mother earth?

Oriet. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

"Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Coes. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightlie perfwaded him from a first.

Oriet. You meane to mocke me after: you should not have mockt me before; but come your waies.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Col. I would I were inhabillable, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrafit. Ref. Oh excellent yong man.

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Sbout. Duk. No more, no more.

Oriet. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do't thou Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Bear him aweie:

What is thy name yong man?

Oriet. Orlands my Liege, the yongest fonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene fone to fome man elfe, the world eftedm thy father honorable, but I did finde him full mine enemie:

Thou shouldeft have better plea'd me with this deede, Hadst thou defended from another house:

But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,

I would thou had't told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Col. Were I my Father ( Coze ) would I do this?

Oriet. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's fonne,

His yongest fonne, and would not change that calling

To be adopted heire to Fredrick.

Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his foule,

And all the world was of my Fathers minde,

Had I before knowne this yong man his fonne,

I shou'd have gien him teares vnto entreaties,

Ere he shou'd thus have ventur'd.

Col. Gentle Cozen,

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enomious difpofition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well defuer'd,
If you doe keepe your promisses in love;
But if lyly as you have exceede all promife,
Your Miftris shal be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,

Were this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we goe Coze?

Col. 1. fare you well faire Gentleman.

Oriet. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all downe and done with, and that which here flonds vp
Is but a quittan, a meerle teulele blocke.

Ref. He cales vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He asketh what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wrafited well, and ouerthrown the morn then your enemies.

Col. Will you goe Coze?

Ref. Have with you; fare you well.

Exit.

Oriet. What passion hangs these waights upon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet the vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore Orlands! I thou art overthrowne,
Or Charles, or some weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship couneil to you
To leaue this place, Albeit you have defuer'd
High commendation, true applaus and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he miscouert all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suettes you to concewe, then I to speake of.

Oriet. I thancke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrafitling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vpbring Vncele
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loves Are deterre then the naturall bond of Sifcers:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke hath hane displeasure'd, his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers fake;
And on my life his malice, gaine the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall defire more love and knowledge of you.

Oriet. I ref't much bounden to you: fare you well.
This night I from the flame into the simther,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.

But heauenly Refalline.

Exit.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Refalline.

Col. Why Cofen, why Refalline: Capit! haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curst, throw some of them at me; come lame mee with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Col. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childe Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Col. They are but burs, Cofen, throw vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could make them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Col. Come, come, wrafitle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wraffler then my felf.

Col. Or, a good with vpon you: you will trie in time
As you like it.

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in sight of a fall; but turning these leeks out of service, let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sone
then should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands young fonne?
Rof. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father dereely. Duk. Doth it therefore enuffe that you should loue his Sonne dereely? By this kinde of chace, I should hate him, for my Father hated his Father dereely; yet I hate not Orlando.
Rof. No faith, hate him not for my fake.
Duk. Why should I not? doth he not deffere well?

Enter Duke with Lords.
Rof. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him because I doe. Lookes, here comes the Duke.
Celt. With his icles full of anger.
Duk. Mistrie, dispatche you with your fathre halfe, And get you from our Court.
Rof. Me Vncele.
Duk. You Cofen,
Within thefe ten daies if thou best be found,
So neere our publicke Court as twenty miles,
Thou diell for it.
Rof. I doe beffech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my felfe I hold intelligence,
Or have acquittance with mine owne defires,
If that I do not dreame, or be not fritancle,
(As I doe truth I am not) then deere Vncele,
Neuer fo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highneffe.
Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did confute in words,
They are as innocent as grace it felle;
Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not.
Rof. Yet yr mistrilf cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?
Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.
Rof. So was I when your highneffe took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneffe banifh'd him;
Traiton is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mitake me not fo much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.
Celt. Deere Soueraigne hear me speake.
Duk. I Celia, we flaid her for your fake,
Elfe had fhe with her Father rang'd along.
Celt. I did not then intrest to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorfe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why fo am I: we ftoile here ftopt,
Rofe at an infall, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wherefore we went, like Ionas Swans,
Still we went coupled and inefperable.
Duk. She is too fubtle for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verry silence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foule, the robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When the is gone: then open not thy lips.
Firme, and irreucable is my doome,
Which I have paft upon her, she is banish'd.
Celt. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foule: you Neice prouide your felfe,
If you ouf-gray the times, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word you die.

Exit Duk, &c.
Celt. O my poor Reafeline, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Father? I will glue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieff then I am.
Rof. I haue more caufe.
Celt. Thou haft not Cofen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'r thou not the Duke
Hath banifh'd me his daughter?
Rof. That he hath not
Celt. No; hath not? Reafeline lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be funder'd? shall we part sweete girls?
No, let my Father feeke another hirc:
Therefore defile with me how we may finde
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not feeke to take your change upon you,
To beare your griefes your felfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our forrowes pale;
Said what thou canst, Ie goe along with thee.
Rof. Why, whether shall we goe?
Celt. To feeke my Vncele in the Forrest of Arden.
Rof. Alas, what danger will it be to vs?
(Maides as we are) to traveull forth fo farre?
Beautie prouoked theues sooner then gold.
Celt. Ie put my felfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vnber (vminch my face,
The like doe you, fo shall we paife along,
And neuer fir affillants.
Rof. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did fulte me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-spear in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a fwaifhing and a marfball outifide,
As maiple other mannifh cowards haue,
That doe outifce it with their semblances.
Celt. What fhall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rof. Ie haue no worfe a name then Iiones owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganimed.
But what will you by call'd?
Celt. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Allea.
Rof. But Cofen, what if we affall to feale
The clownifh Foele out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauailie?
Celt. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to weue him; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Deuife the fittest time, and fafte way
To hide vs from purfuaitie that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banifhment.

Exeunt.

Aetius Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyntas, and two or three Lords like Forrefters.
Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old cussome made this life more sweete

Then
As you like it.

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the enuious Court?
Here we feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The feasons difference, as the Icie phange
And charful chiding of the wintres whinde,
Which when it bites and blows vp my body
Even till I shinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flatterie: these are counsellors
That feelingly perwade me what I am:
Sweet are the ves of adverzie
Which like the toad, osyly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publique haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a file.

Duke. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venion?
And yet it irkes me the poore daped foole
Being natue Bureres of this defert City,
Should intheir owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches guarded.
1. Lord. Indeed my Lord,
The melancholy Lokes grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweare you doe more vfreue
Then doth your brother that hath banished you:
To say my Lord of Amiers, and my solde,
Did desire behind him as he lay along
Vnder an oakke, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters late had taken a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall headd forth such groanes
That their dfecharge did stetch his leathernr coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cous'd one another downe his innocent nede
In piteous chafe: and thus the haire foole,
Much marked of the melancholie Lokes,
Stood on th'exceentl vertie of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Duke. But what said Lokes?
Did he not moralize this spectacile?
1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand familys.
First, for his weeping into the needleffe treame;
Poore Deere quoth hee, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy fum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miferie doth part
The fluxe of compacie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the patuer, jumps along by him
And never flaes to greet him: I quoth Lokes,
Sweepe on you fat and grezie Citizens,
'Tis leste the fasion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moost inuicelie he plercheth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yes, and of this our life, swearling that we
Are meerie vfreues, tyrants, and whates worfe.
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their aflign'd and natuere dwelling place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the folling Deere.

Enter Secunda.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of contef and sufferance in this.

1. Lord. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Milites.
2. Lord. My Lord, the roynl Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is alfo missing,
Hilferis the Princeesse Gentlewoman
Condefces that the secretry ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrafeler
That did but lately foilie the fynovie Charles,
And the beloues where euere they are gone.
That youth is farely in their companie.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abfent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this fodainly;
And let not search and inquisitio qualle,
To bring against these foolish runaways.

Enter Tertia.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my Yong Mafter, oh my gentle mafter,
Oh my sweet mafter, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be fo fund to overcome
The bonnie prieler of the humorous Duke?
Your prafe is now too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Mafter, to feeme kind of men,
Their graces ferue them but as enemies,
No more doe oures: your vertues gentle Mafter
Are fanbilied and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that bares it?
Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O vnappie youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces live.
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the fonne
(Yet not the fone, I will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praires, and this night he meanes;
To burne the lodging where you vie to lye,
And you within if he faile of that
As you like it.

He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him: and his prachiles;
This is no place, this houle is but a batherie;
Abhorre it, fear it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether Adam would'thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether,fo you come not here.
Ori. What would'thou haue me gode beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuch living on the common rote?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a dis cursed blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not fo: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thirftie hire I faued under your Father,
Which I did flore to be my fuffer Nurfe,
When feruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Kauens feeke,
Ye a prouidiously eaters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your fervant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and luttie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbaftifull forehead see,
The meanes of weaknife and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luffie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the feruice of a yonger man
In all your bufineffe and necerfitie.
Ori. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The confant feruice of the antique world,
When feruice fweate for duty, not for meede:
Thuor not for the fahion of thefe times,
Where none will fweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do chance their feruice vp,
Euene with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ft a rotten tree,
That cannot fo much as a fliome yeadle,
In lies of all thy paines and hauandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some fettled lowe content.

Ad. Matter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laft pape with truth and loyaltie,
From the fecond yeare, till now almost fooure.
Here liued I, but now live here no more
At feuentene yeares, many their fortunes fecke
But at fourefoore, it is to late a wecke,
Yet fortune cannot remcompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maifers debter. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ref. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Cl. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not
wearie.
Ref. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vefell, as doublet and hose ought to show it
felfe courageous to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I cannot goe no farther.

Cl. For my part, I had rather bear with you, then
bear you: yet I should bear no croffe if I did bear
you, for I thinke you have no money in your purs.

Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Cel. I, now am I 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.

Ref. I be fo good Touchstone Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in solerne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her forne you fill.

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew'lt how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lou'd ere noow.

Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou waft as true a lover
As ever figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As fure I thinke did never man loue fo:
How many affions most ridiculous,
Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou diidst then never love fo hardly,
If thou remembrest not the lighteft folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.

Or if thou haft not beoke from companies,
Abruptly as my paffion now makes me,
Thou haft not lou'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Ref. Alas poore Shepheard searching of their would,
I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.

Cl. And I mine: I remember when I was in love,
I broke my fword vpon a flone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to Jane Smife, and I remember the kif-
fing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chop't hands had milk'd; and I remember the wouding of
a peecod instead of her , from whom I tooke two
cond, and gluing her them againe, fild with weeping
tears, weare thefe for my fake: wee that are true Lou-
ers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, fo is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou feake't wilt then thou art ware of.

Cl. Nay, I shall neere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my thins against it.

Ref. Iours, Iours, this Shepheard's passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

Cl. And mine, but it grows something stale with
me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question you'd man,
If he for gold will guie vs any foode,
I faint almoft to death.

Cl. Holla, you Clowne.

Ref. Peace foode, he's not thy kinfman.

Cor. Who calls?

Cl. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elfe are they very wretched.

Ref. Peace
As you like it.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, & others.

Song.

Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turne his merry Note,
Unto the sweete birds throte:
Come kither, come kither, come kither:
Here shall be seen no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Amy. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monseur Jaques.

Amy. I thank it more: I prethee more, I can fucke melancholly out of a song.

As a Wazell fuckes eggs: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Amy. I do not desire you to please me,

I do desire you to sing:

Come, more, another fzano: Call you'em flanzo's?

Amy. What will you wil Monseur Jaques.

Amy. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing.

Will you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Amy. Well then, if ever I thank any man, Ie thanke you: but that they call complemment is like th'encounter of two dog-Ape.

And when a man thankes mee harrily, me thinkes I have given him a penie, and he renders mee the beggerly thankes. Come finge; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, Ie end the song.

Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will drinkke vnnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.

Amy. And Ie have bin all this day to avoid him:

He is too disputable for my companye:

I thinkes of as many matters as he, but I glue Heauen thankes, and make no boatt of them.

Come, warble, come.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Maister, I can go no further:

O I die for foo. Heere lie Ie downe,

And mesurfe out my grave. Farwel kinde maister.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:

Lis a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.

If this vacuout Forrest yeild any thing fauage,

I will either be foo for it, or bring it for fooe 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 presenty,

And if I bring thee not somthing to eat,

I will glue thee loose to die: but if thou diest

Before I come, thou art a moeker of my labor.

Wel said, thou lookt cheerefully,

And Ie be with thee quickly: yet thou lefit

In the bleakie aire. Come, I will bear thee

To some shelter, and thou shalt not die.

For lacke of a dinner,

If there live any thing in this Destrify.

Cheeroely good Adam.

Exeunt Scena

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Scena Septima.


Du.Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beast, For I can no where finde him, like a man.
1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence, Here he was merry, hearing of a Song.

Du.Sen. If he compact of laries, grow Muscull, We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres: Go seek him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Leagues.

1. Lord. He faues my labor by his owne approach.

Du.Sen. Why now Monfieur, what a life is this That your poor friends must woe your compeers, What you like, looke wisely.

Isag. A Foole, a foole; I met a foole lth Forreft,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:) As I do lie by foole, I met a foole,
Who bade him down, and bade him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.

Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he draw a dial from his poake,
And looking on it, with lache-luffre eye,
Says, very wifely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggis:
'Tis but an house agoe, since it was nine,
And after one house more, twill be eieuen,
And fo from house to house, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from house to house, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to grow like Chanticleere,
That Foole's should be so deepe contemplative:
And I did laugh, fans intermision
An hour by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely warre.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Isag. O worthy Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And ydes, if Ladies he but yond, and faire,
They have the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder basket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cran'd
With obfervion, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley cost.

Du.Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Isag. It is my onely wight,
Provided that you weard your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes soke in them,
That I am wife. I must have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winds,
To blow on whom I please, for fo fooles haue:
And they that are most gaught with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why so must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parid Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wifely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme fenfeleffe of the bobbe. If not,
The Wife-mans foole is anathomiz'd
Even by the quandering glances of the foole.

Inseet me in my motley: Glue me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.


Isag. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du.Sen. Most milcheuous foule foone, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe haft bene a Libertine,
As fenfull as the brutal thing it selfe,
And all th'miformd fores, and headed euils,
That thou with licene of free foot haft caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Isag. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wareie verie meanes do ebe.
What woman in the Cité do I name,
When that I say the Cité? Woman beares
The coft of Princes on vaunworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of bafict function,
That fayes his brauerie is not on my coft,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein fults
His foly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himfelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
V'claim'd of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlande.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Isag. Why I have eate none yet.

Orl. Nor flalt not, till necessitie be feru'd.

Isag. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diftre's?
Or else a rude defpiller of good manners,
That in ciuility thou feem'st fo empyle?

Orl. You touch'd my vene at firft, the thorny point
Of bare diftre's, hath tane from me the shew.
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Tell I, and my affaires are answered.

Isag. And you will not be anfwer'd with reaon,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?

Your gentlenesse shal force, more then your force
More vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed; welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you fo gently? Pardon me I praie you,
I thought that all things had bin fause here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of firme commandment. But what are you
That in this defert inacceffible,
Vnder the shade of melancholy boughs,
Loofe, and neglect the creeping hours of time:
If euer you have look'd on better dayes:
If euer scene where hells have kno'd to Church:
If euer fate at any good mans feate:
If euer from your eye-lijts wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pitie, and be pitied:
Let gentlenesse my frong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluue, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke
As you like it.

**Duke Sen.** True is it, that we have seen better days, And have with holy bell bin knowed to Church, And fat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eles Of drops, that faced pity hath engendred: And therefore fit you downe in gentleness; And take upon command, what helpe we have That to your wanting may be minisfred.

**Orl.** Then but forbear your food a little while: Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne, And give it food. There is an old poore man, Who after me, hath many a weary steppe Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suflfed, Opprest with two weake culls, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.

**Duke Sen.** Go finde him out. And we will nothing waift till you returne.

**Orl.** I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

**Duke Sen.** Thou feelest, we are not all alone vnhappie: This wide and vnuierfall Theater

Prompts more wofull Pageants then the Scane

Wherein we play in,

Is. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women, meerely Players;

They have their Exit and their Entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His Aks being feuen ages. At first the Infant,

Mewing, and puking in the Nurseth arms:

Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell

And shining morning face, creeping like snaille

Vnwillingly to schole. And then the Louter,

Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad

Made to his Mistreffe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,

Full of frawge oaths, and bearded like the Pard,

Icelous in honor, fodeine, and quicke in quarrell,

Seeking the bubble Reputation

Esen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Juifce

In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,

With eyes fevere, and head of formall cut,

Full of wife fawes, and moderne inffance,

And so he plays his part. The fast age shifs

Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloon,

With spechacles on nofe, and pouch on fide,

His youthfull hode well fas'd, a world too wide,

For his thrunke thanke, and his bigge manly voice,

Turning againe toward children treble pipes,

And whistles in his found. Laft Scene of all,

That ends this frawge euemtfull historic,

Is second childfhood, and moree oblivion,

Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans teths, fans euyer thing.

**Enter Orlando with Adam.**

**Duke Sen.** Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

**Ad.** I thanke you most for him.

**Duke Sen.** Oh, so had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my felse.

**Orl.** Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,

As yet to queffion you about your fortunes:

Glue vs some Musick, and good Cosen, sing.

**Song.**

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so winckled, as mains ingratitude

Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not so

although thy breath be rude.

Heigh bo, sing heigh bo, onto the greene bally,

Myt friendshipe, a loving, moft Loving, meere folly:

The heigh bo, the bally,

This light is moft silly.

Frieze, frieze, thou bitter skive that doft not bight so nigh

as benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warpe, thy finge is not to fbarpe,

as friend remember not.

Heigh bo, sing, &c.

**Duke Sen.** If that you were the good Sir Rowlands Son, As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witniffe, Moft truly limed, and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,

Go to my Cauz, and tell mee. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is: Support him by the arm: give me your hand,

And let me all your fortunes vnderhand. **Exeunt.**

**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

**Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.**

**Duke.** Do not see him since? Sir, fit, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercie,

I should not feake an aldent argument

Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,

Finde out thy brother whereofere he is,

Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing

Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more

To feake a liuing in our Terrorie.

Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine,

Worth feiture, do we felse into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,

Of what we thinkie against thee.

**Ol.** Oh that your Highneffe knew my heart in this:

I never lou'd my brother in my life.

**Duke.** More vllaine thou. We'll push him out of dores

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:

Do this expediently, and turne him going. **Exeunt.**

**Scena Secunda.**

**Enter Orlando.**

**Orl.** Hang there my verse, in witniffi of my love,

And thou thrice crowned Queene of night furcey

With thy chaffe eye, from thy pale sphere aboue

Thy Hunteffe name, that my full life doth iway.

O Royalfid, thefe Trees shal be my Bookes,

And in their barkes my thoughts Ie character,

That euerie eye, which in this Forreffe lookes,

Shall fee thy vertue witnife every where.

Run, run Orlando, carue on every Tree,

The faire, the chaffe, and vnexpressiffe thee.

**Exit.**

**Enter Corin & Ciaune.**

**Cia.** And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?

**Clo.**
As you like it.

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Cleon. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selue, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheardes life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleafeth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a sparse life (lookes you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plente in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Hast any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cyr. No more, but that I know the more one flockens, the worse at eafe he is: and that hee that wants money, meane, and content, is without three good friends. That the prosperity of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good puifure makes fat theapes: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural Philofopher:

Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cyr. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art dann'd.

Cyr. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art dann'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one fide.

Cyr. For not being at Court? your refon.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer faw'd good manners: if thou neuer faw'd good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous flate shepheard.

Cyr. Not a whil Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrie, as the behaviour of the Countrie is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you late not at the Court, but you killde your handg that courtefie would be vncaufie if Courtiers were shepheardes.

Clo. Infance, brieflye: come, infance.

Cyr. Why we are still handling our Eues, and their Feis you know are greafe.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shalowy, shallow: A better infance I fay: Come.

Cyr. Refides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shalowy agen: a more founder infance, come.

Cyr. And they are often tardy over, with the surgery of our shephe: and would you have vs kiffe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Clouet.

Cyr. Most Shallow men: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed: leerne the wife and pend: Cluet is of a bafer birth then Tarre, the verie vncaufelye fluxe of a Cat. Mend the infance Shepheard.

Clo. You have too Courty a wit, for me, He reft.


Cyr. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I ware: owe no man hate, emtree no mans happe: glad of other mens good content with my harms: and the greatest of my pride, is to fee my Eues grave, & my Lames fircle.

Clo. That is another imple finne in you, to bring the Eues and the Rammes together, and to offe to get your lining, by the copulation of Cattell, to be bawd to a Bell-weather, and to betray a thee-Lambe of a twelvemoonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be not dann'd for this, the diuell himselfe will have no shepheardes, I cannot fee else how thou shouldst scape.

Cyr. Heere comes yong Mr Gaminde, my new Mithriffes Brother.

Enter Rosalinde.

Rof. From the caff to vifite the Ine, no iuel is like Rosalinde: Her worde being mounted on the winde, through all the world beares Rosalinde: No all the puiffures faireft Ine, are but blemche to Rosalinde: Let no face bee kept in mind, but the fairest of Rosalinde.

Clo. He reime you fo, eight yeares together; dinners, and supper, and sleepeth hours excepted; it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Rof. Out Fool.

Clo. For a tale.

If a Hart doe lacke a Linde, Let him feeke out Rosalinde: If the Cat will after kinde, So be faire will Rosalinde: Wintred garments must be linde: So must flender Rosalinde: They that reap most fience and bindes, then to carre with Rosalinde. Sweeft nut, hath fewret rinde, Such a nut is Rosalinde. He that sweeft rofe will finds, must finde Loues pricks, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie falle gallop of Verfes, why doe you infect your felte with them?

Rof. Peace you dull foolke, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruits.

Rof. Ilke grafte it with you, and then I shall grafte it with a Mediter: then it will be the earliest fruit l'ch country: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Mediter.

Clo. You haue fald: but whether wifelye or no, let the lyarde judge.

Enter Ceile with a whirling.

Rof. Peace, here comes my fitter reading, fland aside.

Cei. Why should this Defert bee, for it is not reproop'd? No: Tonges Ilke bang on euerie tree, that ftilill cryings flow. Some, how briefe the Life of man runs hit erring phylimag, That the stretching of a fpa, buckles in hit fumme of age. Some of oblated womes, twites the joyfult of friend, and friends But upon the faireft bowes, or at euerie fentence end; Will I Rosalinde write, teaching all that reade, to know The quainitence of euerie fruite, heaven would in little flow. Therefore heaven Nature charg'd, that one bodie should be fill'd With all Graces while enlarg'd, nature prefently difill'd.
As you like it.

Helens cheekes, but not his heart;  
Cleopatra's Maitfle:  
Attalanta's better part,  
And Lucretia's Modesty  
This Rosalinde of manie parts,  
By Heavenly Synde was duid'd;  
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,  
to have the touched devoitt pre'd.  
Heaven would that thee these gifts should have,  
And to live and die her fiane.

Ref. O moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of  
Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and  
neuer cri'd, haue patience good people.  

Cel. How now backe friends I Shepheard, go off a little:  
go with him Sirrah.

Cel. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re- 
tert, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with  
scrit and scrippage.  

Cel. Diddt thou heare these verfes?  

Ref. O yes, I heared them all, and more too, for some  
of them had in them more feete then the Verfes would  
beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare yet verfes.  

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare  
themselfes without the verfe, and therefore famely  
in the verfe.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how  
thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon thofe trees?  

Ref. I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,  
before you came: for looke heare what I found on a  
Palme tree: I was neuer fo bemind since Pythagoras  
time that I was an Ifh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro 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'thee who?  

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to  
meet: but Mountains may bee remoued with Earth-  
quakes, and fo encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?  

Cel. Is it possible?  

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most pettitionary vhe-  
hemence, tell me who it is.  

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull  
and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of  
of all hopeing.

Ref. Good my compleifion, doft thou think though  
I am caparifon'd like a man, I have a doublt and hofe in  
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-fe  
of difcourfe. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and  
spake space: I would thou couldst flammer, that thou  
might't powre this conceald man out of thy mouth, as  
Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too  
much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke  
out of thy mouth, that I may drinkke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is be of Gods making? What manner of man is  
is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?  

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will fende more, if the man will bee  
thankful: let me lay the growth of his beard, if thou  
delay me not the knowned ge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando's, that tript up the Wrafflers  
heeces, and your heart, both with an infallit.

Ref. Nay, but the dwuell take mocking: speake fadde  
brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith(Coz) is he.

Ref. Orlando?  

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublt &  
hope? What did he when thou saw'd him? What fayde  
he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee  
here? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How  
parted he with thee? And when shalt thou fee him a-  
gaine? Anfer me in one verde.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuan mouth firft:  
'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages fize,  
to fay I and no, to thefe particulars, is more then to anfer  
in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and  
in mans apparell? Looks he as freely, as he did the day  
he Wraffled?  

Cel. It is as cafe to count Atomies as to refolute the  
propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding  
him, and I will make it with good obfervance. I found  
him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may vveel be call'd Ioues tree, when it droppes  
forth fruitts.

Cel. Glue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay bee ftreight'd along like a Wounded  
knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to fee fuch a fight, it vwell  
becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holloa, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuettes  
vnfeafonably. He was furnifh'd like a Hunter.  

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would fing my fong without a burthen, thou  
bring't me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,  
I mutt speake: sweet, fay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Sof't, comes he not here?  

Ref. 'Tis he, flanke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thank ye for your company, but good faith I  
had as little have bene my felfe alone.

Ori. And fo had I: but yet for fashion fake  
I thank ye too, for your focietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.  

Ori. I do defire we may be better frangeres.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing  
Loue-fongs in their barkes.

Ori. I pray you marre no moe of my verfes with rea- 
ding them ill-lauouredly.

Iaq. Rosalinde is your loues name? Ori. Yes, Iuft.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Ori. There was no thought of pleasing when I was  
chidn't.

Iaq. What feature is fhe of?  
Ori. Iuft as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety anfwers: have you not bin  
acquainted with goldsmiths wises, & cond the out of rings  
Ori. Not fo: but I anfer you right painted cloath,  
from whence you have studied your questions.

Iaq. You have a nimble wit; I thinkke 'twas made  
of Attalanta's heeces. Will you fitte downe with me, and  
see too, will raile againft our Miftris the world, and all  
our middlings.

Ori. I will chide no breather in the world but my felfe  
against
As you like it.

against whom I know no fault.

Lsq. The word fault you hate, is to be in love.

Orl. "Tis a fault I will not change, for your best virtue: I am ware of you.

Lsq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Lsq. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a Cipfer.

Lsq. Ile terrie no longer with you, farewell good signior

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monfieur Melancholly.

Rof. If I speake to him like a fawce Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Forrester?

Verie wel, what would you? (reter.

Rof. I pray you, what fift a clocke?

Orl. You should only the time o'day there's no clocke in the Forreft.

Rof. Then there is no true Loner in the Forreft, elfe fighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie howelle wold detect the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Rof. By no meanes sir; Time travels in diuers paces, with diuers perfones: Ile tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he fands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Rof. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is fo hard, that it feemes the length of fouen yeares.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Rof. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Govt: for the one sleepe easly because he cannot fudy, and the other lies merrily, because he feeth no paine: the one lacking the burden of leane and warfulfe Learning the other knowing no burden of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Rof. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as fortly as foot can fall, he thinkez himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who flues it still withall?

Rof. With Lawiers in the vocation: for they sleepe betweene Termes and Termes, and then they perceue not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Rof. With this Shepherdesse my father: heere in the skirts of the Forreft, like fringe vpon a petticote.

Orl. Are you nathie of this place?

Rof. As the Conie that you see dwell where hee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in fo removed a dwelling.

Rof. I haue in mine told fo of many: but indeed, an old religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectures against it, and I thanke God, I am not a woman to be touch'd with fo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall eulls, that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe penes are, euerie one fault seeming monftrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Rof. No, I wil not caft away my phyfick, but on thofe that are ficke. There is a man haunts the Forreft, that abueth our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their backes, hanging Odess vpon Houtheames, and Elegies on brambles; all (forfooth) defying the name of Rosalinde. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counef, for he feemes to have the Quotidian of Loune vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loun-fak'd, I pray you tel me your remeide.

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markez vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rufhes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his sayes?

Rof. A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eele and funken, which you have not: an unquesionable fpirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not (but I pardon you for that, for simplly your haung cry heard, is a younger brothers renewne) then your hope should be vnergarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your fieue vnbutton'd, your shoo vntilde, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a careleffe defolation: but you are no fuch man; you are rather point deuide in your accoufrements, as loving your felle, then feeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Fare youth, I would I could make thee beleue.

Rof. Me beleue it? You may affonne make her that you Loun beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to conject the do's: that is one of the points, in the which women fill glue the ile to their confences. But in good footh, are ye he that hangs the veris on the Trees, wherein Rosalinde is fo admired?

Orl. I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalinde, I am that he, that vnturne he.

Rof. But are you fo much in love, as your times speak?

Orl. Neither timr nor reason can expresse how much.

Rof. Loue is mearely a madneffe, and I tel you, deueres as wel a darke houfe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reafon why they are not fo punifh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is fo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counef.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Rof. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loun, his Midrift: and I fet him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, he effermitate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, aphid, shallow, inconstant, ful of tears, full of smiles; for euerie paflion something, and for no paflion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moft part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weare for him, then falen at him; that I drave my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a luing humor of madnes, was to forswear the full fiream of y world, and to live in a nooke meery Monifik: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wafh your Lorn as clean as a found dpees heart, that there shall not be one spot of Loun in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalinde, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orl.
As you like it.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clavine, Audrey, & Iapges:

Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I will fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Dost my simple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am here with them, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest Ovid was among the Gothes.

Iap. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verdes cannot be understanded, nor a mans good wit fetched with the forward child, understandings: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods hadde made me poetical.

And. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No trule: for the truest poetrie is the most falling, and Louers are gluens to Poetic: and what they swears in Poetrie, may be fald as Louers, they do feigne.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Gow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to Sugar.

Iap. A materall fool.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule flut, were to put good meat into an vnkleane dish.

And. I am not a flut, though I thankye the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praisd be the Gods, for thy foulinefte;futtiethesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iap. I would faine see this meeting.

And威尔, the Gods glue vs loy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here be no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horse-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horses 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 knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even to poore men alone:

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Rof. Neuer talke to me, I wil wepe.

Ciel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not cause to wepe?

Ciel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore wepe.

Rof. His very haire

Is of the diffembling colour.

Ciel. Something browner then Judass: Marrie his kisles are Judasses owne children.

Rof. T'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Ciel. An excellent colour:

Your Cheffonut was ever the onely colour:

Rof. And his kisling is as full of luscions, As the touch of holy bread.

Ciel. 198
As you like it.

Cel. Hee hath bought a pair of caft lips of Diana: a
Num of winters fitterhood kifles not more religioufle
the very yce of chaflity is in them.

Bof. But why did hee fwear hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Bof. Doe you thinke fo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purf, nor a horfe
cheater, but for his very in love, I doe thinke him as
concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Bof. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Bof. You have heard him fwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Lour is no
stronger then the word of a Tapfer, they are both the
confrimer of false reckonings, he attends here in the
forreft on the Duke your father.

Bof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much quef
tion with him: I askt me of what parentage I was; I
told mee as good as he, to he laugh'd, and let mee goe.
But what tale wee of Fathers, when there is fuch a man
as Orlando?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes brue verses,
speakes braue words, fweares braue oathes, and breaks
them brauely, quite trauers ethwart the heart of his lo
uer, as a paffy Tilter, he fparres his horfe but on one fide,
breakes his fliffe like a noble gofe; but all's braue that
young mountes, and foely guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Misfrefte and Maifter, you have oft enquired
After the Shepherd that complain'd of louse,
Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph,
Praifing the proud difdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Misfrefte.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will fee a pageant truely plaid
Betwixte the pale compofition of true Louse,
And the red glowe of forne and proud difdainne,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will mark it.

Bof. O come, let us remove,
The fight of Louters feedeth chofe in louse:
Bring vs to this fight, and you shall fay
I fpe a bufe actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvia and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe doe not fcorne me, do not Phoebe
Say that you love me not, but fay not fo
In bitterneffe; the common executioner
Whofe heart th'account'm'd fight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firft begets pardon: will you fтренer be
Then he that dies and lies by bloody drops?

Enter Robinfe, Celia, and Corin.

Phoe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tellft me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty fure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailift, and softeft things,
Who fhit their coward gates on atomye,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to fwood, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canft not, oh for shame, for fhamne,
Lye not, to fay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now fhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rufh
The Cicatedre and capable impreffure
Thy palme some moment keeps: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am fure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phoebe,
If ever (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in fome freth cheeke the power of fancie,
Then fhall you know the wounds infallible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phoe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Affift me with thy mockes, pity me not,
As till that time I fhall not pity thee.

Bof. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you influft, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty
As by my faith, I fee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muft you be therefore proud and pitifalfe?
Why what means this? why do you looke on me?
I fee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures fale-worke? ods my little life,
I thinke the meanes to tangle my eies too:
No falh proud Misfrefte, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blanke filke hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my spirites to your worship:
You foolish Shephered, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, paffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such foole as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour children:
'Tis not her glaffe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she fees her felbe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can thow her.
But Misfrefte, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heavens, falling, for a good mans love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, lose him, take his offer,
Foule is moft Eoule, being foule to be a fofter.
So take her to thee Shephaed, fareyouwell.

Phoe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Bof. Hees faine in loue with your foulneffe, & she'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be fo, as full
As she the anwers thee with frowning lookees, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you fo upon me?

Phoe. For no ill will I beare you.

Bof. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am fuller then vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my hous,
'Tis at the tuffit of Olives, here hard by:
Will you goe Sifer? Shephard ply her hard:

Come
Come Sister, Shepheardeffe, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as hee.
Come to our flocke,

Phe. Dead Shephearde, now I find thy fav of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lod'd not at first fight?
Sif. Sweet Phebe.
Phe. Hah! what faith thou Silvius?
Sif. Sweet Phebe pity me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Silvius.
Sif. Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grievance, in love,
By guing you your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extrem'd:
Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?
Sif. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were courteouse:
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
But since that thou canst talke of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was likeforme to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recom pense
Then thine owne gladness, that thou art employed.
Sif. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I fall think it a most plenteous crop
To glane the broken ears after the man
That the maine haruest reapesloose now and then
A fattred smile, and that Ile live upon,
(while?)
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to mee yere?
Sif. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlet once was Matter of.
Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleades those that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man, the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and fatter then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeares hee's tall:
His leg is but fo, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redderifie in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie:
Then that mixt in his cheeckes 'twas luft the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women Silvius, had they markt him
In parcell as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He fald mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am rememder'd, fcornd at me:
I maruell why I anwer'd not again,
But that's all one: omittance is no quitance:
Hee write to him a very tantiing Letter,
And thou shalt hear it, wilt thou Silvius?
Sif. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Hee write it drait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be better with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Silvius.

Exeunt.

As you like it.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholick fellow.
Jaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Thoile that are in extremity of either, are abho
missible fellows, and betray themselves to every mo
derne censure, worse then drunkards.
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be fid and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholickly, which
is emulatative: nor the Mufflens, which is fantastical;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Soularders,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politicke:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which
is all thefe: but it is a melancholick of mine owne, com
pounded of many simples, extracted from many objects,
and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
which by often rumination, wrapps me in a most hu:
rodis sinnede.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you have great rea
son to be fad: I feare you have fold your owne Lands,
to fee other mens; then to have fene much, and to hau
nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Jaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you fad: I had ra
ther have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
make me fad, and to trauaille for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineffe, deere Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounfieur Traueller: looke you lifpe,
and weare strange futes: dible all the benefits
of your owne Countrey: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almoft chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will feare thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where
haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
ferue me fuch another tricke, never come in my fight
more.

Orl. My faine Rosalind, I come within an hour of my
promise.

Ros. Breake an hours promis in loue hee that
will divide a minute into a thousand parts; and breake
but a part of the thoufand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be faid of him that Cupid hath clapt
him oth' shouder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay, and you be fo tardie, come no more in my
fight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaitle.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes flowly, hee
carries his hauole on his head; a better Inynture I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his define
with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why horses: w' such as you fare faire to be
holding to your wifes for; but he comes armed in his
fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue
I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry vs.

Rey. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Or. I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Rey. I might ask you for your Commission,

But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Or. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rey. Now tell me how long you would have her, afer you have possess'd her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rey. Say a day, without the euer, no, no Orlando, men are April when they were December when they wed. Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wises: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrot against mene, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my deare, then a monopoly: I will wepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountain, & I wil do that when you are dispost'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Cyren, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so?

Rey. By my life she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Rey. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores upon a woman's wits, and it will out at the excrement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: flop that, 'twill file with the smoke at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wittie, might say, withe willer wife?

Rey. Nay, you might keepe that checke for ls, till you meet your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excufe that?

Rey. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her neuer marie her childes selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two hours Rosalinda, I will leave thee.

Rey. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Rey. Igoe your wales, goe your wales: I knew what you would prove, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one caft away, and so come death: two o'clock is your houre.

Orl. I swee Rosalind.

Rey. By my troth, and in good earnest, and fo God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangrous, if you breake one lot of your promisse, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most paterkall breake-promisse, and the most hollow loyer, and the most vaunworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnauthourfull: therefore beware my cenjury, and keep your promisses.

Orl. With no leffe religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: fo adieu.

Rey. Well, Time is the olde Jusitice that examines all such offenders, and let time trye: adieu. Exit.

Orl. You have simply misl'd our fexe in your loue-prate:
As you like it.

prate: we must have your douter, and hope pluckt over your head, and flew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neath.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didn't know how many fathom deep I am in love: but it cannot be counted: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ref. No, that fame wicked Bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceit's of spleene, and borne of madness, that blinde rashly boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his owne are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee Altho, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll deepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's pretend 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 long Forrester for this purpose?

Lords. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Mufcke, Song.

What swall be base that killed the Deare?
His Leather skin, and bornes to warre:
Then sing him home, the refle swall bear this burthen:
Take thou no forme to warre the borne, it was a craft ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The borne, the horse, the luffy borne,
Is not a thing to laugh to forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

And heere much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
to sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle Phebe, did bid me glue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I passe By the sterne brow, and waspish action Which she did vse, as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenure; pardon me, I am but as a guiltifie meffenger.

Ref. Patience her felie would flarte at this letter, And play the swaggerer, heare this, heare all: Shee siles I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not love mee Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, Her loue is not the Hale that I doe hunt, Why writes he to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, Phebes did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool, And turn'd into the extremity of louse. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freemone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands: She has a hufwiais hand, but that's no matter: I say the nearer did inuent this letter, This is a man invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, 'tis a boysterous and cruel fiddle, A file for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: vowmes gentle braine Could not drop forth fuch giant rude invention, Such Ethiope wordes, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: wil you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crotulie.

Ref. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.

Read. Art thou god, is Shepheard turn'd? That a maidens heart hath borne'd?

Can a woman raie thus?

Sil. Call you this raling?

Ref. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,

War'th thou vvrithe with a women's heart? Did you ever hear such raling?

Whiles the eye of man did wowe me,

That could do no wrongeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the forme of your bright sone,

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect?

Would they workes in milde affect?

Whiles you chide me, I did loue,

How then might your prayers moue me?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knowes this Loue in me:

And by him scale up thy mindes,

Whether that thy youth and kindes

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or eie by him my love denie,

And then I'll finde how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ref. Doe you pitty him? No, he deferes no pitty: wilt thou lone such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goo your way to her; (for I see Lone hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if the loue me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never hue her, unleffe thou intret for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forreth, bands

A
As you like it.

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olue-trees.

Cf. Weit of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oliue, by the murmuring freames
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it felfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garnisht, and such yeares: the boy is faire,
Of femail favour, and behoves him felfe.

Like a ripe fifter: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. If it be no boafe, being ask'd, to fay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind,
This hee fends this bloody napkin; are you hee?

Ref. I am: what must we vnderfand by this?

Oli. Some of my flame, if you will know of me.

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was flain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When left the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left me promife to returne againe,
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the fweete of fweet, and bitter fancie,
Loo what befell: he threw his eye about,
And marke what object did priuent it flufe
Vnder an old Oak, whose bows were moft'd with age
And high top, bale with drie antiquitie:
A wreathed ragged man, one-grown with haire,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his necke
A greene and guilded fnaile had wreath'd it flufe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but fuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it vnlit's it flufe,
And with indenter fides, did flip away.

Into a bush, vnder which burthen fhaide
A Lyonnesse, with vlders all drawne drie,
Lay couching heaue on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man fhoule flirre; for 'tis
The royall difposition of that beafe
To prey on noting, that doth fume as dead:
This fene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that fame brother,
And he did render him the moft vnaatural
That liu'd among men:

Oli. And well he might fo doe,
For well I know he was vnaatural.

Ref. But to Orlando: did he leave him there
Food to the fuck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpof'd fo:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then renueenge,
And Nature stronger then his luft occasion,
Made him gave battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miferable flumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was't you he refau'd?

Cel. Was't you that did fo oft continue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not flame
To tell you what I was, since my confervion
So sweetly taffes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the firft to laft betwixt vs two,
Tears our recountements had moft kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Defert place.
I briefly, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me into my brothers lace,
Who led me infancy into his Case,
There shir'd himfelfe, and heere upon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne fome flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And crede in fainting upon Rosalinde.
Briefly, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after fome small pace, being strong at hart,
He fent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excufe
His broken promife, and to glue this napkin
Died in this blood, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why how now Ganined, sweet Ganined.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it; Cofen Ganined.

Oli. Lookes, he recouers.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe fo, I confesse it.

Ah, lira, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: helpho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I doe: but yfaith, I should have beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must brecr anfwer becke
How you excufe my brother, Rosalinde.

Ref. I shall deuide something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clove. We shall finde a time Awdrie, patience gentle Awdrie.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen saying.

Clove. A moft wicked Sir Oliver, Awdrie, a moft vile Emart-court. But Awdrie, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claimes to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meanes.

Enter William.

Clove. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
As you like it.

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flying: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n Audry.

Aud. God ye good eu'n William.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee couerd. How old are ye Friend?

Will. Fieue and twenty Sir.

Clo. A rape age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i' th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good anfwer:

Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, fo, fo.

Clo. So, fo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and it is not, it is but fo, fo.

Art thou wife?

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou faiest well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wileman knowes him elfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philofopher, when he had a deare to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.

You do love this maid?

Will. I do fit.

Clo. Glue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No fir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being pow'd out of a cup into a glaffe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writters do confent, that ife is hee: now you are not ife, for I am he.

Will. Which he fir?

Clo. He fir, that muft marrie this woman: Therefore you Cloane, abonnde: which is in the vulgar,leave the focietie: which in the booirth, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Cloane thou perfitheft: or to thy better understanding, dyeft: or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libeity into bondage: I will deal in payson with thee, or in baffina, or in fcre: I will bring with thee in faction, I will one-run thee with a polcie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good William.

Will. God rett you merry fir. Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Mafter and Milfterre feekes you: come away, away.

Aud. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend, I attend.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't poiffible, that on fo little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And louing wo? and wothing, the shoul graunt? And will you perfceiver to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question: the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my fodyae woing, nor fodyaine confenting: but fay with mee, I loue Aletna: I lay with her, that she loues mee; content with both, that we may enjoy each other: It shall be to your good: for my fathers houfe, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir Rovells will I eflate vpon you, and here liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my content.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thisher will I Inuite the Duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aletnas for Rookes you.

Here enters my Rosalinde.

Rof. God faue you brother.

Orl. And you faire fifter.

Rof. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greues me to fee thee weare thy heart in a fcarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Rof. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfetyed to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonder then that.

Rof. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing fo fodya, but the fight of two Rammes, and Cefars Thraffonian bragge of I came, law, and overcomne. For your brother, and my fifter, no fooner met, but they fay'd: no fooner look'd, but they lou'd: no fooner lou'd, but they fight'd: no fooner figh'd: but they ask'd one another the reafon: no fooner knew the reafon, but they fought the remedie: and in thefe degrees, haue they made a paire of fhareis to marry: which they will clime incontinent, or fele be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verry wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will be the Duke to the Nupiai. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to beke into HAPPINES through another mans eies! by fo much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart hauinesse, by how much I thinke my brother happier, in hauing what he wishes for.

Rof. Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne for Rosalinde?

Orl. I can lie no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will weare you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to fome purpole) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: infomuch (I fay) I know you areneither do I labor for a greater efence then may in feome little meafure drow a belief from you, to do your felfe good, and not to grace me. Beleue then, if you pleaffe, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeares olde conuerse with a Magelian, much profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde, I yet one to the harte, as your gefibre cries it out: when your brother marries Aletna, shall you marrie her. I know in to what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impollible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and
without any danger. Let Speak't thou in sober meanings? Ref. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though
I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your beft a-
ray, bid your friends for; if you will be married to mor-
row, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.

Look, here comes a Lovers of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much vengefulness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.
Ref. I care not if I have: it is my studie To seeme delightfull and vengeant to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke vpon him, loose him: he worships you. Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to looke Sil. It is to be all made of fights and tears, And so am I for Pheebe. Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. Ref. And so am I for Rosalind. Ref. And so am I for no woman. Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, And so am I for Pheebe. Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. Ref. And so am I for Rosalind. Ref. And so am I for no woman. Sil. It is to be all made of fantastie, All made of pallion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, dute, and obseruance, All humblenesse, all patience, and Impatience, All puri'tie, all triall, all obseruance; And so am I for Pheebe. Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. Ref. And so am I for Rosalind. Ref. And so am I for no woman. Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Ref. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you? Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you. Ref. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here.
Ref. Pray you no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Inrid Woluse against the Moore: I will help you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, If ever I marrie Woman, and Ie be married to morrow: I will lustie you, if I ever lustied man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you love Rosalind meet, as you loue Pheebe meet, and as I loue no woman, He meet: so far ye wle: I have left you commands.
Sil. Ife not faile, if I like. Phe. Nor I. Ref. Nor I. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cleevee and Andrey.

Ch. To morrow is the joyfull day Andrey, to morrow will we be married. And do I deffe it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest deffe, to deffe to be a woman of my world? Heere come two of the banish'd Dukess Pages. Enter two Pages.
1. Pa. We met honieth Gentleman. Ch. By my troth well met: come, fit, fit, and a song. 2. Pa. We are for you, fit'th middle. 1. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauing, or spitting, or saying we are hauing, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice. 2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two glasses on a horse.

Song.
It was a Lourer, and his left, With a boy, and a bo, and a bo nomino, That's the greene cornes feld did paffy, In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time. When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding. Sweet Lourers loue the spring, And therefore take the present time, With a boy, & a bo, and a bo nomino, For love is crowned with the prime. In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rie, With a boy, and a bo, & a boy nomino: These prettie Country folks would lie. In spring time, &c.

Ch. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the ditie, yet the note was very vnusual. 1. Pa. you are decei'd Sir, we kept time, we loft not our time. Ch. By my troth yes: I count it but time loft to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Andrie. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Leupus, Orlando, Olivier, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doft thou beleue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised? Orl. I sometimes do beleue, and somtimes do not, As tho' that feare they hope, and know they feare. Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Pheebe.
Ref. Patience once more, whiles our cõpact is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde, You will befor her on Orlando heere? Du. Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to glue with hir. Ref. And you say you wil have her, when I bring hir? Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King. Ref. You say, you'll marrie me, if I be willing. Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after. Ref. But if you do refuse to marrie me, You'll your false to this most faithfull Shepheard. Phe. So is the bargain. Ref. You say that you'll have Pheebe if she will. Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing. S Ref.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keepe you your word Plebe, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusiing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Silvia, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even.

Exit Ref. and Celia.

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.
Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
I thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrester borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vaule,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrester.

Sy. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke.
Here comes a payre of vertue strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fools.

Clown. Salutation and greeting to you all.
Sy. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrester he hath bin a Courtier he fware.

Clown. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flatted a Lady, I have bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I have vndone three Tallors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Sy. And how was that tane vp?

Clown. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vp:
On the feuenth cause.

Sy. How feuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Sen. I like him very well.

Clown. God'lld you sir, I defire you of the like: I preffe in heere fir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to fware, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breaks: a poore virgin fir, an il-fauour'd thing fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine fir, to take that that no enemie will: rich homedde dwells as a merer fir, in a poore house, as your Pearl in your foule yfert.

Du. Sen. By my faith, he is very swift, and pententious

Clown. According to the foules bolr fir, and fuch dulce difciples.

Sy. But for the feuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell upon the feuenth cause?

Clown. Upon a lyce, feuen times removed: (bear your bodie more feeming Audry) as thus fir: I did dilike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he fent me word, if I fald his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I fent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold fende me word he cut it to pleafe himfelfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply curfifh. If againe it was not well cut, he would anfwer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproves valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold fay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and fo ro lye circumstantial, and the lye direct.

Sy. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clown. I durft go no further then the lye circumstantial;

nor he durft not give me the lye direct: and so wee measure ars, and parted.

Sy. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clown. O fir, we quarel in print, by the booke: as you haue booke for good manners: I will name you the degrees.
The firft, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlifh: the fourth, the Reproves valiant: the fift, the Counter-checke quarrelsome: the fift, the Lye with circumstance: the feuenth, the Lye direct: all these you may asway, but the Lye direct: and you may advise that too, with an If. I knew when euens luffices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you falde fo, then I falde fo: and they fhowke hands, and fwear brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Sy. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Sen. He vies his folly like a flalking-horse, and vnder the prefentation of that he flouts his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Mufick.

Hymen. Then is there merit in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Attire together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
'Tis brought her brother,
That thou mightst lose his hand with his,
Whole heart within his bosom is.

Ref. To you I giue my felic, for I am yours.

To you I giue my felic, for I am yours.

Du. & Sr. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind.

Pie. If fight & shape be true, why then my louse arie

Ref. Ile have no Father, if you be not he:
Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not thee.

By. Peace hoa! I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To loyne in Hymens bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no croffe shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his louse must accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlock Hymen we fing,
Feede your felues with quifition:
That reafon, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finife.

Song.

Wedding is great tunes creeme;
O bilged bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie town;
High wedlock then he bowed:
 Honor, high honor and renome
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du. Sen. O my deere Niecee, welcome thou ar to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no leffe degree.

Pie.
As you like it.

Act One, Scene Three

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland, and bring thee tidings to this faire assemby.

Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day Men of great worth reforted to this forreft, added a mightie power, which were on foot In his owne conduct, purposely to take his brother heere, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wilde wood he came; Where, meeting with an old Religious man, after some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprize, and from the world: His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother, and all their Lands refour'd to him againe. That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life.

Du.Sc. Welcome young men: Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding: To one his lands with-held, and to the other A land it felte at large, a potent Dukedom.

First, in this forreft, let us do those ends That beere vvere well begun, and well begot: And after, every of this happie number That haue endur'd threwe daies, and nights with vs, Shall sharke the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their fates. Meane time, forget this new-saine dignitate, And fall into our Rustickke Resolutie: Play Musick, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all, With measure heasp'd in joy, to'th Measures fall.

Lay. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly, The Duke hath put on a Religious life, And throwne into neglect the pomposse Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Lay. To him will I: out of these concertes, There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd: You to your former Honors, I bequeath your patience, and your vertue, well defersues it. You to a loue, that your true faith doth merit: You to your land, and loue, and great allies: You to a long, and well-defersued bed: And you to wrangling, for thy louting voyage Is but for two moneths vifual'd: So to your pleasures, I am for other, then for dancing measure.


Lay. To see no pastime, 1: what you would have, Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd cause.

Du.Sc. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights, As we do trueth, they'll end in true delights.

Exit. 

Raf. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue: but it is no more vhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no buff, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vfe good busses: and good players prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot infraine with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become me. My way is to conuert you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpering, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breath that I def'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ly, bid me farewell. Exit.
THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hoftes, Christopher Sly.

Beggar.

Le pheeze you in faith.

Hoftes. A pair of stocks you rogue.

Beg. Y’are a baggage, the Sith are no Rogues. Louce in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Pauca pallabris, let the world flide: Sefia.

He. You shall not pay for the glassies you have burnit?

Beg. No, not a deniere i go by S. Jeronimus, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

He. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Hordborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fight Borough, Ile anfwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.  

Follies.

Wnde bornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his trains.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wet my hounds, Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imboff,  

And couple Clouder with the deepe-mouth’d brach, Saw it thou not boy how Silver made it good  

At the hedge corner, in the coudell fault,  

I would not lose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why Balman is as good as he my Lord,  

He cried upon it at the mereeff loffe,  

And twice to day pick’d out the duldef fent,  

Truft mee, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if Ecco were as Steele,  

I would extemee him worth a dozen fuch:  

But if they well, and looke vnto them all,  

To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What’s here? One dead, or drunk? See doth he breath?

Hunts. He breath’s my Lord. Were he not warm’d withAle, this were a bed but cold to sleep so foundly.

Lord. Oh monftrous heath, how like a twinke he lyes, Grim death, how foule and loathfome is thine image: Sirs, I will praffife on this drunken man.  

What thinke you, if he were conuey’d to bed, Wrap’d in tme clothes: Rings put vpon his fingers:  

A most delicious banquet by his bed,  

And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,  

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Hunts. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.

H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wake’

Lord. Even as a flatt’reng dreame, or worthless fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left:  

Carrie him gently to my faireft Chamber,  

And hang it round with all my vvantion pictures:  

Balm he foule head in warme defilled waters,  

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweeter:  

Procure me Muficke ready when he vlakes,  

To make a dulce and a heavenly found:  

And if he chance to speake, be readie straight  

(And with a lowe submiffue reverence)  

Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:

Let one attend him with a flifer Saffen  

Full of Rofe-water, and befrew’d with Flowers,  

Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,  

And fay wilt pleafe your Lordship coole your hands.

Some one be readie with a coffly fuite,  

And ask him what apparel he will ware:

Another tell him of his Hounds and Hare,  

And that his Ladie mournes at his difafe,  

Perfiade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,  

And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreams,  

For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:  

This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs,  

It will be palme puffing excellent,  

If it be handefed with modefte.

1. Hunts. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part  

As he fhall thinke by our true diligence  

He is no leffe then what we fay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,  

And each one to his office when he wake.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go fee what Trumpet ’tis that founds,  

Belfke fome Noble Gentleman that means  

(Travelling fome journey) to repofe him heere.

Enter Servants.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An’t pleafe your Honor, Players  

That offer fervice to your Lordhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:

Now fellowes, you are welcome.  

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to ftay with me to night?

2. Player. So pleafe your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  

Since once he plaid a Farmers elfe fonne,  

‘Twas where you woud the Gentlewoman fo well:  

I have forgot your name: but fure that part

Was
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sickke. I think 'twas Sirs that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent;
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I hau e some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can adust me much,
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of thise odd behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You brake into some marrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you fin,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Plat. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the vertest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And glue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my houfe affords.

Sirra go you to Bartholomew my Pay.
And fee him dret in all futes like a Ladie:
That done, conduce him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obier'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplishe,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With softe lowe tongue, and lowly carifie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisies,
And with declining head into his bofore
Bild him shed tears, as being ouer-loyed
To fee her noble Lord refur'd to health,
Who for this feene yeares hath extreame him.
No better then a poore and loathsome begger
And if the boy have not a womeans guift
To raine a flower of commended tears,
An Onion wil do well for such a chift,
Which in a Napkin (being clofe coun'd)
Shall in difpight enforse a watterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the haft thou canst,
Anon Ile glue thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will we Westminster grace,
Vocks, gate, and action of a Gentelwoman:
I long to hauare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will flay themselfes from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple pesant,
Ie in to counsell them: haply my preference
May well abate the over-metrue belongence,
Which otherwise would grow into extrarems.

Enter shet the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,
Bayen and Euer, & other apperentiments, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. Sir. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of fackes?
2. Sir. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conomes?

3. Sir. What raiment will your honor wear to day.

Beg. I am Christopher Sit, call not mee Honour nor Lordsip: I ne're drank fackes in my life: and if you give me any Conerves, glue me conerves of Beeret nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more flockings then legges: nor no more fhooses then feet, ney sometimse more fete then fhooses, or fuch fhooses as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such diftent,
Of fuch possifions, and fo hight exteme
Should be infus'd with fo foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make one mad? Am not I Christopher Sit, old Sirs Ionne of Burton-beath, by byth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutacion a Bearer-heard, and now by present profission a Tinker.

Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincot, if she know me not if I the fye I am not xill'd on the store for these Ale, score me vp for the lyking knave in Chritien dome. What I am not betraught : here's

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourn.
2. Man. Oh this is it that makes your feruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred flans your
As beaten hence by your tyronge Lanace.

(houfe)
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abated lowlie dreams:
Looke how thy feruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Mischief? Harke Apollo plaies,
Myck
And twentie eaged Nightingales do fange.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a Couch,
Sofer and sweeter then the luftfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semarimis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will before the ground,
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnesse studied all with Gold and Pearle.
Doft thou loue hawking? Thou haue hautes will foare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch thrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. Man. Say thou wilt courtes, thy grey-houndes are as
As breathed Stage: I fletcher then the Roe,
(fivft)
2. M. Dost thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Circea all in fidges hid,
Which feeme to move and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l hau thee fo, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguil'd and perfut'd,
As listle painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or Daphne roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal swere the bleeds,
And at that fight shal lad Apollo wepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haue a Ladie farre more beauteful,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And cll the teares that the hath fhed for thee,
Like cruoule floods ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet thee is inferior in fides hid.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dream? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I fee, I heare, I speake:
I finet sweete favours, and I feel soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sitse.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot'oth smallest Ale.
The Taming of the Shrew.

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2. Man. Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands:
Oh how we joy to see your wit refort'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
The next fifteen yeares you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteen yeares, by my fay, 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 lay here in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And ralle upon the Hofffe of the houfe,
And say you would prefer it at the Leete,
Because the brought stone-Jugs, and no feal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. Man. Why sir you know no houfe, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckone'd vp,
As Stephen Sil, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turch, and Henry Pimpennel,
And twente more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou fain't not loofe by it.

Lady. How faires my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I faine well, for here is cheere enough.

Where is my wife?

La. Here be noble Lords, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?

My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what mutt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alice Madam, or None Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they fay that I have dream'd,
And kept above fome fifteen yeares or more.

Lady. I, and the time feme's thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, fersants leave me and her alone:

Madam, I endure you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not fo, unti the Sun be fet.

For your Phyfitians have exprefly charg'd,
In peril to injure your former malady,
That I should yet esteeme me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands fo that I may hardly tarry fo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams againe:
I will therefore tarrie in delight of the fleith & the blood

Enter a Messinger.

Mes. Your Honours Players hearing your amendement,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For in your doctors hold it very mccc.

Seeing too much faineffe hath congeald your blood,
And melancholy is the Nurse of irenality,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricklet

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaing ifliffe.

Beg. What, howfull ifliffe.

Lady. It is a a kind of histry.

Beg. Well, I'll feet:

Come Madam wife by my fide,
And let the world flip, we shall here be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucanto, and his man Triano.

Luc. Triano, fince for the great defire I had
To see faire Padua, nurterie of Arts,
I am arri'd for fruitfull Lombardie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers loue and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie,
My trullfe fersant well appoind in all,
Here let vs breath, and haply influifie
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pifa renouned for grace Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firft
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:

Vincentio's come of the Benturch,
Vincentio's fonne, brougt vp in Florence,
It fhall become to ferne all hopes conceiv'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous decede:
And therefore Triano, for the time I fitude,
Vertue and that part of Philofophie
Will I appilie, that treats of Happineffe,
By vertue specially to be attch'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have Pifa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A fhalow plafe, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ficiete feeke to quench his thrist.

Trea. Signor Triano, gentle matter mine:
I am in all affected as your felfe,
Glad that you thus continue your refolve,
To fucke the fweets of sweete Philofophie.

Onely (good matter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Strickes, nor no flockes I pray,
Or fo devote to Ariftocrates checks
As Ovidy be an out-cast quite aburr'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you have,
And prattifie Rhetorick in your common talke,
Musickke and Poeticke fee, to quicken you,

The Mathematickes, and the Metaphyfickes
Fall to them as you finde your fomacke ferues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleure tane:
In briefes frit, fitude what you f hovering.

Luc. Gramercies Triano, well doft thou advice,
If Biondello thou were come ahere,
We could at once put vs in readiness,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua Ball beget.

But fay a little, what companie is this?

Tra. Matter some fhow to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptifh with his two daughters, Katervina & Bianca,

Gremio a Pantelouwes, Hortensio filier to Bianca.

Luc. Triano, fainde by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am relou'd you know:
That is, not to befow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:

If either of you both love Katherine,

Because
The Taming of the Shrew

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Loue shall you have to court you at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for me,
There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a faile of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleffe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I'faith sir, you shall never neede to fear,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd floole,
And paint your face, and vve you like a fiole.
Hor. From all flesh diuel, good Lord deliuer us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Huish matter, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is flanke mad, or wonderful froward.
Kate. But in the others silence do I fee,
Maid's milde behaviour and fubjeftice.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Mr. mum, and gazz your fill.
Bap. Gentleman, that I may foon make good
What I have faid, Bianca get you in,
And let it not difpleafe thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere thee lefts my fefte.
Kate. A pretty face, it is bef put finger in the eye,
And the knew why.

Bian. Sifter content you, in my difcontent,
Sir, to your pleafure humble I Subcribe:
My booke and instruments shall be my compaines,
On them to looke, and praflice by my felfe.
Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maift here Minerva speake.
Hor. Signior Baptifia, will you be fo frange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greene.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptifia) for this fien of hell,
And make her beare the penance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentleman content ye; I am refoud:
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh moft delight
In Musicke, Infruments, and Poetry,
Schoolmasteres will I keepe within my hous,
Fit to inftruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any fuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and libera'll,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And fo farewell: Katherine you may lay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kate. Why, and tru' I may go too, I may not.
What shal I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha!

Exit Gre.

You may go to the diuel dam; your guilty are
So honest men willomite you: Their loue is not
fo great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and faith it fairely out. Our cakes douch on both sieds.

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will,
To make a faile of me amongst these mates?

Hor. So will I dignour Gremio: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd
parle, know now your advice, it toucheth vs both
that we yet again have accesse to our faire Militris, and
be happie rivals in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrife sir to get a husband for her Sifter.
Gre. A husband; a diuell.
Hor. I say a husband.
Gre. I say, a diuell: Think it thou Hortensio, though
her father be verie rich, any man is to verie a diuell to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tsifh Gremio: though it paff your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the hi croffe euerie
morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choife in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be fo farre. For in Padua to begin his woinge that would
thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde
the houfe of her. Come on.

Exeunt amb. Manet Tranio and Lucuccio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it poiffible
That loue should of a fad lone take fuch hold.

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poiffible or likely.
But fice, while idely I ftood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confulte to thee.
That art to me as secret and as deere
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perieth Tranio,
If I atheicie not this young moddeft gybele:
Couratifice me Tranio, for I know thou canft:
Affift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not ratered from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but fo,
Redime to captiam quam queam minime.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reit will comfort, for thy counsels found.

Tra. Master, you lookd fo longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pich of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I faw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Aguerre had,
That made great loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kifit the Cretan fronds.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her fitter
Began to fcol'd, and raife vp such a formes,
That mortal cares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I faw her earelips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I faw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to firre him from his trance:
I pray awakke sir: if you loue the Malde,
Band thoughts and wits to atcheue her. Thus it flands:
Her elder fitter is fo curft and threwd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must live a maide at home,
And therefore has he clofely meud her vp,

Because
Because she will not be annoy’d with futes,

Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Fathers he:

But art thou not adult’d, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now ’tis plotted.

Luc. I have it Tranio.

Tra. Marker, for my hand,

Both our intenions meet and lump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be Schoole-mater,

And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That’s your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincetio’s sonne,

Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,

Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Biella, content thee: for I have it full.

We have not yet bin feme in any house,

Nor can we be distingui’d by our faces,

For man or matter: then it followeth thus;

Thou shalt be Marker, Tranio in my stead:

Keepe house, and port, and furnitures, as I should,

I will some other be, be some Florentines,

Some Neapolitans, or meaner man of Pisa.

’Tis hatch’d, and shall be so: Tranio at once

Vnafe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,

When Biendello comes, he waits on thee,

But I will charmme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:

In breefe Sir, fith it your pleasure is,

And I am tyed to be obedient,

For fo your father charg’d me at our parting:

Be servicable to my force (quebe he)

Although I thynke ’twas in another fence,

I am content to bee Lucentio,

Becauze fo well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio be fo, because Lucentio loves,

And let me be a flase, ’tis excelle that made,

Whooe fome fuch brutall thral’d my wounded eye.

Enter Biendello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Biam. Where have you beene? Nay how now, where are you?

Walter, he’s my fellow Tranio holne your cloathes, or you holne his, or both? Pray what’s the newest?

Luc. Sirra come hither, ’tis no time to left,

And therefore frame your manners to the time

Your fellow Tranio heere to face my life,

Puts my apparell, and my count’nance on,

And I for my ecape hauie put on his:

For in a quarrell since I came a shore,

I kil’d a man, and feare I was defcribed:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:

I make way from hence to face my life:

You understand me?

Biam. I fir, me’re a witt.

Luc. And not a lot of Tranio in your mouth,

Tranio is chang’d into Lucentio.

Biam. The better for him, would I were fo too.

Tra. So could I Urth boy, to have the next with af-ter,

that Lucentio indeede had Bapstijus yongeft daugh-ter.

But Sirra, not for my sake, but your manners, I ad-define you vfe your manners differently in all kind of compa-nyes: When I am alone, why then am Tranio: but in

all places elfe, you matter Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio let’s go:

One thing more refa, that thy felte execute,

To make one among these woowers: if thou ask me why,

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. 

Enter Patronio, the Prefenters, and Tranio.

Hor. Petr. Foroona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but of all

My worke, I am fellow’d and approv’d friends.

Bion. & I trauell this is his houfe:

Here i knowe Grumio, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man he’s rebu’d your worship?

Petr. Biondello I say, knocke me herehe foundly.

Gru. Knocke you herehe sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I should knocke you heere sir?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or lie knocke your knautes pate.

Gru. My M’ is growne quarrelsome:

I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worft

Petr. Will it not be?

'Faith sirrah, and you’lt not knocke, Ile ring it,

Ile trie how you can sol, pill, and fing it.

Me rings him by the ears

Gru. Helpe militirs helpe, my matter is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah Villaine,

Enter Hortenio.

Hor. How now, what’s the matter? My olde friend

Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Pernia?

Petr. Signior Hortenio, come you to part the fray

Consutt i’ core bene trobato, may I say.

Hor. Allia nostra caja bene venueto multo hortarita signor mio Petruchio.

Rifti Grumio rile, we will compound this quarrell.


If this be not a lawfull caufe for me to leave his feruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him found-ly sir,

Well, was it fit for a seruant to vfe his matter fo, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knocked at first, then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petr. A fencelie fenntrine: good Hortenio,

I bad the raftcall knocke upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauen: fcape you not these words plaines? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rape me heere I knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I adulle you.

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio’s pledge:

Why this a heauie chance twar him and you, 

You ancient trufle?fentor virtuous Grumio?

And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale

Blows eu to Padua heere, from old Petruchio?

Petr. Such wind as fatters yongmen through thy world, To
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,  
Where small experience growes but in a few.  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,  
Antonio my father is deceas'd,  
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,  
Happily to wize and thrive, as best I may:  
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.  

Hor. Petruccio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou'lt thanke me but a little for my counsell:  
And yet I promise thee the shall be rich,  
And verie rich; but that'rt too much my friend,  
And Ie not with thee to her.  

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,  
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruccio's wife:  
(As wealt h is burthen of my woing dance)  
Gremio as foule as was Florentius virtuous,  
As old as Sibell, and as curst and throw'd  
As Scutara Zentippe, or a worser:  
She moves me not, or not remoues at least  
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough  
As are the dwelling Aduackes seas,  
I come to wize it wealthily in Padua:  
If wealtihly, then happily in Padua.  

Gru. Nay looke you fir, her tells you flatly what his  
minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him to  
A Puppet or an Aglet babe, or an old trot with ne're a  
thooth in her head, though the haue as manie difaices as  
two and fiftie horfes. Why nothing comes amisse, if  
monie comes withall.  

Hor. Petruccio, since we are ftept thus farre in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in left,  
I can Petruccio helpe thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and yong and beaumous,  
Brought vp as beft becomes a Gentilwoman.  
Her onely fault, and that is faultous,  
Is, that she is intolerable curst,  
And throw'd, and broward, fo beyond all measure,  
That were my flatte foare worther then it is,  
I would not wead her for a mine of Gold.  

Pet. Hortensio peace: thou knowest not golds effect,  
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:  
For I will boord her, though the cheide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumnne cracke.  

Hor. Her father is Baptijtas Minola,  
An affible and courteous Gentleman,  
Her name is Katherine Minola,  
Renowned in Padua for her fcolding tongue.  

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceas'd father well:  
I will not sleepe Hortensio til I see her,  
And therefore let me be thos bold with you,  
To give you ouer at this firft encounter,  
Valeffe you will accomapnifie me thither.  

Hor. I pray you Sir, let him go while the humor lift.  
A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she  
would think scolding would doe little good vpun her.  
She may perhaps call him halfe a florfe Knaves, or fo:  
That's nothing; and he begin once, he'r ralle in his rope  
trick. He tell you what fir, and she and him but a  
little, he will throw a figure in her face, and do disurb or  
with it, that shee shall haue no moare eies to see withall  
than a Cat: you know him not fir.  

Hor. Tarrie Petruccio, I must go with thee,  

For in Baptijtas keepe my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His yongest daughter, beautifull Bianca,  
And her with-holds from me. Other more  
Sutes to her, and rivals in my Loue:  
Supposing it a thing impoffible,  
For thole defects I haue before rehearset,  
That euer Katherine will be woo'd:  
Therefore this order hath Baptijtas tace,  
That none shall have access into Bianca,  
Til Katherine the Curi, haue got a husband.  

Gru. Katherine the cuir,  
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.  

Hor. Now thall my friend Petruccio do me grace,  
And offer me disguid'd in fober robes,  
To old Baptijtas as a schooole-maister  
Well feene in Moficke, to infract Bianca,  
That fo I may by this deuce at leafe  
Hawe leene and leisure to make lether to her,  
And unafpepted court her by her felle.  

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.  

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the old- 
folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together.  
Maister, maister, looke about you: Who goes there? he.  

Hor. Peace Gremios, it is the riual of my Loue.  
Petruccio stand by a while.  

Gremio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.  

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:  
Hearkne you fir, Ie haue them verie fairly bound,  
All bookes of Loue, fee that at any hand,  
And fee you reade no other Lectures to her:  
You vnderstande me. Ouer and beside  
Signior Baptijtas liberalitie,  
Ie mend it with a Large fee. Take your paper too,  
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd  
For the is sweeter then perfume it selfe  
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.  

Luc. What ere I reade to her, I Ie please for you,  
As for my patron, Iand you fo affur'd,  
As firmly as your felle were fill in place,  
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words  
Then you: valeffe you were a scholler fir.  

Gru. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.  

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affe it is.  

Petruccio. Peace sir.  

Hor. Gremios man: God fave you signior Gremio.  

Gru. And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio.  

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptijtas Minola,  
I promitt to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaister for the faire Bianca,  
And by good fortune I haue lighted well  
On this yong man: For learning and behavioir  
Fit for her turne, well read in poetrie  
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.  

Hor. 'Th well and I have met a Gentleman  
Hath promitt me to helpe one to another,  
A fine Multian to infruct the Multia,  
So shall I no w hite be behinde in dutie  
To faire Biancas fo beloved of me.  

Gru. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall proue.  

Gru. And that his bags shall proue.  

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,  
Lisent to me, and if you speake me faire,  
Ie tel you newes indifferent good for either.  
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met  
Vpon
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curf Katherine,
Yes, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleafe.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all Matters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, butt me fo, friend ? What Countreyman ?

Pet. Borne in Perusa, old Biondello fonne ;
My father dead, my fortune liue for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to fee:

Gre. Oh, sir, fuch a life with fuch a wife, were strange ;
But if you have a fomacke, too 'tis a Gods name,
You shall have me affidying you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde-cat ?

Pet. Will I flue ?

Gru. Will he woo her? I or Ile hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little dinner can daunt mine cares ?
Haue I not in my time heare Lions rore ?
Haue I not heard the fca, pufp vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with fweat ?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artilerie thunder in the skies ?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud laurnes, neighing fleades, & trumpets clangue ?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue ?
That glies not halfe fo great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheefe-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tulh, tulh, fearie boxes with bugs.

Gru. For he feares none.

Grem. Hortensio heurke :
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promit we would be Contributors,
And heare his charge of wooling whatfoere.

Gremio. And fo we wil, promitied that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as fure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tran. Gentleman God fave you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beeche you, which is the readie way
To the house of Signior Baptifia Minda ?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: if he you mane ?

Tran. Heue he Biondello.

Gre. Harkee you firr, you mane not her to——

Tran. Perhaps him and her firr, what haue you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides firr, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I loue no chiders firr : Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun Tranio.

Tran. Sir, a word ere you goy.

Are you a futor to the Maid you talke of, yeas or no?

Tran. And if I be firr, is it any offence ?

Gremio. No : if without more words you will get you hence.

Tran. Why firr, I pray are not the freads as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But fo is not the.

Tran. For what reafon I beeche you.

Gre. For this reafon if you'll kno,
That she's the cholie love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chofen of Signior Hortensio.

Tran. Softly my Masters : If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right : heare me with patience.

Baptifia is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter faire then she is,
She may more futors haue, and me for one.

Faire Ladys daughter had a thousand wooms,
Then well one more may faire Biance haue ;
And fo the fhall : Lucienio thal make one,
Though Parth came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Luc. Sir hee him head, I know hee'proue a Jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all thes words?

Hor. Sir, let me be fo bold as ask you,
Did you yet euer fee Baptifia daughter ?

Tran. No firr, but here I do that he hath two :
The one, as famous for a folding tongue,
As is the other, for beanteous modellie.

Petr. Sir, firr, the firr's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Medea twelve.

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this or looke not to,
The yongeft daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of futors,
And will not promit her to any man,
Vntill the elder fifter firft be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tran. It if be fo, firr, that you are the man
Must feeke vs all, and me amongst the refi:
And if you break the ice, and do this feeke,
Artchiue the elder : let the yonger free,
For our accesse, whole hap shall be to haue her,
Will not fo graceleff be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you fay well, and weel you do conceiue,
And since you do proffes to be a futor,
You muft as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all refett generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, if hal not be flacke, inigne whereof,
Please ye we may continue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowies to our Miffbreff health,
And do all aduerfaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eate and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motions fellowes be's gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it fit,
Petruchio, I thall be your Bon equivale.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good fifter wrong me not, nor wrong your felf,
To make a bondmaid and a flime of me,
That I defaine : but for thefe other goods,
Vnbindie my hands, Ile pull them off my felfe,
Yee all my raintment, to my peticote,
Or what you will command me, I wil do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy futors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'lt bell : fee thou dillery ble.

Biance. Bleeuce me fifter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fandle, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou leue : let not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affec/th him fifter, here I fware
Ile pleade for you my felle, but you hal fmue him.

Kate. Oh then beilee you fandle riches more,
You will haue Gremio to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me fo ?

Kate. Nay then you leue, and now I wil perceiue
You haue but lefte with me all this while :—
I prethee fifter Kate, vntie my hands.

Ka. If that be lefte, then all the refc was fo.

Stikes her
Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now Daine, whence growes this insolence?

Daine stand aside, poor gryle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, maddle not with her.
For shame thou Hailing of a dulcill spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she croffe thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her flence floats me, and Ilc be resoung'd.

Flies after Bap. and Daine


Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I fee
She is your treasure, she muft have a husband,
I muft dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your 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 cue Gentleman thus green'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a means man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God flue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter,
call'd Katerina, faire and vertuous.
Bap. I have a daughter cif, call'd Katerina.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beautifull, and her wit,
Her affability and bathfull modeffe;
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to throw my felfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witneffe
Of that report, which I fo oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do pretend you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muicke, and the Mathematiques,
To infruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elle you do me wrong.
His name is Lucentio, Liffes in Latine.
Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good fake.
But for my daughter Katerina, this I know,
She is not for your tune, the more my greffe.
Pet. I fee you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my compaine.
Bap. Mithake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's fonne,
A man well Knowne throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his fake.

Petruchio, I pray let vs that are
For some petitioners speake too? Biance, you are meruyous
forward.
Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curfe
Your wooling neighbors: this is a guilt
Very grateful, I am sure of it, to express
The like kindnesse my selfe, that have bene
More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely give unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at Rome, as cunning
In Greece, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muicke and Mathematiques:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his feruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinke you walke like a strangre,
May I be so bold, to know the caus of your comming?

Fra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a strangre in this Civte heere,
Do make my felle aff otor to your daughter,
Vnto Biance faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme refolute unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldft fitter.
This liberty is all that I requet,
That ypon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the reft that wo,
And free accord and favour as the reft.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere beftow a simple instrumint,
And this small packet of Greecke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of Pila firs, bonne to Pictures.
Bap. A mightie man of Pila by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall goe for your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.
Sirrah, leadhe thee Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Thefe are their 'Tutors, bid them vfe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paffing welcome,
And fo I prye you all to thinke of your felues.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haife,
And euerie day I cannot come to wo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left folle heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decrease,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowre shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poffession twenty thousand Crownes.
Pet. And for that dowre, I doe affure her of
Her widower-hood, be it that the furvice me
In all my Lands and Leaffes whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that freed their furie.
Though little fire grows great with little winde,
yet extreme guls will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a bab.

Bap. Well maith thou woo, and happy be thy speed,
But be thou arm'd for some voluntarie words.

Pet. I to the proofs, as Mountains are for winde,
That flashes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bpa.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bap. How now my friend, why doft thou looke so pale?
Her. For feare I promife you, if I looke pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prooue a good Mufitian?
Her. I thinke she'll sooner prooue a fouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canft not break her to the Lute?
Her. Why no, for the hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her the mbiooke her freets,
And how'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moft impatient duellifh spirit)
Frets call you thefe? (quoth thefe) Hee fume with them:
And with that word the Stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I flound amaz'd for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Raffcall, Raffler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie thru'd vilearms,
As had the fludied to misfivfe me fo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luffifh Wench,
I lose her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have fome chat with her.
Bap. We'll go with me, and be not fo difcomfited.
Proceed in prudence with thy younger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good tunes:
Signor Petruchio, will you go with vs,
Or shall I fend my daughter Kate to you.
Exit. M fon Petruchio.
Pet. I pray you do, Ile attend her hearth,
And woo her with fome spirit when the cometh,
Say that the nalle, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She fings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that the frowne, Ile fay the lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly wafht with dew:
Say the he mate, and will not fpeak a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And fay the viterleh pride eloquenc e:
If the do bid me packe, Ile gue her thankes,
As though the bid me fay by her a week,
If the denie to wed, Ile craue the day,
When I shall ake the bannes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now Petruchio fpeaketh.
Enter Katerina.
Good morrow Kate, for thatts your name I heare.
Kate. Well have you heard, but nothing hard of hearing:
They call me Katerine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lye infinth, for you are call'd plaine Kate,
And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curft:
But Kate, the prettie Kate in Chriftendome,
Kate of Kate-hall, my fupper-dinante Kate,
For dainties are all Kate's, and therefore Kate
Take this of me, Kate of my conflation,
Hearing thy mildneffe prais'd in ev'ry Towne,
Thy virtues fpoke of, and thy beautie founded,
Yet not fo deeply as to thee belongs,
My tille am mov'd to wow thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a mousable.
Pet. Why, what's a mousable?
Kate. A loyn'd fleede.
Pet. Thou haft hit it: come fit on me.
Kate. Affes are made to bearre, and fo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bearre, and fo are you.
Kate. No fuch Iode as you, if me me moan.
Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not burneth thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for fuch a fwayne as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my weight shoulde be.
Pet. Shold be, should : buze.
Kate. Well tangle, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh flow-wing'd Turtle, thel a buzzard take thee?
Pet. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you Wafpe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be wafplifi, but beware my fting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, if the foolle could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Wafpe does weare
his fting? In his talle.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whole tongue.
Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and fo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your talle.
Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,
Kate. That Ile trie.
Pet. I fwear Ile cuft you, if you ftrike againe.
Kate. So may you looke your armes,
If you ftrikey me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy booke.
Kate. What is your Creft, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combiffe, Cocke, to Kate will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a cruwen
Pet. Nay come Kate, come; you must not looke fo fowre.
Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.
Kate. There Is, there Is.
Pet. Then fhow it me.
Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kate. Well sym'd of fuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heere you Kate. Infowth you fcape not fo.
Kate. I chaffe you if I fartie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paffing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and full'en,
And now I finde report a very lier:
For thou art pleasent, gamefome, paffing courtofeus,
But flow in (peech) yet fweet as fpring-time flowers.
Thou canft not frowne, thou canft not looke a fceene,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haft thou pleafure to be croffe in talke:
But thou with mildneffe entourn't thy wooper,
With gentle conference, foft, and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?
Oh fland'iour world: Kate like the hazel twig
Is straight, and flender, and as browne in hue
As hazel nuts, and fweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt.
Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keeph command.
Pet. Did ever Dian fo become a Groou
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate
O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
The Taming of the Shrew.

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull.
Kate. Where did you flay all this godly speech?
Petr. It is extemporary, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witless else her fonna.
Petr. Am I not wife?
Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.
Petr. Marry to I meant sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore letting this chat aside,
Thus in plaine terms; your father hath confented
That you fhall be my wife; your downy' greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now Kate, I am a husband for your tune,
For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muft be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptifla, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other houfhold Kate:
Here comes your father, never make delay,
I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how fpee'd you with my
Petr. How but well fa?how but well?
It were impoffible I should fpee'd amife. (dumps? 
Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have foew a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a fwearine lache,
That thinks with eftates to face the matter out.

Petr. Father, 'tis thus, your elfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amife of her :
If she be curft, it is for pollicle,
For fhee is not froward, but model as the Doe,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience theee will prove a second Griffill,
And Romane Lucrece for her charifie:
And to conclude, we have'greed fo well together,
That vpon fonday is the wedding day. 
Kate. Ile fee thee hang'd on fonday first. (first
Grec. Harke Petruchio, the fies thee'll fee thee hang'd
Tray. Is this your fpee'ding?by this godinight our part.
Bap. Be patient gentlemen, I choofe her for my elfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd'twixt vs twaine being alone,
That the fhall be curft in company.
I tell you 'th incredible to believe
How much he loves me: oh the kindeft Kate,
Shee hang about my necke, and kiffe on kiffe
Shee vid fa fixt, protefing oath on oath,
That in a twince she won me to her love.
Oh you are noizes, 'ts a world to fee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A masecoke wretch can make the curft feu:
Give me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice
To buy apparell gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the featt father, and bid the geues,
I will be sure my Katherine fhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to fay, but gife you my hilds,
God fende you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.
Grec. Tra. Amen fay we, we will be witneffes.
Petr. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, fonday comes space,
We have no rings, and things, and fine array.
And kiffe me Kate, we will be married a fonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Grec. Was ever match clapt vp fo foonely?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a deprave Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaines, or paffeth on the tea.
Bap. The gaine I feek, is quiet me the match.
Grec. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Baptiffa, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was fitter fir.
Tra. And I am one that love Silence more
Then words can witneff, or your thoughts can gueffe.
Grec. Yongling thou canst not love fo deare as I.
Tra. Gray-heard thy love doth freeze.
Grec. But thine doth fixe,
Skipper fland backe, 'tis age that nourifheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will coudp this strife
'Tis deeds muft win the price, and he of both
That can affore my daughter greatest dowre,
Shall have my Biances bowre.
Say signior Gremio, what can you affore her?
Grec. Firft, as you know, my houfe within the City
Is richly furnifhed with plate and gold,
Bafons and ewers to hae her dainty hands:
My hangings all of tirian tapery
In Ivory coles I have fhaft my crownes:
In Cypres chefs my arras counterpoints,
Coftly apparell, tents, and Canopikes,
Fine Linnen, Turky cufhions bolf with pearle,
Valens of Venice gold, in needle works:
Pewter and braffe, and all things that belongs
To houfe or houfe-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-foure fat Oxen flanding in my flalls,
And all things answereable to this portion.
My fife am froke in yeares I must conffece,
And if I die to morrow this is her,
If whilft I live shee will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: fir, lift to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely fonna,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave her houfes three or foure as good
Within rich Pifa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Befides, two thousand Duckets by the yeare.
Of fruitfull land, all which fhall be her luyer.
What have I gianct you Signior Gremio?
Grec. Two thousand Duckets by the yeare of land,
My Land amounts not to fo much in all:
That the fhall have, besides an Argofe
That now is lying in Marcellus roode:
What, have I chooft you with an Argofe?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe
Then three great Argofest, besides two Gallififes
And twelve tite Gallies, thefe I will affore her,
And twice as much what ere thou ofret next.
Grec. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And the can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, the fhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promife, Gremio is out-vied.
Bap. I must conffece your offer is the biff,
And let your father make her the affurance,
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Shée is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where’s her dower?

Tra. That’s but a caull: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus refresh’d,

On fonday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the fonday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. Exit.

Gre. A chief good neighbour: now I fear thee not:
Sirra, yong gameter, your father were a foolo
To glue thee all, and in his wakening age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy,
An old Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your caiterly withered hide,
Yet I have fac’d it with a card of ten:
’Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but Lucentio
Must get a father, Pratellus Lucentio,
And that’s a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. Exit.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too for ward Sir,
Hau ye so foone forgot the entertainment
Her fitter Katherine welcom’d you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronelle of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to haue propagatio,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lechere shall haue leiuie for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Aife that never read fo farre,
To know the cause why Musick was ordinn’d:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vicious paint?
Then give me leuie to read Philosophy,
And while I pauie, fervue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not heare these braues of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemens, you doe me double wrong,
To firme for that which refresheth in my choice:
I am no breeching schoiller in the schooles,
Ike not to be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leffons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all thrice: heere fit we downe,
Take your instruments, play you the whiles,
His Lechere will be done ere you have run’d.

Hort. You’ll leue his Lechere when I am in tune?

Luc. That shall be newer, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we left?

Luc. Heere Madam; His Iob Simili, his eff Sigiera tellus, his fretaret Pratellus regia Celfa feeta.

Bian. Confer them.

Luc. His Iob, as I told you before, Simili, I am Lucentio, his eff, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pifia, Sigiera tellus. difguised thus to get your lone, his fretaret, and that Lucentio that comes a voicing Pratellus, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, Celfa feeta that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument in tune.

Bian. Let’s heare, oh fie, the treble irraes,

Luc. Split in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee fee if I can confent it. He that fido, I know you not, his eff, Sigiera tellus, I truft you not, his fretaret Pratellus, take heede he heare vs not, regia presume not, Celfa feeta, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, this in tune in.

Luc. All bath the base.

Hort. The base is right, ’tis the base knaue that las.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth mount my lone,

Pedal. He watch you better yet:
In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure advices
Was Acru cald fo from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing all pon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Latio to you:
Good master take it not vkindly pray
That I have beene thus pleasan with you both.

Hort. You may goe walk, and glue me leauie a while,
My Leffons make no muzick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal farr, will I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be decedul’d,
Our fine Muttian growth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To leare the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer foot,
More pleasant, pithe, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamoth long agoe.

Hort. Ye yet read the gamoth of Lucentio.

Bian. Gamoth, I am, the ground of all accord:
Are to plead Hortensio’s pleasion:
Beene, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Captive, that loves with all affections:
Do fare, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Elami, thou pity or I die.

Call you this gamoth? but I like it not,
Old fusions pleaze me best, I am not so nice
To charge true roles for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nikis, Milkrefire, your father prays you leave your
And help to dresse your fitter chamber vp,
(books, You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Father Milkrefire then I have no caufe to stay.

Hort. But I have caufe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks he looks as though he were in loute:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To cau thy wandering eyes on every side:
Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changeing.

Exit.

Enter Baptisfia, Cremia, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petrucho should be married,
And yet we heare not of our fonne in Lawe:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome where the Priest attends
To take the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What fale Lucentio to this flame of ours?

No
Kate. No flame but mine, I must forsooth be forst,
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-brain'd rudoose, full of spirit,
Who word'd in haste, and means to wed at leyfure:
I told you I, he was a franticke fool,
Hiding his bitter lefts in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll woe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaime the lanes,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wodd:
Now muft the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Trs. Patience good Katherine and Bepifla too,
vypon my life Petruchio means but well,
What euery fortune flies him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paffing wife,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would Katherine had euuer seen him though.

Bap. Goe girls, I cannot blame thee now to weepes,
For such an injurie would vexe a very faint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Exit Blandills.

Bln. Mather, mather, newses, and such newses as you
never heard of.
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bln. Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come?
Bln. Why no fir.
Bap. What then?
Bln. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bln. When he be stands where I am, and fees you there.

Trs. But say, what to thinke olde newses?
Bln. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat
and an old kerkin, a pair of olde breeches three turn'd;
a pair of bootes that haue beene candle-canes, one buckled,
another l'c'd: an olde ruffy sword tane out of the Towne Armony, with a broken hilt, and chapelleff: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and firlops of no kindred: before posset with the glanders, and like to moke in the chine, troubled with the Lampaffe, infected with the fashions, full of Windegallia, sped with Spaulins, riled with the Yellowes, past cure of the Flues, starke spoil'd with the Starlings: beginneth with the Bote, start in the backe, and shoulder-shottene, neere leg'd before, and with a half-cheket Butte, & a headtill of sheepe leather, which being refrain'd to keepe him from thumbling, hath beene often burtl, and now repaired with knots: one girtt fire times peep'd, & a woman Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and heere and there peggies with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?
Bln. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horfe: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kerfey boote-hose on the other, garttten with a red and blew liftan old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monfer, a very monfer in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lackey.
Trs. 'Ts some olf humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes bet with meanes appear'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.
Bln. Why fir, he comes not.
Bln. Didst thou not say he comes?
And watch our vantage in this businesse,

We'll overreach the grey-beard Gremion,
The narrow prying father Muficke,
The quaint Musician, amorous Lute,
All for my Matters fake Lucentio.

Enter Gremion.

Signior Gremion, came you from the Church?

Grem. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Grem. A bridegroom fay you! 'Tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, & that the girls shall finde.

Tra. Curter then he, why 'ts impossible.

Grem. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Grem. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Douc, a fool to him:

Ie tell you fir Lucentio; when the Prieft

Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,

I, by yoggs wooes quoth he, and swore so loud,

That all amaz'd the Prieft let fall the booke,

And as he floop'd againe to take it vp,

This mad brain'd bridgroom took him such a cuffe,

That downe fell Prieft and booke, and booke and Prieft,

Now take them vp quoth he, if any lift.

Tra. What fayd the wench when he rofe againe?

Grem. Trembled & shokee : for why, he flap't & fwoare,

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him : but after many ceremonies done, bee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene abroad carowing to his Mates after a formes, quaff out the Mufcadell, and threw the fops all in the Sextons face : hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungryer, & feem'd to ask him fops as hee was drinking : This done, hee tooke the Bride about the neckes, and kifh her lips with such a clumorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did echoc: and I seeing this, came thence for very terme, and after mee I know the route is comming, such a mad marryage neuer was before : harke, harke, I heare the mindfires play.

Enter Petrucchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Bapfista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,

I know you thinke to dine with me to day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,

But so it is, my haffe doth call me hence,

And therefore here I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. It's poiffeible you will away to night?

Petr. I maue away to day before night come,

Make it no wonder, my lady here you bide me:

You would intreat me rather gone then stay:

And honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away my selfe

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

For I much hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Grem. Let me intreat you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kate. Let me intreat you.

Petr. I am content.

Kate. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall entertain me stay,

But yet not stay,entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me stay.

Petr. Gremio, my horse.

Gru. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horfes.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,

No, nor to morrow, not till I pleafe my selfe,

The done is open fir, there lies your way,

You may be loging whiles your boots are greene:

For me, Ile not be gone till I pleafe my selfe,

'Tis like you'll proue a foole fiurly groome,

That take it on you at the firft fo roundly.

Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall play my leifure.

Grem. I marry fir, now it begins to worke,

Kate. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,

I see a woman may be made a foole

If she had not a spirit to refi.

Pet. They fhall goe forward Kate at thy command,

Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feaft, reuell and domineere,

Carowfe full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your felves:

But for my bonny Kate, the muff with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor fample, nor flare, nor fret,

I will be madera of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattells, she is my house,

My houhold-stuffe, my field, my barnes

My horses, my oxes, my wife, my any thing.

And heere the flands, touch her who euer dare,

He bring mine action on the proudle he

That flops my way in Padua: Grumio

Draw forth thy weapon, we bee fet with theues,

Refuce thy Mitreffe if thou be a man:

Fear not sweet vench, they shall not thick the Kate,

Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt P. Kates.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones, (ing.

Grem. Went they not quicke, I shold die with laugh.

Tra. Of all mad matches newer was the like.

Luc. Mitreffe, what's your opinion of your fifter?

Bian. That being mad her felles, she's madly mated.

Grem. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride

For to supply the places at the table,

Groom want no more at the bray:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgrooms place,

And let Bianca take her fifters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca prafifie how to bride it?

Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gru. Filie, fie on all tird ladies, on all mad Matters, & all foule waies: was euer man fo beaten? was euer man fo ride? was euer man so weary? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, &a fome hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with burning the fire shall warme my felle: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holis, hoa Curtil.

Enter Cortili.

Curt. Who is that calls fo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou maue flide from my shouder to my heele, with no greater
greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire good
Cur. Is my mather and his wife comming Grumio?
Grumio. Oh I Curie, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
water.
Cur. Is the fire hot a throw as she's reported.
Grumio. She was good Curie before this froth but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
hath tam'd my old mather, and my new misthirs, and my
selfe fellow Curie.
Grumio. Away you three inch fool, I am no beast.
Grumio. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a
foot and so long am I at the leat. But wili thou make a fire,
or thall I complaine on thee to our misthirs, whole hand
(the being now at hand) thou shalt foonse feelse, to thy
cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the
world?
Cur. A cold world Curie in every office but thine, &
therefore fire: do thy dutie, and have thy dutie, for my
Mather and misthirs are almost frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio
the newes.
Grumio. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
wilt thou.
Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.
Grumio. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is fupper ready, the house
trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen
in their new fustian, the white flockings, and every offi-
cer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire with-
in, the Gils faire without, the Carpen laide, and euerie
thing in order?
Cur. All readie: and therefore I prye thee newes.
Grumio. First know my horfe is tired, my mater & mi-
istros faile out. Cur. How?
Grumio. Out of their faddles into the durt, and thereby
hangs a tale.
Cur. Let's ha't good Grumio.
Grumio. Lead thine care.
Cur. Heere.
Grumio. There.
Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.
Grumio. And therefore 'tis cal'd a fenible tale: and this
Coffe was but to knocke at your eare, and befeech fift-
ning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle
hill, my Mather riding behinde my Miftris.
Cur. Both of one horfe?
Grumio. What's that to thee?
Cur. Why a horfe.
Grumio. Tell thou the tale: but halfe thou not croft me,
thou shoulde haue heard how her horfe fel, and the un-
der her horfe: thou shoulde haue heard in how miery a
place, how she was bemold'd, how she left her with the
horfe upon her, how he beat me because her horfe stum-
bled, how the waide through the durt to plucke him off
me: how he swore, how the praf'd, that never praf'd be-
fore: how I cried, how the horfes ranne away, how her
bride was burnt: how I loft my crupper, with mane
things of worthy memory, which now shall die in obli-
ion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave.
Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than thine.
Grumio. I, and that thou and the prouedt of you all shall
finne when he comes home. But what talke I of this?
Call forth Nathaniel, Ijoph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su-
gagep and the reft: let their heads bee flickely comb'd,
their blow coats brush'd, and their garnets of an indiffe-
rent knitt, let them curfife with their left legges, and not
prevoue to touch a hairre of my Mather horse-tails, till
they kiffe their hands. Are they all ready?
Cur. They are.
Grumio. Call them forth.
Cur. Do you heare ho! you must meeke my mather
to countenonce my misthirs.
Grumio. Why the hath a face of her owne.
Cur. Who knowes not that?
Grumio. Thou it seemes, that call for company to coun-
tenance her.
Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter feate or fume seruingmen.
Grumio. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.
Nat. Welcome home Grumio.
Phil. How now Grumio.
Inf. What Grumio.
Nick. Fellow Grumio.
Nat. How now old lad.
Grumio. Welcome you: how now you: what you fel-
low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my Spuce
companions, is all readie, and all things neste?
Nat. All things is ready, how neere is our mather?
Grumio. Eue at hand, allighted by this: and therefore be
not——Cockes paffion, fllence, I hear me my mather.
Enter Petruchio and Kate.
Petr. Where be thse knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my flerop, nor to take my hoete?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip.
As for Heere, heere fir, heere fir.
Petr. Heere fir, heere fir, heere fir, heere fir.
You logger-headed and vnpollifht groomes; 
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I fcnt before?
Grumio. Heere fir, as fooilish as I was before.
Petr. You peranzt, twain, you horfon malt-horfe drudg
Did I not bid thee meeke me in the Parke,
And bring along these rafical knaues with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniel caste fir was not fully made,
And Gabriel pumps were all vynpinks th' heele:
There was no Lincke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sharpening:
There were none fine, but Adam, Raf, and Gregory,
The reft were ragged, old, and beggarly,
Yet as they are, heere and they come to meeke you.
Petr. Go raficals, go, and fetch my fupper in.
Ex. Ser.
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thos? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soul,sould, soul, soul.
Why when I say Nay good sweete Kate be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villeaines, when?
It was the Friar of Oders grey,
As be forth wash'd on the way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote svre,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one wilth water.
Where's my Spaniel Triadil Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you must kiffe, and be acquaint'd with.
Where are my Slipperes? Shall I hace some water?
Come Kate and waish, & welcome heartily:
you horfon villeaines, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwillingly. Pet. A horrid beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave: Come Kate fit downe, I know you have a flamache, Will you give thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I? What's this, Mutton? 1. Sir. I. Pet. Who brought it? Peter. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat: What dogges are these? Where is the rascal Cooke? How durst you villains bring it from the dreffer And ferue it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: You needlesse lotl-heads, and vnmanner'd flaves. What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight. Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet, The meat was well, if you were so contented. Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away, And I expressly am forbid to touch it: For it engenders choller, planteth anger, And better 'twere that bothe of vs did faile, Since of our felues, our felues are chollerick e, Then feede it with fuch ouer-rothed flesh: Be patient, to morrow's halfe mended, And for this night we'll faile for companie. Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. Exeunt. Enter Servants generally. Nath. Peter didn't ever see the like. Peter. He kills her in her owne humor. Grumio. Where is he? Enter Curtis a Servant. Cor. In her chamber, making a sermon of continence to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that thee (poore foule) knows not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and fits as one new rien from a dreame. A-way, away, for he is comming hither. Enter Petruchio. Pet. Thus have I politickeuly begun my reigne, And 'is my hope to end sucessfully: My Faulcon now is harpe, and paffing empie, And til the floope, the mulf not be full gorg'd, For then the newe lookes upon her Jure. Another way I have to man my Haggar, To make her come, and know her Keepers call: That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites, That baits, and beates, and will not be obedient: She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate. Last night she slept not, nor to night she slept not: As with the menste, some vndierfered fault He finds about the making of the bed, And here Ile flie the pillow, there the bolster, This way the Courlet, another way the fletes: I, and amid this hurlie I intend, That all is done in reuerend care of her, And in conclusion, the flal watch all night, And if the chance to nod, Ile raile and brawl, And with the clamer keep her filt awake: This is a way to kill a Wife with kindneffe, And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor: He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. Enter Tranio and Hortensio. Tran. Is't possible friend LiFe, that mistiris Bianca Doth fancies any other but Lucentio, I tel you sir, he beares me faire in hand. Lu. Sir, to satisfye you in what I have fayd, Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching. Enter Bianca. Hor. Now mistiris, profit you in what you reade? Bian. What Mafter reade you first, refolue me that? Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue. Bian. And may you proue for Mafter of your Art. Law. While you sweet secrecy poue Mithrefte of my heart. Hor. Quicke proceders marre, now tel me I pray, you that durst Iware that your mistiris Bianca Lou'd me in the World fo wel as Lucentio. Tran. Oh delightful Loue, vncountant womankind, I tel thee LiFe this is wonderfull. Hor. Mistake no more, I am not LiFe, Nor a Mufitian as I feeme to bee, But one that fcorne to blue in this difguife, For fuch a one as leaves a Gentleman, And makes a God of fuch a Cullion: Know fit, that I am cal'd Hortensio. Tran. Signior Hortenfio, I have often heard Of your entire affection to Bianca, And since mine eyes are winneke of her lightneffe, I will with you, if you be fo contented, Forfweare Bianca, and her loue for euer. Hor. See how they kiffe and court; Signior Lucentio, Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow Neuer ro woo her more, but do forfweare her As one unworthy all the former favours That I have fondly flatter'd them withall. Tran. And heere I take the like vnfraine oath, Necer to marrie with her, though she would intreate, Fie on her, see how beauteously she doth court him. Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn For me, that I may furuely keepe mine oath. I will be married to a wealthy Widdow, Ere three dayes paffe, which hath as long lou'd me, As I have lou'd this proud disdainfull Haggar, And fo fweare fignior Lucentio, Kindneffe in women, not their beauteous looks Shall win my loue, and fo I take my leave, In refolution, as I fware before. Tran. Mistiris Bianca, bleffe you with fuch grace, As longeth to a Louers bleffed cafe: Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue, And haue forfweare you with Hortensio. Bian. Tranio you left, but haue you both forsworne mee? Tran. Mistiris we haue. Lu. Then we are rid of LiFe. Tran. I haue heer I have a little Widdow now, That halfe wo'd, and wedded in a day. Bian. God glue him Joy. Tran. I, and he'er tane her. Bian. He fayes fo Tranio. Tran. Faith he is gone vsto the taming schoole. Bian. The taming schoole: what is there fuch a place? Tran. I mistiris, and Petruchio is the master, That teacheth tricks cleuen and twentie long, To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue. Enter Blundell. Bian. Oh Mafter, master I have watch't fo long, That I am dogge-wearie, but at laft I spied An ancient Angel comming downe the hill, Wil ferue the turne. Tran. What is he Blundello? BiB. Mafter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
The Taming of the Shrew.

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance fairely like a Father.

Lan. And what of him Tranio?

Tran. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
He make him glad to see me Vincenzo,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincenzo.

Par. Take me your love, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God fawe you fir.

Tran. And you fir, you are welcome,
Trauaille you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a wecke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tran. What Countreman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tran. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua catelesse of your life,
Ped. My fir, and fir I know for as you goes hard.

Tran. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are fliad at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel twixt your Duke and him,
Flash publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis mensullae, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas fir, it is worfe for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and much heere deliver them,
Tran. Wel fir, to do you courtese,
This I will do, and this I will aduise you,
Firft tell me, haue you euere beene at Pifs?

Ped. I fir, in Pifs haue I often bin,
Pifs renowned for grace Citizens.

Tran. Among them know you one Vincenzo?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tran. He is my father fir, and footh to fay,
In countenance somewhat doth refemble you.

Ped. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
Tran. To fawe your life in this extremitie,
This favor wil I do you for his fake,
And thinkne it not the worth of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincenzo,
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my houfe you that be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you shalld,
you vnderfand me fir: for fthal you stay.
Til you haue done your buifnee in the Citie:
If this be court'be fir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh fir I do, and wil repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Tran. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderfand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
Toaffe assurance of a dowre in marriage
Twixt me, and one Baptista daughter heere.
In all thefe circumftances Ie infruct you,
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

[Scene: This scene continues the conversation between Tranio and Pedant, as the latter attempts to arrange a match for Katherine. They discuss Katherine's dowry and the prospects for a successful marriage. The scene ends with Katherine and Grumio preparing to depart.]
Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments. 

_Exit Hacket after._

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir? 

_Fel._ Heere is the cap your Worship did befooke. 

_Pet._ Why this was mouldeed on a portringer, 

_A Velvet._ Difh : Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy, 

_With a cockle or a walnut-shell._ 

_A Knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:_ 

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger. 

_Kate._ Ie have no bigger, this doth fit the time, 

And Gentlewomen wear such caps as thefe. 

_Pet._ When you are gentle, you shall have one too, 

And not till then. 

_Hor._ That will not be in haft. 

_Kate._ Why sir if I trufl I may haue leaue to speake, 

And speake I will : I am no childie, no babe, 

Your betters have inXXX'd me fy my minde, 

And if you cannot, be hold hope your childe. 

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, 

Or els my heart concealing it will breake, 

And rather then it fhall, I will be free. 

Even to the vtermost as I pleafe in words. 

_Tail._ This is true that I fay, and I had thee in place 

where thou fhouldft know it. 

_Gru._ I am for thee fhrait : take thou the bull, give 

me thy meat-yard, and spare not me. 

_Hor._ God-a-mercle _Grunio_, then hee fhall have no 
oothes. 

_Pet._ Well fir in breafe the gowne is not for me. 

_Gru._ You are fth right fir, 'tis for my Miftrefs. 

_Pet._ Go take it vp vnto thy masters vfe. 

_Gru._ Villainie, not for thy life : Take vp my Milftrefe 
gowne for thy masters vfe. 

_Pet._ Why fir, what's your conceit in that? 

_Gru._ Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: 

Take vp my Miftrefe gowne to his masters vfe. 

_The Taming of the Shrew._ 

Oh fic, fie, fie, 

_Pet. Horfes, fie thou wilt see the Tailor paide:_ 

Go take it hence, be gone, and fay no more. 

_Hor._ Tailor, Ie pay thee for thy gowne to morrow, 

Take no vнакindnesse of his hafe words: 

Away I fay, commend me to thy master. _Exit Tail._ 

_Pet._ Well, come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers, 

Euen in thefe honefte meanes habiliments: 

Our partes fhall be proud, our garments proue: 

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich. 

And as the Sunne breake through the darkeft clouds, 

So honor pezeth in the meanest habitt. 

What is the Lye more precious then the Lark? 

_Because his feathers are more beautiful._ 

Or if the Adder better then the Eel, 

_Because his painted skin contains the eye._ 

Oh no good Kate neither art thou the worfe 

For this proue furniture, and meane array. 

If thou accounted it blame, lay it on me, 

And therefore frollick, we will hence forthwith, 

To feast and fport vs at thy fathers houfe, 

Go call my men, and let vs ftraitly to him, 

And bring our horfes vnto Long-lane end, 

There will we mount, and thither waile on foone, 

Let's fee, I thinke it's now fome leaue a clocke, 

And well we may come there by dinner time. 

_Kate._ I dare affure you sir, 'tis almoft two, 

And 'twill be fupper time ere you come there. 

_Pet._ It fhall be feene ere I go to horfe: 

_Lookke what I fpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,
The Taming of the Shrew.

You are still crossing it, sir; let it alone, I will not go to day, and ere I doe, It shall be what a clock I say it is.

She. Why so this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drift like Vincentio. Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call. Pet. I what else, and but I be deceived, Signior Bapitfas may remember me.

Neere twentie years a goe in Genoa.

Tran. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus, Tis well, and hold your owne in any cafe With such auditerie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy, 'Twere good he were school'd.

Tran. Fear ye not him: sirra Biondello, Now doe your dutie throughlie I shuflte you: Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tran. But haft thou done thy errand to Bapitfa. Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice, And that you look't for him this day in Padua. Tran. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke, Here comes Bapitfa: set your countenance fir.

Enter Bapitfa and Lucentio: Pedant bosted and bare headed.

Tran. Signior Bapitfa you are happie met: Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of, I pray you fland good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my pratymony,

Ped. Soft fons! fir by your leave, hauing com to Padua, To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a waftie caufe Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe: And for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he bareth to your daughter, And he to him: to flay him not too long, I am content in a good fathers care To haue him matcht, and if you please to like No worfe then I, vpon some agreement Me shall you finde readie and willing With one consent to haue her for bestowed: For curios I cannot be with you. Signior Bapitfas, of whom I hear so wel.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say, Your plainesse and your thorneffe please me well: Right true it is your sonne Lucentio here Doth love my daughter, and she loueth him, Or both diffible deeply their affections: And therefore if you fay no more then this, That like a Father you will deal with him, And paffe my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is done, Your fonne shall haue my daughter with content. Tran. I thanke you fir, where then do you know best We be affhed and fuch affurance tane, As shall with either parts agreement fland. Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie servants, Besides old Gremio is harkning still, And happelie we might be interrupted. Tran. Then at my lodging, and it like you, There doth my father lie: and there this night Weele paffe the buynesse privately and well: Send for your daughter by your seruant here, My Boy shall fetch the Scruesner prentitle, The worft is this that at fo flender warning, You are like to haue a thin and flender pittance.

Bap. It likes me wel: Cambio hee your home, and bid Bianca make her readie straighte: And if you will tell what hath hapned, Lucentio Father is arrived in Padua, And how she's like to be Lucentio wife.

Biond. I praye the gods the may withall my heart. Exit.

Tran. Dalle not with the gods, but get thee gone. Enter Peter.

Signior Bapitfa, shal I leade the way, Welcome, one meffe is like to be your cheer, Come fir, we will better it in Pya.


Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What faith thou Biondello.

Biond. You faw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morral of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: Bapitfa is fafe 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.

Bion. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are bufied about a counterfeit affurance: take you assurance of her, Communi legio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesse: If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for euery and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou Biondello.

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parley to shuffle a Rabet, and so may you sir; and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be ready to come againe you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if the be so contented: She will be plea'd, then wherefore should I doubt: Happ what hap may, Ie roundly goe about her: It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortento

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone. Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright. Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright. Kate. Now by my mothers lonne, and that's my selfe, It
It shall be moone, or faire, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house ;
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.
Hort. Say as he fales, or we shall never goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we have come so faire,
And be it moone, or faire, or what you please :
And if you pleafe to call it a rufh Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be fo for me.
Petr. I thy it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay thou whye : it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleft, it in the bleffed funn,
But funne it is not, when you fay it is not,
And the Moone changes euene as your minde :
What you will haue it nam'd, euem that it is,
And fo it fhall be fo for Katherine.
Hort. Petruchio, my defire, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle shou'd
And not vnluckily againft the Bias : (run,
But foft, Company is comming here'
Enter Ucncino.

Good morrow gentle Miftis, where away :
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truely too,
Halt thou beheld a frefher Gentlewoman :
Such warre of white and red within her cheeks :
What fars do fpangle heaven with fuch beautie,
As thofe two eyes become that heavenly face ?
Faire lonly Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate embrace her for her beauties fake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong buffing Virgin, faire, and frefh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of fo faire a child;
Happier the man whom fauourable fars
A lots thee for his lovely bedfellow.
Petr. Why now how Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinklel, fided, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou fayt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miiftaking eies,
That haue bin fo bedazled with the fonne,
That every thing I looke on femeth greene :
Now I percewe thou art a reuerent Father :
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miiftaking.
Petr. Do good old grandifie, & withall make known
Which way thou travelleff, if along with vs,
We fhall be loyfull of thy companie.
Vnc. Fairer Sir, and you my merry Miftis,
That with your strange encounter much amaffe me :
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pija,
And bound I am to Padua, there to vifite
A fonne of mine, which long I have not feene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vnc. Vincentio gentle fir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fonne :
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father,
The fiffer to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married : wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, he is of good effennece,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthish birth ;
Befide, fo qualified, as may befereme
The Spoufe of any noble Gentleman :
Let me imbache with old Vincentio,

And wander we to fee thy honest fonne,
Who will of thy arriual be fully joyous.
Vne. But is this true, or is it elfe your pleafure,
Like pleafant trauals to break a left
Upon the companie you overtake?
Hort. I doe affure thee father fo it is.
Petr. Come goe along and fee the truth hereof,
For our first merriement hath made thee jealous. Exeunt.
Hort. Well Petruchio, this has put me in heart;
Hauie to my Widow, and if the froward,
Then halft thou taught Hortenio to be vnward. Exit.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.

Biond. Softly and twiftly fir, for the Prieff is ready.
Lac. I file Biondella; but they may chance to neede
thereat, therefore leaue vs. Exit.
Biond. Nay fie, fie fee the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my misfirs as fonne as I can.
 Ore. I marauell Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio
with Attendants.
Petr. Sir here doores, this is Lucentius house,
My Fathers beseres more toward the Market-place,
Thither muft I, and here I leaue you fir.
Vnc. You shall not choofe but drinke before you go,
I thinkes I shall command your welcome here ;
And by all likehood some cheere is toward. Knock.
Grem. They're bufe within, you were beft knocke
lower.
Pedant looks out of the window.
Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?
Vnc. Sir, Signior Lucentius within fir?
Ped. He's within fir, but not to be spoken withall.
Vnc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.
Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your felle, hee shall neede now to long as I live.
Petr. Nay, I told you your fonne was well beloued in Padua; doe you heare fir, to leave friousous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pija, and is here at the door to speake with him?
Ped. Thou lefth his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.
Vnc. Art thou his father?
Ped. I fir, fo his mother fakes, if I may beleue her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman why this is flat kna-nee to take upon you another mans name.
Peda. Lay hands on the villain, I beleuе a meanes to cofen fome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.
Bion. I have feene them in the Church togerther, God fend'em good shipping; but who is here? mine old Mather Vincentio: now wee are vndone and brough to noth-
Vnc. Come hither cracklempo.
Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.
Vnc. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot-
me?
Biond. Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.
Vnc. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never fee thy Miftis father, Vincentio?

Bion. What
Enter Pedant with servants, Bapia, Tranio.

**Frie.** Sir, what are you that offer to be my servant?

**Ped.** Help, help, help, sir, here's a mad man will murder me.

**Petr.** Free the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controuerse.

**Enter Pedant with servants, Bapia, Tranio, Transio.**

**Trs.** Sir, what are you that offer to be my servant?

**Vnc.** What an I neuro what are you sir: oh immor-tall Goddes: oh fine villain, a filken doublet, a velvett hose, a scarlet cloakse, and a capetain hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plese the good husband at home, my sone and my servant spend all at the va-nerific.

**Trs.** How now, what's the matter?

**Bpt.** What is the man lunaticke?

**Trs.** Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why, sir, what cernes it you, if I wearie Pearie and gold? thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

**Vnc.** Thy father: oh villain, he is a Saile-maker in Bergamo.

**Bpt.** You mistake sir, you mistake sir, prate what do you think it is name?

**Vnc.** His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp ever since he was three yeares old, and his name is Tranio.

**Ped.** Awaie, awhaie mad affe, his name is Lucienio, and he is mine onelle sone and heire to the Lands of me signior Vincenio.

**Vnc.** Lucienio: oh he hath murdered his Master; I aile hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sone, my sone: tell me thou villain, where is my son Lucienio?

**Trs.** Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Ialle: father Bapia, I charge you fee that hee be forth conming.

**Vnc.** Carrie me to the Ialle?

**Grc.** State officer, he shall not go to prisson.

**Bpt.** Talk not signior Gremio: I fale he shall goe to prisson.

**Grc.** Take heede signior Bapia, leaft you be con-catcht in this business: I dare fware this is the right Vincenio.

**Ped.** Sware if thou darst.

**Grc.** Naile, I dare not fware it.

**Trs.** Then thou wert then fale that I am not Lucienio.

**Grc.** Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucienio.

**Bpt.** Awaie with the dotard, to the Ialle with him.

**Enter Bapia, Lucienio and Bianca.**

**Vnc.** Thus strangers may be hald and abysd: oh mon-fterous villain.

**Bia.** Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forweare him, or else we are all vndone.

**Exit Bapia, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.**

**Luc.** Pardon sone fether.

**Kne.**

**Vnc.** Lies my sone fonne?

**Bia.** Pardon deere fether.

**Bpt.** How haft thou offended, where is Lucienio?

**Luc.** Here's Lucienio, right sone to the right Vincenio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleare's chine ene.

**Grc.** Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive vs all.

**Vnc.** Where is that damned villain Lucienio?

That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

**Brp.** Why, tell me is not this me Cambiio?

**Bian.** Cambiio is chang'd into Lucentio.

**Luc.** Loue wrought thefe miracles. Biancas loue
Made me exchange my grate with Tranio,
While he did bare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I have arrived at the last
Vnto the wifed hauen of my bliffe:

**Vnc.** What Tranio did, my felle enfort him to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for myfake.

**Vnc.** Ile flit the villains note that would have fent me to the Ialle.

**Bpt.** But doe you heare sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

**Vnc.** Fear not Bapia, we will content you, goe to;
but I will in to be reuing'd for this villain.

**Grc.** And to I found the depth of this knaueerie. Vnc.

**Luc.** Loue not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown.

**Exit.**

**Grc.** My cake is doug, but Ie in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my flare of the foal.

**Kate.** Husband let's follow, to fee the end of this ado.

**Petr.** First kiffe me Kate, and we will.

**Kate.** What in the midit of the freeete?

**Petr.** What art thou asham'd of me?

**Kate.** Mo fir, God forbid, but asham'd to kiffe.

**Petr.** Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awhaie.

**Kate.** Nay, I will give thee a kiffe, now praze thee Loue faire.

**Petr.** Is not this well? come my sone Kate.

Better once then euere, for euere to late.

**Exit.**

**Actus Quintus.**

Enter Bapia, Vincenio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucienio, and Bianca. Tranio, Bapia, Biumello Grumio, and Widows; The Seruicemen with Tranio bringing in a Banquett.

**Luc.** At last, though long, our arring notes agree,
And time it when raging warre is come,
To familie at scapes and perils overbowne:
My sone Bianca bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, father Katerina,
And thou Horsenio with thy louing Widows,
Feast with the bef, and welcome to our houfe,
My Banket is to clofe our froomes up.
After our great good cheer: praze you sit downe,
For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

**Petr.** Nothing but fit and fit, and eate and eate.

**Bpt.** Padua affords this kindnesse, donne Petruchio.

**Petr.** Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

**Her.** For both our fakes I would that word were true.

**Petr.** Now for my life Horsenio fears his Widow.

**Wid.** Then euere truе me if I be affaide.

**Petr.** You are verie fondeable, and yet you misse my fence:

I meane Horsenio is afeard of you.

**Wid.** He
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. He that is giddle thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlie replied.

Kate. Misthiss howe meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conccise by him.

Petr. Conceivs by me, howlike Horntemio that?

Hor. My Widow fallcs, thus he conceivs her tale.

Petr. Verie well mended: kifte him for that good Widow.

Kate. He that is giddle thinkes the world turnes round,
I praise you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Meaures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Rightly, I meane you.

Kate. And I am meane indeede, respencing you.

Petr. To her Kate.

Hor. To her Widow.

Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad,

Drinke to Horntemio.

Bap. How likes Greymis these quicke witted olks?

Gre. Belsue me fir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and bat an halfe witted bodie,

Would lay your Head and Bat were head and horne.

Vnto. I Miftris Brides, that hath awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore I sleepe again.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:

Haue at you for a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my buch,

And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath prevented me, here signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mift.

'Fri. Oh fir, Lucetio flipp me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good wvit fitte simile, but something curfif.

Tra. 'Tis well fir that you hunted for your sake:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh Petrucho, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio.

Hor. Confeffe, confesfe, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the left did glansse unaware from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

'Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne Petruchio,

I thinkke thou haft the verleft threw of all.

Petr. Well, I fay no t and therefore fir affurance,

Let's each one fend vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth fend for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hort. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twente crownes.

Petr. Twente crownes,

Ie venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,

But twente times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'ts is done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe Biondello, bid your Miftris come to me.

Bac. Igoe.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes,

Luc. Ie haue no halues: Ie beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bac. Sir, my Miftris fends you word

That she is bufe, and she cannot come.

Pet. How? she's bufe, and she cannot come? is that an answere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God fir your wife fend you not a worfe.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Biana.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then fee mutt needs come.

Hor. I am afraid fir, doe what can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Biana. She faies you have some goodly left in hand,

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worfe and worfe, she will not come:

Oh idle, intolerable, not to be indu'd:

Sirra Greamo, goe to your Miftris,

Say I commend her come to me.

Hor. I know her answere.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Kateina.

'Bap. Now by my honliam here comes Katrina.

Kat. What is your will fir, that you fend for me?

Pet. Where is your father, and Horntemio wife?

Kate. They fit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hicher, if they deny to come,

Singe me them foundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I fay, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boasts.

Petr. Marrie peace it boasts, and louse, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and right supremitie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

'Bap. Now faire befall thee good Petruchio:

The wager thou haft won, and I will add

Vnto their Joys twente thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had never bin.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show moreigne of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prifoners to her womanlie perfuasion:

Katerina, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Of that bable, throw it vnderfoot.

Wid. Lord me neuer have a caufe to fighe,

Till I be brought to such a fillie passe.

'Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call ye this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wifdome of your dutie faire Bianca,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more fool ye for laying on my dutie.

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-frong women,

What dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbandes.

Wid. Come,
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fee, fee, vnknit that threating vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from thofe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governour.
It blest thy beautie, as froths doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no fence is meete or amiable .
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill feeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thistle
Will daigne to tipp, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne : One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land : 
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilest thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And caues no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire lookes, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for fo great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Esen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, fullen, fowre,
And not obedient to his honeft will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleffe Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am afham'd that women are fo fimple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or feeke for rule, supremacy, and fway,
When they are bound to ferve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaften haplie more,
To handle word for word, and frowne for frowne ;
But now I fee our Launces are but frawes:
Our ftrenght as weake, our weakenesfe paft compare,
That feeming to be moiff, which we indeed leaff are.
Then vale your flomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands feette:
In token of which dutie, if he pleafe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eafe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiffe mee Kate.
Luc. Well go thy wales olde Lad for thou haft ha't.
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,
Pet. Come Kate, weare'te to bed,
We three are married, but you two are fed.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy waies, thou haft tam'd a curt Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she will be tam'd so.

FINIS.
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilien, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother.

N delivering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Rof. And I in going Madam, weep oer my father's death anew but I must attend his maisters command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthi-ness would sire it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Malefices amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phibilitations Madam, vnder whose praclifies he hath percutted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceffe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, howfad a paassage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honifie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should have play for lackle of worke. Would for the Kings fake hee were liuing, I think it would be the death of the Kings dislike.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to bee so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very late spake of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilful enough to haue liu'd fill, if knowledge could be fet vp against mortalitie.

Re. What is it (my good Lord) the King lawlishes of?

Laf. A Fidusa my Lord.

Re. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequested to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions thee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vnclene mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they arc vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honifie, and atcheues her goodnisse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beft brine a Maiden can feaon her prayse in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirany of her sorrowes takes all liuellihood from her cheeke. No more of this Helena, go too, no more leafe it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to hauere—

Re. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceellic greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuine be enemie to the greefe, the excelle makes it done mortall.

Re. Madam I defire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertram, and suceed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnise Share with thy birth-right. Love all, truth a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vs: and keep thy friend Vnder thy owne life key. Be checkt for silence, But neuer tax't for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord,

'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Adieu him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his looke,

Mo. Heaven blefe him: Farewell Bertram.

Re. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be feruants to you; be comfortable to my mother, your Mifris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Re. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more. Then thofe I shed for him. What was he like? I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but Bertram. I am vnclene, there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one, That I should lose a bright particular faire, And think to wed it, he is so aboue me In his bright radience and solatterall light,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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Mutl I be comforted, not in his sphere: Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it self: The hind that would be mated by the Lion Mutl die for loose. 'Twas prettie, though a plague To see him everie houre to fit and draw His archd bowes, his hawking eie, his curles In our hearts table: heart too capable Of everie line and tricke of his sweet favour. But now he's gone, and is my idolatrous fiance Mutl fanfifie his Reliques. Who comes heree?

Enter Parroll.

One that goes with him: I love him for his face, And yet I know him a notorious Liar, Thinke him a great way foole, folic a coward, Yet thee fixt euls li fit to fit in him, Thine Poynt, that is a Vertues freely bones Lookes bleske I'th cold wind; withfull, full ote we see Cold lusome wighting on superfluous solie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Is it you have some faine of fouldier in you: Let mee aske you a queftion. Man is enemie to virginity, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he affilles, and our virginity though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike refittance.

Par. There is none: Man fettin done before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Blewe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity being blowne done, Man will quickier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him done againe, with the breath your felues made, you lofe your Gitty. It is not politick, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferve virginity. Loffe of Virginity, is rationally encrease, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginity was first loft. That you were made of, is metal to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once loft, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever loft: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand fort a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee faide in't, 'tis againft the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginity, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallable diuobedience. He that hangs himfelfe is a Virgin; Virginity murthereth it felfe, and should be buried in highways out of all fancified limit, as a deprafe Offendedreffe agaft Nay, take Virginity breathes mines, much like a Cheefe, confume it felfe to the very paying, and foles with feeding his owne tromace. Befides, Virginity is peecuill, proud, ydle, made of felle-loue, which is the moft infolent of nue the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loofe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it felle two, which is a poudly increas, and the principall it felle not much the worfe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ftr, to loofe it to her owne liking?
Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vse thee; 
So farewell.

_Hel._ Our remedies oft in our selves do lye, 
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated skye 
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull 
Our flow designes, when we our selves are dull. 
What power is it, which mounts my loue to heye, 
That makes me fce, and cannot feede mine eye? 
The mightieft space in fortune, Nature brings 
To lyone like, likes; and knife like natue things. 
Impoible be strange attempts to tho' 
That weigh their pains in fience, and do suppoze 
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer froue 
To fwe her merit, that did milfe her loue? 
(The Kings diſcife) my proiect may deceuie me, 
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. 

_Exit._

_Flourib._ Cornets. 

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

_King._ The Florentines and Semy are by th'ears, 
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue 
A brauing warre.

1._Lo.G._ So tis reported fir.

_King._ Nay tis moft credible, we heere receive it, 
A certeynite wou'd from our Coin of _Aſphria_, 
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs 
For speede ayde: wherein our dearest friend 
Preludicates the bufineffe, and would feme 
To haue vs make deniall.

1._Lo.G._ His loue and wifedom 
Approoud fo to your Maiesty, may pleade 
For ampleft credence.

_King._ He hath arm'd our anwer, 
And _Florence_ is deni'd before he comes: 
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to fee 
The _Tofcan_ feruice, freely haue they leaue 
To fland on either part.

2._Lo.E._ It well may ferve 
A nurferie to our Gentlie, who are fickle 
For breathing, and exploit.

_King._ What's he comes here.

Enter Bertram, Lafbe, and Parolles.

1._Lo.G._ It is the Count _Roffignoll_ my good Lord, 
Yong Bertram.

_King._ Youth, thou be'st thy Fathers face, 
Franke Nature rather curious then in haft 
Hath well compoſd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts 
Maiſt thou inherit too: Welcome to _Paris._

_Ber._ My thankes and duties are your Maiesties.

_Kin._ I would I had that corporall soundnesse now, 
As when thy father, and my felfe, in friendship 
First trie our fouldierh ft: he did looke farre 
Into the feruice of the time, and was 
Disipled of the bract. He lafted long, 
But vs both did haggil Age fleale on, 
And wore vs out of act: It much requireth me 
To talke of your good father: in his youth 
He had the wit, which I can well obferue 
To day in our yong Lords: but they may leaft 
Till their owne owne returne to them vnoUted 
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour: 
So like a Courter, contempn or bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpneffe; if they were, 
His equall had awk'd them, and his honour 
Clocke to it felfe, knew the true minute when 
Exception bid him fpeare; and at this time 
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him, 
He wold as creatures of another place, 
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rances, 
Making them proud of his humilitie, 
In their poor praffe he humbled: Such a man 
Might be a copie to these yonger times; 
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now 
But goes backward.

_Ber._ His good remembrance fir 
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: 
So in approfe lies not his Epitaph, 
As in your royall speech.

_Kin._ Would I were with him he would alwaies fay, 
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plaueus words 
He fatter'd not in eares, but grafed them 
To grow there and to beare: Let me not lie, 
This his good melancholy oft began 
On the Cataftrophe and heele of paltine 
When it was out: Let me not lie (quothhee) 
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the fhuflle 
Of yonger spirits, whole approbe fentces 
All but new things difdaine; whole judgements are 
Meere fathers of their garments: whole conſances 
Expire before their fulotions: this he would, 
I after him, do after him with too: 
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home, 
I quickly were diffolued from my hue 
To glue some Labourers roome.

_L.Æ._ You'r loued Sir, 
They that least lend it you, full lacke you firft. 
_Kin._ I fill a place I know't how long ift Count 
Since the Phyſitian at your fathers died? 
He was much fam'd.

_Ber._ Some fix moneths since my Lord. 
_Kin._ If he were living, I would try him yet. 
Lend me an arme: the ret haue worne me out 
With feuerall applications: Nature and fickneffe 
Debate it at their leifure. Welcome Count, 
My fonne's no deereer.

_Ber._ Thanke your Maiestye.

_Flourib._

Enter Counteffe, Steward, and Cloune.

_Coun._ I will now heare, what fay you of this gentlewoman.

_Ste._ Madam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I with might be found in the Kalender of my palf 
edauerous, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make 
foule the clearneffe of our defirings, whenof our felves we 
puſh publish them.

_Coun._ What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone 
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all 
believe, 'tis my flawneffe that I doe not: For I know you 
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough 
to make fuch knaures yours.

_Clo._ 'Tis not vnown to you Madam, I am a poore 
follell.

_Coun._ Well fir.

_Clo._ No maddam, 
'Tis not fo well that I am poore, though manie of
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladisships good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and w will doe as we may.

Cau. Will thou needs be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this cafe.

Cau. In what cafe?

Clo. In Isbells cafe and mine owne; for ulce is no heri-
tage, and I thinke I shall never have the blesing of God, till I have issue of a body; for they say barren are bles-
fings.

Cau. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am druen only the fleth, and her mutt needs goe that the dull lie-
dures.

Clo. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Cau. May the world know them?

Cau. I have bene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleth and blood are, and indeed I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cau. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedneffe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives fake.

Cau. Such Friends are thine enemies knowe.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaeus come to doe that for me which I am a wareie of: he thateres my Land, spares my teeme, and gues mee leave to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my fleth and blood; hee that cherishes my fleth and blood, loves my fleth and blood; he that loves my fleth and blood is my friend,he that kiffles my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage, for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Paylam the Papift, how fomere their hearts are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may loue horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cau. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calum-
nious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by deflinie, your Cuckow fings by kinde.

Cau. Get you gone sir, He telle with you more anon.

Sere. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Helen come to you, of her I am to speake.

Clo. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause,quoth she,

Why the Greclans fetched Troy,

Fond done,done, fond was this King Priam's joy,

With that she fledg'd as she fould,bid

And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

What,one good in tenner you corrupt the fong farr.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam,which is a pu-

rifying ath'fong: would God would ferue the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithc woman if I were the Parfon,one in ten quoth aI and we tvight have a good woman borne but ore euerie blazine thare, or at an earthquake, would mend the Lorreliever, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Clo. Youle begone fir knaue,and doe as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeste be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surpils of humbletie over the blacke-Gowne of a bigger heart: I am go-
ing forthoore, the buinsesse is for Helen to come hither.

Exit.

Cau. Well now.

Sere. I know Madam you lose your Gentlewoman inter-
yr.

Cau. Faith I doe; her Father bequesth'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much louse as thee finishe, there is more owning her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then sheele demand.

Sere. Madam, I was very late more neere her then I think thee wift me, alone she was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne ears, thee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger fence, her matter was, thee loved your Sonne; Fortune thee bled was no god-
defe, that had put such difference betwixt their two efates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queen of Vir-
gins, that would suffr her poore Knight furpria's without refuse in the first affult or randome after-
ward: This thee deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, fitthenes in the lossse that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Cau. You have dicharg'd this honeste, keepe it to thy selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so totting in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor middoubt: prie you leave mee, sollv this in thy bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon.

Exit Servaard.

Enter Helen.

Old.Cau. Even so it was with me when I was yong: If ever yeve are natures, there are ours, this thorne Doth to our Rose of youth righlie belong Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne, It is the show, and feele of natures truth, Where loues strong passion is impreft in youth, By our remembrances of dacies forgon, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eie is fickne on't, I obferue her now. Helen. What is your pleasur Madam?


Old.Cau. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpant, what's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enthombe mine, 'tis often seen Adoption friues vvith nature, and choise breedes A natue slip to vs from forraine feeders: You were oppreft me with a mothers groane, Yet I expefte to you a mothers care, (Gods merrie maiden) dos it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this ditempered messenger of wet?
All's Well that ends Well.

The manie colour'd iris rounds 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 Ruffell cannot be my brother:

I am from humbe, he from honored name:

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Mather, my deere Lord he is, and I

His fervant live, and will his vifhill die:

He must not be my brother.

Of Cou. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your fonne were not my brother,

Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I doe for heaven,

So were not his father, that no other,

But your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes Helen, you might be my daughter in law,

God shal I you mean it not, daughter and mother

So frite upon your pulse; what pale ajen?

My fere hath catch my fondnesse! now I fee

The miefte of your loselineffe, and finde

Your falt tears head, now to all fente 'tis greffe:

You love my fonne, invention is afham'd

Against the proclamacon of thy paffion

To fay thou dost not I therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis fo, for looke, thy cheekes

Confefle it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine cies

See it fo grofely thowne in thy behauiors,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely fonne

And hellish obstinacie eie thy tongue

That truth fhould be fuppeched, speake, let fo?

If it be fo,you have wound a goodly cleawe:

If it be not, forwarne't how ere I charge thee,

As heaven fhall worke in me for thine ausie

To tell me truele.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you love my fonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Milfris.

Cou. Love you my fonne?

Hell. Doe not you love him Madam?

Cou. Go not about my love hath in't a bond

Whence your world takes note: Come, come, difclose:

The fate of your affeccon, for your paffions

Have to the full approach'd.

Hell. Then I confefle

Here on my knere, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next anto high heaven, I love your

Sonne:

My friends were poore but honfeit, fo's my love:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of prefumptuous fute,

Nor would I hate him, till I doe defire him,

Yet never know how that defert should be:

I know I love in vaine, ftrue againft hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Suen.

I till pour in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to looe till; thus Indias like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that looks upon his worshippe,

But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my loue,

For loong where you doe; but if your fete,

Whofe aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in fo true a fame of liking,

With chalkly, and loue dearely, that your Dian

Was both her felle and loue, O then glue pitie

To her whole flate is fuch, that cannot choose

But lend and gule where she is fure to looe:

That fette not to finde that, her fearch implies,

But ride like, lies sweetly where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,

To goe to Paris?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Whereforetrul true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it fete I sweare:

You know my Father left me fome preceptions

Of rare and prou'd effeclly, fuch as his reading

And manifeft experience, had collected

For generall fouveraignete: and that he wil'd me

In heelefull'te refervation to bebow them,

As notes, whose fafeties incluiffe were

More then they were in note: Amongft the ref,

There is a remedie, approu'd, fet downe,

To cure the defperate languishings whereof

The King's caufa'd you looke.

Cou. This was your motuie for Paris, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your fonne, made me to think of this;

Elte Paris, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conversation of my thoughts,

Haply beene abente then.

Cou. But thinkes you Helen,

If you shou'd tender your fuppofed aide,

He would receive it? He and his Phifitions

Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:

They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit

A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowel'd of their doctrine, hau left off

The danger to it felle.

Hell. There's &omething in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great's

Of his profeflion, that his good recibs,

Shall for my legacie be fannedfified

By th'efkift fars in heaven, and would your honor

But glue me leu to trie fuccesse, I'd venture

The weel'ft life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By fuch a day, an houre.

Cou. Don't thou believe'st?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cou. Why Helen thou shalt have my loue and loue,

Meanes and attendaung, and my lousing greetings

To toche of mine in Court, Ie flate at home

And prale Gods bleffing into thy attempt:

Begun to narrow, and be fure of this,

What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not miufe.

Exeunt.

Actus Secondus.

Enter the King with divours yong Lords,taking leaue for
the Florentine warre: Count, Ruffell, and
Parrelles. Floref Cohets.

King. Farewel yong Lords, these warlike principlies
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guitt doth stretch it felle as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enoughior both.

Lord.C. 'Tis our hope sir,
All's Well, that Ends Well.

After well entred foolards, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not conffe toe owes the malady
That doth my life befiege: firewell yong Lords, Whether I liue or die, be you the fones
Of worthy French men; let higher Italy
(That boate that inherit but the full
Of the laft Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to woce honour, but to wed it, when
The braueft queantn shrinks: finde what you beeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I fay firewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding fervce your Maiesty. King. Thofe graces of Italy, take heed of them,
They lay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captues
Before you ferue.

Be. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. Lo. O. My sweet Lord 
on fay behind vs.

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I have feene those warres.

Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coule with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde fand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.

Roffill. I fhall lay here the for-horfe to a smocke,
Cloathing my fhoes on the plain Malony,
Till honour be brought vp, and no fword worn.
But one to dance with: by heauen, lie fteale away.

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. Lo. E. I am your accoryf, and fo farewelle.

Roffill. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortuer body.

1. Lo. G. Farewell Captaine.

2. Lo. E. Sweet Monifier Parolles.

Parr. Noble Heros; my fword and yours are klene,
good fparkes and luftrous, a word good mettals.
You fhall finde in the Regiment of the Spindj, one Captaine
Sparis his ficatrice, with an Embleme of ware heere on
his finifter cheeke; it was this very fword entrontch'd it:
fay to him I live, and obferve his reports for me.

Lo. G. We fhall noble Captaine.

Parr. Mors doate on you for his nouices, what will you do?

Roffill. Stay the King.

Parr. Vive a more fpacious ceromony to the Noble Lords, you have restrained your felfe within the Lint of too cold an adieu: be more expressfull to them; for they were themfelves in the cap of the time, there do multer true gate: eat, fpake, and moove vnder the influence of the moft recec'd flare, and though the defill leade the meafure, fuch are to be followed after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ruffill. And I will doe fo.

Parr. Worthye fellowes, and like to prooue moft finewye fword-men.

Enter Laffew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Itt fee thee to fhand vp. (pardon, L Laf. Then heres a man fands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo fhand vp.

King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate

And ask thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfayth a-croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infmitke?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royal faxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royal faxe could reich them: I have feen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a fone,
Quickene a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With fpriightly fire and motion, whose fimpfe touch
Is powerfull to aryfe King Ippen, nay
To glue great Chearckaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doth she: my Lord, there's one arru'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour,
If feriouly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light delverence, I have fpoke
With one, that in her fixe, her yeeres, proffifion,
Wifdom and confancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her busineffe?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Laffew,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookit it.

Laf. Nay, I fee you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his fpeccall nothing cure prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haffe hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maielie, fy your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maielie feldom feares, I am Creffeds Uncle,
That dare leafe two together, far you well.

Exit. King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hel. My good Lord, Gerard de Nature was my father,
in what he did profefse, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I fpare my praires towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receiues he gave me, chiefe one,
Which as the dearest ifue of his prudence
And of his olde experience, th'omile darling;
He bad me fteke vp, as a triple cyle,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Maielie is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, fands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenefe.

King. We thankne you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leave vs, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labrouing Art can newer ranfome nature
From her impofible effate: I fay we must not
So flaine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prooue our paft cure malladice
To empericks, or to difeuer fo
Our great fele and our credit, to edeeme
A feneceffe helps, when helpe paft fence we deeme.

Hel. My
Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.
King. I cannot glue thee leefe to be call'd grateful
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and fuch thankes I glue,
As one neere to death to those with whom I live.
But what at full I know, thou knowest no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hard to try,
Since you set vp your reft 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft doth them by the weakest minister:
So holy Wri, in babes had judgement flowne,
When ludes haue bin babes, great foulds haue flowne
From fimple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great't heene denied.
Oft expectation failles, and must oft there
Where must it promises: and oft it hits.
Where hope is coldset, and defpaire most shits.
King. I must not heare thee, fure thou art well made,
Thy pains not v'd, muft by thy felfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.
Hell. Inspired Merit fo by breath is bard,
It is not fo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that fquare our gueffe by Showes:
But mod is prefumption in us, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare fri, to my endeavours glue confent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoftrue, that proclaime:
My felle against the leuell of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moft sure,
My Art is not paft power, nor you paft cure.
King. Art thou fo confident? Within what space
Hop'lt thou my cure?
Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the hordes of the funne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Erc twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moift Heberus hath quench'd her fliepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylos glaffe
Hath told the threehundreth minutes, how they paffe:
What is infirme, from your found parts flall flie,
Health shall lice free, and fickennesse freely dye.
King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'lt thou venter?
Hell. Take of impudence,
A trumpets boldneffe, a diviuged flame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwife, ne worfe of worft extended
With vildete torture, let my life be ended.
Kim. Methinks in thefe fome bleffed Spirit doth speak
His powerfull founds, within an organ weake:
And what impoffibility would fay
In common fence, fence fayes another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eminate:
Youth, beauty, wifdom, courage, all
That happens and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muft intimate
Skill infinite, or montrous desperate,
Sweet praficher, thy Phyficke I will try,
That minifters thine owne death if I die.
Hell. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I poole, vnpitied let me die,
And well deferu'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promife me.
King. Make thy demand.
Hell. But will you make it eu'n?
Kim. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
Hell. Then thall thou give me with thy kyndly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy flate:
But fuch a one thy valli, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bellow.
Kim. Here is my hand, the premises offer'd,
Thy why by my performance shall be feru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy refolv'd Patient, on thee flill relye:
More should I question thee, and more I muft,
Though more to know, could not be more to truft:
From whence thou canst it, how tended on, but reft
Vnquestion'd weare, and undoubted blest.
Give me some helpe here heere hou, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed fhall match thy deed.

Enter Clowne and Clowne.

Lady. Come on fr, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will fhow my felfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my busineffe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you special, when you put off that with fuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manner, hee may cafe it put off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiffe his hand, and lay noth, ing has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap 3, and indeed such a fellow, to lay precife, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anfwere will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountiff ful anfwere that fits all queftions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chare that fits all buttrockes, the pin buttrocke, the quatch-buttrocke, the brawn buttrocke, or any buttrocke.

Lady. Will your anfwere ferue fitt to all queftions?

Clo. As fit as ten groates is for the hand of an Attrurney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punce, as the ruff for Tom's furinger, as a pancake for Shrines tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horse, as a foulding quene to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, may as the pudding to his skyn.

Lady. Have you, I fay, an anfwere of fuch fitnffe for all queftions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conftable, it will fit any queftion.

Lady. It muft be an anfwere of moft monftrous fize, that muft fit all demands.

Clo. But a triflue neither in good faith, if the learned should fpeake truth of it: here he is, and all that belongs to't. Ask mee if I am a Courtier, I shall doe you no harme to learn.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queftion, hoping to bee the wifer by your anfwere.

Lady.
Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well: here cometh the King.

Old L. Luftique, as the Dutchman falest: Ie like a maide the Better whil't I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a Carranto.

Par. Mer du viager, is not this Helen?

Old L. Fore God I think she is.

King. God call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preferuer by thy patients fide, And with this healthfull hand whose banliht fence Thou haft repeald, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd guilt, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide fend forth thinke eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Batchellors, fland at my befoeing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to vfe; thy franke election make, Thou haft power to choofe, and they none to forfaie.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and veruous Militris; Fall when loute pleafe, marry to each but one.

Old L. I'de glue bay curtall, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then thefe boyes, And write as little heard.

King. Perufe them well: Not one of thofe, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reftor'd the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a fimple Maide, and therein wealthi: That I protest, I fimpily am a Maide:

Pleafe it your Malefie, I have done already:
The blusses in my cheekes thus whifher mee, We blus that thou ſhooldt chooſe, but be refuelt;
Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for ever,
We' re noe come there again.

King. Make choife and fee,
Who blus thy leue, thuns all his loute in mee.

Hel. Now Diam from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiali loute, that God moft high
Do my fighes frame: Sir, wilt thou hearre my fuite?

1. Lo. And graunt it.

Hel. Thankes fay, all the reft is mute.

Old L. I had rather be in this choife, then throw
Amof-acce for my life.

Hel. The honor fir that frames in your faire eyes,
Before I fpeake too threatnningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that fo viueth, and her humble loute.

2. Lo. No better if you pleafe.

Hel. My with receuys,
Which great loue grant, and fo I take my leue.

Old L. Do all they denle her? And they were fons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to' th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hande should take,
Ie neuer do you wrong for your owne fake:
Blefing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fierer fortune, if you ever wed.

Old L. Thefe boyes are boyes of Ice, they're none have
have here : sure they are bards to the English, the French nere got em.

Lu. You are too young, too haply, and too good
To make your felle a faune out of my blood.
A. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not fo.
Of Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunkne wine. But if thou be't not an affe, I am a youth of fourteenne : I haue knowne thee already.
Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I gue
Me and my surue, ever whilst I live
Deboth your guiding power : This is the man.
King. Why then young Bertram take her fhee's thy wife.
Ber. My wife my Leige I' thal befeech your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave to vf
The helpe of mine owne elys.
King. Know'lt thou not Bertram what thee ha's done for mee?
Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know
why I should marrie her.
King. Thou know'lt thee ha's rain'd me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muit anfwer for your raifing? I knowe her well : shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phyfians daughter my wife? Diseaine
Rather corrupt me ever.
King. This onely title thou diffiin'th in her, the which
I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound differences yet stands of
In differences fo mightie. If the bee
All that is vertuous (save what thou diffiik't)'
A poore Phyfians daughter, thou diffiik't
Of vertue for the name : but doe not fo : From loweft place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deed.
Where great additions fwell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropped honour. Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is fo : The propietie by what is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,
In her, to Nature shee's immediate herit : And threfe breed honour : that is honours fcorne,
Which challenges it felle as honoures borne,
And is not like the fire : Honours thriue,
When rather from our afs we them derive
Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a true
Deboth on euerie tombe, on euerie greaue : A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where due', and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be fide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a male,
I can creat the red : Vertue, and fhe
Is her owne dowuer : Honour and wealth, from mee.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will thriue to doo't.
King. Thou wrong'r thy felle, if thou shold'rt thriue to choode.
Hel. That you are well reford' my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the red go.
King. My Honor's at the flake, which to defeate
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
 Proud cornfull boy, vnworthy this good gif,
That dot in vile milpifion shackle vp
My Lord, and her deare: that can't not dreame,
We paling vs in her defpicable fcale.

Shall weigh thee to the bame : That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleafe to have it grow. Checke thy contempt :
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Believe not thy difdaine, but pretentifie
Do thine owne fortunes that obelident right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claims,
Or I will owne thee from my care for euer
Into the flaggers, and the carelesse lapfe
Of youth and ignorance: both my reconnue and hate
Looking vpon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pitie. Speakes, thine anfwer.
Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : I for submit
My fancie to your eyes, when I confider
What great creation, and what dote of honour
Flies where you bid it : I finde that the which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moft late: is now
The praid of the King, who fo ennobled,
Is as twere borne fo.
King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thinner to whom I promife
A counterpoize: If not to thy eftates,
A ballance more replacte.
Ber. I take her hand.
Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile vpon this Contraâ : whole Ceremonie
Shall (come expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be port'ed to night : the Solemn Feast
Shall more attend vpon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,
Thy loue's to me Religious : elle, do'ts erre.
Exeunt
Paralle and Laffew flay behind, commen-
ing of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monfieur? A word with you.
Par. Your pleasure sir.
Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his rec-
antation.
Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?
Laf. I: is it not a Language I speake?
Par. A moft harsh one, and not to bee vnderfode
without bloudie succeeding My Master?
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Ruffien?
Par. To any Count, to all Counts ; to what is man.
Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts master is
of another fille.
Par. You are too old sir : Let it fatifie you, you are too old.
Laf. I must tell thee Sirrah, I write Man : to which
title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinears : to bee
a prettie wife fellow, thou didt make tolerable vent
of thy trueli, it might paffe : yet the scarfees and the ban-
erets about thee, did manifolde diffwaide me from be-
leeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now
found thee, when I looke thee againe, I care not yet art
thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our
fearce worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the pruileged of Antiquity vp-
on thee?
Laf. Do not plande thy felle to farre in anger, least
thou haften thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie
on thee for a hen, fo my good window of Letteice fare thee
well, thy calemate I neede not open, for I look through
then. Glue me thy hand.
Par. My Lord, you give me molt egregious indignity.

Laf.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.
Par. I have not my Lord dervier'd it.

Laf. Ye good faith, every drame of it, and I will not hate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. But as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a simacke a' th'contrariety. If ever thou be'lt bound in thy scorne and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage; I have a desire to hold my acquittance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.
Par. My Lord you do me most inumpetuous vexati-
on.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy fake, and my poore doing eternal: for doing I am paft, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.
Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a simon shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no better of authority. I thee him (by my life) if I can meet thee with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ie have no more pittie of his age then I would hauve of—He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Militis.
Par. I most vnfrandly befetch your Lordshipp to make some refutation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.
Laf. Who? God.
Par. I fir.
Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Doft make holte of thy fleues? Do other servants fo? Thouwert bent fet thy lower part where thy nofe stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beate thee: mee-think't thou art a general offence, and every man shall beate thee: I thinke thou wait created for men to breach themselues vpon thee.
Par. This is hard and vndeferred measure my Lord.
Laf. Go too fir, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more favore with Lords and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heradly. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leve you. Exit.

Enter Count Ruffillon.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.
Ref. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.
Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?
Ruffillon. Although before the solemn Priest I have sworn that I will not bed her.
Par. What? what sweet heart?
Ref. O my Paroles, they have married me: Ile to the Tuscan warres, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th wares.
Ref. There's letters from my mother: What ch'import is, I know not yet.
Par. I that would be knowne: too'th wares my boy, too'th wares:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnsoleene,
That hugges his kickle wickle heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her arms
Which should subside the bound and high curnet
Of Maries sickle fleced: to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,
Therefore too' th wares.

Ref. It shall be fo, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durft not speake. His prefent gift
Shall furnishe me to thole Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warres is no stroke
To the darke house, and the detred wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?
Ref. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
Ile send her straighth away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, the she to her finge forrow.

Par. Why these haly bound, ther is noife in it. Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mad:
Therefore away, and leave her bracyly: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but huffs 'tis so. Exit.

Enter Helena and Cloane.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?
Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: thankest be given she's very well, and wants nothing I' th world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie well, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?
Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things
Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God fend her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly.

Enter Paralles.

Par. Bleffe you my fortunate Ladie.
Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.
Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them full. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.
Par. Why I say nothing.
Clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoings: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.
Par. A way, th'art a knaue.
Clo. You should have fait fir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth fir.
Par. Go too, thou art a witte foole, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your felte fir, or were you taught to finde me?
Clo. The search fir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knaue faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A
A verie ferious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whole want, and whole delay, is dreev'd with sweets
Which they dipple now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will elie? Par. That you will take your infant leave a' th' king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinkke
May make it probable neede.
Hel. What more commands hee? Par. That having this obtain'd, you pretendle
Attend his further pleafure.
Hel. In every thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I shall report it fo. Exit Par.
Hell. I pray you come Sirrah. Exit

Enter Lafenius and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a fouldier.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoche.
Laf. You haue it from his owne delierance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tookke this Larke
for a banting.
Ber. I do affure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge,
and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then finn'd against his experience,
and tranfeght against his valours, and my flate that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur-
faue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.
Par. Thefe things shall be done fir.
Laf. Pray you fir whose his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee firs a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.
Ber. Is he gone to the king?
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will shee away to night?
Par. As you haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketed my treafeure,
Given order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take poffeffion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Travailier is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vfeas
a known truth to paffe a thousand things without, shold
bee once hard, and thince beaten. God faue you Cap-
taine.
Ber. Is there any vnkindeenes betweene my Lord and
you Monfieur?
Par. I know not how I haue defuered to run into my
 Lords difpleaure.
Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Culfard,
and out of it you're runne againe, rather then fuffer question
for your refidence.
Ber. It may be you haue miftaken him my Lord.
Laf. And I shall doe fo euery, though I tooke him at's prayers.
Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the foule
of this man is his cloathes: Truftr him not in matter of
heauie confequence: I haue kept of them tyme, & know
their natures. Farewell Monfieur, I have spoken better
of you then you haue or will to d Eve at my hand, but
we muft do good against euill.
Par. An idle Lord, I fware.
Ber. I thinke fo.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common fpeech
Gives him a worthy paffe. Heree comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procurred his leave
For prefent parting, onely hee defires
Some priuate fpeech with you.
Ber. I fhall obey his will.
You muft not meruallie Hide at my fource,
Which holds not colour with the tyme, nor does
The miniftration, and required office
On my particular. Prepard I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vn fetled: This drivies me to intreate you,
That prefently you take your way for home,
And rather mufe then ask why I intreate you,
For my respectes are better then they feme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then thenews it felle in the firft view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Fwill be two daies ere I fhall fee you, fo
I leave you to your wifedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay,
But that I am your moft obedient fervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And euer fhall
With true obreuerence feake to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely harres haue fald
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farewell:
Hie home.
Hel. Pray fir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you fay?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I fay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous thefte, mom faine would fteale
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and fcarfe fo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe.
Ber. I pray you fay not, but in haft to horfe.
Hel. I fhall not brake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monfieur, farewell.
Exit Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come,
Whilft I can fhape my fword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourifhe. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenche men,
with a troup of Souldiers.
Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The
The fundamental reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more troubles after.  

_Lord._ Holy Helene, the quarrel  
Upon your Graces part: blacke and fearfull  
On the opposer.  

_Duke._ Therefore we murrale much our Cofin France  
Would in so loft a businesse, that his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.  

_French E._ Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our flate I cannot yeeld,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counfale frames,  
By felfe wable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
My felle in my incertaine grounds to faile  
As often as I guete.  

_Duke._ Be it his pleasure.  

_Fren.G._ But I am sure the younger of our nature,  
That forget on their cafe, will day by day  
Come here for Physickke.  

_Duke._ Welcome shall they bee:  
And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them fettle: you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auxilies they fell,  
To morrow to'th the field.  

Enter Counteffe, and Cloine.  

_Count._ It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, suae  
that he comes not along with her.  

_Clo._ By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholy man.  

_Count._ By what obseruance I pray you.  

_Clo._ Why he will looke vppon his boote, and finge:  
mand the Ruffe and finge, aske queftions and finge, pickle his teeth, and finge: I know a man that had this tricke of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a fong.  

_Lad._ Let me fee what he writes, and when he means to come.  

_Clo._ I have no minde to Lieble fince I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our Lieble a'th Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your Lieble a'th Court: the brains  
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as  
an old man loues money, with no fomacke.  

_Lad._ What hauë we here?  

_Clo._ In that you have there.  

_Exit._  

A LETTER.  

_I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, that hath recovered the  
King, and ondame me: I have wedded her, not bedded her,  
and fowrne to make the not {eternal. You fould hear I am  
rumma away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you.  
Your unfortunat foone,  
Bertram.  

This is not well raff and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the favours of fo good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misfiring of a Malde too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.  

Enter Cloine.  

_Clo._ O Madam, yonder is hauie newes within betwene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladie.  

_Lad._ What is the matter.  

_Clo._ Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your foone will not be kild fo soone as I thought he would.  

La._ Why should he be kild?  

_Clo._ So say I Madam, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in flanding tooe', that's the loffe of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they  
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your  
fonne was run away.  

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.  

_French E._ Saue you good Madam.  

_Hel._ Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.  

_French G._ Do not say fo.  

_La._ Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,  
I have felt fo many quirkes of joy and griefe,  
That the first face of neither on the flart  
Can woman me vnto't. Where is my fonne I pray you?  

_Fren.G._ Madam he's gone to ferue the Duke of Flo-  
rence,  

_We met him thitherward, for thence we came:  
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,  
Thither we bend againe.  

_Hel._ Lookke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.  

_When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which never  
shall come off, and fowe was a child begotten of tiny bode,  
that I am fatter too, then call me buckane but in fuch action  
I write a Neuer.  
This is a dreadfull sentence.  

_La._ Brought you this Letter Gentleman?  
_1.G._ I Madam, and for the Contents fake are forrece  
for our paines.  

_Old La._ I prethee Ladie have a better cheere,  
If thou engrofleth, all the greefes are thine,  
Thou robft me of a moity: He was my fonne,  
But I do wafe his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?  

_Fren.G 1 Madam.  

_La._ And to be a fouldier.  

_Fren.G._ Such is his noble purpofe, and beleu't  
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor  
That good conuenience claieme.  

_La._ Returne you thither.  

_Fren.E._ I Masam, with the swifteft wing of speed.  

_Hel._ Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,  
'Tis bitter.  

_La._ Find you that there?  

_Hel._ I Madame.  

_Fren.E.'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand hapy, which  
his heart was not contenoting too.  

_Lad._ Nothing in France, vntil he have no wife:  
There's nothing heere that is too good for him  
But onely tho, and the deferves a Lord  
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vpon,  
And call her hourly Miftris. Who was with him?  

_Fren.E._ A femant onely, and a Gentelman: which I  
have sometime knowne.  

_La._ Parrelles was it not?  

_Fren.E._ I my good Ladie, hee.  

_La._ A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,  
My fonne corrupts a well derived nature  
With his inducement.  

_Fren.E._ Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deal of  
that, too much, which holds him much to hauue.  

_La._ Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you see my fonne, to tell him that his sword can  
never winne the honor that he looes: more Ie intreate  
you
you written to bearalong.

Fren. G. We ferue you Madam in that and all your worstleft affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesie,
Will you draw near?

Exit.

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt have none Repillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe : poor Lord, is't I
That chafe thee from thy Countrey, and expose
Thoue tender limbes of chine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That drue thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smakie Muskets? O you leaden meffengers,
That ride upon the violent speade of fire,
Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire
That rings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer shoot at him, I fet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breft
I am the Chaffe that do hold him too's;
And though I kill him not, I am the caufe
His death was so effected : Better twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roa'd
With sharpe confraint of hunger : better twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home Repillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scare;
As oft it lookes all. I will be gone :
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I say heere to do't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angells offe'd all: I will be gone,
That pitifull rumour may report my flight
To confolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore thefe) I leaue away. Exit.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Repillon, drum and trumpets, soldiours, Parrolles.

Duke. The General of our horfe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our biclt loue and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heayy for my strength, but yet
We'l affume to beeke it for your worthy fake,
To th'eextreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then goe thou forth,
And force me play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious misfits.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. Exeunt omnes

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Legat Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious to bee borne: but in me offended,
That here-for I lay I the cold ground upon
With saufed count I my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody cours of warre,
My dereft Emperour thy dearse face, may bee,
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilist I from farre,
His name with wacal fame favour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I bid & shillfull woe do sent him forth,
From Contraire friends, with Captain feue to line,
Where death and danger dogges the booke of warre.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
When my self embrac'd, to let him free.

Ah what sharpe flings are in her mildest words?
Rynald, you did neuer lacke advice so much,
As letting her paffe fo: had I spokke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus the hath preventeed.
Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had givne you this at ouer-night,
She might have beene ore-tane: and yet the writes
Purifie would be but vain.

La. What Angell shal
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrue,
Vnleave her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare
And loues to grant, represeem him from the wrath
Of greatest Justice. Write, write Rynald,
To this vnworthy husbands of his wife,
Let esterle word weigh heausie of her warke,
That he doe weigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he doe feel, let downe sharpe-
Dispatch the moft convenient meffenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that thee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereft to me, I have no skill in fience
To make diffinition: prouide this Meffenger:
My heart is honee, and mine age is weake,
Greewe would have tearcs, and sorrow bids me speake.

A Tucket safter off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violanta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We shall looke all the lights.
Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable feruice.

Wild. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ft Commander,
And that with his owne hand he new
The Dukes brother: we have loft our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Marie. Come lest returne againe,
And confec our felues with the report of it.
Well Diana, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honest.

Widdow. I have told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria
All's Well that ends Well.

A Man. I know that knaue, hang him, one Parolles, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all their engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene induc'd by them, and the miflike is example, that so terrible frowns in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diffuade fuccesion, but that they are limer with the twiggis that threatens them. I hope I neede not to adjure you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modefile which is so loft.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another. Hee quefion her. God save you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. Iagoes la grand. Where do the Palmers lodge, do you seeke you?

Wid. At the S. Franches heere before the Port. Hel. Is this the way? A march o'farre.

Wid. I marrie, i'the, you come this way: If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime But till the troopes come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd, The rather for I thinke I know your hodeffe As ample as my selfe.


Wid. Hereye you shall see a Countriean of yours That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you? Wid. The Count Ruffillon: know you such a one? Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. What nomere is he He's bralye taken heere. He fle'd from France As 'ts reported: for the King had married him Against his liking. Thynke you it is so?

Hel. I surly moree the truthe, I know his Lady. Dia. There is a Gentleman that sers the Count, Reports but courefully of her. Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monfieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh I beleue with him, In argument of prais, or to the worth Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane To have her name repeated, all her defending Is a refused honostly, and that I have not heard examin'd.

Dian. Als poore Ladie,

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a deteiling Lord. Wid. I write good creature, wherefore she is, Her hart waighes fadely: this yong maid might do her A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane? May be the amorous Count follicites her In the vnlawfull purpofe.

Wid. He does indeed.

And brokes with all that can in such a fuite Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard In honest defece.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Ruffillon, Parolles, and the whole Armie.

Mr. The goddes forbid elfe.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is Antonio the Dukes eldest sonne, That E践us.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee, That with the plume, 'tis a moit gallant fellow, I would he lovd his wife: if he were honest He were much gooder. It's not a handom Gentleman Hel. I like him well.

Di."Tis pity he is not honest-yonds that fame knaue That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie, I would poison that vile Ruffcall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke an-apes with scarfses. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt in his battale.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrvely vext at something. Look he has fpied vs. Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your cortiell, for a ring-carrier. Exit.

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you shall hoit: Of infamy'd penitents There's foure or fice, to great S. Iagoes bound, Atreadle at my houfe.

Hel. I humbly thank you: Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me. and to require you further, I will bellow some precepts of this Virgin, Worthy the note.

Bath. Wee'll take your offer kindly. Exeunt.

Enter Count Ruffillon and the Frenchman, As at fett.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too: let him haue his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinkke I am to farre Deceiued in him?

Cap.E. Beleue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinman, hee's a moit notable Coward, an infinite and endlefe Lyre, an hourly promife-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least repofing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trulfe buffenife, in a mane daunger, toyle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap.G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidentely undersart to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodaily fur-

prize

X 2
All's Well that ends Well.

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemy: wee will binde and hoodwinkle him so, that he shall fupposo no other but that he is carri
ried into the Leger of the adueraries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be your Lordship prentat
at his examination, if he do not for the promis 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 foule vpon oath, never truit my judgmen in anie
ting.

Cap. G. O for the loye of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he syes he has a stratagem for': when your Lordship fees the bottome of this fuccesse in't, and to what mettle this counterfeft lump of ours will be mel-
ted if you glue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parrelles.

Cap. E. O for the loye of laughter hinder not the ho-
nor of his defigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any
hand.

Bur. How now Monfieur? This drumme sticks fore-
ly in your disposition.

Cap. G. A poc on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.
Par. But a drumme: 'ft but a drumme? A drum fo loth. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horfe vpon our owne winges, and to rend our owne fouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disalter of warre that Caesar him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Bur. Well, wee cannot greatly commend our fuc-
ceffe: some difhonor wee had in the loffe of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Bur. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ser-
sice is fdomaine attributed to the true and exact perfor-
mer, I would have that drumme or another, or be la-
tet.

Bur. Why if you have a dramacke, too Monfieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrumen of honour againe into his natuie quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speeke well in it, the Duke shall both ipeake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the vnoit fylable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will undertake it.

Bur. But you must not now flumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will pretend
pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my felle in my cer
taine, put my felle into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Bur. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Bur. I know ch'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy fouldiership,
Will subscrib for thee: Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Cap. E. No more then a fishe louses water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that fo confidently femeas to undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, dammes himselfe to do, & dare betters be damned then to do't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will desiere himselfe into a muns fa-
avour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of difcou-
eries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever af-

Bur. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that fo feriouly he does address himselfe vote?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
venction, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imbott him, you shall fee his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re-
pect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we cafe him. He was first smock'd by the old Lord Lofuse, when his difguife and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall fee this ve-
erie night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges, He shall be caught.

Bur. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As'st please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Bur. Now will I lead you to the house, and vew you
The Laffe I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Bur. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but ofte, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this fame Coxcombe that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did refend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature, Will you go fee her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you mid doubt me that I am not thee, I know not how I shall affure you further,
But I shall looke the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my effate be faile, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesse,
And would not put my reputation now
In any flainng aot.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me truf, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne couensie I haue spoken,
Is fo from word to word; and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in befowling it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have the'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purfe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanton fledge before her beautie,
Refolute to carrie her: let her in fine content
As weel direcd her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That thfe'd demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succedceed in his houe
All's Well, that Ends Well.

From fonde to fonde, some foure or five decents, Since the firth father wore it. This Ring he holds In moft rich choice: yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not feme too deere, How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I fee the bottome of your purpose. Hal. You fee it lawfull then, it is no more, But that your daughter ere the femeas as wonne, Defires this Ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, deliers me to fill the time, Her felle moft chaftly aident: after To marry her, I le addde three thouand Crownes To what is paft already.

Wid. I have yeelded: Infruct my daughter how she shall perfeuer, That time and place with this deceite fo lawfull May prove coherent. Every night he comes With Muficks of all forts, and fongs compos'd To her vnworthinesse: If nothing needes vs To chide him from our eues, for he perfuits As if his life lay on't. Wid. Why then to night Let vs aflay our plot, which if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede; And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act, Where both not finne, and yet a finfull faet. But let's about it.

Ae almost Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fius or fice other soldiers in ambuf.

1 Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fellie upon him, speake what terible Language you will: though you understand it not your selues, no matter: for we muft not feeme to vnderland him, vnleffe some one among vs, whom wee muft pro-duce for an Interpreter.

2 Sir. Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter. Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1 Sir. No fir I warrant you. Lor. E. But what finle wofly hath thou to speake to vs againe.

1 Sir. En fuch as you speake to me. Lor. E. He muft thinke vs some band of Strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a f马克 of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muft every one be a man of his owne fince, not to know what we speake one to another:fo we feeme to know, is to know straight our purpofe: Chougs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muft feeme very politike. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to be-giue two houres in a fpeece, and then to returne & fwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrots.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within thefe three houres 'twill be time enouf: to goe home. What allah I lay I have done? It muft be a very plauifhe inuenion that carries it. They becomm to fmake mee, and difgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firth truth that ere thine own tongue was gullite of.

Par. What the duell shold move mee to vndertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impollibility, and knoweing I had no fuch purpofe? I muft glue my felle some hurts, and fay I got them in ex-ploit: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will fay, came you off with fo little? And great ones I dare not gue, wherefore what's the inffance. Tongue, I muft put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my felle another of Baimerths Mule, if you prattle mee into thefe perilles.

Lo. E. Is it poiffible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ferue the turnes, or the breaking of my Spanifh fword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you fo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to fay it was in stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my clothes, and fay I was fripit.

Lo. E. Hardy ferue.

Par. Though I fware I leapt from the window of the Cladell.

Lo. E. How depee?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleuued.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would fware I recouer'd it.

Lo. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Then goe to mouns, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, willinde par corbe, cargo.

Par. O ranfone, ranfone, Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Bokes thronmadt bakes.

Par. I know you are the Musk Boot Regiment, And I shall looke my life for want of language. If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him fpeake to me, Ile difcouer that, which shal vnde the Florentine.

Inter. Bokes wamned, I vnderland thee, & can fpeake thy tongue: Keryebome firs, betake thee to thy thay firs, for feuenteene ponyards are at thy bofome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray, Musk raunia dache.

Lo. E. Oforbidakeb callunere.

Int. The General is content to fpere thee yet, And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou mayft informe Something to faue thy life.

Par. O let me file,

And all the secrets of our campe Ile fwear,

Their force, their purpufe: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Aeole lintus.

Come on, thou art granted fpace.

A fhort Alarum within.

X, 3

Lo. E.
All’s Well that ends Well.

L.E. Go tell the Count Ruffilia and my brother, We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him Till we do heare from them. (mufled Sol. Captain I will. L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felowe, Informe on that. Sol. So I will fir. L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt. Enter Bertram, and the Moide called Diana. 

Ber. They told me that your name was Fantybell. 

Dia. No my good Lord, Diana. 

Ber. Titled Goddeff, And worth it with addition: but faire soule, In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie? If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde, You are no Maiden but a monument When you are dead you should be such a one As you are now; for you are cold and sterne, An image thou shouldest be as your mother was When your sweete felie was got. 

Dia. She then was honest. 

Ber. So should you be. 

Dia. No. 

My mother did but dutie, such(my Lord) As you owe to your wife. 

Ber. No more a’that; I prethee do not strive against my vows: I was compell’d to her, but I loue thee. 

By loues owne sweete constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of felowe. 

Dia. I so you seuer vs 

Till we ferue you: But when you have our Roifes, You barely leave our thornes to pricke our felows, And makke vs with our baroneffe. 

Ber. How haue I owne. 

Dia. Tis not the many oates that makes the truth, But the plaine finge vow, that is vow’d true: What is not holle, that we sweare not by, But take the high’t wit witneffe: then pray you tell me, If I should sweare by loues great attributes, I should ye deerefully, would you beleue my oaths, When I did loue you ill? This ha’s no holding To sweare by him whom I protest to loue That I will worke against him. Therefore your oaths Are words and poor conditions, but vsefull’d At leat in my opinion. 

Ber. Change it, change it: Be not so holy cruel: Loue is holle, And my integrite ne’re knew the crafts That you do charge men with: Stand no more off, But glue thy felie vnto my fcke defies, Who then reconuer. Say thou art mine, and ever My love as it begins, shal not peruerse, Dia. I fee that men make rope’s in such a furrre, That we’ll forlacke our felows. Give me that Ring. 

Ber. Ile lend it thee my dearer; but haue no power To give it from me. 

Dia. Will you not my Lord? 

Ber. It is an honour longings to our houfe, Bequeathed downe from manie Anceffors, Which were the greateff obliquie i’ts world, In mee to looke. Thus your owne proper wifedome Brings in the Champion honor on my part, Against your vaine assault. 

Ber. Here, take my Ring, My houfe, mine honor, yea my life be thine, And Ile be bid by thee. 

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham- 

ber window: 

Ile order take, my mother shall not haere, Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquerd my yet maiden-bed, Remaine there but an houre, not speake to mee: My reafons are moft strong, and you shall know them, When backe against this Ring shall be deluer’d: 

And on your finger in the night, Ile put Another Ring, that what in time proceeds, May token to the future, our paff deeds. 

Adieu till then, then faile not: you ha’t wone A wife of me, though there may be done. 

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooye thee. 

Di. For which,lie long to thank both heauen & me, You may lo to in the end. 

My mother told me full how he would woo, As if the fite in’s heart. She fayes, all men Have the like oates: He had fwearne to marie me When his wife’s dead: therfore Ile lye with him When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are fo braid, Marry that will, I lye and die a Maid: 

Onely in this difguife, I think’t not faffe, To efon him that would vnlytly winne. 

Enter the two French Captaine, and some two or three 

Souldiers. 

Cap.G. You haue not gien him his mothers letter. 

Cap.E. I haue delin’d it an houre since, ther is fomthing in’t that flings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang’d almoft into another man. 

Cap.G. He hath much worthy blame laided vpon him, for flaking off fo good a wife, and fo fweet a Lady. 

Cap.E. Especiallee, hee hath incured the everlafting difpaife of the King, who had even tau’d his bounty to finge fappife to him. I will tell you a thing, and you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 

Cap.G. When you have spoken it is dead, and I am the graue of it. 

Cap.E. Hee hath peruered a young Gentlewoman heere in Florence, of a moft chaife renown, & this night he fleshis his will in the fpoyle of her honour: hee hath gien her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himfelfe made in the vnchaife comphition. 

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our felues, what things are we. 

Cap.E. Meereely our owne traitours. And as in the common courfe of all treafons, we fiell fee them reeuale themselves, till they attaine to their abhor’d ends: fo he that in this action continues against his owne Nobili- lity in his proper freeome, one-flows himfelfe. 

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum- peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night? 

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houfe. 

Cap.G. That approaches space: I would gladly haue him fee his company anathomized, that hee might take
a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had fet this counterfeiter.

_Cap._ E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

_Cap._ G. In the meantime, what hear ye of these Wars?

_Cap._ E. I hear there is an outwore of peace.

_Cap._ G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

_Cap._ E. What will Count _Ruffliam_ do then? Will he trauaille higher, or returne againe into France?

_Cap._ G. I perceive by this demand, you are not al-

_together of his councill.

_Cap._ E. Let it be forbid, so should I bee a great
deal of his saft.

_Cap._ G. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from

_his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint La-

guen le grand; which holy vndertaking, with most au-

_fere Laclomanie the accomplisht: and there reuding,

_the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her

griece; in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now

_the fings in heaven.

_Cap._ E. How is this iustified?

_Cap._ G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,

_which makes her storie true, even to the point of her

_death; her death it selfe, which could not be her office

_to say; is come: was faithfully confirmd by the Rector

_of the place.

_Cap._ E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

_Cap._ G. And the particular confirmanions, point

_from point, to the full arming of the verite.

_Cap._ E. I am heartily forrie that here I bee gladde of

_this.

_Cap._ G. How mighty sometimes, we make vs com-

forts of our loffe.

_Cap._ E. And how mightily some other times, wee

_drownne our gaine in teares, the great dignite that

_his valour hath here acquird for him, shall at home be

_encountred with a flame as amble.

_Cap._ G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,

_good and ill togeth: our vertues would bee proud, if

_our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would di-

_paire if they were not cheriifh'd by our vertues.

_Enter a Missinger.

_How now? Where's your master?_

_Sir._ He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom hee

_hath taken a Solemn measure; his Lordship will next

_morning for France._ The Duke hath offered him Let-

_ters of commendations to the King.

_Cap._ E. They shall bee no more then needfully there,

_if they were more then they can commend.

_Enter Count _Ruffliam_.

_Ber._ They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-

_neffe, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,

_i't not after midnight?

_Ber._ I have to night dispatch'd fixtenee businesse

_a moneth length a peace, by an abstract of succeffe: I

_have conglided with the Duke, done my adieu with his

_neceff; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-

_die mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoys, &

_betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, afficted ma-

_ny nicer needs: the last was the grefteft, but that I have

_not ended yet.

_Cap._ E. If the businesse bee of any difficulity, and this

_morning your departure hence, it requires haft of your

Lordship.

_Ber._ I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing

to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue

_betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring

_forth this counterfeiter moduio, has decieved me, like a

double-meaning Prophets.

_Cap._ E. Bring him forth, he's farte i'th flockes all night

_poor gallant knaue.

_Ber._ No matter, his heele haue desfer'd it, in vfling

_his spurre fo long. How does he carry himselfe?

_Cap._ E. I have told your Lordship already: The

_flockes carry him. But to anwer you as you would be

_vnderfood, hee weepes like a wench that had flied her

_milke, he hath confed himfelfe to _Morgan_, whom hee

_suppose to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance

to this very infant diftiffer of his fettin i'th flockes:

_and what thinke ye he hath confed?

_Ber._ Nothing of me, he's a?

_Cap._ E. His confedion is taken, and it shall bee read

to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I beleue you

_are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

_Enter _Parroh_ with his _Interpeter._

_Ber._ A plague vpon him, muftife, he can fay nothing

_of me: huh, huh.

_Cap._ G. _Hoodman_ comes: _Portatararifia._

_Inter._ He calles for the tortures, what will you fay

_without em.

_Par._ I will confede what I know without contraint,

_if ye pinch me like a Pafty, I can fay no more.

_Int._ _Bake_ _Chinucho._

_Int._ _Bubibinde eciuwurmac._

_Int._ You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall

_bids you anwer to what I fhall take you out of a Note.

_Par._ And truly, as I hope to live.

_Int._ First demand of him, how many horfe the Duke

_is strong. What fay you to that?

_Par._ Five or fix thoufand, but very weake and un-

_ capaceable: the troops are all scattered, and the Com-

manders verie poore rogue, vpon my reputation and

_credit, and as I hope to live.

_Int._ Shall I fet downe your anwer fo?

_Par._ Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which

_way will you i't all's one to him.

_Ber._ What a paffing flauke is this?

_Cap._ G. Y'are decied up my Lord, this is _Mounfeur

_Parrof_, the gallant militair, that was his owne phrase

_that had the whole theorieke of warre in the knot of his

_fear, and the proclime in the shape of his dagger.

_E._ I will never truft a man againe, for keeping his

_fword cleene, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing in

_him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

_Int._ Well, that's fet downe.

_Par._ Fine or fix thousand horfe I fde, I will fay true,

_or thereabouts fett downe, for Ile speake truth.

_Cap._ G. He's very neere the truth in this.

_Ber._ But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he

_delivers it.

_Par._ Poore rogue, I praye you fay.

_Int._ Well, that's fet downe.

_Par._ I humbly thank you fir, a truth's a truth, the

_Rogues are maruisous poore.

_Interp._ Demauad of him of what strength they are a

_foot. What fay you to that?

_Par._ By my troth fir, if I were to live this preuent

_houre, I wil tell true. Let me fee, _Sparo_ a hundred &

_fifty,
All's Well that ends Well.

and, Sebastian so many, Carambus so many, Jacques so many: Guttius, Cofma, Lodowickes, and Gratia, two hundred fifty each: Mine owne Company, Chippper, Chummond, Beny, two hundred fifty each: so that the matter file, rotten and found, youpon my life amounts not to five thousand pole, halie of the which, dare not akke the snow from off their Caffeckes, leaff they thake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shal be done to him?

Caph. Nothing but let him lane thankes, Demand of him my condition: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's fet downe: you shall demand of him, whether one Captaine Domeaine bee I't Campe, a Frenchman: what its reputation is with the Duke, what its value, honeftele, and expertneffe in warres: or whether he thinkes it was not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a recoolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I bethoch you let me anfwere to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them fingly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine Domeaine?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipp for getting the Shriues fool with childes, a dumbe innocent that could not fay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeitie to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowe.

Caph. Nay look not to upon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good faith I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Caph. Excellently.

Int. Dias, the Counts a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter fir: that is an advertisement to a proper maffe in Florence, one Dia, to take heede of the allurement of one Count Rajassin, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very rutthil, I pray you fir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it firft by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I proteste was very honefte in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lafciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginnity, and devours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he fowares oates, bid him drop gold, and take it: After be secres, be never payes the foare: Have woon to match well made, match and well make it, He were paper after-dates, take it before: And say a fouldier (Dias) told thee this: Men are to well write, boys are not to his.

Par. Count of this, the Counts a fool I know it, Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care, Parolle.

Ber. He shall be whipp through the Armie with this rime in his forehead.

Caph. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent fouldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive fir by your Generals looks, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dungeen, I'd flocks, or any where, so I may live.

Int. Wee'le fe what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Domeaine: you have anfwerd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his vour. What is his honefte?

Par. He will thele fir an Egge out of a Clofiter for rapes and rauihements he paralels Neffe. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye fir, with such volubillitie, that you would thinke truth were a toole: drunkenesse is his bett verve, for he will be twine-drunken, and in his sleep he does little harme, save to his bed-though about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I hauve but little more to say fir of his honefte, he's curie thing that an honest man should not hauve: what an honest man shoule hauve, he has nothing.

Caph. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honefte? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertneffe in warre?

Par. Faith fir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his fouldiery I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Messen, to infructe for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Caph. He hau'h out-villain's fancellor to farr, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat fill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to ake you, if Gold will corrupt him to recoolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardcuce he will fell the fee-simile of his folution, the inheritance of it, and cut th'letteralle from all remaunders, and a perpetuall fucceffion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Domeaine?

Caph. Why do's he askes him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E's a Crow a'th fame neft: not altogether so great as the firft in goodneff, but greater a great deal in effe. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreated hee out-runes any Lackey, marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be faied, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. 1, and the Captain of his horfe, Count Rajfillion.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, oneely to fennce to defuer well, and to beguille the supposition.
Al's Well, that Ends Well.

sition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall fayes, you that haue fo traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiliferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest vfe: therefore you must dye. Come heafe- man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me fe my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any here? 

Count. Good morrow noble Captain.

Lo.E. God bleffe you Captain Parolles.

Cap.G. God save you noble Captain.

Lo.E. Captain, the greeting will you to my Lord

Lafeu. I am for France.

Cap.G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the sonet you wrat to Diana in behalfe of the Count 

Ruffian, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compel it on you, but I dye you well.

Int. You are vnforme Captain all but your scarfe, that has a knot on yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impedent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there. 

Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great

'Twould burst at this: Captain Ile be no more,

But I will eate, and drinkke, and sleepe as soffe

As Captaine shull. Simply the thing I am

Shall make me liue: who knowes him selfe a bragget

Let him feare this: for it will come to passe,

That every bragget shall be found an Affe.

Ruff sword, coole breathes, and Parolles liue

Safe in flame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thruue;

There's place and meane for every man alive.

Ile after them. 

Exit.

Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world

Shall be my furetie: for whole throne 'tis needfull

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.

Time was, I did him a defired office

Deere almoft as his life, which gratefull

Through flintie Tartars bosome would peep forth,

And answere thankes. I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marcella, to which place

We have convenient comoy: you must know

I am appoved dead, the Army breaking.

My husband lies him home, where heaven ayying,

And by the leasure of my good Lord the King,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wide, Gentle Madam,

You never had a credit to whose trueth

Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miftris

Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompose your love: Doubt not but heauen

Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,

As it hath fared her to be my modieu

And helper to a husband. But O strange men,

That can such sweet vfe make of what they hate,

When fawcie trufting of the coyn'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night, so luft doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away,

But more of this hereafter: you Diana,

Vnder my poore instructions yet muft suffer

Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honesltie

Go with your impositions, I am yours

Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When Briars shall haue leaves as well as thornes,

And be as sweet as sharpe: we muft away,

Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reunies vs,

All's well that ends well, fill the fences the Crowne;

What ere the course, the end is the renowne. 

Exeunt.

Enter Cleone, old Lady, and Lafeue.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was milled with a snipt taftta fellow there, whose villainous sullen wold haue made all the vnblace'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had bene alieue at this hourse, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speake of.

Lo. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praffe for creating. If he had partaken of my flesh and part mee the deepest groanes of a mother, I could not have owde her a more rootted lone.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Woe may picke a thousand fillets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Cb. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sillets, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbe you knaue, they are noe hearbese.

Cleone. I am no great Nabuchadnesar sir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a looel.

Cb. A foole sir at a womans servise, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Cb. I would confen the man of his wife, and do his servise.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his servise indeed.

Cb. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her servise.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Cb. At your servise.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cb. Why sir, if I cannot servue you, I can servue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Cb. Faith sir a has an English mane, but his sfinome is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Cb. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-ness, alias the disuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purfe, I glue thee not this to suggest thee from thy matter thou talk'it off, servue him still.

Close.
Alsat Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding polling day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it:
But since you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbs in my affyres,
Be bold you do lo to grow in my requital,
As nothing can vnroot you. In happy time,
Enter a gentle Affringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maifteies ear,
If he would spend his power. God fave you Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have fexe you in the Court of France.
Gent. I have beene fometime there.

Hel. I do prefume Sir, that you are not faine
From the report that goes upon your goodniffe,
And therefore gaoed with mofl fharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vie of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What’s your will?

Hel. That it will pleafe you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayle me with that flour of power you haue
To come into his prefence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere Sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remou’d laft night, and with more haft
Then is his vie.

Ed. Lord how we looke our paines.

Hel. All’s well that ends well yet,
Though time feme fo aduerfe, and meanes vnfit:
I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to Refullion,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do befeech you Sir,
Since you are like to fee the King before me,
Comuened the paper to his gracieus hand,
Which I prefume hall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good fpeede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you fhall finde your felfe to be well thankt
what e’re falles more. We muft to horfe againe, Go, go,
prouide.

Enter Clo impe and Parraleet.

Par. Good Mr. Lawatch glue my Lord Laffw this letter,
I haue ere now fir beene better knowne to you, when
I haue held familiaritie with frether cloathes: but I am
now fir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat
frong of her ftrong defpine.

Cla. Truly, Fortunes defpine is but fluttif if it
smell fo strongly as thou fpakeft of: I will henceforth
eate no Fift of Fortunes butting. Pre thee allow the
wonde.

Par. Nay you neede not to ftopp your nofe fir: I fpake
but by a Metaphor.

Cla. Indeed fir, if your Metaphor flanke, I will stop
my nofe, or againfit any mans Metaphor.Prette get thee
further.

Par.
All's Well that ends Well.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.
Cla. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stool, to glue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Cla. Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mufcat, that ha's faile into the vncleane fift-pond of her difpleaure, and as he fayes is muddied withal. Pray you fir, we the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenuous, foolifh, rafely knaue. I doe pitie his diftreffe in my smoles of comfort, and lease him to your Lordship.
Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruel-ly scratched.
Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late topare her nails now. Wherein haue you the knaue with fortune that the should scratch you, who of her felfe is a good Lady, and would not have knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Carducce for you: Let the Lufkes make you and fortune friends; I am for other buffete.
Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one fingle word.
Laf. you begge a fingle penye more? Come you shall ha', faue your word.
Par. My name my good Lord is Parnalles.
Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?
Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.
Laf. Was I insothe? And I was the first that left thee. Par. It lies in your my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring mee out.
Laf. Out upon thee knaue, doeft thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the diuell: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had tale of you last night, though you are a foule and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.
Par. I praffe God for you.

Flourish. Enter King,old Lady, Laffew, the two French Lords,with attendants.
Kin. We loft a Jewell of her, and our effetemne Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her estimation home.
Old L. 'Tis paff my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it Naturall rebellion, done I'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reafons force, Ore-bears it, and burns on.
Kin. My honour'd Lady, I haue forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenues were high bent vpon him, And watch'd the time to shooe.
Laff. This I must say,
But firft I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He loft a wife, Whole beauty did aboue the furuey Of richest els: whose words all eares tooke captiuie, Whole deere perfeccion, hearts that scorn'd to ftrue,
Humbly call'd Miftiris.
Kin. Praifing what is loft,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcl'fd, and the firft view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not take our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do bury
Th'incenfing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.
Gen. I shall my Liege.
Kin. What faies he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.
Kin. Then shall we have a match. I haue letters fent me, that lets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.
Laf. He looks well on't.
Kin. I am not a day of seafon,
For thou haile fay a fun-string, and a haile
In me at once: But to thebrightest bemes
Dilbracked clouds glue wayes, to fland thou forth,
The time is faire againe.
Ber. My high repented blame
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.
Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conformed time,
Let's take the infant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick't decrees
Thinaudible, and noifelesse foot of time
Steeles, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firft
I fuckle my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Darft make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the imprifion of mine eye enfuing,
Contempt his scornfull Peripetide did lend mee,
Which warrt the line, of euerie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expret it fholne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moit hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That fhe whom all men prai'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I haue loft, haue lou'd was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.
Kin. Well excu's: That thou dift love her, strikes fome scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorfefull pardon flowly carried
To the great tender, turns a fowre offence,
Crying, that good's that gone: Our rath faults,
Make trueilall price of ferior things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our difpleaures to our felues vnbelt,
Destroy our friends, and efter wepe their duft:
Our owne loue waking, cries to fee what's don,e
While flamefull hate fleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet Helena knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin,
The malne contents are had, and heere wee'l Rey
To fee our widowers fecound marriage day:
Which better then the firft, O deere heavens bleffe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceffe.
Laf. Come on my fonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digget: give a favoure from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard, And eu'r'ie haire that's on't, Helen that's dead Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, The laft that ere I tooke her leave at Court, I faw upon her finger.

Ber. Her it was not. 

King. Now pray you let me fee it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fatten'd too't: This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her if her fortunes ever ftood Neceffitated to help, that by this token I would releafe her. Had you that craft to raife her Of what fhould fear her moit? 

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne, How ere it pleases you to take it fo, The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life I have feene her weare it, and the reckond it At her fures rate.

Laf. I am sure I faw her weare it, 

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, the neuer faw it: In Florence it was from a caufement throwne mee, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that throw'd it: Noble she was, and thought I fould ingag'd: but when I had fubcerib'd To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not anfwier in that courfe of Honour As the had made the oueriere, the caeft In heauie faftidence, and would neuer Recelue the Ring againe.

Kin. Prates himfelf, That knowes the uncf and multiplying med'cine, Hath not in natures myfterie more fience, Then I have in this Ring. "Twas mine, "twa Helen's, Who euer gaue it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your felfes, Confeife 'twas here, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to furetie, That fhe neuer put it from her finger, Vnleffe the gaue it to your felfe in bed, Where you have neuer come: or fent it vs Upon her great diliffer.

Ber. She neuer faw it. 

Kin. Thou fpier'st it falfeley: as I love mine Honor, And make't connetturall feares to come into me, Which I would faine that out, if it fhould prove That thou art fo imaftone, 'twill not prove fo: And yet I know not, thou didft hate her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but to clofe Her eyes my felle, could win me to beleuee, More then to fee this Ring. Take him away, My fore-paff proofs, how ere the matter fall Shall taze my feares of little vanitie, Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him, We'll lift this matter further. 

Ber. If thou fhall proue This Ring was eu'r hers, you fhall eafe eafe 

You that I had fubfter'd her bed in Florence, Where yet the neuer was. 

Enter a Gentleman. 

King. I am wrap'd in difmiffal thinking. 

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne. 

Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not, Here's a petition from a Florence, Who hath for oure or flee remoymes come flor, To tender it her felle. I vndertook it, 

Vanquifh'd thereto by the faire grace and speech Of the poore fulplicant, who by this I know Is here attending: her baflneffe lookes in her With an importinge vilage, and the told me In a sweet verball breves, it did conceerne Your Highneffe with her felle.

A Letter. 

Upon his many pretentions to married mee when his wife was dead, I vblift to fay it, he ronne me.Now is the Count Roff- fillian a Widdower, his wives are forfited to mee, and my boners payed to him. Her fide from Florence, taking no leaves, and I follow him to his Countrie for Juflitce: Grant it me, O King, in you it left lies, otherwise my feeft, and a poore Maid's wondres. 

Diana Capilet. 

Laf. I will buy me a fonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Hee none of him. 

Kin. The heavenes have thought well on thee Laffeu, To bring forth this difcou'rie, feke thee futors: Go speedily, and bring againe the Count. 

Enter Bertram. 

I am a-feard the life of Helen (Ladie) Was fowly snatcht. 

Old La. Now fuffice on the dons. 

King. I wonder fit, fit, whies are monfetors to you, And that you fley them as you fware them Lordship, Yet you defire to marry. What woman's that? 

Enter Widdowe, Diana, and Parrelle. 

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Derided from the ancient Capilet, My fuite as I do vnderfand you know, And therefore know how farre I may be pittied. 

Wid. I am her Mother fit, whole age and honour Both fuffer vnder this complaint we bring, And both fhall ceafe, without your remeide. 

King. Come hether Count, do you know thefe Wo men? 

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie, But that I know them, do they charge me further ? 

Dia. Why do you looke fo ftrange upon your wife ? 

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord. 

Dia. If you fhall marrie 

You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heauens vows, and thofe are mine: You give away my felle, which is knowne mine: 

For I by you am fo embodi'd you, That the which marrie you, must marrie me, Either both or none. 

Laf. Your reputation comes too fhort for my daught er, you are no husband for her. 

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and defperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour, Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere. 

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend, Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor, Then in my thought it lies. 

Dia. Good my Lord, 

Aske him upon his oath, if hee doe think 
He had not my virginity. 

Kin. What lafit thou to her ? 

Ber. She's impudent my Lord, 

And was a common gamefter to the Campe. 

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were fo, He might have bought me at a common price. 

Do
Do not believe him. O behold this Ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a Parallel; yet for all that He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe If it be one.

Cow. He blushes, and 'tis hid:
Of fice preceding Ancestors, that lemmem Conferr'd by testament to'th frequent iufe Hath it beene owne and worene. This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand proofs, 

Kin. Me thought you false
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.

Dis. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names Parolas.

Laf. I faw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Find him, and bring him hether.

Rej. What of him?
He's quoted for a moft pe fidious flaus
With all the spots a'th world, tuxt and debo'd,
Whoe nature lickens: but to ipeak a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'lt vitter,
That will ipeak any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Rej. I think she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her difance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eugerneffe with her reftraint,
As all impediments in fancies coure.
Are motuies of more fancie, and in fine,
Her inuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdue'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At Market price have bought.

Dis. I must be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a first fo noble wife,
May luftly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loofe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.

Rej. I haue it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dis. Sir much like the fame upon your finger.

Kin. I know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dis. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. Thestory then goes falls, you threw it him
Out of a Cafeinent.

Dis. I haue ipeak the truth. Enter Parolas.

Rej. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle thereby, every feather flars you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dis. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the difpleasure of your master:
Which on your iuft proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So pleafe your Maffefty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come, to'th purpofe: Did hee love this woman?

Par. Faith fir he did loue her, but how.

Kin. How I prays you?

Par. He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maleficies comman'd.

Laf. He's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie 
Oxeter.

Dis. Do you know he promitt me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then lie ipeak.

Kin. But wilt thou not ipeak all thou know'ft?

Par. Yes fo plae ye your Malefity: I did goe betwixheen them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for in deede he was made for her, and talk'd of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promizing her marriage, and things which would derue mee ill will to ipeak of, therefore I will not ipeak what I know.

Kin. Thou haft spoken all already, vnaileth thou canst
say they are mariet, but thou art too fine in thy eudence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you fay was yours.

Dis. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaued it you?

Dis. It was not gauen me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dis. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dis. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you gie it him?

Dis. I never gaued it him.

Laf. This womans an eafe gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaued it his firft wife.

Dis. It might be yours or hers for ought I know, 

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,

To prizon with her: and away with him,

Vnaileth thou tellt me where thou hadit this Ring,

Thou dieft within this houre.

Dis. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dis. Ile put in baile my lidge.

Kin. I think thee now some common Customer.

Dis. By lofe if ever I knew man 'twas you.

Kin. Wherefore haft thou accufed him at this while.

Dis. Because he's gullie, and he is not guilty:

He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll iware too: 

He iware I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no bern ppt, by my life, .
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our ears, to prizon with her.

Dis. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir, 

The jeweller that owes the Ring is fent for,
And he shall furtey me. But for this Lord, 

Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him. 

He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd, 

And at that time he got his wife with childe:

Dead though the be, she feales her yong one kicke: 
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke, 

And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widower.

Kin. Is there no exorclit?

Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?

It's realt that I fee?

Hel. No my good Lord,
‘Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And looke you, here is your letter: this it fayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appeareth not plaine, and profe vtrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall wepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, I'll make sport with thee:
Let thy curtifies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beeft yet a fresh vnropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guffe, that by thy honest aye,
Thou keipt a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and leffe,
Refolduly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end fo meece,
The bitter paue, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

He Kings a Beggar, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be vone
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With drif to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.
Twelfth Night, Or What You Will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.
An F Musicke be the food of Loure, play on, Glue me excelle of it: that surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so dye. That gladne aser, it had a dying fall: O, it came on my care, like the sweet found That breathes upon a bank of Violets; Steling, and gulling Odour. Enough, no more, 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before. O spirit of Loure, how quicke and fresh art thou, That notwithstanding thy capacite, Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there, Of what validity, and pitch so ere, But falls into abatement, and low price Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie, That it alone, is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Curio?

Cur. The Hart.

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have: O when mine eyes did fee Oliue first, Me thought the purd 'tis the syre of peffilence; That infant was I turn'd into a Hart, And my desires like fell and cruel hounds, Ere since pursu me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleafe my Lord, I might not be admitted, But from her handmaid do returne this answer: The Element it selfe, till feuen yeares heste, Shall not behold her face at ample view: But like a Cloytreff she will vailed walke, And water once a day her Chamber round With eye-offending brine: all this to feafon A brothers dead lour, which she would keep to preh And laffing, in her fad remembrance.

Du. O fhe that hath a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of loue but to a brother, How wil the loue, when the rich golden shaft Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elfe That liue in her. When Luer, Braine, and Heart, These foueraine thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd Her sweete perfessions with one felfe King: Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowers, Lost-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylers.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vio. And what Should I do in Illyria?

Cap. My brother he is in Elflum, Perchance he is not drown'd: What think you saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your felde were faued.

Vio. O my poor brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance, Affure your felde, after our ship did split, When you, and those poor number faued with you, Hung on our diuing boates: I saw your brother

Mott prouident in perill, binde himselfe, (Courage and hope both teaching him the practive) To a fittong Maife, that liu'd upon the fca: Where like Orien on the Dolphins backe, I faw him hold acquaintance with the waues,

So long as I could fee.

Vio. For saying fo, there's Gold:

Mine owne eftape vnfoldeth to my hope, Whereto thy fpeech ferves for authority The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrie?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was-bred and borne Not three hours trauailing from this very place:

Vio. Who gouernes here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino: I have heard my father name him.

He was a Batcheller then.

Cap. And fo is now, or was fo very late:

For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of,) That he did fecke the loue of fair Oliue.

Vio. What's theee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count That didl some twelvemonth since, then leaving her In the protection of his fonne, her brother, Who shortly alfo died: for whose deere loue (They fay) she hath abjur'd the light

And company of men.

Vio. O that I faw'd that Lady, And might not be deliered to the world
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

C. That were hard to compare,
Because she will adm't no kind of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

P. There is a faire behavioir in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a minde that suits
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and I Ie pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my aye,
For such disguife as happy shall become
The forme of my intent. Ilke heres this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many forts of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else but hap, to time I will commit,
Only shewe thou thy silence to my wit.

C. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blags, then let mine eyes not see.
Oh. I thankke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure cares an enemie to life.

Mar. By my troth Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a night: your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so bee their boots coon: and they be not, let them hang themselues in their owne fraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talce of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer.

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheke?

Mar. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purposes?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Mar. I, but he'll have but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very fool, and a prodigall.

To. Fle, that you say so: he plays o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speakes three or four languages word for word without bookes, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to alay the guft he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

To. By this hand they are scoundrels and subfra-thers that say fo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreau, he's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke
to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coytrill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his brestes turne o'th too, like a parish top. What wench? Castiliano waggeth here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

And. Bleffe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too Sir.

To. Acquost Sir Andrew, acquost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neces Chamber-maid.


Mar. My name is Mary Sir.

And. Good Milthias Mary, acquost.

To. You militeake knight: Acquost, is front her, boord her, woe her, affyle her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company, Is that the meaning of Acquost?

Mar. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou mightest never draw sword agen.

And. And you parti milthias, I would I might never draw sword agen: Faire Lady, do you think you have foole in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by'h hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Mar. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to the Bottrye barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart) What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke fo: I am not such an affe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your left?

Mar. A dry left Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Mar. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let you go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

To. O knyght, thou lack't a cup of Camariewhen did I fee thee fo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlffe you see Caarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometyme I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beeves, and I beleue that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that I'd forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow Sir Toby.

To. Pur-say my deere knyght?

An. What is pur-say? Do, or not do I would I had belowe that time in the tongwes, that I hauie in fencing dancing, and bear-quatting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of haires.

An. Why, would that hauie mended my hairis?

To. Pait question, for thou feell wilt it not coole my An. But it becomes we wel enoue, dott not (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diffise: & I hope to see a hwufwe take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow Sir Toby, your niece wil not be ferre, or if she be it's four to one, the I'one of me: the Count himselfe here hard by, woces her.

To. She's! none o'th Count, she's! not mauch above his degree, neither in eftate, years, nor wit: I hauie heard her feear't. Tut there's life in man.

And.
And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th
strangest minde, I think; I delight in Mists and Re-
soms time[some]t[s] altogether.
Te. Art thou good at thefe kicke-chawes Knight?
And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with
an old man.
To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
And. Faith, I can cut a caper.
To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.
And. And I think he have the backe-trike, simply as
strong as any man in Illyria.
To. Wherefore are these things bid? Wherefore have
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
dult, like miffis Maf's picture? Why dost thou not go
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?
My verie walke shold be a ligge; I would not go so much
as make water but in a Sinke-a-space: What doest thou
meanes? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did thinke by
the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd un-
der the share of a Galliard.
And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we fit about some Reuels?
To. What shal we do else: we were not borne under
Taurus?
And. Taurus! That fides and heart.
To. No fir, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee cap-
er. Ha, higher ha, ha, excellent. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in masque attire.
Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you,
Cesario, you are like to be more aduan'de, he hath known
you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.
Vis. You either feare his humour, or my negligence,
that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is
he inconfiant fir, in his favours, Val. No beleue me.
Enter Duke, Caro, and Attendants.
Vis. I thank you, sir, a pretty youth. Cesario,
Thou knowest no leffe, but all: I haue vnaclad'd
To thee the booke even of my secret foule.
Therefore good youth, address thy gate unto her,
Be not demie accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
Val. Sure my Noble Lord,
If the be fo abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is sloppy, the newer will admit me.
Duc. Be damorous, and leape all ciull bounds,
Rather then make unprofited returnes.
Vis. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?
Duc. Or then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nunbo's of more graue affect.
Vis. I thinke not so, my Lord.
Duc. Dierre Lady, beleue it;
As there is no true Cockold but calamy, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Cl. Mifprifion in the highest degree. Lady, CaluIus non facit monachum: that’s as much to say, as I were not motley in my braine: good Madona, give mee leave to prooue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Cl. Dexteroosly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofs.

Cl. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Moule of vertue anwer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenefs, I bide your paffe.

Cl. Good Madona, why mournft thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Cl. I think his foole is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foole is in heauen, foole.

Cl. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your brothre foole, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that daeces the wife, doth ever make the better foole.

Clow. God fend you sir, a speadie Incrinfity, for the better increaing your folly: Sir Tody will be Iworn that I am no Fox, but he will not parfe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How fay you to that Maluolio?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in fuch a barren refall: I faw him put down the other day, with an ordinar foole, that has no more braine then a flone. Looke you now, he’s out of his gard already: ymles you laugh and minifter occafion to him, he is gag’d. I profeft I take their Witjemen, that crow fo at these let kindes of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are fickes of felfe-love Maluolio, and taife with a diftemper’d appetit. To be generous, guitleffe, and of free difpofition, is to take thofe things for Bird-bolts, that you demean Cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allow’d foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diffcruet man, though hee do nothing but reprooue.

Cl. Now Mercury induc thee with leafeing, for thou fpeak’st well of foole.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much defires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count Orfeno, is it?

Mal. I know not (Madam) ‘tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mrs. Sir Tody Madam, your kinffman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he spoakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluolio: If it be a fuit from the Count, I am fick, or not at home. What you will, to difminife it.

Exit Maluolio. Now you fee fir, how your fouling growes old, & people diflike it.

Cl. Thou haft spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeft fonne should be a foole who fea fcul, loose cramme with braines, for heere he comes. Enter Sir Tody.

One of thy kin has a moft weake Pin-mater.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. ’Tis a Gentleman here. A plaige o’thefe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Cl. Good Sir Toby.

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come fo early by this Lethargy?

To. Letcherie, I defe Letchery: there’s one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: give me faith fy I. Well, it’s all one. 

Ol. What’s a drunken man like, foole?

Cl. Like a drown’d man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught abowe hette, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and fecke the Crownr, and let him fitte o’my Coze: for he’s in the third degree of drinke: hee’s drown’d! Go looke after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were fickes, he takes on him to vnderfand fo much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were afleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be fald to him Ladie, hee’s fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha’s beene told fo: and hee fayes hee’ll fland at your doore like a Sheriffs poit, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee’ll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o’man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee’ll speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what perfonage, and yeare is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a speach is before th’ a peepid, o’r a Cordling when tis almoft an Apple: ’Tis with him in flanding wa- ter, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour’d, and he speakes verie freewlfith: One would think his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calle. 

Enter. 

Ol. Glue me my valle: come throw it o’re my face, Wee’l once more heare Ofrino Embaffle. 

Enter Violenta. 

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is he?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall anwer for her: you will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquifite, and vnmatchable beau- tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never faw her. I would bee loath to caf away my speech: for botides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let mee ftaiine no foonre; I am very compable, even to the leaft finifter vigne.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can fay little more then I have ftedied, & that question’s out of my part. Good gentle one, glue mee modell affurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

may proceed in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vi. No my profound heart: and yet (by the very
phanges of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you
the Ladie of the howe?

Ol. If I do not vforcer my selfe, I am.

Un. Most certain, if you are the, you do vsr your
selfe: for what is yours to bostowe, is, not yours to re-
verse. But this is from my Commissiow I will on with
my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of
my meffage.

Ol. Come to what is important In't : I forgive you
the praife.

Vi. Alas, I take great pains to fludie it, and 'tis
Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep
it in. I heard you were fawcet at my gates, & allowed your
approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If
you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be briefe:
'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in fo
skipping a Dialogue.

Ol. Will you hony fayle sir, here lies your way.

Vi. No good fawker, I am to hall here a little lon-
er. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie;
tell me your minde, I am a meffenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hidusus matter to deliver,
when the cuterfe of it is fo faare: Speake your office.

Vi. It alone concerns your care: I bring no over-
ture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyfe
in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudey. What are you?

What would you?

Vi. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I
learn'd from my entretaiment. What I am, and what I
would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your cares, Di-
unity to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Glue vs the place alone,
We will hear this dijninite. Now fir, what is your text?

Vi. Moll sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee fai'de
of it. Where lies your Text?

Vi. In Offenses bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vi. To anwer by the method, in the fift of his hart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is hereffe. Have you no more
to fay?

Vi. Good Madam, let me fee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commiffion from your Lord, to
negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but
we will draw the Curtain, and fiew you the picture.
Looke you fir, fuch a one I was this prefent: Ift not well
done?

Un. Excellently done, if God did all.

Vi. 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and wea-
ther.

Vi. 'Tis beauty truly bient, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'th flee aliae,
If you will leade thefes grace to the graue,
And leave the world no cope.

Ol. O fir, I will not be fo hard-hearted: I will give
ouer divours ffeules of my beautie. It flable Incornered
every particle and vftenile label'd to my will: As,
item two lippes indiffer'dl different, Item two grey eyes,
with lid's to them: Item, one nocke, one chin, & forth.
Were you sent hither to praife me?

Vi. I fee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and mafter loues you: O fuch loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-parell of beautie.

Ol. How does he loove me?

Vi. With adorations, fertiell teares,
With groanes that thundre loue, with fighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loove him
Yet I fuppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and staintiffe youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A graculous perfon: But yet I cannot loove him:
He might have tooke his anfwver long ago.

Vi. If I did loove you in my masters flame,
With fuch a fuddling, fuch a deadly life:
In your denail, I would finde no fence,
I would not vnderfand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vi. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my foule within the howe,
Write loyall Cantons of contermined love,
And fing them lowd even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babbling Gofsip of the aire,
Cry out Oladia: O you should not reft
Between the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pitice me.

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vi. Above my fortunes, yet my fate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loove him: let him fend no more,
Vnleffe (perchance) you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your pains: fend this for mee.

Vi. I am no feede pouf, Ladie; keepe your purf,
My Mafter, not my felfe, lacks recompence.
Lowe make his heart of flint, that you fhall love,
And let your tourer like my mafter be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell Fayre crueltie.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my fate is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be fworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limhes, actions, and spirit,
Do glue thee fce-fold blazon: not too falt: soft, soft,
Vnleffe the Mafter were the man. How now?
Even fow quickely may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youtha perfecions
With an infufible, and fubtle health.
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, Malvolio.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your fervice.

Ol. Run after that fame peulish Meffenger
The Countes man: he let this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Defire him not to fatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reafons for't: hee thef Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Ol. I do know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Fate, shew thy force, our felues we do not owe,  
What is decreed, must be: and this fo.  
Find, Actus primus.

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 darkely  
ouer me; the malignance of my fate, might perhaps  
distemper yours: therefore I shall crave of you your lease,  
that I may bear my eues alone. It were a bad recom-  
pence for your love, to lay any of them on you.  
Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.  
Seb. No foot fir: my determinate voyage is meer  
crassasangan. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch  
of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am  
willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners,  
the rather to express my selfe: you must know of mee  
then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodo-  
rigo) my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I  
know you have heard of. He left behind him, my felo's,  
and a fitter, both borne in an houre: if the Heavens had  
beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you fir, al-  
ter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the  
breath of the fea, was my fitter drown'd.  
Ant. Alas the day.  
Seb. A Lady fir, though it was fald fece much remem-  
bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh  
I could not with such eflimable wonder ouer-farre be-  
leeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publie her, fece  
bore a minde that enoy could not but call faire: Shoe is  
drown'd already fir with falt water, though I feeme to  
drowne her remembrance againe with more.  
Ant. Pardon me fir, your bad entertainement.  
Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble.  
Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me  
be your fermanant.  
Seb. If you will not vnde what you have done, that is  
kill him, whom you have recouer'd, defire it not. Fare  
ye well at once, my boforme is full of kindnesse, and I  
am yet fo neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the  
least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am  
bound to the Count Orinno's Court, farewell.  
Exit.  
Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:  
I have many enemies in Orinno's Court,  
Elfe would I very shortly fee thee there:  
But come what may, I do adore thee fo.  
That danger shall feeme sport, and I will go.  
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.  
Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse O-  
livia?  
Vio. Even now fir, on a moderate pace, I have since ar-  
rived but hither.  
Mal. She returns this Ring to you (fir) you might  
have faued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your  
felle. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord  
to into a desperat affurance, she will none of him. And one  
thing more, that you be never so hardie to come againe  
in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking  
of this: recieve it fo.  
Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.  
Mal. Come fir, you peculiarly threw it to her: and  
her will is, it should be fo return'd: If it bee worth roo-  
ping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that  
finds it.  
Exit.  
Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady?  
Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charmed her:  
She made good view of me, indeed so much,  
That me thought her eyes had loft her tongue,  
For she did speake in startes distractedly.  
She loues me sure, the cunning of her paffion  
invites me in this churlish messenger:  
None of my Lord's Ring? Why he sent her none;  
I am the man, if it be fo, as tis,  
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:  
Diligile, I fee thou art a wickedneffe,  
Wherein the present enemie does much.  
How eafe is It, for the proper fals.  
In womans waxen hearts to fet their formes:  
Alas, O fruittie is the caufe, not wee,  
For such as we are made, if fuch we bee:  
How will this fudge? My mater loues her dearely,  
And I (poore moniter) fond affmuch on him:  
And the (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My fute is desperat for my malters loue:  
What thristie fighes fell poore Olive breath?  
O time, thou must vsntangle this, not I,  
It is too hard a knot for me vntnyt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.  
To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after  
night, is to be vp betimes, and Delicous sufferers, 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 faire conclusion: I hate it as an vnkind Canne.  
To be vp after midnight, and to goe to bed then is early:  
fo that to goe to bed after midnight, Is to goe to bed be-  
times. Does not our liues conclus of the foure Ele-  
ments?  
And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather comitts  
of eating and drinking.  
To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke.  
Marian I say, a floupe of wine.  
Enter Cleora.  
And. Here comes the foole yfaith.  
Cla. How now my harris: Did you never see the Pic-  
ture of we three?  
To. Welcome affe, now let's have a catch.  
And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breath. I  
had rather then forty shillinges I had such a legge, and  
fo sweet a breath to finge, as the foole has. Inforth thou wau  
in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'ft of  
Firuggomius, of the Ugians paling the Equinoctial of  
Laubus: twas very good yfaith: I lent thee fixed pence for  

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for thy Lemon, hadst it?
Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity: for Malvolio nose is no Whiptocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Meridmons are no bottle-ale houses.
An. Excellent: Why is this the best footing, when all is done. Now a song.
To. Come on, there is five pence for you. Let's have a song.
An. There's a tearful of me too: if one knight give a Clo. Would you have a lone-song, or a song of good life?
To. A lone song, a lone song.
An. I, I. I care not for good life.
Clowne sings.
O Miftris mine wherebe are you roning?
O flay and breers, your true loues coming,
That can fang both high and low.
Trip no further prettie sweetening:
Journeys end in hours meeting,
Every wife mans some doe know.
An. Excellent good, if faith.
To. Good, good.
Clo. What is loue, to not hereafter,
Prefent mirth, bath prefent laughter:
What's to come, be fill enmore.
In delay there lies no plated,
Then come kift me most and twirse:
Tender a fluff will not endure.
An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.
To. A contagious breath.
An. Very sweet, and contagious ifath.
To. To hear by the noyce, it is dolcot in contagion.
But shall we make the Walkin dance indeed? Shall we rowe the night Oswale in a Catch, that will drawe three foules out of one Wesuer? Shall we do that?
And. And you love me, let's do't: I am dogge at a Catch.
Clo. Byralady fir, and some dogs will catch well.
An. Most ceresane: Let our Catch be, Thou Knaue.
Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrein'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.
An. 'Ts not the first time I have constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foote: it begins hold thy peace.
Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.
An. Good ifath: Come begin. Catch Sing Enter Mars.
Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe here? If my Lady had not call'd vp her Steward Malvolio, and bid him turne you out of dooors, neuer trust me.
To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Malvolio a Pea-ga-name, and These merry men be vee. Am not I confanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Lady, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Babyon, Lady. Clo. Behrow me, the knights in admirable footing.
An. I, he deue me enough if he be fippo'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
To. O the twelfe day of December.
Mar. For the lone O God peace.
Enter Malvolio.
"Mal. My matters are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gibble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an Alehouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cooziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?"

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.
Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kinbman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your sale and your midlemenors, 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 deere heart, since I must needs be gone.
Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.
Clo. His eyes do thow his days are almost done.
Mal. Is't even so?
To. But I will neuer dye.
Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
To. Shall I bid him go.
Clo. What and if you do?
To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.
To. Out o'tune fir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doft thou think because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakea and Ale?
Clo. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.
To. Th'art 'th right. Goe fir, rub your Chains with crums. A flope of Wine Maria.
Mal. Mifrils Mary, if you prizd my Ladies fav'or at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meenas for this vnviill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.
Exit Mar. Go make your eares.
An. 'Twere as good a decide as to drink when a mans a hunge, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promife with him, and make a fool of him.
To. Don't knight, Ile write them a Challenge: or Ile delier thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Countes was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monseur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have witte e-nough to lye freight in my bed: I know I can do it.
To. Poffiefe vs, poffiefe vs, tell vs something of him.
Mar. Marrie fir, sometimes he is a Kind of Puritane.
An. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dogge.
To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.
An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
Mar. The divell a Puritan that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Afe, that cons State without booke, and vters it by great swarts.
The best perfwaded of himselfe: fo 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 reygne finde notable caufe to worke.
To. What wilt thou do?
Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epiftles of louse, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the exprefure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly perforated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diftinction of our hands.
To. Excellent, I fellem a device.
An. I ha't in my nofe too.
To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop thia,
that they come from my Neece, and that file's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.
An. And your horse now would make him an Afe; 
An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phy-
licker will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let
the Fool make a third, where he shall finde the Letter:
observe his construccion of it: For this night to bed, and
dream on the event: Farewell. Exit.

To. Good night Pentjifila.

An. Before me he's a good wench.
To. She's a beaglie true bred, and one that adores me:
what o'that?
An. I was ador'd once too.
To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for
more money.
An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way
off.
To. Send for money knight, if thou haft her not 'tth
call, me Cut.
An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
To. Come, come, Ite go burne some Sacke, its too late
to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Carius, and others.

Du. Give me some Mufick; Now good morow frends.
Now good Cefario, but that peecie of fong,
That old and Antickie fong we heard last night;
Me thought it did release my passion much,
More then light syres, and recollected terms
Of thefe moft brisk and giddy-paced terms.
Come, but on e vere.

Car. He is not here (so plese your Lordshippe) that
should fing it?
Du. Who was it?

Car. Fellow the Ieather my Lord, a fool that the Ladie
Olivias Father tooke much delight in. He is about the
houfe.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Mufick plays.

Come hither Boy, if euuer thou fhalte loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For fuch as I am, all true Louers are,
From all their paines, and shades of darknes; the
Soul in the confunct image of the creature
That is bellow'd. How doft thou like this tune?

viso. It gives a very echo to the eate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou doft speake matterly,
My life upon, young though thou art, thinne eye
Hath flid upon some favour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

viso. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman ift?

Car. Of your compliection.

Du. She is not worth thee then, what yeares if faith?

viso. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her felfe, so weares fhe to him;
So faways the leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do prale our felues,
Our fancies are more giddle and unforme,
More longing, wauering, fooner loft and worn,
Then womens are.

viso. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonder then thy felfe,
Or thy affeclion cannot hold the bent: For
women are as Roffa, whofe faire bowre
Being once defpill'd, doth fall that verie howre.

viso. And fo they are: alas, that they are fo:
To die, euene when they to perfection grow.

Enter Carius & Chorus.

Du. O fellow come, the fong we had laft night:
Markie it Cefario, it is old and plaines;
The Spinifiers and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that waste their thread with bones,
Do wee to caunt it: it is filly footh,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Ch. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee fing.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in fad cyprefle let me be laide.
Eye away, fie away breath,
I am faine by a faire cruel maide.
My forefawd white, fluck all with Eeu, O preparit me.
My part of death no one fo true did fhare it.

Not a flower, not a fower sweete.
On my blacke cofin, let there be firemaus.
Not a friend, not a friend greet.
My poore cares, where my bones fhalbe thrown.
A thousand thousand f refreshed by, hey me & where
Sad true louer never find his grave, to wepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Ch. No paines fir, I take pleafure in finging fir.

viso. Ile pay thy pleafure then.

viso. Truely fir, and pleafure will be pale one time, or
another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leaue thee.

viso. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
mind is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch confan-
tie purpofe, that their hufbandles might be every thing,
and their intent exerice where, for that's it, that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. Exit.

Du. Let all the reft give place: Once more Cefario,
Get thee to yond fame loueraigne cruellie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prides not quantitie of dircle lands,
The parts that fortune hath beftow'd upon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Ifmans
That nature prances her in, attacts my foule.

viso. But if the cannot loue you fir.

viso. It cannot be fo anfwer'd.

viso. Sooth but you maft.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivias: you cannot loue her:
You tel her fo: Muf she not then be anfwer'd?

viso. There is no womans fides
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Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth glue my heart: no woman's heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alias, their love may be call'd appetite.
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suff'ri fur'ts, clomoy, and resuelt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene what love a woman can bare me,
And that I owe Oussia.
'Uvs. I but I know.
Du. What dost thou knowe?
'Uvs. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.
Du. And what's her history?
'Uvs. A blanke my Lord: the neuer told her love,
But let concealment like a worme I' th bude
Feeds on her damake checke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholy,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeeide?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we prove
Much in our woves, but little in our love.
Du. But did'st thy fitter of her loue my Boy?
'Uvs. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shal I to this Lady?
Du. I that's the Thename,
To hit in hafe: glue her this Jewell: say,
My loue can glue no place, bide no deny,

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay lie come: if I looke a frupule of this sport,
Let me be houre I'd to death with Melancholy.
To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
Rafially theepe-bitter, come by some notable thame?
'Uvs. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
To favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.
To. To anger him we'll have the Bear againe, and
We will foole him blacke and broun, shall we not sir Andrew?
An. And we do not, it is prite of our lives.
Enter Maria.
To. Heere comes the little villainne: How now my
Mette of India?
Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Maluliis's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder I'the
Sunne praffiding behauiour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close
in the name of lealit, lye thou there: for heere comes
the Trowy, that mutt be caught with tickling.
Exit Enter Maluilio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did afffect me, and I have heard her self come
thus near, that should thee fancie, it should be one of
my complection. Befides the vfits me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that follows her. What
should I thynke on't?
To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.
Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he lets vnder his advanc'd plumes.
And. Sliht I could fo bate the Rogue.
To. Peace I say.
Mal. To be Count Maluilio.
To. Ah Rogue.
An. Fitroll him, pitroll him.
To. Peace, peace.
Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Strea-
chey, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
An. Fic on him Iezabel.
Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blowes him.
Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her,
fitting in my flate.
To. O for a flone-bow to hit him in the eye.
Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Vebet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
have left Oussia sleeping.
To. Fire and Brimstone,
Fa. O peace, peace.
Mal. And then to haue the humor of flate: and after
a damare trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to sake for my
kinman Toby.
To. Boltes and sheakles.
Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.
Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedience start,
mak out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
winder vp my watch, or play with my some rich Irewell:
Toby approacheth; curtesies there to me.
To. Shal I this fellow slue?
Fa. Though our flence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace.
Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.
To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
th'em?
Mal. Saying, Coine Toby, my Fortunes hauing caft
me on your Neres, glue me this prerogatiue of Speech.
To. What, what?
Mal. You muft amend your drunkenneffe.
To. Out fceab.
Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our
plot?
Mal. Befides you waffe the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.
And. That's mee I warrant you.
Mal. One fir Andrew.
And. I knew twas I, for many do call mee foole.
Mal. What employment have we heere?
Fa. Now is the Woodcooke neere the gin.
To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
ding aloud to him.
Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theebe bee her
very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes thee het
great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.
An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?
Mal. To the unknowne belo'd, this, and my good Wybes:
Her very Phraes: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the in-
pressure her Laurets, with which the vfits to seale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?
Fab. This winnes him, Luiter and all.
Mal.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Mal. I love knowes I love, but who, Lias do not knowe, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee Malvolio? To. Martin hang thee brooks.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucr
craft knife: With bloodstiffe stroke my heart dotb gore, M. O. A. I. dotb

Oui by my life.

To. A fulldan riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I. Mal. M. O. A. I. doth fry my life. Nay but first let me fee, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dill a poyson have the dret him? To. And with what wing the fhalion checks at it? Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why thee may command me: I ferue her, she is my Ladie. This is cxudient to any formal capacitie. There is no obstretion in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical poffi

tion portend, if I could make that refemblle something in the See. M. O. A. I. To. O, I. make vp that, he is now at a cold fent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vonp for all this, though it be as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no connonym in the fquell

that suffen under probation: A. should follow, but O. does.

To. And O. shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ie cudgel him, and make cry O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

To. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might fee more detraction at your heele, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. This fimulation is not as the formers: and yet to cruith this a little, it bowd to mee, for e-every one of thefe Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows profe: If the fall into thy band, resolue. In my heart I am aboe thee, but be not afraid of greatnelfe: Some are become great, some areheeme greatniffe, and some have greatniffe thrue vpnon em. Thy fates open the hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-

vre thy felfe to what thou art like to be: caft thy humble fough, and appeare frith. Be opposite with a kinfman, furly with feruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of flate: put thy felfe into the trikes of singularitie. Shee thus adulfes thee, that fitges for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow flockings, and wish'd to fee thee
euer croffe gar'd: I fay remember, goo too, thou art made if thou deffir to be fo: If not, let me thee a fte

ward fell, the fellow of feruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fngers Farewell, Shee that would alter feruices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight and champaign difcouers not more: This is open, we bee

proud, I will reade polittie Authors, I will baffe Sir Tobe, I will walk with open acquaintance, I will be point deufe, the very man. I do not now foole my felfe, to let imagination lade mee: for every reafon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow flockings of late, ftee did praife my legge being croffe-gar'd, and in this the manifests her felle to my loue, & with a kinde of inclination drives mee to these habites of her: for I mke mine iffe, I am happy: I will be

strange, fweet, in yellow flockings, and croffe Gar'd,
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Clo. Truth sir, I can yield you none without wordes, and wordes are grown to faile, I am loath to prove reason with them. 

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for nothing. 

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my confidence sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible. 

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? 

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady Oliua has no folly, thee will keep no fool for thee, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his corruptions of words. 

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. 

Clo. Foolery sir, does walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be foffy sir, but the fool should be as oft with your Mother, as with my Mistres: I think I saw your wifedome there. 

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee. 

Clo. Now in heeue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard. 

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almoft fickle for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within? 

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred sir? 

Vio. Do you keep together, and yet to live. 

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Polygamy sir, to bring a Creffida to this Troylus. 

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd. 

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begged, but a beggar: Creffida was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will confer to them whences you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my wellkin, I may fay element, but the word is over-worne. 

Vio. This fellow is wife enough to play the fool, And to do that well, cranes a kind of wit: He must obvserve their mood on whom he leats, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather. That comes before his eye. This is practive, As full of labour as a Wife-man Art: For folly that he wifefully theves, is fit; But widerness folly, quite that is their wit. 

Enter Sir Toby and Andrews. 

To. Saue you Gentleman. 

Vio. And you sir. 

And. Dieu vous guard Monfieur. 

Vio. Et vouz oisie oifrez. 

To. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours. 

To. Will you encounter the housey, my neece is dennisous you shoule enter, if your trade be to her. 

To. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane she is the list of your voyage. 

To. Take your legges fir, put them to motion. 

To. My legges do better vnderstand me fir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me take my leggs. 

To. I meane to go fir, to enter. 

To. I will anfwer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented. 

Enter Oliva, and Gentlewomen. 

Most excellent accompli'd Lady, the heavens raine O-dours on you. 

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel. 

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchfaded care. 

And. Oudours, pregnant, and vouchfaded: Ile get 'em all three already. 

Os. Let the Garden door be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Glue me your hand fir. 

Os. My dutie Madam, and most humble servuce 

Vio. What is your name? 

Vio. Cefario is your feruants name, faire Princeillo. 

Os. My feruant fir? It was never merry world, 

Vio. Since lowly feigning was call'd complement: 

you're feruant to the Count Orsino youth. 

Vio. And he is yours, and his much needs be yours: your feruants feruant, is your feruant Madam. 

Os. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me. 

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts 

On his behalfe. 

Os. O by your leave I pray you, 

I bad you neuer speake againe of him; 

But would you vndertake another fuite 

I had rather heare you, to folicit that, 

Then Muficke from the fiiheares. 

Vio. Deere Lady. 

Os. Glue me leave, befeech you: I did fende, 

After the laft enchantment you did heare, 

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abufe 

My felle, my feruant, and I feare me you: 

Vnder your hard constrution muff I fit, To force that on you in a flamefull cunning. 

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? 

Have you not ftet mine Honor at the stake, 

And baited it with all thy dumnsed thoughts 

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 

Enough is thewes, a Cipreffe, not a bofome, 

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake. 

Vio. I pittie you. 

Os. That's a degree to loue. 

Vio. No not a grize: for is a vulgar prove 

That verie off we pitty enemies. 

Os. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen: 

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud! 

If one should be a prey, how much the better 

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe? 

Cliche strikes. 

The clocke upbraides me with the waffe of time: 

Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you, 

And yet when vic and youth is come to harueft, 

your wife is like to reap a proper man: 

There lies your way, due Wett. 

Vio. Then Wettward hoe: 

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: 

you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me: 

Os. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkeft of me? 

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are. 

Os. If I think ffo, I thinke the fame of you. 

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am. 

Os. I would you were, as I would have you be, 

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am? 

I wish it might, for now I am your foole. 

Os. O what a deale of loose, looke's beautfull? 

In the contempt and anger of his lip, 

A murderous guilt thewes not it felt more foone. 

Then loue that would feeeme hild: Lous night is noone. 

Cefario, by the Roses of the Spring, 

By maids-hood, honor, truth, and every thing, 

I loue thee fo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my pallion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I wou'd, though therefore ha'ft no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fitter:
Loose sought, is good: but given vnfought, is better.
\(\text{Viv.}\) By innocence I sware, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mis'rs be of it, fay I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, never more,
Will I my Maffers tears to you deplor.
\(\text{Ol.}\) Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhorres, to like his love. \textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Scæna Secunda.}

\textbf{Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.}

\textit{And.} No faith, Ile not stay a lot longer:
\textit{To.} Thy reason deere venom, glue thy reason.
\textit{Fab.} You must needs yeeld ye reason, Sir \textit{Andrew}?
\textit{And.} Marry I swear your Neece do more favours to the
Counts Sering-man, then ever she bioke'd upon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard.
\textit{To.} Did shee the while, old boy, tell me that.
\textit{And.} As plain as I see you now.
\textit{Fab.} This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
\textit{And.} Slight; will you make an Affe' o'me.
\textit{Fab.} I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of
judgement, and reason.
\textit{To.} And they have beene grand Jurie men, since before
\textit{Nowas} was a Saylor.
\textit{Fab.} Shee did shew favour to the youth in your fayth,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormoufe valoure,
and put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
you should then have accouted her, and with some excel-
\textit{\footnotesize lent} tefts, fire-new from the mint, you should have bangued
the youth into dumbenesse; this was look'd for at your hand,
and this was baultt: the double gilt of this opportu-
tinite you let time wafh off, and you are now fayled into
the North of my Ladys opinion, where you will hang
like a yfickel on a Dutchmans beard, vaile ye do re-
deam it, by some laudable attempt, either of valoure or
police.
\textit{And.} And't be any way, it must be with Valoure, for
police I hate: I had as like be a Browniff, as a Polit-
cian.
\textit{To.} Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the baft of
valoure.Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
hurt him in ecleun places, my Neece shall take note of it,
and affure thy selfe, there is no louse-Broker in the world,
can more preuize in mannes commendation with woman,
then report of valoure.
\textit{Fab.} There is no way but this sir \textit{Andrew}.
\textit{An.} Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
\textit{To.} Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wite, so it bee eloquent, and full of
inuention: taunt him with the licene of Inke: if thou
thous'lt him some thrice, it shall not amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy fletee of paper, although the
fletee were bigge enough for the bedde of \textit{Ware} in Eng-

\textit{Scæna Tertia.}

\textbf{Enter Schoflian and Antonia.}

\textit{Seb.} I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleafure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.
\textit{Ant.} I could not stay behind you: my desire
(More harpe then fled hrose) did pufle me forth,
And not all love to fee you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But ieauflie, what might befal your ruell,
Being skilleffe in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vaguiled, and unfriendd, often prous
Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of fear
Set forth in your pursuite.
\textit{Seb.} \textit{My kinde Antonia,}
I can no other anfwer make, but thankes,
And thankes; and cover off good turners,
Are fuffel'd off with fuch vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my confience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the religes of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow first, first first go see your Lodging?
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let us fasting our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would you't pardon me?
I do not without danger walke these freetees.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallsies,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belleke you saw great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have gluen vs bloody argument:
It might have beene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Tragiques sake
Most of our City did.
Onely my felfe flood out,
For which if I be lapped in this place
I shall pay deere.
Seb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold fir, here's my purfe,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is set to lodge: I will befeake our dyet,
While you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me,
Seb. Why your purfe?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You have desire to purchase: and your store
I think is not for idle Markets, fir.
Seb. Ile be your purfe-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Oliula and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he fayes hee'el come:
How shall I feaft him? What bellow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and ciuill,
And suiteth well for a fervant with my fortunes,
Where is Maluolio?
Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very strang manner. He is fere pooffet Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but flime: your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if hee cometh for the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as made as hee,
If sad and meary madneffe euall bee.
How now Maluolio?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smilt thou? I fent for thee vpone 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
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Mal. Why dooth 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 Commandes shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?
Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and hee come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee! Why doft thou smile so, and kiffe thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you Maluolio?
Malu. At your request:
Yes Nightingales anfwer Dawes.
Mar. Why appare you with this ridiculous boldneffe before my Lady?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe: 'twas well writ:
Ol. What meanes thou by that Maluilio?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheue greatneffe.
Ol. What fay'st thou?
Mal. And some have greatneffe thrust vpon them.
Ol. Heauen reforfe thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings?
Ol. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. And with'd to fee thee croffe garter'd.
Ol. Croffe garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defir'lt to be fo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me fee thee a fervant still.
Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Sv. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count Orfino's is return'd, I could hardly entreat him becke: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.
Ol. He come to him.
Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Coine Toby, let some of my people have a special car of him: he would not have him millcarie for the halfe of my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worfe man then fir Toby to looke to me. This concures diretly with the Letter, the fends him on purpofe, that I may appeare fluborne to him: for he incites me to that in the Letter. Caff thy humble fough fayes the: be oppofite with a Kinimian, furiy with fervants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of flate, put thy felfe into the tricke of fingularity: and confequently fetts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a flow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and to forth. I haue lynde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not Maluolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres togither, that no drunke of a spruce, no spruce of a spruce, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnfafe circumstance: What can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full profpect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z. 2 To.


Te. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the devils of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe poffeft him, yet lye speake to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how fit with you far? How fit with you man?

Mal. Go off, I dard you: let me enjoy my priuate go off.

Mar. Lo, how hallow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Malvolio? How fit with you? What man,deite the devill: consider, he is an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Li you, and you speake ill of the devill, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th wile woman.

Mar. May it be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then lye say.

Mal. How now mistri?

Mar. Oh Lord.

Te. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not fee you mouse him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou chuck?

Mal. Sir,

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minax.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneffe.

Mal. Go hang your felches all: you are yde shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. Exit Te. Itt poffible?

Fa. If this were plaide vpone a flage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deane man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, leafe the deacon take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indece.

Mar. The howle will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee' ll have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleev that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleafure, and his penance, till we very pale time tyred out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him at which time, we will bring the deacon to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but fee, but fee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ift so fancy?

And. I, if it? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, take no sooner than art, than art but a scrawny fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will fowe thee no reason for't.

(Law

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of '

To. Thou confi the Lady Olivia, and in my sight the es that kindly: but thou lyeft in thy throat, that is not the matter. I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breve, and to exceeding good fence-leffe.

To. I will way-lay thee going hence, where if in thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kill me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keep it' th windle fide of the Lawgood.

Feb. Furtzwerell, and God have mercie upon one of our foes.

He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope it better, for hee makes to my selfe. Thy friend as thou woffit him. And thy enemies, Andrew Auye-checkers.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legs cannot: Ile giue't him.

Mar. You may have verie fit occasion fott: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will be and by depart.

Te. Go for Andrew: stout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bann-Bayle: so soone as euer thou fee't him, draw, and as thou draw'ft, sweare horrible: for t comes to paffe off, that a terrible oath, with a fwayne-Singlery accent sharply twangs'd off, glues manbooke more approbation, then ever proove it selfe youe would care'nd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing. Exit To. Now will not I deliver his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leef. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But fit, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth: let vpone Auye-checker a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moft hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuousifie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neece, glue them way dill he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I will meditate the while vpone some horrid meffage for a Challenge.

Ol. I have fayd too much onto a hart of stone, and laid mine honour too vnharty on't:

There's something in me that reproves my fault:

But such a head-strong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproofe.

Vien. With the fame hauour that your passion beares,

Goes on my Mothers greenes checkers.

Ol. Heere, were this Jewell for me, tis my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vexe you:

And I beleev you come againe to morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I cle deny,

That honour (so'd) may vpone asking give.

Vien. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with my honor may I giue him that,

Which I have gluen to you.

Vien. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-th'weel,

A Fiend like thee might beare my foole to bell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And you see.
To. That defence thou hast, take the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of deslight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dimish thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affaylant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
To. You'll finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

I pray you sir what is he?
To. He's knight double with vnhand'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a duellist in private brall, foules and bodies hath he duore'd three, and his incencement at this moment is so implacable, that fatisfaclion can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: go't or take't.

I will returne against the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kines of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk:

Sir, no: his indignation derives it selfe out of a very compeint inure, therefore get you on, and examine his designe. Barke you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safficiet you might answer him: therefore on, or slippe your sword stark naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

This is as vnhall as strange. I beseach you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
To. I will doe fo. Signour Fabian, say you this Gentleman, till my returne.

Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?
Fab. I know the knight is incentif against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

I beseach you what manner of man is he?
Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooff of his valour. He is indeed skilful, the most skilfull, bloody, & fataly opposite that you could possibily have found in anie part of Llyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priel, then sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

Why man hee a verie duell, I have not seen such a frago: I had a passe with him, rapier, feaboard, and all: and he gives me the fracke in with such a mortal motion that it is insuteable: and on the answre, he payes you as furely, as your feetes hits the ground they flapp on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.
To. But he will not now be pacified
Fabian can scarfe hold him yonder.

Plague on't, and I thought he had beene villain, and so cunning in Fencer, I'de have seen him damn'd er I'de have finished him. Let him let the matter slip, and

Ile give him my horse, gray Caplet.
To. Ile make the motion: stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of foules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrell, I have perfwaded him the youths a duell.
To. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Bear were at his heele.
To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath fake: marrie hee hath better bethowth him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talcing of: therefore draw for the suportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.
Fab. Glue ground if you see him furious.
To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors fake have one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you.

You come on, to't.

Pray God he keeps his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Do affure you this against my will.
Ant. Put vp your scowre: if this yong Gentleman have done ofence, I take the fault on me:
To. If you offend him, I for him deifie you.
To. You sir? Why, what are you?
Ant. One fir, that for his loue dures yet do more
Then you have heard brag to you will.
To. Nay, if you be an vnderaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

O good sir Toby hold: here come the Officers.
To. Ile be with you anon.

Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will bearre you easly, and raines well.

This is the man, do thy Office.

Put vp your sword vp if you please.

You do mistake me sir.

No sir, no lot: I know your favour well:
Though now you have no Sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answre it:
What will you do: now my necessity
Makes me to sike you for my purfe. It greeues me much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befts my fel: you fland amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

Come sir away.

I must entertaine of you some of that money.

What money sir?
For the faire kindnesse you have show'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffe.

Will you deny me now,
It possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perfusion. Do not tempt my misery,
Ile that it make me fo unfound a man
As to vphraid you with those kindnesse

That
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you.

*V*.

I know of none,

Nor know I you by name, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainness, and drinking drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* Oh heavens themelves.

*V.* Come sir, I pray you go.

*Ant.* Let me speake a little. This youth that you see

I snatch'd one halfe out of the lawes of death, (here,

Releeu'd him with such fanfitle of loue;

And to his image, which me thought did promisse

Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

*Ant.* But oh, how wilde an idlour proves this God:

Thou haft *Schafian* done good feature, shame.

In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:

None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Vertue is beauty, but the beautuous eueil

Are drunkend out foureth by the deuell.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:

Come, come sir.

*Ant.* Leade me on. 

*V*.

Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye

That he believes himselfe, so do I not; I

Prove true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hithet *Fabian*: Weel

whilper ore a couplet or two of mott fage fawes.

*V*.

He nam'd *Schafian*: I my brother know

Yet living in my glaide's even fuch, and so

In favour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,

Tempets are kinde, and falt waues freh in loue.

To. A very dinnishet paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Hare, his dinnishety appears, in leading his friend

here in neceflity, and denying him: and for his coward-

ship ask *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A Coward, a most deouet Coward, religious in

it.

*And.* Sild lie after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, couffe him foundly, but never draw thy sword

*And.* And I do not.

*Fab.* Come, let's fee the event.

To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. 

Exit

Aulus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter *Schafian* and *Cloane*.

Clo. Will you make me beleue, that I am not sent for

you?

*Sch*. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be cleare of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

speake with her: nor your name is not *Mafter Cefarion*,

nor this is not my nofe neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.

*Sch*. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou

know'ld not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some

great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a

Cockney: I prethee now neglig thy stranges, and tell

me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hire

that thou art comming?

*Sch*. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's

money for thee, if thou tarry longer, I shall give worne

paimeant.

Clo. By my troth I haft an open handythese Wise-

men that glue fodes money, get themfelves a good re-

port, after foureteene yeares purchafe.

Enter *Andrew*, *Toby*, and *Fabian*.

*And.* Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

*Sch*. Why there's for thee, and ther, and there,

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold fir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houfe.

Clo. This Will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be

in fome of your costs for two pence.

To. Come on fir, hold.

*And.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke

with him: Ile have an action of Battery againft him, if

there be any law in Illyria: though I broke him firft, yet

it's no matter for that.

*Sch*. Let go thy hand.

To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my yong

foolier put vp your yron: you are well ftreng'th

Come on.

*Sch*. I will be free from thee. What would it now?

If thou darst tempe me further, draw thy fword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter *Olivia*.

*Ol.* Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

*To.* Madam.

*Ol.* Will it be euer thus? *Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners were preach'd out of my light.

Be not offended, deere *Cefario*:

Rudesbye be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy faire wifedome, not thy passion fway

In this vnchull, and vnint extent

Againft thy peace. Go with me to my houfe,

And haere thou there how many fteinlesse pranks

This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayft smile atthis: Thou shalt not choofe but goe:

*Do* not deny, behew his foule for me,

He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.

*Sch*. What relifh is in this? How turns the dreame?

Or I am mad, or clese this is a dreame:

Let fancie fill my fenfe in Lethe fleep,

If it be thus to dreame, fill let me fleep.

*Ol.* Nay come I prethee, would thou'dt be rul'd by me

*Sch*. Madam, I will.

*Ol.* O by th, and fo be.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter *Maria* and *Cloane*.

*Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,

make him beleue thou art fir *Tops* the Curate, doe it

quickly. He call for *Toby* the whiflet.

Clo. Well, He put it on, and I will difsemble my felfe

in't, and I would I were the firft that euer difembled in

such
in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be fald an honest man and a good houf-
keeper goes as fairely, as to fay, a carefull man, & a great fchooler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jowe bleffe thee M. Parfon.

Cl. Bona dies fi Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage
that neuer faw pen and inke, very wittily fayd to a Neece
of King Carobodaches, that that is, is: fo I being M. Parfon,
am M. Parfon, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?
To. To him fi Toby.

Cl. What hoa, I fay, Peace in this prison.

To. The knafe counterfets well: a good knafe.

Mal. Who calls there?

Cl. Sir Toby the Curate, who comes to visit Malw-
de the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir Toby, fir Toby, good sir Toby goe to my Ladie.

Cl. Out hyperbolicall fayd, how vexet thoo this man?
Thatkeft thou nothing but of Ladis? Tor.
Fell fald M. Parfon.

Mal. Sir Toby, neuer man was thus wronged, good fir
Toby do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee
here in hideous darkneffe.

Cl. Fye, thou diuhenot fathen: I call thee by the
mofl modest termes, fo for one am of those gentle ones,
that will vfe the diuell himfelfe with curtefe: fayf thoo
that house is darke?

Mal. As hell fir Toby.

Cl. Why it hath bay Windows tranfparant as bari-
cades, and the cleere flutes toward the South north,
as fubfus as Ebony: and yet complaintef thou of ob-
trufion?

Mal. I am not mad fir Toby, I fay to you this house is
darke.

Cl. Madman thou erreft: I fay there is no darkneffe
but ignorance, in which thou art more puell'd then the
Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I fay this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh
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 triall of it in any confant queftion.

Cl. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the foule of our grandsman, might happily
inhabit a bird.

Cl. What thinkft thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule: and no way aproue
his opinion.

Cl. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkneffe,
thou fhal hold th'o pinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow
of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, left thou dif-
pollffe the foule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Toby, fir Toby.

Tob. My moft exquitte fir Toby.

Mal. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightt have done this without thy berr
and goune, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word
how thou findft him: I would we were well ridde of this
knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliver'd, I would
he were, for I am now fo farre in office with my Niece,
that I cannot puruie with any fafety this fport the vpe-
footh. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Cl. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
does.

Mal. Foole.

Cl. My Lady is vnkind, perfit.

Mal. Foole.

Cl. Alas why is the fo?

Mal. Foole, I fay.

Cl. She loseth another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deferue well at
my hande, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:
as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee
for't.

Cl. M. Malwino?

Mal. I good Foole.

Cl. Alas fir, how fell you besides your fue witts?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man fo notoriouly a-
bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Cl. But as well then you are mad indeede, if you be
no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propirieted me: keape mee
in darkneffe, fend Ministers to me, Affes, and doe all they
can to face me out of my wits.

Cl. Advife you what you fay: the Miniiter is heere.

Malwino, Malwino, thy wittes the heavens restore: en-
deavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble
babble.

Mal. Sir Toby.

Cl. Maintain as words with him good follow.

Who I fir, not I fir. God buy you good fir Toby: Mar-
ry Amen. I will fir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I fay.

Cl. Alas fir be patient. What fay you fir, I am shent
for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some
paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in
Illyria.

Cl. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke,pa-
pers, and light: and conuyen what I will fed downe to my
Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then euer the bea-
ing of Letter did.

Cl. I will help you too's. But tel me true, are you not
mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Believe me I am not, I tell thee true.

Cl. Nay, fie were believe a madman till I fee his brains
I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
I prethie be goue.

Cl. I am gone fir, and anon fir,
Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to fufiane.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paitre thy mayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Schafian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This peçaile she gave me, I do jec't, and fee't,
And though't wonder that envraps me thus,

Yet
Yet 'tis not madneffe. Where's Antionio then, 
I could not finde him at the Kneate, 
Yet tere he was, and there I found this credite, 
That he did range the town to fecke me out, 
His counsell now might do me golden service, 
For though my soule dyptes well with my fence, 
That this may be some error, but no madneffe, 
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, 
So farre exceed all in trance, all discord, 
That I am readie to diffcruit mine eyes, 
And wrangle with my reason that pervades me 
To any other truth, but that I am mad, 
Or els the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so, 
She could not fway her houfe, command her followers, 
Take, and glue backe affayres, and their dispatch, 
With such a smooth, diffciret, and fizable bearing 
As I perceiue the do's: there's something in't 
That is deceleuate. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Oliva, and Priit.

Ol. Blame not this hafte of mine: if you meane well 
Now go with me, and with this holy man 
Into the Chantry by tere before him, 
And underneath that confecrated roofe, 
Plight me the full assurance of your faith, 
That my most fealefull, and too doubtfull soule 
May live at peace. He shall conclude it, 
While you are willing it shall come to note, 
What time we will our celebration keepe 
According to my birth, what do you say? 
Sd. Ie follow this good man, and go with you, 
And having fware true, eater will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heavens so shine, 
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exit.

Finis Actus Quartvs.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleone and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me fee his Letter.

Cl. Good M. Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to fee this Letter.

Fab. This is to glaue a dogge, and in recompence desire 
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Oliva, friends?

Cl. I fir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doe'st thou my good Fellow?

Cl. Truely fir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Du. fuft the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Cl. No fir, the worfe.

Du. How can that be?

Cl. Marry fir, they praise me, and make an affe of me, 
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aife: to that by my 
fasses fir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my 
friends I am abuted: to that conclusions to be as knifes, if 
your foule negatives make your two affirmatives, why 
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth fir, no: though it pleafe you to be 
one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worfe for me, there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double dealing fir, I would 
you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counsell.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket fir, for this once, 
and let your flefh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double 
dealer: there's another.

Cl. Prima, secunda, tertia, is a good play, and the olde 
saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex fir, is a good 
tripping measure, or the belles of S. Bennet fir, may put 
you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can folee no more money out of mee at this 
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to 
speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake 
my bounty further.

Cl. Marry fir, hallooby to your bounty till I come a-
gen. I go fir, but I would not have you to thinke, 
that my deffe of hauing is the finner of constouninge: but as 
you say fir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it 
anon.

Exit.

Enter Antionio and Officers.

Fin. Here comes the man fir, that did relieve mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well, 
yet when I faw it laft, it was befmer'd 
As blake as Vulcan, in the fmoake of warre: 
A bawbling Vefiell was he Captaine of, 
For fhanke draught and bulke unpriuizable, 
With which fuch fcatfull grapple did he make, 
With the moft noble bottome of our Fleete, 
That very enuy, and the tongue of loffe 
Crude fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

Offi. Orfana, this is that Antionio 
That tookke the Pheonix, and her fraught from Candy, 
And this is he that did the Tiger boord, 
When your yong Nephew Titus loft his legge; 
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and flate, 
In prinate bramble did we apprehend him.

Ulo. He did me kindneffe fir, drew on my fide, 
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me, 
I know not what twas, but diffraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe, 
What foolish boldneffe brought thee to their mercies, 
Whom thou in termes fo bloudie, and so deere 
Haft made thine enemies?

Ant. Orfana: Noble fir, 
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee: 
Antionio nearer yet was Theeke, or Pyrate, 
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough 
Orfana's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither: 
That moft ingratefull boy there by your fide, 
From the rude fees enrag'd and foamy mouth 
Did I redeem: a wracke paff hope he was: 
His life I gue before, and did thereto addde 
My loue without retention, or refraining, 
All his in dedication. For his fake, 
Did I expose my felle (pure for his loue) 
Into the danger of this aduerce Towne, 
Drew to defend him, when he was beset: 
Where being apprehended, his falle cunning 
(Not maning to partake with me in danger) 
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, 

And
And grew a twente yeeres remoyed thing
While one would winke  i denie me mine owne purfe,
Which I had recommended to his vfe,
Not halfe an houre before.

Pis. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ans. To day my Lord : and for three months before,
No intrin, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Here comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes on earth :
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three moneths this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
What Olivia may forfeite me unnoticable?
Cefario, you do not keepe promife with me.

Pis. Madam:
Du. Gracious Olivia.
Ol. What do you say Cefario? Good my Lord.

U. My Lord would speake, my dutie hoppes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulome to mine eare
As howling after Mufccke.


Du. What to peruerfeneffe? you vnciull Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfullit offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become him.
Du. Why should I not (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian thefie, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a fauage jealousie,
That sometime fauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caft my faith,
And that I partly know the instrumen
That crewe me from my true place in your favour:
Llue you the Marble-breded Tirant fill,
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heauen I swears, I tender dearly,
Hum I will tare out of that cruell eye,
Where he fits crowned in his masters fight,
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I doe love,
To feight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

U. And I most locum, apd, and willinge,
To do you red, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes Cefario?

Pis. After him I love,
More then I love thefe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.

If I do feigne, you wittenesse abuse
Panish my life, for tainting of my love.

Ol. Aye me defteeted, how am I beguiled?

U. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Halt thou forgott thy felie? Is it fo long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband, firrah!

Pis. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baladelfe of thy feare,

That makes thee frangile thy propriety:
Fere not Cefario, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'lt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear't.

Enter Prieff.

Ol. Welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heree to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reveale before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly pist, between this youth, and me.

Prieff. A Contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirmed by mutuall loyned of your hands,
Attented by the holy clofe of lippes,
Strengtnd by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact?

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I have travailed but two houres.

Du. O thou dissimbling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath bow'd a grizzle on thy cacke?
Or will not elles thy craft fo quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direcly thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

Pis. My Lord, I do protest.
Ol. O do not swear,
Hold little faith, though thou haft too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to fir Toby.
Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'm brooke my head a-croffe, and has sign'd fir Toby a bloody Coxecombe too : for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this fir Andrew?

And. The Count Gentleman, we tooke him for a Coward, but he's the verie dizzell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman Cefario?

And. Odd's lifelings heere is he : you broke my head for nothing, and that I did, I was fent on to do't by fir Toby.

Pis. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you : you drew your sword vpon me without caufe,
But I beffcape you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clown.

And. If a bloody coxecombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me : I thinkke you fet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe.

Heree comes fir Toby halting, you shall haue more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, his hurt me, and there's th'end on't; Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, eat?

Ol. O he's drinke fir Toby an houre agoe: his eyes were fet at eight i' the morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paffy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. I le helpe you fir Toby, because we'll be dreffed together.

To. Will you helpe an Affe-head, and a coxecombe, & a knave: a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

Ol.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Os. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to too. Enter Sebastian.
Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinman: But had it beene the brother of my blood, I must have done no leffe with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you:

Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowe.

We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two person.

A natural Perfection, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio; O my deere Antonio,
How haue the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Antonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple clef in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Os. Mother, wonderfull.

Seb. Do you stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be that Dethy in my nature
Of heere, and every where. I had a sifter,
Whom the blinde waues and furies haue devour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

What Countremen? What name? What Parentage?

Urs. Of Misfortune: Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and selfe,
You come to Right vs.

Seb. A Spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grocely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the refl goes euene,
I should my tears let fall vpon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a moase vpon his brow.

Seb. And foe had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is lusty in my soule,
He finisht indeed his mortall soule
That day that made my sifer thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happy both,
But this my faultfull wyfeth attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of fortune, time, fortune, do co-here and sume
That I am Viola, which to confirmme
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whole gentle helpe,
I was prefer'd to ferue this Noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have bene mittooke:
But Nature to her bias diew in that,
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) dec'd d'un,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amas'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be foo, as yet the glaffe feemes true,
I shall have sharre in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast faile to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'ye lose woman like me.

Vio. And all thosse sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all thosse sweareings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That fevers day from night.

Du. Glue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Urs. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he ypon some Action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Os. He shall inlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither,
And yet alse, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much disract.

Enter Cleone with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moost extraffing frensie of mine owne.
From my remembrance, clearly banlif his.
How does he fii rah?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds Brineheuk at the flues end as well as a man in his cafe may do: has heere wit a letter to you, I should have gien't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epilites are no Goepeles, fo it skilles not much when they are deliver'd.

Os. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

Os. How now,art thou mad?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madneffe: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow Vox.

Os. Prethee reade ithy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madama; but to reade his right winkis, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeef, and glue eare.

Os. Read it you, sippah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put mee into darkneffe, and gien your drunken Coline rule over me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the fime abundance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as ye please. I leave my duty a little vntthought of, and speake out of my injury. The madly vs'd Malvolio.

Os. Did he write this?

Cl. Madam.

Du. This favours not much of distraction.

Os. See heer deliver'd Fabian, bring him hither: My Lord, fo pleafe you, these things further thought on, To thinke me as well a filter, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance only, fo pleafe you, Hereat my house, and at my proper coft.

Du. Madam, I am most apt b'carme your offer:
Your Mafter quits you: and for your feare done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Maffuer, fo long:
Here is my hand, you shall from this time bee your Maffuer Miftris.

Os. A fitter, you are the.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Os. I my Lord, this fame: How now Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

Os. Haue I Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter. You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write ut if you can,in hand,or phraze.
Or say, tis not your scale, 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 light of savour,
Bad me come smiling, and crooke-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be impris'd,
Kept in a darke houfe, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious grecce and gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
But out of quefion, tis eMaris hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was thee
First told me thou waft mad; then cam't in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were pretifpo'd
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most fireely past upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne caufe.

Fab. Good Madam hearce me speake,
And let no quarrel, nor no braise to come,
Taint the condition of this prefent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my felfe, and Toby
Set this deuell against Malvolio here,
Upon fome rubborne and vncourteous parts
We have conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at fir Toffs great importence,
In remembrance whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then ruenge,
If that the injuries be fufficie weigh'd,
That hau'e on both fides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foolle, how haue they baffe'd thee?
Of. Why fome are borne great, fome achtieue great-
neffe, and fome haue grentneffe throwne vpon them. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one ftr Topas fir, but that's
all one: By the Lord Foolle, I am not mad; but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at fuch a barren rafcall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
of time, brings in his ruenge.

Mal. He be reveng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene moft notoriously abu'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A folemne Combination fhall be made
Of our deere foolles. Meane time sweet fitter,
We will not part from hence. Cefario come
(For fo you fhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are feene,
Otho's Miftris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne fings.

When that I was and a little time boy,
With boy bo, the wind and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the raine it raineth every day,
But when I came to man's estate,
With boy bo, &c.
GainstKnowes and Theues men float their gate,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wise,
With boy bo, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my bodys,
With boy bo, &c.
With roffettes still had drunken beades,
For the raine, &c.

A great rabble ago the world began,
Boy bo, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Arch. Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall fea (as I have taid) great difference between our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee duly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall flame vs: we will be jubilific in our Loues: for indeed—

Cam. 'Befeech you—

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence— in so rare—I know not what to say— Wee will give you sleepy Drinks, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our Insufficiency) may, though they cannot preyse vs, as little accufe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were traynd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chufe but brachow now. Since their more Dignities, and Royall Necelilities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embasures, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent:fooke hands, as over a Vast; and embrace'd as it were from the ends of oppoied Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an vnscarable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatef Promtite, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desiere yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes: if there were no other excuse, why should desiere to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desiere to live on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been The Shepards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore,like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thankes you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance, Or breed upon our abfence, that may blow No fneaping Winds at home, to make vs fly, This is put forth too truly: beside, I haue fay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer fay.

Leo. One Seeue'nighther longer.

Pol. Very ftooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee 'le part the time betweene's themand in that Ie no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('befeech you) fo:

There is no Tongue that moues;none i' th'World So foon as yours,could win me: fo it shoul now, Were there necel.Slice in your requet, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my fay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both, Farewell (our Brother).

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oithes from him, not to fay you(Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him,you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, fay this to him, He's beat from his beft ward.

Leo. Well fayd, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to fee his Sonne, were strong: But let him fay fo then, and let him goe; But let him fwear fo, and he shall not fay, We'll thwack him hence with Diuaffes. Yet of your Royall prudence, Ile adventure The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commiffion, To let him there a Moneth,behind the Geft Prefix't for parling: yet (good-deed) Leontes, I love thee not a larre oth' Clock, behind A a What
What Lady the her Lord. You’re thy fay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would feek t’avenphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet fay, Sir, no going: Verely
You fhall not goe: a Ladies Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prifoner,
Not like a Guest: so you fhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and fake your Thanks. How fay you?
My Prifoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you fhall be.
Pol. Your Guett then, Madame:
To be your Prifoner, shoudl import offending;
Which is for me, leffe eafe to commit,
Then you to punifh.
Her. Not your Gueter then,
But your kind Hosteffe. Come, Ile quefition you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were prety Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faye Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But fuch a day to Morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verry Wag o’t two?
Pol. We were as twyn Lamba, that did frisk i’t Sun,
And bleat the one at th’other: what we chang’d,
Was Innocence, for Innocence we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream’d
That any did: Had we purf’d that life,
And our weake Spirits ne’re been higher rear’d
With stronger blood, we should have anwers’d Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Impofition clear’d,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript fince.
Pol. O my moft sacred Lady,
Temptations have fince then been borne to’s: for
In those vnleg’d days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious felfe had then not crofs’d the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, leaff you fay
Your Queene and I are Drylls; yet goe on,
Th’offences we have made you doe, wee’le anfwer,
If you fin’l anfwer’d with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you flipt not
With any, but with vs.
Leo. Is he wouled yet?
Her. Hee’le fay (my Lord,)
Leo. At my requesl, he would not:
Hermione (my deareft) thou neuer fpoke’ft
To better purpofe.
Her. Neuer!
Leo. Neuer, but once.
Her. What have I twice faid well? when wasn’t before?
I prethee tell me: cram’s with prafes, and make’s
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueuleffe,
Slaughter a thoufand, wayting upon that.
Our prafes are our Wages. You may ride’s
With Dote soft Kiffe a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th’ Goal:
My laft good deed, was to entreat his fay.
What was my firft? it ha’s an elder Sifter,
Or I mistake you O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I fpoke to th’ purpofe: when?
Nay, let me have’t: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabb’d Moneths had fow’d themfelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand;
A clap thy felle my Love: then didft thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. ’Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now! I have fpoke to th’ purpofe twice:
The one, for euer earn’d a Royall Husband;
Th’other, for some while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship faire, is mingling bloods,
I have Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for joy; not joy.
This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a Liberrle
From Heartineft, from Bonnite, fertile Bofome,
And well become the Agent ‘t may; I grant:
But to be pailing Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making prais’d Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaife; and then to figh, as ‘twere
The Mort o’th Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bofome likes not, nor my Browne.
Mamillius,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. I’fecks:
Why that’s my Bawcock: what’s that smutch’d thy Nose?
They fay it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captain,
We muft be neath; not neath, but cleanly, Captain:
And yet the Steere, the Heyfter, and the Calfe,
Are all call’d Neat. Still Virginia ling
Upon his Palme? How now (you want Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want’st a rough path, & the foles that I have
To be full, like me; yet they fay we are
Almoft as like as Eggs; Women fay fo,
(That will fay any thing.) But were they falle
As o’re-ly’d Blacks, as Wind, as Watersfalle
As Dice are to be with’d, by one that fakes
No borne ‘twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To fay this Boy were like me. Come(Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye:weet Vilaine,
Moft dear’t, my Collepo: Can thy Dam, may be
A Refidet in my Intention flats the Center.
Thou do’ft make poifible things not fo held,
Communicat’ with Dreamen(how can this be?)
With what’s vnsale: thou coa’dblue art,
And fellow’t nothing. Then ‘tis very credent,
Thou may’t co-loyne with something, and thou do’ft,
(And that beyond Commifion) and I find it,
(And that to the Infection of my Braines,
And harding of my Browes.)
Pol. What means Stellas?
Her. He fome thing femees vnwell’d.
Pol. How’s my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is’t with you, beft Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diftraction:
Are you mou’d (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneft.
How sometimes Nature will betray it’s folly?
It’s orderneffe? and make it felle a Paftime
To harder bofomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, me thoughtes I did requoyle
Twentie three yeares, and saw my feste vn-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagge muzzel'd,
Leaft it should bite it's Matter, and fo proue
(As Ornaments oft do) too dangerous:
How liker me thought I then was to this Kernell,
This Squabh, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) he fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you fto fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my owne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paralifie, my Soullier: State-man; all:
He makes a folyes dayshort as December,
And with the varying child-neffe, cure in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Off'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your gracer step:
Hermiones,
How thou lov'st vs, shew in your Brothers welcome;
Let what is desir in Sicily, be cheaper:
Next to thy felle, and my young Roer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would fecke vs,
We are yours Th' Garden shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bent dispose you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am anging now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneffe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepere head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too, but do fradge'd a part, whole issue
Will hifie me to my Grazer Contempt, and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes she ha's been flay'd in's abscence,
And his Pond fimp'd by his next Neighbour (by
Sir, my) Neighbor) nay, there's comfort in't,
While, others men have Gastes, and those Gastes open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despire
That have revoluted Wises, the tenth of Man kind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis pow'refull thinkes it:  
From Eaf't, Wef't, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Beverly. Know by,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the Diseafe, and feel't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you fay.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What Camillo there?

Leo. Goe play (Mamillio) thou'ret an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet flay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you caft out, it fill came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Busineffe more material.

Leo. Didst perceiue it?

They're here with me already, whispering, rounding:
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall guff it laft. How can't (Camilla)
That he did flay?

Cam. At the good Queens entretie.

Leo. At the Queens be't: Good should be pertinent,
But fo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common blockes. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature? by some Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Busineffe purblind? say.

Cam. Busineffe, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bukania playes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreties
Of our much gracios Mifrettie.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreties of your Mifrettie? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (Camilla)
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councells, wherein(Priest-like) thou
Haft clean'd my Bofome: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have beened
Deciud in thy Integrite, deciud
In that which fecmes fo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To hide vpon't: thou art not honest or
If thou inclin't that way, thou art a Coward,
Which boxes honetie behind, refraying
From Courte requir'd: or else thou muft be counted
A Servant, graffed in my ferous Tru't,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That feet a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak't it all for leas.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent; foolill, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I was willfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole; it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, twas a feare
Which oft infects the wifheit: these (my Lord)
Are fuch allow'd Infirmitiets, that honestie
Is never free of. But befeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trepas
By it's owne vifage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha! not you feene Camillo?

(But that's paft doubt; you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vilion fo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cognition
Refides not in that man, that do's not think)

A 2 My
The Winters Tale.

My wife is slippering? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatie,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say
My wife's a holy-horfe, deferves a Name
As ranke as any flax-wrench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a flander-by, to hear
My soueraine miftreffe clouded fo, without
My present vengeance taken: I threw my heart,
You never spoke what did become you leffe
Then this; which to retracte, were fin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whifpering nothing?
Is leaning Checke to Checke; is meating Noefe?
Killing with in-side flipp'd: flapping the Cariler
Of laughter, with a light? (a note infallible
Of breaking honest) horfing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more twift?
Houres, minutes? Noone, mid-night? and all eyes
Blind with the Pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That I could knowe be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couring skie is nothing. Bobemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thefe Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this difeased Opinion, and beimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyest Camille, and I hate thee,
pronounce thee a groff Leowt, a mindleffe Slave,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once fee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my Wifes Luyer
InfeCed (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glafs.

Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medall, hanging
About his neck (Bobemia) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To fee a like mine Honor, as their Profit,
(Their owne particular Thiefs) they would doe that
Which shold vnoe more doeing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Hauet Bench'd, and rear'd to Worthiip, who may't fee
Plainly, as Heaven fees Earth, and Earth fees Heaven,
How I am gill'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lafting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingering Draught, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miftraffe
(So foueraigne being Honorable.)
I hau' eu'd thes,

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do't think I am so muddy, fo vnfeyled,
To aoont my felle in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preferre, is sleepe; which is spotted,
Is Godes, Thorne. Nettles, Tayles of Wafps)
Glue'd fast to the blood of th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe think is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mowing to't? Would I doe this?
could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleeue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bobemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes fake, and thereby for sealing
The injuria of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and alio'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st alio'd me,
Even fo as I mine owne courfe have set downe:
I lie geue no blenham to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenaunce as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bobemia,
And with your Queene? I am his Cap-bearer,
If from me he haue wholesome Beuendar.
Account me not your Seruant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haft the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not bend my spirit till thine owne.

Cam. Hee do's, my Lord.
Leo. I will ferme friendly, as thou haft adu'd me. Exit
Cam. O misera ble Lady. But for me,
What cafe stand I in? I must be the pooyfern
Of good Puxaxen, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, fo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck aunyted Kings,
And four'd after, I'd not doe't; But since
Nor Baffe, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villianie it selfe forwar't. I must
Forfake the Court: to doe't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starreaigne now,
Here comes Bobemia. Enter Puxaxen.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?

Good day Camille.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.
Pell. What is the Newes Ith Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pell. The King hath on him such a countenaunce,
As he had loft some Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With cufomarie complements, when hee
Waiting his eye's to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, (speakes from me, and)
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners,
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pell. How dare not? doe not do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligible to me, 'lis theroabout;
For to your felle, what you doe know, you mutt,
And cannot fay, you dare not. Good Camille,
Your chang'd complexities are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too:for I must be
A partie in this alteration,finding
My felle thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a fackesnefe
Which puts fome of vs in dilember, but
I cannot name the Dilembe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pell. How came it to be?
Cam. Make me not fighted like the Bafifquie.

I hau'
The Winter's Tale.

I have look'd on thousands, who have savor the better.
By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no leafe almore,
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are great: I befeech you,
If you now ought which do's behouse my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, impoff'n't not
In ignorant concealment.
Camillo. I may not anfwer.
Pol. A Sickenife caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be anfwer'd. Do'th thou hear Camillo,
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, wherefoe the head
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare,
What incencde thou do's gher, of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be presented, if to be:
If not, how beft to bear it.
Camillo. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think Honoroble: therefore marke my counfals,
Which must be eu'n as ftrively followed, as
I mean to vter it; or both your felfe, and me,
Cry loft, and fo good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Camillo. I am appoint'd him to murder thee.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Camillo. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Camillo. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had feen't, or been an Instrument
To vce you to't, that you have touch'd his Queene
Forbidde'tly.
Pol. Oh then, my belt blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Belt:
Turns then my fpeechfull Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dulfeft Noithill
Where I arrive, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated worfe, or then the great't Infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Pol. Swear his thought out
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counfale)fake
The Fable of his Fally, whose foundation
Is p'y'd upon his Faithe, and will continue
The standing of his Body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Camillo. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's groome, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truft my honoreth,
That lyes enclofe'd in this Trunke, which you
Shall bear along impaw'd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whifer to the Bufineffe,
And will by twoes, and threes, at feveral Potters,
Clear them o' th' Citle: For my felfe, I put
My fortunes to your service(whiche are here
By this discouerie loft.) Be not vncertaine,
By the honor of my Parents, I
Have vertre' Truth:which if you fecke to prove,
I dare not flande by; nor shall you be fater,
Then one condemne by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleue thee:
I saw his heart in his face.Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places flall
Sell neibhour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two daies afe. This Ifalouie
Is for a precious Creature: as fhee's rare,
Muft it be great; and, as his Perfons mightie,
Muft it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is difhonor'd by a man, which ever
Profede'd to him: why his Reneges muft
In that be made more bitter. Fear e're-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame:but nothing
Of his ill-ta'n foulution. Come Camillo,
I will refpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear't my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.
Camillo. It is in mine authority to command
The Keys of all the Potters: Pleafe your Highness
To take the vrgent houre, Come Sir, away. Exeunt.

Aetvs Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
Antigonus, Lords.

Hermione. Take the Boy to you: he fo troubles me,
'Tis paft endureing.

Sir, Come(my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Hermione. Why(my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kill me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

Lady. And why (o my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women beft, fo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a half-Moone, made with a Pen.)

Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Women faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew(my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mocke: I have feene a Ladies Nofe
That's beene blewne, but not her eye-browes.

Hermione. Harke ye,

The Queene(your Mother)rounds apacese whoe shall
Presend our servises to a fine new Prince
One of these daies, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would have you.

Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke(good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisome firs amongst you?Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, sh'lt be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)

Come on, fit downe, come on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights:you're powerfull at it.

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St. Mam. There was a man. 

Her. Nay, come sit downe; then on.

S. Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly, Yond Cricket'll shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and gi't me in mine care.

Leo. Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer Saw I men soewre fo on their way: I eyed them Euen to their Ships.

St. Leo. How blest am I

In my last Censure? In my true Opinion?

Allack, for leafer knowledge, how accur'd,

In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider (tceep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not inched) but if one pretend
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunkke, he cracks his gorge, his fides
With violent Hefts: I have drunked, and seen the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown; All's true that is mistrusted: that falle Villaine,
Whom I empoy'd, was pre-empoy'd by him:

He ha's discouer'd meuf Defigne, and I Remaine a pinch'd Thingyes, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Poiternes So eaily open?

Lord. By his great authority,

Which often hath no leffe preuail'd,then fo,

On your command,

Leo. I know't too well.

Gie me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beate the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,

Away with him, and let her spire her selfe

With that shee's big-with, for 'tis Polixenes

Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'll say he had not;

And Ile be sworn you would beleeue my sayeing,

How e're you leaue to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, make her well: be but about

To say she is a goodly Lady, and

The iustice of your hearts will thereto addde

'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable;

Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,

(Which on my faith deferes highe speech) and straute

The Shrugs, the Hum, or Ha's, (thee Petty-brands

That Calumnie doth vfe. Oh, I am out,

That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will learne

Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,

When you have said shee's goodly, come betweene,

Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knownne

(From him that ha's most caufe to grieve it should be)

Shee's an Adultrefte.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,

(The most repen'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Doe but mistrake.

Leo. You have mistooke (my Lady)

Polixenes for Leontes: O thou Thing

(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Lest Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vfe to all degrees,

And mannerly differenctiae leaue out,

Betwixt the prince and Begger!? I have said
Shee's an Adultrefte, I have said with whom:

More: shee's a Trayer, and Camillo is A Pedaratie with her, and one that knows

What shee should flame to know her selfe, But with her most vild Principall: that shee's A Bed-fwaruer, even as bad as thofe

That Vulgar glue bold'd Titles; I, and priuy

To this their late escape, Your Life.

Her. No: if I mistrake

In thofe Foundations which I build vpou,
The Centre is not bigge enough to bære
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prifon:

He who shall speake for her, is a fare-off guillie,

But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill Planet raigens:

I must be patient, till the Heaueens looke

With an Aspekt more favorable. Good my Lords,

I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex

Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew

Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue

That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes

Worfe then Teares drowners:beseech you all (my Lords)

With thoughts fo qualifie'd,as your Charityes

Shall bett infructe you, mesur e me; and fo

The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who's is that goes with me? beseech your Highnes

My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not wepe(good Foolies)

There is no caufe:When you shall know your Mistres

Ha's deferued Prifon, then abound in Teares,

As I come out; this Action I now goe on,

Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I never with'd to fee you forry, now

I trull I shall: my Women come,you haue leave.

Leo. Go, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Befeech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do(Sir)lest your Jusitice

Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,

Your Selves, your Queene,your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)

Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlffe

I th's eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane

In this, which you accuе her.)

Antig. If it prove

Shee's other wise, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I feele, and see her, no farther tru th her:

For euery ynych of Woman in the World,

I, euery dram of Womans flesh is falle,

If he be.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

You are abud'd, and by some patter on,

That will be damn'd for't:would I knew the Villaines,

I would
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I would Land-damme him: be the honor-faw'd,  
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleen;  
The fcond, and the third, nine: and some fife:  
If this profe true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honor  
Ile gell'd em all: fourteen they fhall not fee  
To bring falle generations: they are co-heyres,  
And I had rather glib my felfe, then they  
Should not produce faire lifue.  

Leo. Crefte, no more:  
You smell this boffice with a fense as cold  
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do fee't, and feel't,  
As you feele doing thus: and fee withall  
The Infruments that feele.  

Antig. If it be fo,  
We neede no graue to burie honfly,  
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten  
The whole dangy-earth.  

Leo. What lacke I credit?  
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)  
You put this ground: and more it would content me  
To haue her Honor true, then your flupition  
Be blam'd for't how you might.  

Leo. Why what neede we  
Commune with you of this? but rather follow  
Our forcefull Inftigation: Our prerogative  
Cals not your Counfailes, but our natural goodneffe  
Imparts this: which, if you, or fuppofed,  
Or foone fo, in fkill, cannot, or will not  
Reli'll a truth, like vs: informe your felues,  
We neede no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loffe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,  
Is all properly ours  

Antig. And I with (my Liege)  
You had only in your fluent judgement tride it,  
Without more ouertroune.  

Leo. How could that be?  
Either thou art moft ignorant by age,  
Or thou weren't borne a fool: Camille's flight  
Added to their Familiarity  
(Which was as great, as ever touch'd conchure,  
That lack'd fight onely, nought for approbation  
But only feeing, all other circumstances  
Made vp to'th deed) both put-on this proceeding.  
Yet, for a greater confirmation  
(For in an Act of this importance, 'twere  
Moft pitioes to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in poft,  
To facred Delphos, to Apollo's Temple,  
Chonimis and Dion, whom you know  
Of fluf'd-fufficiency: Now, from the Oracle  
They will bring all, whole spiritual counfaile had  
Shall flop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?  

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)  
Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more  
Then what I know, yet fhall the Oracle  
Glue reft to th'mindes of others: such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity, will not  
Come vp to'th truth. So haue we thought it good  
From our free perfon, the should be confide  
Leaff that the treachery of the two, fled hence,  
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,  
We are to speake in publique: for this bufiniffe  
Will raffe vs all.  

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth, were knowne.  

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prifon, call to him:  
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,  
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What doft thou then in prifon? Now good Sir,  
You know me, do you not?  
Gaol. For a worthy Lady,  
And one, who much I honour.  
Paul. Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the Queene.  
Gaol. I may not (Madam)  
To the contrary I haue exprefse commandement.  
Paul. Here's a doo, to haue vp honesty & honour from  
Th'acceffe of gentle visitors. Isn't lawfull pray you  
To fee her Women? Any of them? Emilia?  
Gaol. So pleafe you (Madam)  
To put a-part thefe your attendants, I  
Shall bring Emilia forth.  
Paul. I pray now call her:  
With-draw your felues.  

Gaol. And Madam,  
I must be prefent at your Conference.  
Here's the fuch a doo, to make no flaine, a flaine,  
As paffes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,  
How fares our gracious Lady?  
Emil. As well as fo great, and fo forlorne  
May hold together: On her ftripes, and greese  
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)  
She is, something before her time, delin'd.  
Paul. A boy?  
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lufty, and like to luge: the Queene receues  
Much comfort ine: I sayes, my poore prifoner,  
I am innocent as you,  
Paul. I dare be fowane:  
These dangerous, venfale Lunes i'th'King, bedrew them:  
He must be told on't, and he fhall: the office  
Becomes a woman beft. Tis take't upon me,  
If I proue hone-mouth'd, let my tongue blifher,  
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee  
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)  
Commend my beft obedience to the Queene,  
If the daren trut me with her litte babe,  
I'll thow't the King, and ynterake to bee  
Her Advocate to th'Lord: We do not know  
How he may flothen at the fight o'th Child:  
The silence ofte often of pure innocence  
Perlwades, when speaking failles.  

Emil. Moft worthy Madam,  
your honor, and your goodneffe is fo evident,  
That your free undertaking cannot mife  
A thriling yssue: there is no Lady luing  
So mete for this great errand; pleafe your Ladihip  
To vifit the next room, I prelenly  
Acquaint the Queene of your moft noble offer,  
Who, but to day hammered of this defigne,  
But durft not tempt a minifter of honour  
Leaf the should be deny'd.
Scanæ Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakneesse
To bear the matter thus: mere weakneesse, if
The caufe were not in being: part of the caufe,
She, th'Adulteresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And level of my braine: plot-proof: but thee,
I can hooke to me: say that the were gone,
Gitten to the fire, a moity of my rest
Might come to me again. Whole there? Where?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sickneffe is dicharg'd.
Leo. To fee his Noblenesse,
Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother.
He straights declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fallen'd, and fix'd the flame on't in himselfe:
Throw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The worst thought of my Reneges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance: Let him be,
Vntill a time may ferue. For present vengeance
Take it on her: Camillos, and Polincnes
Laugh at me: make their paftime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall thee, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lords. You must not enter.

Paul. Ne'er rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is jealous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighe
At each his needlese headings: such as you
Nourish the caufe of his awakling. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Heofe, as either,) to purge him of that humor,
That preffes him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyfe there, hoa?
Paul. No noyfe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gofips for your Highneffe.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady, Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasure peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Valeffe he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honer, trust it,
He shall not rule me:

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When he will take the raine, I let her run,
But thee'll not flumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, we preffes
My selfe your loyall Servant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dares
Leffe appeare fo, in comforting your Eulitel,
Then fuch as moft feeme yours. I fay, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I fay good Queene,
And would by comitie, make her good fow, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but triles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firft, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For the is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blifes.

Leo. Out: A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore: A moft
Intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not fo.

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
Le to entitle me and no left 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? Glue her the Baffard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroofed
By thy dame Pariter herre. Take vp the Baffard,
Take vp, I fay I give to thy Croane.

Paul. For ever

V venerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak't vp the Princede, by that forced bafenelle
Which he ha's put vp'.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A neft of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
The Winters Tale.

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queens,
His hopful Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the Swords; and will not
(For as the caw now stands, it is a Curfe
He cannot be compel'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Osle, or Stone was foun.d.

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 lyars all.

Lords. Befeerch your Highness, give vs better credit:
We have alwayes truly feru'd you, and befeech' 
So to eftimate of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare fervices
Faith, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being fo horrible, fo bloody, muft
Lead on to fome foule Ifuue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to fee this Baffard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curle it then. But be it a let it liue.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene so tenderly officious
With Lady Margeris, your Mid-wife there,
To fave this Baffards life; for'tis a Baffard,
So faire as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To fave this Brat life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vnnerge,
And Noblenesse impofe at leaft much:
Ile pawne the little blood which I have leaft,
To fave the Innocent; any thing perfible.

Leo. It shall be perfible; Sware by this Sword
Thou wilt performance my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and perfome it: feeth thou for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy felfe, but to thy lewd-tongue'd Wife,
(Whom for this we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baffard hence, and that thou beare it
To fome remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, loe doe in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,
That thou command it strangetly to fome place,
Where Chance may nurfe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sware to doe this though a prefent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit infruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nursers. Wolves and Beares, they fay,
(Calling their fauagenetic fate) have done
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be properous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleffing
Againft this Crueltie, fight on thy fide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loft.)

Exit. 

Leo. No: Ile not reare.

Antig. I furely I'll doe this now.

Leo. Another Ifuue.

Enter a Servant.

Stru. Pleafe 'you Highneffe, Pofts
From thofe you fent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre fince: Clemency and Dion,
Being well arriued from Delphi, are both landed,
Hafing to th'Court.

Lord. So pleafe you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond complte.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They have beene abften't: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apoll suddenly will have

The
Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymant's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, 
Fertile the isle, the Temple much surpassing 
The common praye it beares. 

Resp. For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits, 
(Me thinks I so foould terme them) and the reverence 
Of the grewe Wearers. O, the Sacrifice, 
How ceremonious, solemnne, and vn-earthly 
It was Ph'OfFering. 

Cleo. But of all the burft 
And the ear-deaf' ning Voyce o' th'Oracle, 
Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpri'd my Sence, 
That I was nothing. 

Dis. If th'event o'th'Journey 
Prose as succeffall to the Queene(O be't so) 
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie, 
The time is worth the fte on't. 

Cleo. Great Apollo 
Turne all to th'beft : thefe Proclamations, 
So forcing fults upon Hermione, 
I little like. 

Dis. The violent carriage of it 
Will cleare, or end the Buineffe, when the Oracle 
(Thys by Apollo's great Duiue feal'd vp) 
Shall the Contents difcover something rare 
Even then will ruth to knowledge. Goes fresh Horfed, 
And gracous be the ifue. 

Exit. 

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leones, Lords, Officers : Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies : Cleomines, Dion. 

Leo. This Seffions (to our great griefe we pronounce) 
Euen pulleth 'gainft our heart. The partie try'd, 
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one 
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd 
Of being tyrannous, since we fo openly 
Proceed in Juslice, which shall have due course, 
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation : 
Produce the Prisoner. 

OfFicer. It is his Highneffe pleasure, that the Queene 
Appeare in perfon, here in Court. 

Silence. 

Leo. Restie the Indictment. 

OfFicer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leones, King of Sicilia, thus art here accuses and arraigns of High Treafon, in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, 

and conjuring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Souveraine Lord the King, by the Royall Husband: the pretences whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, about Hermione contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, dwell courtefefully and cede them, for their better safety, to fly away by Night. 

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that 
Which contradiceth my Accusation, and 
The testimonie on my part, no other 
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me 
To say, Not guilty: mine Intellige 
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it) 
Be so recey'd. But thus, if Powres Divine 
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) 
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make 
False Accusation bloud, and Tyrannie 
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know 
(Whom least shall verme to doe so) my past life 
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, 
As I am now unhappy; which is more 
Then Historie can pattern, though deu'd, 
And play'd, to take Speculators. For behold me, 
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owr 
A Motie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, 
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing 
To prate and talk with Life, and Honor, fore 
Who pleafe to come, and heare, For Life, I prize it 
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare): For Honor, 
'Tis a deriuation from me to mine, 
And onely that I stand for. I appeale 
To your owne Confidence (Sir) before Polixenes 
Came to your Court, how was I in your grace, 
Where looked to be so: Since he came, 
With what encounter so vacuante, I 
Have thynd' a Ippeares thus: if one lot beyond 
The bound of Honor, or in vs, or will 
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts 
Of all that here me, and my neer'st of Kin 
Cry fie by my Graue. 

Leo. I ne're heard yet, 
That any of these bolder Vices wanted 
Leffe Impudence to gainsay what they did, 
Then to performe it ift. 

Her. That's true enough, 
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me. 

Leo. You will not owne it. 

Her. More then Mytreffe of, 
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not 
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes 
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse 
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd: 
With such a kind of Loue, as might become 
A Lady like me; with a Loue, cuen fuch, 
So, and no other, at your felfe commanded: 
Which, not to have done, I think'd had been in me 
Both Dilobedience, and Ingratitude 
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke, 
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely, 
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, 
I know not how it taches, though it be d ift 
For me to try how: All I know of it, 
Is, that Camillo was an honett man; 

And why he left your Court, the Gods themelves 
(Wothing no more then 1) are ignorant. 

Leo. You knew of his deportation, as you know 
What you have vnderta'n to doe in's abence. 

Her. Sir,
The Winters Tale.

Her. Sir,
You speak a Language that I understand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreams,
Which Ie lay downe.
Leu. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Baffard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all blame,
(Tho' of your Façt are so) to past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then ausiles: for as
Thy Brat hath beene call out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou shalt feel our justices; in whose easest passage,
Looke for no leefe then death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats: The Bugge which you would fright me with, I feake:
To me, can life be no commoditee;
The crowne and comfort of my life(your Fauer)
I do give loot, for I do feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My seconed joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I bathe, like one infirmous. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breath
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My felons on every Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With Immodest hatred
The Child-bed privledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, I'ch open eye, before
I have got strength of limit. Now(my liege)
Tell me what blessings I have here alee,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet here is this: mistake me not: no life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would loose: if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon furnizes (all proofs fleeing else,
But what your Jeaolies 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 lift: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of Ruflia was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatness of my miferie; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Reuenge.
Officer. You here shall swarne upon this sword of Jusitice,
That you (Chemenes and Dioue) have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,
You have not dard to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Geo Diu. All this we sweare.
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione is chaff,Poliexene blameiself, Camillo
a true Sibylt, Leuentor a lauall Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir,if that
which is lost, be not found.
Lords. Now bleiefed be the great Apollo.
Her. Pray'd.
Leo. Haft thou read truth?
Officer. I(my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all 'tis Oracle:
The Seffions shall proceed: this is mere falshood.
Sr'. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the businesse?
Sr'. O Sr, I shall be havel to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with mere conceit, and fear
Of the Queens speed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Sr'. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Hauen's themselfes
Doe Ritate at my insufficie. How now there?
Paul. This news is mortall to the Queener.Look downe
And see what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.
I have too much beleue'd mine owne fuposition:
'Beleeve you tendery apply to her
Some remedies for life. (my Lord presently)
My great prophaneresse 'gainst thinke Oracle.
Ie reconcile me to Polixenes,
New owe my Queene, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclame a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being transported by his that daeth
To bloody thoughts, and to revenges, I ches
Camillo for the minifter, to poynon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he(most humane,
And fli'd with honor) to my Kingly Guelt
Vncall'd my prafticke, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honors: how he glitters
Through my Ruft? and how his Piete
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the whiler.
O cut my Lace, left my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit this? good Lady?
Paul. What studied torment( Tyrant) haft for me?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muft I recieve? whose every word defenses
To taste of thy most worth. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Jeaoloues,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinkke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: flarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst't Polixenes, twas nothing,
(That did but flue thee, of a Poole, inconfant,
And damnable ingratefull) Nor was much,
Thou would'st have poynon'd good Camillo's Honor,
To have him kill a King: poore Trepaffers,
More monftrous standing by: wherefore I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little: though a Deuill
Would have shed water out of fire,ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a groffe and foolish Sire
Blemisht his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answerer but the Laeth: O Lords.
When I have laid, cry woet the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'rt. deer'rt creature's dead& vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Psem. I say he's dead : Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuails, not and goe : if you can bring
Tinture, or luffre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, lie ferue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are hauier
Then all thy woes can fiiire : therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispare. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, faffing,
Vpon a barren Mountains, and still Winter
In forme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looks that way thou wert.'

Leo. Go on, go on :
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue defera'd
All tongues to talke their bittiret.

Lord. Say no more ;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'll houldnoffe of your speech.

Psem. I am forry for't ;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent; Alas, I haue fliew't too much.
The raundnoffe of a woman : he is touch't
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greese : Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I befeech you, rather
Let me be punisht'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foolse againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children :
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When moft the truth : which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both Vpon them shall
The caules of their death appeares (vnto
Our Shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they ly, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation, So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercife, fo long
I dasy vp to vfe it. Come, and leade me
To these Eorowes. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-
beards, and Cloane.

Ant. Thou art perfefft then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Defarts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and fear
We haue Landed in ill time : the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my confience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon't.

Ant. Their fiared will's be done : go get a-boord,
Looke to thy harke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make thy belt haffe, and go not
Too-farre in Land : 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Befides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow inantly,

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be go thode o' th businesse.

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleue'd) the Spirits o' th dead
May walke againe : i f such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me last night : for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comus a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a velliff of like forrow
So fild', and so becoming : in pure white Robes
Like very fancifly the did approach
My Cabine where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaping to begin some speech) did
Become two spouts; the furie fpent, anon
Did this breakce from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough arc in Bohemia,
There weepe, and leave it crying : and for the babe
Is counted loft for euer, Perdita
I prethee call't : For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're falt fee
Thy Wife Pamintia more : and fo, with Shriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my felfes, and thought
This was fo, and no flumber : Dreams, are toys.
Yet for this once, yea superflifioy, I
Will bequaid by this. I do beleue
Hermine hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iuffe
Of King Polixenes) it shoulde heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blofionne, fpeed thee well,
There ly, and there thy charracler : there thefe,
Which may if Fortune pleafe, both breed thee (pretty)
And fill reft thine. The fiorne beginnes,poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loles, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes : and toft accur'd am I
To be by oath enjoi'nd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more : thon't like to haue
A lullable too rough : I neuer faw
The heauens fo dim, by day. A favage clorum
Well may I get a-boord : This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. Exit pursuf'd by a Bear.
Slop. I would there were no age betweene ten
And three and twenty, or that youth would sweet the reft :
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches
with childe, wronging the Ancientery, feeding,
Fighting, bate one too : would eny but these boylde-
braines of nineenes, and two and twenty hunt this weather :
They haue fca'd away two of my belte Shepe,
which I fear the Wolfe will fooner finde then the Malter ;
if any where I have them, 'tis by the fea-fide, brooz-
ing of Iuy. Good-lucks (and 't be thy will) what have we heere? Mercury on's, a Barne ? A very pretty barne ; A boy, or a Chilae I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) fue some Scape ; Though I am not bookish, yet I
Enter Cleon.

Cleo. Hilloa, loa.

Slep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither what say'lt thou, man?

Cleo. I have scene two such fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the sicle, between the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a boylkin point.

Slep. Why boy, how is it?

Cleo. I would you did but see how it chases, how it rugs, how it takes vp the thore, but that's not to the points: Oh, the moat pitious cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see'em, and not to see'em: Now the Shippie boating the Moone with her maile Maft, and anon swallowed with yett and froth, as you'd thrust a Curke into a hog-head. And then for the Land-feruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cri'd to me for helpe, and find his name was Antigammon, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firft, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock'd themand how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

Slep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Cleo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet under water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Slep. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde man.

Cleo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have helph't her/here your charity would have lack'd footing.

Slep. Heayn matters, heayn matters: looke thee heere boy. Now Slefe thy felfe: thou met't with things dying, I with things now borne: Here's a fight for thee: Looke there, a bearing-clotch for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy): open't: so, let's fee, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changing, open'lt: what's within, boy?

Cleo. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Golde, all Gold.

Slep. This is Fairly Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp with't, keep it clofe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so full requires nothing but frecrcie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Cleo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ie go fee if 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, Ie bury it.

Slep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'fight of him.

Cleon. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him the ground.

Slep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

Exeunt.
of that penitent (as thou callest him) and reconciled King my brother, whose lofe of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when faul's thou the Prince Floryzell? my Ion? Kings are no leffe vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in looing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (mifsingly) noted, he is of late much retir'd from Court, and is leffe frequent to his Princey exercites when formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (Camillus) and with some care, fo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my servise, which looke vpon his remou'd遂le: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of a moft homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown to an unpræfiable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare beautie: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewíse part of my Intelligence: but (I vear) the Angle that plucks our fonie thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not apperenting what we are) have some quæstion with the shepheard: from whose simplicitie, I thinke it not vncafe to get the cause of my sonnes retur there. 'Pretie be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillus, we must difguise our felues. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When Daffadith begin to pierce,
With bea the Dixy over the dale,
Why then comes in the jowett o'the yere,
For the red blood rainns in Junturers pate.

The white flowes bleaching on the hedges,
With bee the jowett birds, 0 bow you they ring:
Duds let my peggys tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larke, that sera-Lyra chaunts,
With bea the Thrush and the Lay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While one bye tumbling in the bays.
I have seuer'd Prince Floryzell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

But shall I go mornere for that (my dere)
the pale Mome flimes by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do mift go right.
If Tinkers may haue licence to live,
And beare the Sew-skin Bouleg,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocks suffer it.

My Traffick's threates: when the Kite builds, looke to leffer Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolycus, who be-

ing (as I am) lyter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a
flapper-up of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
I purchas'd this Caparillion, and my Reuenue is the filthy
Chaste, Gallows, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
the Highway. Besting and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I steep out the thought of it.
A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Let me fee, every Leauen-weather taddy, every
tod yealdes pound and ocke flilling: fifteen hundred
horse, what comes the wool? too? 

Aut. If the springide hold, the Cocks mine.

Cl. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-hearing-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What
will this siller of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Milfris of the Feast, and she lays it on.
Shee hath made me four and twenty Nofe-gyes for the
sheerees (three-man fong-men, all, and very good ones)
but they are moft of them Meanes and Bafes, but one
Puritan amongst them, and he fings Palmes to horse-pipes.
I muft have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace:
Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, feuen;
A Race or two of Ginger, but that I may bege: Four
pound of Prewyns, and as many of Keyfons o'th Sun.

Aut. If I buy no Ginger when I was borne.

Cl. 'Tis name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: pluckle but off these
ragges: and then, death, death.

Cl. Alacke poore foule, thou haft need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then haue thee off.

Aut. Oh Sir, the loathfomeneffe of them offend mee,
more then the strips I haue receu'd, which are mightie
ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd Sir, and beaten: me money, and
apparlance from me, and these dereftable things put vp
on me.

Cl. What, by a horfe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Cl. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a horfemans Coate,
it hath scene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe
thhee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good Sir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poore foule.

Aut. Oh good Sir, softly, good Sir: I feare (Sir) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Cl. How now? Canst stond?

Aut. Softly,deere Sir: good Sir,softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Cl. Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No,good sweet Sir: no, I becheef thee Sir: I haue
a Kindman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vno
whome I was going: I thall there haue money, or ane
thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd yeu?

Aut. A fellow (Sir) that I haue knowne to goe about
with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a feruant of the
Prince: I cannot tell good Sir, for which of his Ven-
tues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Cl.
The Winters Tale.

Ch. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it fly there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir,) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-ferrer (a Bayliff) then hee compait a Motion of the Prodigall Jonne, and married a Timkers wife (a Mile where my Land and Luing lyes; and (hauing flowne over many knauih professions) he sattled onely in Rogue: some call him Autelioo.

Ch. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prighes hauntes Wakes, Faires, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true fir: he fir here: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrel.

Ch. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; if you had look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'd haue runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am safe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Ch. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet fir, much better then I was: I can fland, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my Kinfmans.

Aut. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ch. No, good fac'd fir, no sweet fir.

Ch. Then fairewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you sweet fir. Your purfe is not enougnough to purchase your Spices: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: if I make not this Chear bring out another, and the sheepeeing proste sheepe, let me be vnrolde, and my name in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Log on, log on, the fast-path way, And merrily how the Sire-a: A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tyres in a Mile-a. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florinell, Perdita, Shepherd, Cawton, Polixenes, Camillo, Megia, Derco, Servants, Autelioo.

Flo. Thefe your varvfill weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora Pearing in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extremaes, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them,) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obtur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide) Moft Goddeffe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts In evey Meffe, haue folly; and the Feeder Digest with a Custome, I should blushe To see you so attyr'd: I sware I thinke, To shew my selfe a gaffe.

Flo. I bleffe the time When my good Falcon, made her flight c-roffe Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now loue afoord you caue: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatmeffe

Hath not beene ye'd to feeare) eu'en now I tremble To think your Father, by some accident Should pifie this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to fee his worke, so noble, Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in thefe my borrowed Flauents) behold The bernesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselves (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Jupiter, Became a Bull, and belowe'd: the greed Neptune A Ram, and blest: and the Fire-roade-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I feeame now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a piece of beauty, rare, Nor in a way to feache: since my defires Run not before mine honor: nor my Luffs Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppo'd: as it must be) by th'powre of the King: One of thefe two must be necessaries, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life. (pofe,

Flo. Thou deen't Perdita, With thefe forcb't thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or I'l 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 moit contant, Though deftiny fay no. Be merry (Gentle) Strange fuch thoughts as thefe, with any thing That you behold the while. Your geus are comming: Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two haue sorne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious. Flo. See, your Guefts approach. Address your selfe to entertain them frightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shp. FY (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all, Would angl her fong, and dance her turne I now here At ypper end o'th' Table; now, I'th 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 fip. You are retreyd, As if you were a defaid one: and now The Hoftesse of the meeting: Pray you bid Thefe unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blueses, and prent your selfe That which you are, Miftris o'th'Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your heape-shearing, As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome: It is my Fathers will, I shoul take on mee The Hoftellfip o'th' day: you're welcome Sir. Give me thole Flowers there (Derco,) Reuendo Sirs, For you, there's Rodemary, and Rue, these keepe Sceming, and favour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.
The Winters Tale.

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A faire one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on hammers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th'seaon
Are our Carnations, and breake'd Gilly-vorts,
(Which come call Natures baffards) of that kind
Our rufflieke 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 pilenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:

Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildefe Stocke,
And make conceyve a barke of safer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them baffards.

Perd. Be it not put
The Bible in earth, to fet one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth should lay 'twr well: and only therefore
Dirtre to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:

Hot Launder, Mint, Smary, Marlorum,
The Mary-gold, that goet to bed with Sun,
And with him riife, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summe, and I thinke they are gnen
To men of middle age. Y're very well come.

Cam. I shoule leave grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely lye by gazinge.

Perd. Out alas:
You'll be so leane, that blafs of January
(Friend, Would blow you through and through. Now my faire
I would I had some Flowers o' th' Spring, that might
Become a time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O Prosperina,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou left' fall
From Daffies Wagon: Daffodils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winde of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Luc's eyes,
Or Cythera's breath) pale Prime-roles,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phebus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maid's:) hold Outils, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To shew him ore, and ore.

Flo. What like a Coarse

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to ly, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,
Me thinkes I play as I have feene them do
In Whitton-Patloras: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my dispoition:
Flo. What you do,
Still better what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd have you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd have you buy, and fell fo: fo glue Almes,
Pray fo: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I with you
A wave o' th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that : mose fill, fill fo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(To singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Aces, are Queens.

Perd. O Doriltes,
Your praires are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairely through tis,
Do plainly glue you out an vnblm'ed Shepherd
With who I hope: I might feare (my Doriltes)
You wou'd me the faire way.

Flo. I think you haue
As little skill to fear, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdites) to Turtles paire
That newe meane to part.

Perd. Ic sweare: for em.

Poe. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laffe, that euer
Ran on the greene-lord: Nothing the do's, or feemes
But fimakes of something greater then her selfes,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good footh she is
The Queene of Curns and Creame.

Flo. Come on: strike vp.

Dorac. Myfis must be your Miftris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissinge with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Flo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Dance of Shepheards and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doriltes, and boasts him selfe.
To have a worthy Feeding: but I have it
Vpon his owne reper, and I beleue it:
He looks like foote: he fayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke fo too: for neuer gas'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kiffe to choose
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances feathly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silente: If yong Doriltes
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O Mafter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doors, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee finges
feuerall Tunes, after then you'd tell money: hee vters
them as he had eaten ballaids, and all mens cares grew to
his Tunes.

Flo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I loose a ballaid but euyn too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very plesant thing indeede, and
gung lamentably.
Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:
No Milliner can so fit his customers with Glouces: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bowdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthenes of Dil-
do's and Fadings: lump-her, and thump-her, and where some stretch-mouth'd Raffcall, would (as it were) meant mischeefe, and breake a bowie gap into the Matter, hee
makes the modl to answer, Whoaop, doe me no barne good man: put's him off, flings him, with Whoop, doe mo no barne good man.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clu. Beleece mee, thou talkell of an admirable con-
scill felow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours 1th Rain-
bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Babelonia, can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groffes: Inklees, Caddyles, Cambrickes, Lawmes: why he sings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddelfes: you would think hee singing before a Duke of Aquitaine, hee so chaunteth to the fleue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Clu. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach fing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vfe no furrilous words in his tunes.

Clu. You have of these Pellers, that have more in
them, then you'll think (Sifer.)

Perd. I, good brother, go about to think.

Enter Antillocus singing.

Lawnes as white as driven Snow,
Cyprifes blacke as ere was Crew,
Glouces at fweete as Dananke Rojes,
Maskes for faces, and for noyes:
Bangle-bratelles, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfumes for a Ladies Chamber
Golden gypheets, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to gue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-flickes of steel.
What s Maids lacke from head to beale.
Come by me, come by me, come by me,
Buy Lads, or elf your Laffes crye: Come by me.

Clu. If I were not in loue with Mope, thou shouldest take no money of me, but being enfrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Glouces.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feath, but they come not late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promises'd you; May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe.

Clu. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their placlets, where they should bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tailing before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whitlings-clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawary-
lace, and a pair of sweet Glouces.

Clu. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the
way, and lost all my money.

Ant. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefor he behoues men to be wary.

Clu. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Ant. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clu. What hath heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now by fome: I loue a ballet in print, a
life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vu-
eres wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a
burthen, and how the long'd to eate Adders heads, and
Toads carbonad'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you old.

Ant. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleffe me from marrying a Vurer.

Ant. Here's the Midwies name to't: one Mift. Tale-
Porter, and five or fix honest Wius, that were present.
Why shold I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray vou now buy it.

Clu. Come on, lay it by: and let's first fee mee Bal-
lads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad of a Fith, that appeared
yon the coaft, on wenflay the fourecore of April, fortie
thousand fdom above water, & fugg this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-
man, and was turn'd into a cold fith, for she wold not ex-
change flesht with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pitifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Ant. Five Jujices hands at it, and witneffe more
then my packe will hold.

Clu. Lay it by too; another.

Ant. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to
the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's fcare a Maide
weftward but the fings it: 'tis in requett, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both fingt: if thou'll beare a part, thou
flalt hear's, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Ant. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-
cupation: Haue at it with you.

Song. Get you hence, for I must goe

Ant. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: Let me go thether.

Mop. Or thou mayst go to the Orange, or Mill,

Dor. If so either thou deft ill.

Ant. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Ant. Neither.

Dor. Thou haft vowed me my Loue to be,

Mop Thou haft voverne it more to me.

Then whether guft? Say whether?

Clu. Well haue this song out anon by our selves: My
Father, and the Gent. are in sad tale, & we'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Lie
buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choice, follow
me girls.

Dor. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crape?

My dainty Ducky, my dece-a?

Any Sike, any Thered, any Vrys for your head

Of the newell, and fan'st not wear-a.

Come to the Pedler, My lady's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit.

Squire. Mayster, there is three Carteres, three Shep-
herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds I have made.

B 3 them.
The Winters Tale.

themselfes all men of haire, they call themselfes Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gallantly-maurey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselfes are o'th'minfe (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shag. Away: We'll none on't; here hee bees too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-three's of Heart-syne.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foote and a halfe by th'quire.

Shag. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they play at dooce Sir.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tels much. How now(faire thepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from fealing. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knacks: I would haue ranfacke
The Pedlers fillken Trefury, and hauue pow'r'd it
To her acceptence: you hauue let him go,
And nothing marred with him. If your Laffe
Interpretation shoulde abaye, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ftraited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Fio. Old Sir, I know
She prises not such trifles as these are:
The gifts the lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I have gien already,
But not deliver'd. O hearre me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As fowl as Doures-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethypians tooth, or the fan'd know, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blafs, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th'yong Swaine feemes to waft
The hand was fai'd before I have put youout,
But to your protession: Let me heare
What you proffe.

Fio. Do, and be witniffe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Fio. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crown'd the moft Imperiall Monarch
The reof moft worthy: were I the fairest youth
That euer made eye lwerue, had force and knowledge
More then euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,
Command them, and commende them to her feruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This fhewes a found affection.

Shag. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing fo well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shag. Take hands, a bargaine:

And friends unknowne, you shall bear witniffe to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equal his.

Fio. O, that muft bee
Th'victory of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract vs fore thefe Witnisses.

Shag. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a while, befeech you,
Have you a Father?

Fio. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Fio. He neither do's, nor fhall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,
Is at the Diuision of his fonne, a gueft
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 altering Rheums? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne state?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childifh?

Fio. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler ftrength indecide
Then moft haue of his age.

Fio. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be fo) a wrong
Something vnfallial: Reaon my fonne
Should choose himfelfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father all whose loye is nothing elfe
But faire pofterity) should hold fome counfale
In fuch a bufinefe.

Fio. I yeeld all this;
But for fome other reafons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this bufnefe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Fio. He shal not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Fio No, he muft not.

Shag. Let him (my fonne) he shall not need to greene
At kind, way of thy choice.

Fio. Come, come, he muft not:
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your divorc (yong Sir)
Whom fonne I dare not call: Thou art too bafe
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affeels a fheepe-hooke! Thou, old Tralter,
I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can
but shorten thy life one wecke. And thou, freth pece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foure thou coop't it with.

Shag. Oh my sonne,

Fio. Ie haue thy beautyشرف with brers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou doft but figh,
That thou no more shalt neruer fee this knacks (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) we'er barte thee from fuccifion,
Not hold thee of our blod, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deuallon off (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
The Winter's Tale.

Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,  
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)  
Yn worthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou  
These rural Latches, to his entrance open,  
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,  
I will deuise a death, as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to't.  

Perd. Even here vndone:  
I was not much a-feard: for once, or twice  
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,  
The selfe same Sun, that thines upon his Court,  
Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but  
Lookes on allise. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?  
I told you what would come of this: Before you  
Of your owne owne take care: This dreame of mine  
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,  
But milke my Eues, and wepe.  

Cam. Why how now Father,  
Speake ere thou dyest.  
Shop, I cannot speake, nor thinke,  
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,  
You have vn-done a man of fourecore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,  
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,  
To lye cloe by his honste bones: but now  
Some Hangman muft put on my throw'd, and lay me  
Where no Priest fhoul'd in duft. Oh curfed wretch,  
That knew't this was the Prince, and woul'd adventure  
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:  
If I might dye within this houre, I have li'd  
To die when I desire.  

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?  
I am but forry, not affafr'd: delaid,  
But nothing altered: What I was, I am:  
More fhaining on, for phicking baccke; not following  
My leath vainlying.  

Cam. Gracious my Lord,  
You know my Fathers temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech: (which I do gheffe  
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly  
Will he endure your fight, as yet I fcare;  
Then till the fury of his Highnesse fettle  
Come not before him.  

Flo. I not purpose it:  
I thinke Camillo.  

Cam. Even he, my Lord.  

Flo. It cannot faile, but by  
The violacion of my faith, and then  
Let Nature cruft the fides o'th earth together,  
And marre the feeds within. Lift vp thy looke:  
From my fuccifion wie me (Father) I  
Am heare to my affection.  

Cam. Be advis'd.  

Flo. I am: and by my fance, if my Reafon  
Will thereto be obedient: I have reafon:  
If not, my fences better pleas'd with madneffe,  
Do bid it welcome.  

Cam. This is desperate (Sir.)  

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:  
I needs muft thinke it honestly. Camillo;  
Not for Bohemias, nor the pompe that may  
Be thereto gleans: for all the Sun fees, or  
The clofe earth wombes, or the profound feas, hides  
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath  
To this my faire belou'd: therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever bin my Fathers honou'red friend,  
When he shall miscle me, as (in faith I meane not  
To fee him any more) caft your good counfalies  
Vpon his paflion: Let my felfe, and Fortune  
Tog for the time to come. This you may know,  
And fo delier, I am put to Sea  
With her, who heere I cannot hold on trothe:  
And moft opportune to her needes, I have  
A Vellell rides falt by, but not prepar'd  
For this designe. What course I meane to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concerne me the reporting.  

Cam. O my Lord,  
I would your spirit were eafer for advice,  
Or stronger for your needes.  

Flo. Hearke Perdita,  
Ile hearre you by and by.  

Cam. Heer's iremoueable,  
Refolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if  
His going, I could frame to ferue my turne,  
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,  
Purchafe the fight againe of deere Sicilia,  
And that unhappy King, my Mafter, whom  
I fo much thirft to fee.  

Flo. Now good Camillo,  
I am fo fraught with curious buinesse, that  
I leaue out ceremony.  

Cam. Sir, I thinkeke  
You have heard of my poore services, i'th loue  
That I have borne your Father?  

Flo. Very nobly  
Have you defer'd: It is my Fathers Muficke  
To speake your deeds: not little of his care  
To have them recompen'd, as thought on.  

Cam. Well (my Lord)  
If you may pleafe to thinke I love the King,  
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is  
Your gracious felfe: embrase but my direction,  
If your more ponderous and fetted project  
May fuffer alteration. On mine honor,  
Ile point you where you shall haue such recueeling  
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may  
Enjoy your Militir; from the whom, I fee  
There's no difunction to be made, but by  
(As heauen forefend) your ruine: Marry her,  
And with my best endeavours, in your abence,  
Your discontenting Father, trie to qualifie  
And bring him vp to liking.  

Flo. How Camillo  
May this (almost a miracle) be done?  
That I may call thee something more then man,  
And after that traft to thee.  

Cam. Haue you thought on  
A place whereeto you'go?  

Flo. Not any yet:  
But as th'vnth'ning-on accident is gulltie  
To what we wildely do, so we proffe  
Our felues to be the flaves of chance, and flies  
Of euerie winde that blowes.  

Cam. Then lift to me:  
This followes, if you will not change your purpose  
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicilia,  
And there present your felfe, and your royale Princeffe,  
(For fo I fee the muft be) yore Leantie;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcome forsthanks thee there Sonne forgivene.
As 'twere I'th' Fathers perfons: kills the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnedf, and his Kindnedf: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow.
Father then Thought, or Time.

Fls. Worthy Camilles,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) fhall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which fhall point you forth at every fitting
What you must fay: that he fhall not perceve,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And Spake his very Heart.

Fls. I am bound to you:
There is some fappe in this.

Cam. A Courfe more promifing,
Then a wide dedication of your fcelus
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; moft certaine,
To Miferies enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing fo certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their beft office, if they can but fay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Properifie's the very bond of Loue,
Whole fresh complexion, and whole heart together,
Afflicted alters.

Perd. One of thefe is true:
I thinke Affiliation may subdue the Cheke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yet? fay you fo?
There fhall not, at your Fathers Houfe, thefe feven yeres
Be borne another fuch.

Fls. My good Camilles,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is th'atre our Birth.

Cam. I cannot fay, it's pity
She lacks Injunctions, for the femees a Miferre.
To moft that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blufh you Thanks.

Fls. My prettief Perdita.
But O, the Thorne we stand upon: (Camille)
Preferner of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our Houfe: how fhall we doe ?
We are not furnish'd like Bobemias Sonne,
Nor fhall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My Lord,
Fare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it fhall be fo my care,
To have you royally appointed, as f
The Scene you play, were mine. For inftance Sir,
That you may know you fhall not want: one word.

Enter Adrius.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honfice is? and Truth(his sworne brother) a very fimple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Trumperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Claffe, Pommader, Browch, Table-bookes, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shoe-yes, Bracelet, Horeme Ring, to keeper
my Pack from fifting: they throng who fhould buy fift,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a be-
nediction to the buyer: by which means, I faw whofe
Perde was bett in Picture: and what I faw, to my go
de: I remembered. My Clareome (who wants but some-
thing to be a reafonable man) grew fo in louse with the
Wenchers Song, that hee would not firr his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which fo drew the ref.
of hee to me, that all their other Sences bucke in
Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was fence-
leffe: I was nothing to guld a God-peece of a Perde: I
would have fill'd Keys of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I picked
and cut moft of their Fettuall Perdes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoob-bug against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowghes from
the C round, I had not left a Perde alive in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So foune as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Fls. And thofe that you procure from King Leontes?
Cam. Shall fatisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you fpeak, thewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may glue vs a feite.

Aut. If they have ouer-heard me nowwhy hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why fhall'th thou fo? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intened to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be fo fill: here's no body will fitalize that
from thee: yet for the out-fide of thy pouerlie, we muft
make an exchange; therefore dif-cafe thee infantry(touh
muft thinke there's a neceffity in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
fide) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee difpatch: the Gentleman is halfe
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnef, Sir? (I fhmell the trick on't.)

Fls. And thofe, I pradie.

Aut. Indeed I have had Earnef, but I cannot with
confeience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Miftrife (let my prophecie
Come home to yet) you must retire your fife
Into fome Courte: take your swet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dif-mante you, and (as you can) diilken
The truth of your owne feeming, that you may
(For I doe looke eyes ouer) to Ship-board
Get under'ld.

Perd. I fee the Play fo lyes,
That I muft beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Have you done there?

Fls. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay,you fhall have no Hat:
Come Lady,come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. ADieu, Sir.

Fls. O Perdita: what have we twaine forgot?

Pray
Pray you a word.

C. What do you next, shall be to tell the King

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevaile,

To force him after: in whole company

I shall re-view Siriciis; for whole fight,

I have a Woman Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs.

Thus we set on (Camille) to th' Sea-side.

C. The swifter speed, the better. Exit.

A. I understand the businesse, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nofe is requisite also, to smell out

work for th'othon' Serens. I see this is the time that the vnuit man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Shall the Gods do this yeere continuie at vs, and we may
doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a piece of Iniquitie (feeling away from his Father, with his Clog at his heart;) if I thought it were a piece of ho-

netteff to acquaint the King withall, I would not doe it: I hold it the more knorrerie to conceale it; and therein am

I condant to my Profession.

Enter Clowme and Shephard.

Aide, aide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seflion, Hanging, yeilds a carefull man work.

Clowme. Sex, fie: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King this is a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Slep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay: but heare me.

Slep. Go to too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and fo your flesh and blood is not to be punishd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her) This being done, let the Law goe

whilfe: I warrant you.

Slep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancs too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearen, by I know how much an ounce.

A. Very wifely (Puppies.)

Slep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthall, will make him scratch his Beard.

A. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Matter.

Cl. Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

A. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excres-

ment. How now (Rufiques) whither are you bound?

Slep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

A. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excres-

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A. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excres-

ment. How now (Rufiques) whither are you bound?
Tell me (for you feeme to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something genly consider'd, I'll bring you where he is abroad, tender your perfons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Sutes, here is man shall doe it.

Clov. He feemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Bear, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the In-fide of your Purfe to the out-fide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember this, and say'd alius.

Slep. And's please you (Sir) to undertake the Bufeineffe for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ie make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aui. After I have done what I promised? 
Slep. I Sir. 
Aui. Well, give me the Mollie: Are you a partie in this Bufeineffe?

Clov. In some fome, Sir but though my cafe be a pitiffal one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aui. O, that's the cafe of the Shepards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clov. Comfort, good comfort: We muft to the King, and shew our strange flight: he muft know 'tis none of your Daughters, nor my Sifer: we are gone elfe. Sir, I will gueze you as much as this old man do's, when the Bufeineffe is performed, and remaine (as he fays) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aui. I will trust you. Walk before toward the Sea-fide, goe on the right hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clov. We are bleas'd, in this man: as I may fay, even bleas'd. 
Slep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouzed to doe vs good.

Aui. If I had a mind to be honest, I fee Fortune would not fuffer mee: thee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaion (Gold, and means to doe the Prince my Matter good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my advancement?) I will bring their two Moaies, these blind-ones, abord him: if he thinke it fitte to shooe them againe, and that the Com plaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue againf that Title, and what Shame elke belongs to't: To him will I prefent them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Aclus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomites, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Florinio, Petrnis.

Clov. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; Indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trefpas: At the laft Doe, as the Heaues have done; forget your eull, With them, forgive your felfe.

Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did my felfe: which was so much, That Heire-leffe it hath made my Kingdome, and Deftoy'd the sweet Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord) If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are,ooke something good, To make a perfect Woman: she you kill'd, Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke fo. Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did fo: but thou firk't it me Sorely, to fay I did: it is as bitter Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say fo but feldome.

Clov. Not at all, good Lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefits, and grac'd Your kindneffe better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not fo, You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his moft Soveraigne Name: Confer little, What Dangers, by his Highneffe falle of Iffue, May drop upon his Kingdome, and desoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repayre, For prefent comfort, and for future good, To bleffe the Bed of Malefte againe With a fweet Fellow tot?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their fecret purpofes: For ha's not the Diune Apollo fay'd? Let's not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Leontes fhall not have an Heire, Till his loft Child be found. Which, that it fhall, Is all as moniftrous to our humane reafon, As my Antiquity to brake his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perfay with the Infant, 'Tis your councef, My Lord fhould to the Heaunes be contrary, Oppofe againft their wills. Care not for Iffue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Left his to the Worthieft: fo his Succefior Was like to be the beft.

Leo. Good Paulina, Who haft the memorie of Hermione I know in honor: O, that euer I Had fear'd me to thy counfel: then, even now, I might haue look'd upon my Queenes full eies, Haue taken Treasure from her Lipes.

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yeilded.

Leo. Thou speakeft truth: No more fuch Wives, therefore no Wife: one worfe, And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit Againfe poftifie her Corp, and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soleus-text, And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the fuch power, She had fuch caufe. 
Leo. She had, and wou'd incence me To murther her I marry'd.

Paul. 1
Paul, I should do:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark,
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in
You choose her: then I'd shrive, that even your cares
Should rife to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Shall be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes elst, dead coales teare thou no Wife;
Ille have no Wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you beare
Never to marry, but by my free lease?
Leo. Neuer (Paulina) so be hie'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.
Clo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Vnhelie another,
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Leo. Good Madame, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remeie but you will: Glue me the Office
To chuse you a Queen; the shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queen's Ghost) it should take joy
To fee her in your arms,
Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till you bid us vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's againe in breath; Neuer till then.

Enter a Servant.
Ser. One that glues out himselfe Prince Florizell,
Somne of Polesins, with his Princeffe (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) desiers accesse
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnese: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and fuddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitacion fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Triaine?
Ser. But few,
And theo be meant.
Leo. His Princeffe (say you) with him?
Ser. I, the most peerlesse peace of Earth, I think,
That ere the Sunne shine bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Abuse a better, gone: so muft thy Graue
Glue way to what's feene now. Sir, you selfe
Hau'e fad, and write fo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theanee: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equal'd, thus your Vere
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis threwdly ebb'd,
To say you feene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame: the one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Seiz'd, might quench the zeale
Of all Profeffors eelc; make Prophyles
Of who the but bid fallow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Go to Cleomenes,
Your selfe (afflicted with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpone vs.

Paul. Had our Prince
(lewell of Children) seene this hour, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Betweene their births.
Leo. Prethee no more; ceafe, thou know'st
He dye's to me againe, when talk'd-off: sure
When I shall fee this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnferlift me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Pardice, Cleomenes, and others,
Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
(His very aye) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perforn'd before. Moit dearly welcome,
And your faire Princeffe (Godseffe) oh! alas,
I loft a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus have fweet, begetting wonder,
Regard you (gracious Couple) do: and then I loft
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amite too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miferie) I defire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Fls. By his command
Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Glue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infinmite
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something feld'ed
His with'd Ability, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Mesfur'd, to looke upon you; whom he loues
(He had me say so)more then all then the Scepters,
And those that bear them, lusting.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, fibre
Aforeth within me: and thee thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand flackneffe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' rearfull vsage
(At least vgentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leffe,
Th'adventure of her person?

Fls. Good my Lord,
She came from Lilib.
Leo. Where the Warlike Smalbus,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Fls. Moit Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(Aprosperous South-wind friendly we have cou'd,)
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For viitting his Highness: my best Traine
I haue from your Sicilien Shores dissim'd; a
Who for Dedemia bend, to dignifie
Not onely my Successe in Lilib (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wife, in safetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleffed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Cymate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose perfon
(So)
(So fcred as it is) I have done finne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Have left me lisse-liue-lefe: and your Father's blef'd
(As he from Heauen meriies it) with you,
Worthy his goodneffe. 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,
Were not the proofs fo high. Please you(great Sir)
Bekenis greets you from himselfe, by me:
Defies you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignific, and Dutie both call'd off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheard's Daughter.

Leo. Where's Bekenis? (speak;)

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaille, and my Message. To your Court
While he was hunting (in the Chafe, it feemes,
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this feeming Lady, and
Her Brother,having both their Countrie quitted,
With this young Prince.

Fls. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whole honor, and whole honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weather.

Lord. Lay's fo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.
Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo (Sir) I speake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so foake: they kneele, they kiffe the Earth;
Forweare themselfes as often as they speake:
Bekenis fops his cares, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Pard. Oh my poor Father:
The Heauen lets Spyes upon vs, will not hauve
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Fls. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Sternes (I fee) will kiffe the Valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Fls. She is,
When once she is my Wife.
Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very flowly. I am forry
(Moff forry) you have broken from his illking,
Where you were't in dutie: and as forry,
Your Cholie is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Fls. Dearer,lookie vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should chance vs, with my Father; powre no lot
Hath the to change our Loues. Befeech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time,
Then I doe now with thought of fuch Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will grant preclusive things, as Trifies.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Miftis,
Which he counts but a Trife.

Pard. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

'T fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Suen in thefe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deffer,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now go to toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Aduaticus, and a Gentleman.

Aud. Befeech you (Sir) were you preuent at this Rela-
tion?

Gen. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fairthall, heard
the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon(after a little amazenesse) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Aud. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gen. 2. I make a broken deliuerie of the Bifinnesse;
but the changes I perceive in the King, and Camillo, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with flar-
ing on one another, to teare the Cufes of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very geture: they look'd as they had heard of a World
rul'd, or one destroy'd: a notable paffion of Won-
der appeared in them: but the wiseft beholder, that knew
no more but feeing, could not fay, if th'importance
was joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremite of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.
Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, Roger.

Gen. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this hour: that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.
Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is calle'd true) is fo like an old Tale, that the verifie of it
is in throng fulpiion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gen. 3. Moft true, if ever Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you hear, you'll owre
you, there is such vniue in the provees. The Mantle
of Queene Hermione: her Iewell about the Neck of it:
The Letters of Antigam found it, with which they know
to be his Character: the Malefike of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affedia of Noblenesse,
which Nature flowes above her Breeding, and many oth-
er Evidences, proclame her, with all certaine, to be the
Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of
the two Kings?

Gen. 2. No.

Gen. 3. Then have you left a Sight which was to bee
seen, cannot bee spooke of. There might you have be-
held one loy crowne another, so and in fuch manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their
loy waid in tears. There was cifting vp of Eyes, hold-
ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of fuch diffraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our
Our King being ready to leave out of himself, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loffe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Bhekemia forgiueneresse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law; then againe worrieys he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shephard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encouter, which James Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of Antiguenus, that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleep, and not an ear o- pen; he was toorne to pieces with a Beare: This aououches the Shephards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) jollifit him, but a Hand-kercifh and Kings gift, that Paulina knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the fame infant of their Mafters death, and in the view of the Shephard: so that all the Instruments which ayled to expofe the Child, were even then left, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loffe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fullifh'd: Shee lifft the Princefle from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that fhee might no more be in danger of loofing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such it was acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettieft touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fift) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how fhee came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentioned wounded his Daughter, till (from one figne of colour to another) fhee did (with an Alm) I would faine ftay, bleed Tears; for I am fure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: fome fhew'd, all forrow'd: if all the World could have seen't, the Wee had beene vniefall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princefle hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peace many yeares in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Mafter, Giulio Romanos, who (had he himselfe Eternifie, and could put Breath into his Workes) would beguile Nature of her Cuffome, fo perfectly he is her Ape: He fo necre to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that alay fay one would speake to her, and fand in hope of awnter, Thither (with all greendiefe of affection)are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had fome great matter there in hand, for they hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of Hermione, visited that removed Houfe. Shall wee thither, and with our companye the Pece the Rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that he's the benefic of Acclef? every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne our Absence makes vs vnthriftive to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Aunt. Now (had I not the dafh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old Shake and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Faithfull, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shephards Daughter(for he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-fell, and himselfe little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Myfterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the fender-out of this Secret, it would not have relift'd among my other difcreetes. Enter Shephard and Cloues.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Sleep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentleman borne.

Clou. You are well met (Sir,) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you thefhe Clothes? fay you fee them not, and thinke me flill no Gentleman borne: You were bef't fay thefe Robes are not Gentleman borne. Give me the Eyce: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aunt. I know you are now(Sir) Gentleman borne.

Clou. And have beene so any time thefe foure hours.

Sleep. And fo have I, Boy.

Clou. So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne toke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princefle(my Sifter)call'd my Father, Father; and fo wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Sleep. We may live (Sonne) to fheid many more.

Clou. Or else'twere hard luck, being in fo propofiteous effate as we are.

Aunt. I humbly bafe each you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worfhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Sleep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muft be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clou. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aunt. I, and it like your good Worfhip.

Clou. Give me thy hand: I will fware to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bhekemia. 

Sleep. You may lay it, but not fware it.

Clou. Not fware it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boeres and Frankclins fay it, Ille fware it.

Sleep. How if it be fale (Sonne?)

Clou. If it be ne're fo fale, a true Gentleman may fware it, and that the behalfe of his Friend: And Ille fware to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and all thou wilt not be drinke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drinke: but Ille fware it, and I would thou wilt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aunt. I will proue fo (Sir) to my power.

Clou. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou darft venture to be drinke, not being a tall Fellow, truft me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fée the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'll be thy good Masters.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laetes, Pelicines, Florinacl, Perdita, Camille, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue) Lords, &c.

Lds. O grue and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

C c Paul, What
Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir) I did not well, I meant well: all my Services.
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchafed (With your Crown'd Brother, and thence your contrasted Heires of your Kingdomes) my poor House to visit; It is a surplus of your Grace, which newer
My life may laft to anfwere.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble; but we came
To fee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Hauce we paft'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we faw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As the liu'd pereleffe,
So her dead likeneffe I doe well beleue
Excell what ever yet you looke'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To fee the Life as life, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and fay 'tis well.
I like your vlience, it the more thers-off
Your wonder but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her natural Poffure.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may fay indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art the,
In thy not chiding: for the was as tender
As Infancy, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Hermione was not fo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this frames.

Pel. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carurers excellence,
Which lets goe-by fome fixteen yeeres, and makes her
As the liu'd now.

Leo. As now the might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood,
Euen with fuch Life of Malefie (warne Life,
As now it coldly (flands) when firft I woor'd her.
I am affhamed: Do not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Perce:
There's Magic in thy Malefie, which ha's
My Euis conur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirit,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not fay 'tis Superfitition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Gue me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too foare lay'd-on,
Which fixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever fo long live; no joy grow,
But kill'd it felfe much sooner.

Pel. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre
To take-off fo much griefe from you, as he
Will pcece vp in himfelfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poor Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

II'd not have fwe'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer shell you gae on't, leaft your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already,
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thofe veines
Did verily bear blood?

Pel. Majefty done:
The very Life feemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost fo farre transport'd, that
He'll thinke anon it liues.

Leo. O'h sweet Paulina,
Make me to thinke it fo twenty yeeres together:
No fifted Sences of the World can match
The pleafure of that madneffe. Let's alone.

Paul. I am forry (Sir) I haue thus farre fir'd you: but
I could afflift you farther.

Leo. Doe Paulina:
For this Affiiction ha's a taft as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiffe her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddineffe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You're marre it, if you kiffe it; blayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: all I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not thefe twenty yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on,
Paul. Either forbear,
Quiet prefently the Chappell, or refolute you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed defcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke
(Which I proteft againft) I am afflifted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as eafe
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all fland fill:
On thofe that thinke it is invaluable Business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot flall firre.
Paul. Misfick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: defcend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with merauaile: Come:
Ile fll your Graue vp: Biire: nye, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numneffe: (for from him,
Dearly Life redeemes you) you perceiue the Biire:
Start not: her Affions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not thun her,
Vntill you fee her dyne again: for then
You kill her double: Nye, prefent your Hand:
When she was young, you woor'd her: now, in age,
Is the become the Sutor?

Leo. Oh fie's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
The Winters Tale.

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If the pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how foame from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears the liues,
Though yet the speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose ( faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing : turne good Lady,
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols pour your graces
Upon my daughters head : Tell me (mine owne)
Where halst thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt hear that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waint in being, haue preferu'd
My felle, to fee the yffine.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they defire (upon this pult) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all : your exultation

Partsake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found again)
Lament, till I am lost.

Lea. O peace Paulina : Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betwenee's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine,
But how, is to be queffion'd : for I faw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaile) faid many
A prayer vpon her grave. Ie not fecke faucere
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband, Come Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honeftly
Is richly noted: and heree justiffed
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betwene your holy lookes
My lil fupffition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauen directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyfurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, fince fift
We were difleuer'd: Haultly lead away.    

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L E Ontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Antigonus.
Four.
Cleomines.
Cleomines. 
Lords of Sicillia.

Din.

Hermines, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

Florimell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowes, his Sonne.

Aulicus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheads, and Shepheardesses.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elene, Pembroke, Elyas, and Salutary, with the Embassie of France.

King John.

Ow say Chalillin, what would France with vs? Chatl. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France.

In my behaviour to the Majesty, The borrowed Majesty of England hear.

Ely. A strange beginning; borrowed Majesty?

K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chatl. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe Of thy deceased brothers, Geoffrey sonne,

Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claim To this faire Iland, and the Territories;

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Taveyne, Maine, Defiring thee to lay aside the sword Which have transfiguring these several titles, And put the fame into yong Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royal Soueraigne.

K. John. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chatl. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre, To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. In. Hear we war for war, & bloud for bloud, Controlement for controlement: so answer France.

Chatl. Then take my Kings defiance from me, The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace, Be thou as lightning in the eies of France; For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard. So hence the thou the trumpet of our wrath, And fallen preflage of your owne decay; An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too: farewell Chalillin.

Exit Chatl. and Pemb.

Ely. What now my sonne, have I not ever fail

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till the she kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her sonne.

This might have beene prevented, and made whole

With very eafe arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearefull bloodye illue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possesion, and our right for vs.

Ely. Your strong possesions much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my confidence whispers in your ear;

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriff.

Elyas. My Liege, here is the strangest controioere

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you

That ere I heard; shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptone, and eldste sonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A Soueraigne by the Honor-gluing-hand.

Of Cordesion, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that fame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seems.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I think one father:

But for the curreign knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Ely. Out on thee rude man, who dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this difference.

Philip. I Madam? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeare:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Philip. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he flandered me with bashardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon your mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Faire fall the bones that tooke the pains for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge your selfe.

If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Ely. He hath a trichke of Cordelion face,

The accent of his tongue affleoth him:

Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. John.
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his part,
And findes them perfect Richard: firra speake,
What doth move you to dissemble your brothers land.

Phil. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he have all my land,
A halfe-face'd, groat, four hundred pound a yeare?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale muft be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time foum'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I blame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of feas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe.
When this same hau' he heard it last:
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mothers fonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourante weeke before the course of time:
Then good my Ledge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this fonne,
Had of your father claim'd this fonne for his,
Infooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calle, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Infooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not clain him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heir,
Your fathers heire must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispisseffe that childle which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispisseffe me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Ell. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed fonne of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Baft. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir Roberts his like him,
And if my legs were two fuch riding rods,
My armes, such eele-skins durt, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not dixke a roke,
Left men shold fay, looke where three farthgins goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might never ftryre from off this place,
I would say to her, give it every foot to han this face:
It would not be fir noble in any cafe.

Elina. I like thee well: wilt thou forake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

Baft. Brother, take you my land, lie take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeare,
Yet fell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, lie follow you unto the death.

Ellenor. 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, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir Roberts wifes eldest fonne.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
Whome forse thou hearest:
Knelle thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Anke Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Baft. Brother by th'motheres side, glue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, your gae land:
Now bleffed be the hours by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Ell. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo.

Baft. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not fyre by day, must walke by night,
And haue his sent, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well ftoet,
And I am I, how eere I was begot.

K. John. Go to Faulconbridge, now haue thoe thy defire,
A landlief Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more then need.

Baft. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waft got i' th' way of honesty.

Exeunt all but baftard.

Baft. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
Well, now can I make any Ioane a Lady,
Good den Sir Richard, Godamery fellow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peters,
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two reprefeine, and too fickle.
For your conversion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-pike at my worshipes meefe,
And when my knightly fhowmacke is luftis'd,
Why then I luke my teeth, and catche
My picked man of Countries: my deer fit,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall befeech thee; that is queestion now,
And then comes anfwer like an Ablpe booke:
O fir, fayes anfwer, at your beft command,
At your employment, at your faire fit:
No fir, fayes queftion, I fweet fay at yours,
And fo are anfwer knowes what queftion would.
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perrenean and the ruer Pone,
It draws toward flippers in concluſion fo.
But this is worthifull fociety,
And firs the mounting spirit like my felpe;
For he is but a battard to the time
That doth not fmoake of obfervation,
And lo am I whether I fmoake or no:
And not alone in habit and deице,
Exterior forme, outward accoußrement:
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet petion for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not praftice to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I meanes to learn;
For it fhall fhew the footsteps of my ridding:
But who comes in fuch hafe in riding robes?
The life and death of King John.

What woman pott is this hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady, Where is that blase thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.

'Baft. My brother Robert,old Sir Roberts fonne:
Colbrand the Gryn, that fame mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts fonne that you seek ye so?

Lady. Sir Roberts fonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir Roberts fonne? why fcorn'ft thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts fonne, and fo art thou.

'Baft. James Gournt, with thou gue ve leave a while?
Gour. Good leave oue good Philip.
'Baft. Philip, Sparrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ie tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts fonne,
Sir Robert might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and mere broke his fate: Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confelle
Could get me Sir Roberts could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limmes,
Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Haft thou confpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shoulde defend mine honor?
What meannes this fcorne, thou most vntrouwes knaue?

Bal. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like;
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder;
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts fonne,
I have declaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Haft thou denied thy flcife a Faulconbridge?
'Baft. As faithfully as I denie the deull.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement force I was feduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed;
Heuen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly vy'd past my defence.

'Baft. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some finnes doe bear their prilude on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dippole,
Subleched tribute to commanding loue,
Against whole furlie and vnmatchted force,
The aweffle Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor kepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaily winue a woman; aye my mother,
With all my heart I thankte thee for my father:
Who lives and dures but thy, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ie fend his foule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall fay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst fayd him nay, it had beene finne;
Who fayes it was, he lyes, I fay twas not.
The life and death of King John.

Whose before I have faild, have guen him time
To land his Legions all as Fonse as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Soulers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace slirring him to blood and fire;
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanche of Spaine,
With them a Baillard of the Kings deceas;
And all th'falsest humors of the Land,
Ruth, Inconfiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons sideoes,
Have fold their fortunes at their native homes;
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In briefe, a braver choysd of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes have warre o're,
Did neuer is Geoffrey the name of God:
Do be offence and sacthe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circunstance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.

To partie or to fight, therefore prepare.
K. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Asf. By how much vnexpectd, by fo much
We must awake Indeuer for defence,
For course mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baffard, Queene, Blanche, Pembrooke,

K. John. Peace be to France If France in peace permit
Our luff and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace accend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
Fran. Peace be to England, it that warre returne
From France to England, there to live in peace;
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat;
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from losung England art so farre,
That thou wilt vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of pollierty,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne;
Looke here vpon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these browes, were moul'd out of his;
This little abrac'd doth containe that large,
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breeze into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his fonne, England was Geoffrey right,
And this is Geoffrey in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When lying blood doth in these temples best
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maiered?
K. John. From whom haft thou this great commision
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (Franse.
Fra. Fr. To that supernal lidge that fits good thoughts
In any beall of strong authorite,
To looke into the blots and flaines of right,
That lidge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whole warrant I impect thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meant to chaffle it.

K. John, Alack thou doft vfurpe authority.
Fran. Excuse it is to beat vfurping done.
Queen. Who is it thou doft call vfurper France?
Conf. Let me make anfwer; thy vfurping fonne.
Queen. Out infolent, thy battard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euar to thy fonne 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 deuill to his damme;
My boy a baillard, and my foule I thinke
His father neuer was fo true begetter,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
(ther
Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That will blot thee.
Asf. Peace.
Baff. Hearre the Cryer.
Asf. What the deuill art thou?
Baff. One that will play the deuell fir with you,
And may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whole value plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smooke your skin-cost and I catch you right,
Sira looke too, yeafith I will, yeafith.
Blas. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did difrobe the Lion of that rofe.
Baff. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides dooche vpon an Afe:
But Afe, ile take that buthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall maie your shoulders cracke.
Asf. What cracker is this fame that deales our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lew's, determine what we shall doe frait.
Law. Women & fooles, brake off your conference.
King John, this is the very famme of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toulaine, Malms,
In right of Arthur dое I claim of thee;
Wilt thou refigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
Iohn. My life as fone, I doe defe Teh France,
Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my deere lone Ile gue thee more,
Then er the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thine boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conf. Doe childe, gое to yt grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
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 coyle that's made for me. (weepes.
Qn. Ms. His mother shames him fo, poor boy hee
Con. Now shame vpon you where the doe or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shame:
Drawes thefhe heaven-mouing peares fro his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
In, with those Chriftbell beads heaven shall be brib'd
To doe him Ioffice, and revenge on you.
Qn. Thou monstrous flannderer of heaven and earth,
Con. Thou monstrous Inuerer of heaven and earth,
Cill not me flannderer, thou and thine vfurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreied boy; this is thy eldeth fonnes Ionne,
Infortune in nothing but in thee.

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy finnes are visit'd in this poore child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy finne-concealing womb.

B. Bedlam have done,
Can. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his injury
Her induce the Beadle to her finne,
All punish'd in the perfon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou vnsudied scold, I can produce
A Will, that bars the title of thy finne.
Can. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A woman's Will, a cankred Grandam's will.

F. Peace Lady, paufe, or be more temperate,
It ill becometh this presence to cry ayme
To those ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summoned hither to the walls
Those men of Angiers, let vs hear them speake,
Whose title they admit, Arturbs or Johnes.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warr'd vs to the walls?
F. 'Tis France, for England.

B. England for it selfe:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

E. You looking men of Angiers, Arturbs subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

I. D. For our advantage, therefore hear vs first:
These flagges of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endaempment.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spift forth
Their iron indignation'gainst your walle:
All preparation for a bloody fledge
And merelles proceeding, by thefe French.
Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gate.

B. And but for our approach, those deeping stones,
That as a waife doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dissip'd, and wide havoc made
For bloody poole to touch vpper your peace.
But on the fight of vs your lawful King,
Who painefull with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To fawe vncover'd your Citties threatned checkes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a paufe,
And now indev'd of ballets wrap in fire
To make a flaking fcor in your walle,
They shooe but calm words, folded vp in fmoake,
To make a fathiffe error in your eares,
Which truit accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-weared in this action of swift speedes,
Caues harbourage within your Cittie walle.

F. Peace. When I hafe faide, make anfwver to vs both.

1. In this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, thefe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable sealke,
In the relieve of this oppreffed childke,
Religiously prouokes. Be pleafed then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Bears,
Saue in aspeck, hath all offence faid vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be fpent
Against th'invioluble clouds of heauen,
And with a blefted and vn-vext retrete,
With vnback'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruise'd,
We will heare home that luffie blood againe,
Which heere we came to fput against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paufe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walle,
Can hide you from our murtherers of Warr
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your Cittie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeg'd it?
Or shall we giue the fignal to our rage,
And falke in blood to our poftellion?

Cit. In briefe, we are the King of Englands subjects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

B. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King,
To him will we profe loyal, till that time
Have we remm'd vp our gates against the world.

D. Both not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesse
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed.

B. Baffards and elde.

B. To vertifie our title with their liues.

F. As many and as well-borne bloodes as those.

B. Some Baffards too.

F. Stand in his face to contradite his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is wertie,
We for the wortieft hold the right from both.

B. Then God forgiue the finne of all thofe soules,
That to their everlasting refidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fete
In dreadful triall of our Kingdomes King.

F. Amen, Amen, mount Chevalieres to Armes.

B. Saint George that fwept the Dragon,
And erie fitte's on horebacke at mine Hoftellore
teach vs fome fenc.
Sirrah, were I at home
At your den firrah, with your Lionneffe
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monfher of you.

B. Peace, no more.

B. O tremble for you hear the Lyon rore.

B. Vp higher to the plains, where we'll fet forth
In beft appointment all our Regimentes.

B. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

F. Peace. I haue fayd, make anfwver to vs both.

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Is most divinely vow'd upon the right.
Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
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Sirrah, were I at home
At your den firrah, with your Lionneffe
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monfher of you.
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an England mother,
Whose fonnes ye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widower husband grousing lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little loffe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King Iohn, your king and Englands doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence to shiver bright,
Hithe returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There stuckle no plume in any English Creft,
That is remoued by a blaffe of France:
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we firft marcht forth:
And like a Jollity, none can match these shows.
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert. Herold, from off our towres we might behold
From first to laft, the on-set and returye
Of both your Armie, whose equality
By our base eyes cannot be fentenc'd: (blow)
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anfwerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power,
Both are alike, and both unlike we like:
One might prize greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at foureall doors.

Roy. France, haft thou yet more blood to caft away?
Say, shall the currant of our right rume on,
Whole paflage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and owre-swell
With course diffus'd even thy confining shores,
Vincile thou let his flifer Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haft not faul'd one drop of blood
In this hot trall more then we of France,
Rather laft more.
Exeunt both by this hand I fwear
That fways the earth this Climate over-lookes. Before we will lay downe our infinit Armes, Wee'll put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee Or adde a royll number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the foure that tells of this warres loffe,
With daughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baft. His Majestie: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleete,
The fwords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now doth death, make a great number of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand them royal fronts amazed thus:
Cry haucck kings, backe to the flaine field
You equall Potenis, feric kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace; and blowing blood, and death.

Iohn. Whose party do the Townefmen yet admit?
The life and death of King John.

Where should he finde it faire, then in Blanch:
If zealous loue should go in fearch of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch?
If love ambitious, fought a match of birth,
Whose veins bred richer blood then Lady Blanch?
Such as the is, in beaute, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not free,
And the againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finisht by such as shee,
And she a faire diuided excellence,
Whole fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such ficher currents when they loney
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To chafe two Princes, if you marry them:
This Vrion shall do more then batterie can
To our fast clofed gates: for at this match,
With twentie hope,I hope you will enforce
The mouth of paffage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe fo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaine and rocks
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe fo persomptuous,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Blaff. Beares a fray,
That shakes the rotten carkaffe of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaine, rockes and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirtene doe of puppy-dogges.
What Canonneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakez plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He glues the b_RANDOM with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd: not a word of his
But buffes better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer fo bethump't with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Quo. Son, lift to this conflagration, make this match
Glide with our Niece a downe, as large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so furry eye
Thy now vnwin'd affurance to the Crowne,
That you greene boy shall have no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
I see a yielding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whisper, vyre them while their foules
Are capable of this ambition,
Least zeal now melted by the windle breath
Of loft petition, pitie and remorse,
Cooles and congrate againe to what it was.

Hub. Why anfwer not the double Maitelses,
This friendly treatise of our threatened Towne.

Fra. Speak England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Cittie: what flay you?
Idn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princez felone,
Can in this book of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For Angiers, and faire Taraine Maine, Pegleiers,
And all that we upon this side the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs befriended)
Findes liable to our Crowne and Dignity,
Shall glide her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holden hand with any Princesse of the world.

Fra. What fai'th thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Del. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my felpe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your fonne,
Becomes a fonne and makes your fonne a shadow:
I do protest I never lou'd my felpe
Till now, in deed I beheld my felpe,
Drauwe in the flattering table of her eie.

Whaffers with Blanch.

Baff. Drauwe in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth eie
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pitie now:
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In fuch a lose, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vackles will in this refpect is mine,
If he fee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing hee's fee's what molest his liking,
I can with ease tranflate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easie to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I fee in you is worthe love,
Then this, that nothing do I fee in you,
Though charulith thoughts themselves should bee your
Judge,
That I can finde, shou'd merit any hate.

Idn. What fale these yong-ones? What fay you my
Niece?

Blan. That she is bound in honor full to do
What you in wifedome still vouchsafe to fay.

Idn. Speakes then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Del. Nay ask me if I can refraine from loue,
For I do loue her moft unfeinlessly.

Idn. Then do I giue Dolpuppen, Taraine, Maine,
Pogleiers, and Aniou, these fute Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
Phillips of France, if thou be plea'd withall,
Command thy fonne and daughtier to loyne hands,

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes close your hands

Auff. And your lippes too, for I am well affur'd,
That I did fo when I was first affur'd.

Fra. Now Citizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you have made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage fhallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Conflance in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her preface would have interrupted much,
Where is she and her fonne, tell me, who knowes?

Del. She is fad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will giue her fadnesse very little care:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn d another way,
To our owne vantage.

Idn. We will heale vp all.

For we'l create young Arch Duc de Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faine Towne

We
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance.
Some speedy Meffinger bid her repair
To our solennity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill yp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure fatifie her so,
That we shall flay her exclamation,
Go we as well as haft will fuffer va.
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.

Bafh. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to flay Arthur's Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whole armoure Conftance buckled on,
Whom zeal and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the care,
With that fame purpofe-changer, that flye diuer,
That Broker, that ftil breaks the pate of faith,
That dafly breaks-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maides,
Who having no external thing to los.
But the word Maid, chefts the poore Maid of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodite,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it felle is payed well,
Made to run euen, upon euern ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This fway of motion, this commodite,
Makes it take head from all indiffenency,
From all direcion, purpofe, course, intent.
And this fame byas, this Commodite,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a refolu'd and honourable warre,
To a mutt baife and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commodite?
But for becaufe he hath not woood me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutich my hand,
When his faire Angels would falue my paimes,
But for my hand, as unvampted yet,
Like a poore begger, relieft on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And fay there is no fin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then fhall be,
To fay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since kings breake faith vpon commodite,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worchip thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Conftance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to fwear a peace?
Fallen blood to fallen blood Join'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis haue Blanche, and Blaunce thofe Provinces?
It is not fo, thou haft mispoken, misheard,
Be well adu'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou doft not fay 'tis fo.
I truth I may not trut thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Belieue me, I doe not belicue thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou fhalt be punifh'd for thus ftruing me,
For I am fickle, and capable of fear.

Oppreft with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbands, fubjec't to feares,
A woman naturally born to feares;
And though thou now confefte thou didft but left
With my vext spirites, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doft thou meane by flinking of thy head?
Why doft thou looke fo fadly on my fawe?
What means that hand vpon that breafh of thine?
Why holds thine eie that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud rier percieving ore his bounds?
Be thee fad, fignes conformer of thy words?
Then fpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleue you thinke them false,
That gleue you caufe to prove my faying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleue this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleues, and life encounter fo,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.

Leves marry Blaunce? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
This newes hath made thee a moft vygly man.

Sal. What other harme heue I good Lady done,
But fpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it felle do beyous is,
As it makes harmefull all that fpake of it.

Ar. I do beleee you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidft me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blots, and lightlefe felines,
Lame, luffhifh, crooked, twarre, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending marke,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I fhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deere a Crown.
But thou art fairs, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joynd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayft with Lillies boatt,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'abat isthes honeyle with thine Vracle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraignitie,
And made his Majieftie the bawd to their.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king John,
That trumpet Fortune, that vurping John:
Tell me they fellow, is not France forworne?
Evonem him with words, or get thee gone,
And leue thees woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maft, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will infruct my fowres to bee proud,
For greafe is proud, and makes his owner fnoop.
To me and to the flate of my great greafe,
Let kings attemple for my greafe's fo great,
That no fupperer but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and fowres fit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus
The life and death of King John.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanche, Eleanor, Philip, Auffries, Confoane.

Fran. "Tis true (faire daughter) and this blest day, Ever in France shall be kept festal: To solemnize this day the glorious female Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist, Turning with splendor of his precious eye The meager cloyed earth to glittering gold: The yearly course that brings this day about, Shall never see it, but a holy day."

Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day. What hath this day defiled, let laugh with childe Pray that their burthen's may not fall this day, Left that their hopes prodigiously be croft: But (on this day) let Sea-men flare no wache, No bargains breake that are not this day made; This day all things begun, come to ill end, Yea, faith it felle to hollow falfhood change.

Fra. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause To curse the faire proceedings of this day: Have I not pawn'd to you my Malfey? Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Reformation Malfey, which being touch'd and tride, Proves valueless: you are forsworne, forsworne, You came in Armes to fill mine enemies blood, But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours: The grasping vigor, and rough frowne of Warre Is cold in amite, and painted peace, And our oppreffion hath made vp this league: Armes, armes, you heemans, against these perfur'd Kings, A widower cries, be husband to me (heemans) Not let the howres of this vngrody day Wear out the dales in Peace; but ere Sun-set, Set armed dicidei twist these perfur'd Kings, Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Aulf. Lady Confoane, peace.

Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Lymyres, O Auffria, thou doft shame That bloody fpoyle thou flane, thou wretch, y coward, Thou little valiant, great in villainie, Thou ever strong upon the stronger fide; Thou Fortunes Champion, that don't never fight But when her humcarous Ladifhip is by To teach th' other safety: thou art perfur'd too, And forth'st vp greatnesse? What a foole art thou, A ramping foole, to brag, and flamp, and sweare, Vonp my partie: thou cold bludde flasse, Haif thou not sppoke like thunder on my fide? Beene fwayne my Souldier, bidding me defend Vonp thy flares, thy fortune, and thy strength, And doft thou now fall over to my foes? Thou weare a Lyons hide, doft it for flame, And hang a Calues skin on thofe recreant limbs.

Aulf. O that a man shoulde speake thofe words to me. Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs.

Aulf. Thou darst not lay to villainie for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thofe recreant limbs.

John. We like not this, thou doft forget thy felfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope. Pan. Halie you appointed deputies of heauen; To thee King John my holy errand is: I Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere, Doe in his name religiously demand Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother, So wilfully doft flame; and force perforce Keep Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop Of Canterbury from that holy Sea: This in our foresaid holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthlie name to Interrogatories Can taft the free breath of a face to face? Thou canst not (Cardinal) deifie a name So flight, unworthy, and ridiculous To charge me to an anfwere, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England, Addes thus much more, that no Pope to Priefh Shall tythe or toll in our dominions: But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold Without th' affifiance of a mortall hand: So tell the Pope, all reverence let apart To him and his vfurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of England, you blasheme in this. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom Are led to groffely by this medling Priefh, Dreading the curfe that money may buy out, And by the merit of vide gold, droffe, duft, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that fale fels pardon from himfelfe: Though you, and at the reft to groffely led, This jugling witchcraft with revenue cherifh, Yet I alone, alone doe me oppofe Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then by the lawfull power that I haue, Thou shalt call curs, and excommunicate, And bleffed shall he be that doth revolv From his Allegation to an heretique, And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canonizd and worship'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secretcourfe Thy hateful life.

Gam. O lawfull let it be That I have roome with Rome to curfe a while, Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen To my keene curses; for without my wrong There is no tongue hath power to curfe him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curfe.

Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.

Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong: Law cannot give my childe his kingdome here; For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law: Therefore since Law it felle is perfect wrong, How can the Law forbid my tongue to curfe? Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curfe, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raise the power of France upon his head, Vnleffe he doe submit himfelfe to Rome.

Gam. Look'd it thou paue France to do not let go thy hand.

Gam. Look to That Deuell, left that France repent,

Aulf. O that a man shoulde speake thofe words to me.
And by diſſpoynd hands hell lofe a soule.

Aft. King Philip, lyen to the Cardinall.

Bof. And hang a Calues-skin on his recrante limbs.

Aft. Well ruffian, I must po pocket vp thee, wrongs, 

Beſe. 

Bof. Your breeches beft may carry them.

John. Philip, what flaw theſt thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What fhould he fay, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the diſſcrepance 

Is Purchafe of a heaue curfe from Rome,

Or the light loſt of England, for a friender: 

Forgoe the eafe.

Blas. That the curfe of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, fland fafe, the deuill temptes thee here, 

In likenesſe of a new vntrimmed Bride.

Blas. The Lady Conſance speakes not from her faith, 

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need, 

Which onely lies but by the death of faith, 

That need, muſt needs infringe this principle, 

That faith would liue againe by death of need:

O then trend downe my need, and faith muſt moue vp, 

Kepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is moud, and anſwers not to this.

Con. O be remou'd from him, and anſwere we. 

Aft. Doe fo king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bof. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most fwerie lowt.

Fras. I am perplex'd, and know not what to fay.

Pam. What canfl thou fay, but wil perples thee more?

If thou fband excommunicate, and curft?

Fras. Good reuerence father, make my perfon yours, 

And tell me how you would befowre your felfe? 

This royall hand and mine are newly knitt, 

And the conſuſion of our inward soules 

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together 

With all religious strength of sacred vowes, 

The laft breath that gave the found of words 

Was deep-fwarne faith, peace, amity, true loue 

Betweene our kingsdomes and our royall felves, 

And even before this truce, but new before, 

No longer then we well could waft our hands, 

To clap this royall bagaine vp of peace, 

Heauen knowes they were befmeard and o'er-flaind 

With f-caret pensill; where renuerge old paiet 

The fcareful difference of incenced kings: 

And fhall thofe hands fo lately purg'd of blood? 

So newly-loyn'd in loue? fo frong in both, 

Vvoyke this feuaryre, and this kinde regreffe? 

Play fght and loffe with faith? fo left with heauen, 

Make fuch vnaconfant children of our felves 

As now againe to fatch our paume from paume: 

Vn-fwarne faith fwarne, and on the marriage bed 

Of smiling peace to march a bloody houfe, 

And make a ryt on the gentle brow 

Of true fincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerenced father, let it not be fo: 

Out of your grace, defufe, ordaine, impofe 

Some gentle order, and then we fhall be bleft 

To doe your pleaufure, and continue friends.

Pand. All formes are formeſſe, Order orderleſſe, 

Save what is oppofite to Englands loue. 

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church, 

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe, 

A mothers curfe, on her rewolting fonne:

Frances, thou muft hold a serpant by the tongue, 

A caſed Lion by the moftail paw,
The life and death of King John.

Scena Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Baffard with Austria’s beard.

Baf. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Someavy Deuill hovers in the skie,
And pour’s downe mischief: Austria lend hee there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur Hubert.

While Philip breathes.

Iohn. Hubert, keep thee this boy: Philip make vp,
My Mother is affayled in our Tent,
And tane I fear.

Baf. My Lord I reduced her,
Her Highness is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Life, for very little pains
Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

Allarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Bafard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: Cofen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loses thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grieues.
Iohn. Cofen away for England, haste before,
And ere our comming fee thou slake the bags
Of hoarding Abbotts, imprisoned angels
Set at libertie: the fat ribles of peace
Mush by the hungry now be fed vp from:
Vse our Commission in his vomit force.

Baf. Bell, Book, & Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckes me to come on.
I leave your highness: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: to I kiffe your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle Cofen.

Iohn. Coze, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke a woordie.

Iohn. Come hether 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 bofore, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.

By heaven Hubert, I am almost affram’d
to say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiestie.

Iohn. Good friend, thou haft no caufe to say so yet,
But thou shalt have: and creepe time nere so low,
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
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes.

To give me audience: if the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and burn’t my mouth
Sound on into the drowse race of night:
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possest with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that fury sa’lt melancholy
Had bak’d thy blood, and made it heavy, thicker,
Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keepens mans eyes,
And strive their cheakes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes:

Or if that thou couldest fee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, ving conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harnefull sound of words:
Then, in delight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bofore pour my thoughts:
But (sh) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lovt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Aet,
By heauen I would doe it.

Iohn. Doest not I know thou wouldest?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert: throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpenter in my way,
And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And he keepes him fo,
That he shall not offend your Maiestie.

Iohn. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

Iohn. A Grace.

Hub. He shall not live.

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I love thee.
Well, Ie not say what I intend for thee:
Remember Madam, Fare you well,
Ie send those powers o’re to your Maiestie.

Ele. My bleeding goe with thee.

Iohn. For England Cofen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duece: On toward Callicoe, hoo.

Exeunt.
Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulfho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempelt on the flood,
A whole Armado of conseild saile
Is scattered and dil-loynd 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 Angiers lost?

Arthur take prisoner? divers deere friends faine?

And bloudy England into England gone,
One-bear'd interruption fight of France?

Doth not the earth butcher all their liberie?
So hot a speed, with such advice dopso'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a caufe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I bare that England had this praffe,
So we could finde some patterne of our faine:

Enter Conffance.

Looke who comes heere? a grave vnto a foule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of affliction breath:
I prethe Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo! now: now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Conffance.

Con. No, I deffe all Counffell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counffell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous rch: found rottenneffe,
Arife forth from the couch of lafitng night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperite,
And I will kiffe thy deteable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulitie brawes,
And ring thefe fingers with thy houshold worms,
And flop this gap of breath with fulfome duft,
And be a Carrion Monfter like thy felfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smilft,
And buffe thee as thy wife: Milieres Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affiétion, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I blace the world,
And rowse from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which fornes a moderne Invocacion.

Pand. Lady, you vter madness, and not forrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belee me fo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Conffance: I was Conffant, hard he forfie,
Yong Arthur is my fonne, and he is loft:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my fife:
O, if I could, what grieue should I forget?
Preache some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Conffant's(2)Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but fensible of grieue,
My reasonable part produces reafon
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my fife:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clouts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plight of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those treffes: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of those her hairies;
Where but by chance a fluer drop hath faine,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends
Doe glem themselues in fociable grieue,
Like true, ineparable, faihfull loves,
Sucking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your hairies.

Con. Yes that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and clire aloud,
O, that thefe hands could fo redeeme my fonne,
As they hau en gien thefes hayres their liberie:
But not by true, fo I will fee my boy againe,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becaufe my poore childe is a prifoner.
And father Cardinall, I have hearde you fay
That we shall fee and know our friends in heauen:
If that were true, I fhall fee my boy again:
For since the birth of Caius, the first male-childe
To him that did bat yesterday fupre,
There was not fuch a gracius creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chafe the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And fo he'll dye: and rifing fo againe,
When I fhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I fhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muf't I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a repect of greefe.

Conff. He talkes to me, that neuer had a fonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.

Con. Greefe fift the roome vp of my ableft childes:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Put on his pretty looks, repeat his words,
Ren embtes me of all his gracius parts,
Stufes out his vancat garments with his fonne;
Then, hauce I reafon to be fond of grieue?
Fareyouwell: had you fuch a loft as I,
I could gie better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is fuch deforder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Fra. I feare fome out-rage, and lea fupp healthcare.

Exit. Fra. Exeunt. Del. There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowlie man;
And better Shame hath foop'ld the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds no nought but flambe and bitterneffe.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong diseafe,
Euen in the infant of repaire and health,
The fit is stronge: Eulias that take leave
On their departure, mort of all fwee euill:
What hauce you loft by losing of this day?

Del. All daies of glory, joy, and happyneffe.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath loft
In this which he accounts so cleere wonne.
Are not you grie’d that Arthur is his prifoner? 
Del. As heartily as he is glad he hath him. 
Pan. Your mind is all as youthfull as your blood. 
Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit: 
For euery breath of what I meane to speake, 
Shall blow each duff, each fraw, each little rub 
Out of the path which shall direcdy lead 
Thy ftoe to Englands Throne. And therefore marke: 
Iohn hath felt’d Arthur, and it cannot be, 
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veins, 
The mis-plac’d-Iohn shou’d entertaine an houre, 
One minute, nay one quiet breath of red. 
A Scepter sna’th’t with an unruly hand, 
Must be as boyderfully maintaine’d as gain’d. 
And he that flandes upon a flipp’y place, 
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp: 
Then Iohn may fland, then. 
Four needs must fall, 
So be it, for it cannot be but fo. 
Del. But what shall I gaze by yong Arthur’s fall? 
Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanche your wife, 
May then make all the claimes that Arthur did. 
Del. And looie it, life and all, as Arthur did. 
Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world? 
Iohn lays you plots: the times confpire with you, 
For he that feepes his safetie in true blood, 
Shall finde but bloodie safetie, and vnture. 
This Act so euiilly borne faire cooke the hearts 
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale, 
That none so fmall advantage shall step forth 
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it. 
No natural exhalation in the skie, 
No scope of Nature, no diftemper’d day, 
No common winde, no customized event, 
But they will plucke away his natural caufe, 
And call them Metcors, prodigies, and signes, 
Aborbtious, prefages, and tongues of heauen, 
Plainly denoing vengeance vpon Iohn. 
Del. May he be he not touch yong Arthur’s life, 
But hold himselfe safe in his prifonment. 
Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach, 
If that yong Arthur be not gone already, 
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts 
Of all his people shall reuolt from him, 
And kiffe the lips of vnacquainted change, 
And piceke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath 
Out of the bloody fingers ends of Iohn. 
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot; 
And O, what better matter breeds for you, 
Then I have nam’d. The Buffard Falcondridge 
Is now in England rancking the Church, 
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French 
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call 
To traine ten thousand English to their side; 
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about, 
Anon comes a Mountaine. A noble Dolphin, 
Go with me to the King, ’tis wonderfull, 
What may be wrought out of their difcontent, 
Now that their foules are tofpull of offence, 
For England go; I will whet on the King. 
Del. Strong resouns makes strange actionslet vs go, 
If you say I, the King will not say no, 
Exeunt.
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must vfe me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theefe eyes, that never did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muft I burne them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it felfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere thefe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this ferior indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, confume away in ruft,
But for containing fire to harne mine eye:
Are you more fliborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleau'd him: no tongue but Hubert.


Art. O faue me Hubert, faue me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of thefe bloody men.

Hub. Glue me the Iron I fay, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what neede you be fo bollious rough:
I will not frugle, I will fland fome flill:
For heaven fake Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay hear me Hubert, drive thefe men away,
And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not firre, nor winch, nor fpeak a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angrily:
Thrufh but thefe men away, and Ile forgive you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go fand within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beat pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then haue child away my friend,
He hath a ferner looks, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaffion may
Glue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your felfe.

Art. Is there no remolie? 

Hub. None, but to lofe your eyes.

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnats, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious fenfe:
Then feeling what fmall things are boysterous there,
Your vile intent muft needs feme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promife? Go too, hold your toong.

Art. Hubert, the vterance of a brace of tonguues,
Muft needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may kepe mine eyes. O vpeare mine eyes,
Though to no vfe, but fll to looke on you.
Loe, by my truth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harne me.

Hub. I can haue it, Boy.

Art. No, in good ftooch the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be va'd.
In vndeuered extreames: See elye your felfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his fpirit out,
And frownd repentant aches on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuine it Boy,

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blufh,
And glow with thame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Mafter that doth tare him on.

All things that you fhould vfe to do me wrong
Deny their office: oneley you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vfe.

Hub. Well, fee to liner: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnkle owes,
Yet am I nowrene, and I did purpofe, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were difguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnkle muft not know but you are dead.
Ile thee those dogged Spies with falfe reports:
And, pretty childe, thee doublet, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O O fay no more that I thankie you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go clofely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergoe for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

John. Here once againe we fit: once against crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faults of men, nere ftrained with resolt:
Freh expecution troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be poiffe'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To glide refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow, or with Taper-light
To feeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous exceffe.

Pem. But that your Royall pleafure muft be done,
This aile, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laft repeating, troublesome,
Being vrged at a time vnafeonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diffigur'd,
And like a fiftled winde vnto a falle,
It makes the court of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights confideration:
Makes found opinion fickle, and truth fupfected,
For putting on io new a fashion'd robe.

John. When Workemen drive to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in coutoufneffe,
And oftemtimes excuing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worfe by th'excuse:
As patches fet vpon a little breach,
Difcreete more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was fo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To over-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a fland, at what your Highnes will.
Iohn. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He th'ew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lines in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled bre't.
And I do fearfully beleue 'ts done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Between his purpose and his confidence,
Like Herold's 'twixt two dreadful batallions fcht:
His passion is so fpe, it needs must beke.

Pem. And when it beakes, I fear will influe thence
The foule corruption of a sweet chil'des death.

Iohn. We cannot hold mortailities strong hand.
Good Lords, though my will to grace, is living,
The suite which you demand is gene, and dead.
He tells vs Artur is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd he's this knight was pate cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe him'self felt he was sick:
This must be answ'rd either heere, or hence.

Iohn. Why do you bend such folome brokes on me?
Thinke you I bear the Sheeres of defety?
Have I commaundement on the pult of life?

Sal. It is apparent foule-play, and this flame
That Greatneffe should so grooffly offer it;
So throu't it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salibury) Ie go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poole childe,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ie,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will beke out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Iohn. They burn in indignation: I repent:
There is no sure foundation yet on blood:
No certain life attich'd by others death:
That carefull eye thou haß. Where is that blood,
That I havescene inhabite in those cheekes?
So soule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Iohn. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leued in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arru'd.

Iohn. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the not heare of it?

Iohn. My Liege, her ear
Is floust with blift: the first of April dide
Your noble mother; and now, my Lord,
The Lady Conurance in a frenzie dide
Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or faile I know not.

Iohn. With-hold thy speed, dreadful Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleased
My discontented Peers. What! Mother dead?
How wildly then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth gius't out are landed here?

Iohn. Vnder the Dolphin.

Iohn. Thou haßt made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What fayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not fecke to blufse
My head with more ill newses: for it is full.

Iohn. How if you haßt to hear the worl'd,
Then let the worl'd vn-heard, fall on your head.

Iohn. Bear with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide: but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can glue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Iohn. How I have fped among the Clergy men,
The Summes I have collectt shall expeffe:
But as I trauall'd hither through the land,
I finde the people stranget fantastied,
Poffett with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they are, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pompfres, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heele:
Whom he fung in rude harth founling rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes shou'd deliver vp your Crowne.

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Iohn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he eyes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Delier him to safety, and returne,
For I must vs thee. O my gentle Cofen,
Hearst thou the newes abroad, who are arru'd?

Iohn. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord Biger, and Lord Salibury
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to fecke the graue
Of Artur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

Iohn. Gentle kinlsman, go
(Fuggeffion.)

And thruf thy felte into their Companies,
I have a way to winne their loues againe: 
Bring them before me. 

Baft. I will seeke them out. 

Iohn. Nay, but make halfe: the better foote before. 
O, let me have no subiect enemies, 
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes 
With dreadful pompe of shout invasion. 
Be Mercurie, fet feathers to thy heales, 
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe. 

Baft. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.Exit Iohn. 
Spoke like a sightfull Noble Gentleman. 
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede 
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, 
And be thou hee. 

Mej. With all my heart, my Liege. 
Iohn. My mother death? 

Hub. My Lord, they bey suche Moones were feene to 
Foure fixt, and the fift did whirle about (nightes) 
The other foure, in wondrous motion. 
Iohn. Foure Moones? 

Hub. Old men, and Belames, in the streets 
Do prophete vpon it dangourously: 
Yong Arturs death is common in their mouthes, 
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads, 
And whifer one another in the care, 
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrat, 
Whilfe he that heares, makes fearefull sallons 
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes. 
I saw a Smith fand with his hammer (thus) 
The whiff he his Iron did on the Anuile coole, 
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes, 
Who with his Sheeres, and Mfeasure in his hand, 
Standing on flippers, which his nimble faste 
Had fallye thrust vpon contrary feete, 
Told of a many thousand warlike French, 
That were embattalied, and rank'd in Kent. 
Another leane, vnwhifd Artifer, 
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of Arturs death. 

Is. Why feelest thou to poffife me with these feares? 
Why vrgest thou fo oft yong Arturs death? 
Thy hand hath murderd him: I had a mighty caufe 
To vthim dead, but thou hadft none to kill him. 
H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not provoke me? 

Iohn. It is the curfe of Kings, to be attainted 
By faues, that take their humors for a warrant, 
To breake within the bloody houte of life, 
And on the winking of Authoritie 
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning 
Of dangerous Mairdy, when perchance it brownes 
More vpon humor, than aduice respect. 

Hub. Here is your hand and Scale for what I did. 
Iohn. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven & earth 
Is to be made, then halfe this hand and Scale 
Wittnesse against vs to commotion. 

How oft the fight of meanes to do ill deeds, 
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by, 
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd, 
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of fame, 
This mother had not come into my minde. 
But taking note of thy abhor'd Alpech, 
Finding thee fit for bloody villainie? 
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger, 
I faintly broke with thee of Arturs death: 
And thou, to be endeavord to a King, 
Made it no confidence to destroy a Prince. 


Hub. My Lord. 
Iohn. Had'st thou but thooke thy head, or made a paufe 
When I spake darkely, what I purposed; 
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face; 
As bid me tell my tale in exprefse words; 
Deepe flame had drunk me dumbe, made me break off, 
And thofe thy feares, might have wrought feares in me. 
But, thou didst vnderfand me by thy figures, 
And didst in figures againe parley with finne, 
Yea, without flop, didft let thy heart content, 
And confequently, thy rude hand to arte 
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name. 
Out of my fght, and never fee me more: 
My Nobles leave me, and my State is bruaded, 
Even at my gates, with rankes of forriligne powres: 
Nay, in the body of this feldely Land, 
This kinges name, this Confine of blood, and breathe 
Hoffhittite, and ciuill tumult reignes 
Betwenee my confience, and my Coifs death. 

Hub. Armie you against your other enemies: 
Ile make a peace betweene youe, and you. 
Yong Artu's is alive: This hand of mine 
Havet a maiden, and an innocent heart. 
Not painted with the Crimfon spots of blood, 
Within this bofome, never entred yet 
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought, 
And you have flander'd Nature in my forme, 
Which howfocuer rude exteriorly, 
Is yet the courer of a fayer minde, 
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe. 
Iohn. Doth Artu live? O haft thee to the Peeres, 
Throw this report on their incendial rage, 
And make them tame to their obedience. 
Forgive the Comment that my paffion made 
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde, 
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood 
Pretended thee more hideous then thou art. 
Oh, anfwver not; but to my Cloffeft bring 
The angry Lords, with all expedient haile, 
I confirue thee but flowly: run more faft.

Scena Tertia. 

Enter Artuor on the wallers. 

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe. 
Good ground be piftifall, and hurt me not: 
There's few or none do know me, if they did, 
This Ship-hoyes semblance hath digni'd me quite. 
I am afraid, and yet Ile venture it. 
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbs, 
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away; 
As good an eye, and go; as dye, and fay. 
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in thefe stones, 
Heuen take my foule, and England keep my bones. Dies

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot. 

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. EDMONDSBURY, 
It is our faerie, and we muft embrace 
This gentle offer of the perilous time. 

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall? 

Sal. The Count Melone, a Noble Lord of France, 
Whilfe priuate with me of the Dolphines lour, 
Is much more general, than thefe lines import. 

Big.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then let forward, for twill be
Two long days journey (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Bassard.

Bass. Once more to day well met, diestemper'd Lords, The King by me requests your presence strait.
Sal. The king hath dipposed himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-bethall'd cloake
With our pure Honors; nor attend the footes
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so (we know the wont.

Bass. What are you thinkke, good words I thinke
were best.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.
Bass. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore t'were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, if, impartialitie hath his priulidge.

Bass. Tis true, to herte his matter, no mans eile.
Sal. This is the prifon: What is he lyes here?
\(P.Oh\) death, made proud with pure & princely beuty;
The earth hid not a hole to hide this decease.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to venge on euenge.
Big. Or when he doone, the blood to a grave, Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what thinkke you? you haue beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almoost thinkke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The height, the Creft: or Creft into the Creft
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodie shame,
The wildest Satavery, the wildest stroke
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or daring rage
Presented to the tears of loft remorse.

Pem. All murthers paie, do stand excused in this:
And this fo folde, and fo vnmatchable,
Shall glue a holieffe, a puretie,
To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-bled, but a left,
Exampled by this heynous speacle.

Bass. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracefull action of a heaun hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand?
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand? We had a kinde of light, what would enuie;
It is the flamefull worke of Habert hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whole obedience I forbid my foule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlefle Excellence
The Incence of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to take the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor consuifant with Saff, and Idleneffe,
Till I have fet a glory on my head,
By givin g it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
Enter Habert.

Hab. Lords, I am hot with haffe, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath fent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluffs not at death,
Anuat thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.

\(\text{the Law}\)

Hab. I am no villain, Sal. Must I rob
Bass. Your sword is bright fir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not cill I threateth in a murthurer skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I say:
By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours,
I would not have you (Lord) forget thy selle,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Leaft I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatneffe, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: darft thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hab. Do not proue me so;
Yet I am none. Where tongue so ere speaks selle,
Not truly speaks: who speaks not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bafl. Keep the peace, I say.

Hab. Stand by, or I shall gaul you Faulconbridge.

Bafl. Thou wert better gaul the diuell Salisbury.
If thou but frowne on me, for all I worth thy footes,
Or teach thy haffie fceleone to do me shame,
Ille strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or lle to maule you, and thy tolling-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wil thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I love'd him, and will wepe
My date of life out, for his sweete blues loffe.

Sal. Truest not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Rivers of remorse and Innocence.
A way with me, all you whose foules abborre
The vncleane vnauxours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am st fissed with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward Burrs, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out.Ex.Lords.

Ex. Here's a good world,knew you of this faire worke?
Beyond the infinite and boundleffe rech of mercle,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd Hubert.
Hub. Do but heare me sir.

Bafl. Hal! Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is fo blacke,
Thou art more deepe dam'd'd then Prince Lucifer :
There is not yet fo vgly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bafl. If thou didst but confent
To this moft cruel Act; do but dispare,
And if thou want'd a God, the smalllest thred
That ever Spider twifted from her wombe
Will ferue to trangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a poone,
And it shall be as all the world in one,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspeft thee very greenuely.

Hub. If I in act, confent, or finne of thought,
Be guiltle of the being that sweete breath
Which was embozled in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Bafl. Go, bear him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
The life and death of King John.

How eafe dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and England now is left
To tug and strumble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interett of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maleity,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry creft,
And herald in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Poweres from home, and discontented at home
Meet in one line: and yit confufion waits
As doth a Rauen on a sickes-faine beast,
The iminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Bear we away that child;
And follow me with speed: I le to the King:
A thousand businesse are briefe in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatest and authoritie.

Idem. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holyne frc all your power
to ftop their marches 'fore we are enlam'd:
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swareing Allegiance, and the loye of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of misflempted humor,
Refts by you onely to be qualified.
Then panste not: for the present time's fo fickle,
That pretfent medicine must be minifred,
Or overthrow incurable enemies.

Pan. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp
Vpon your flubborne vflage of the Pope:
But fince you are a gentle conuertere,
My tongue shall h Ruiz against this forme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluftring land:
On this Accention day, remember well,
Vpon your oathe of truce to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. Exit.

Idem. Is this Accention day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Accention day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even if I have:
I did fuppofe it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bajard.

Baf. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douver Castle: London hath receiv'd
Like a Kinde Holl, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer truce to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtful friends.

Idem. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard Yong Arthur was alioe?

Baf. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damned hand was rob'd, and taken away.

Idem. That villainie Hubert told me he did doe.

Baf. So on my foule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you have beeene in thought:
Let not the world fee feare and fail distrust
Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be ftrIngIngas the teime, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So flll inferior eyes
That borrow their behavours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spiirt of resolution,
Away, and glifler like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneffe and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they fecke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be fad: forrage, and runne
To meet fpidere farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come to nye.

Idem. The Legat of the Pope hath beeene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to difmalte the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Baf. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimide,
Infamution, parley, and safe truce
To Armes Inuafion? Shall a beardleffe boy,
A cockrell-likene wanton bronce our fields,
And fped his spirit in a warre-like foyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idely spred,
And find no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leafe be fald
They faie we had a purpofe of defence.

Idem. Have thou the ordering of this pretfent time.

Baf. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melone, let this be copyed out,
And keepe it fawe for our remembrance:
Returne the preffent to thefe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perufing ore thee notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faiths firme and imuable.

Sal. Vpon our fides it never fhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-ur'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince,
I am not glad that fuch a fere of Time
Should feeke a platter by containing reuels,
And hele the inseuerate Canker of one wound,

By
By making many: Oh it grieues my soule, That I must draw this mettle from this side To be a widow-maker: oh, and there Where honourable refuge, and defence Cries out upon the name of Salisbury. But such is the infection of the time That for the health and Phyficke of our right, We cannot deal but with the very hand Of ferne Inuiufce, and confufed wrong: And 'st is not pitty, (oh my grieved friends) That we, the fonnes and children of this life, Was borne to see so fast an hour as this, Wherein we flie after a stranger, march Upon her gentle bosome, and fill vp Her Enemies rances? I muft withdraw, and weep Upon the spot of thi infected caufe, To grudging breiety of a Land remote, And follow vnauncoloured colours heere: What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove, That Neptune armes who clippeth thee about, Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy selfe, And enrap the onely souldier of this State, Wherein thee two Christian Armies might combine The bloud of mallice, in a vaine of league, And not to spend it fo vn-neighbourly. 

Delph. A noble temper doth thou shew in this, And great affections wraithing in thy boforme Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Oh, what a noble combat haft fought Between compulsion, and a braue refpeft: Let me wipe off this honourable dewe, That fluently doth progresse on thy cheeks: My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, Being an ordinary Inundation: 

But this effusion of such manly drops, This showre, blowne vp by tempeft of the foule, Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd. Then had I feene the vaulete top of heaven Figur'd quire ore with burning Meteor, Lift vp thy brow (renowned Saliburk) And with a great heart heauen away this storme: Commande them waters to thofe baby-eyes That never faw the gaint-world enrag'd, Nor met with Fortune, other then at fea, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of golflipp: Come, come; for thou haft thrue thy hand as deep Into the purie of rich prosperity As Lem mournifie: to (Nobles) shall you all, That knit your finewes to the strength of mine. Enter Pandulpho. And even there, methinks an Angell fpake, Looke where the holy Legate comes apace, To glue vs warrant from the hand of heauen, And on our actions fet the name of right With ho refpiration. 

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France: The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd Himfelfe to Rome, his fpirt is come in, That fo ftood out again the holy Church, The great Apostrops, and Sea of Rome: Therefore thy threateninge Colours now winde vp, And tame the fauage fpirt of wilde warre, That like a Lion fottred vp at hand, It may lie genty at the foot of peace, And be no further harmefull then in heue. 

Dol. Your Grace fhall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-born to be proportioned To be a secondary at controul, Or vffulft fureruing-man, and Infrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, Betweene this chaflie's kingdome and my felue, And brought in matter that should feed this fire; And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out With that fame weake winde, which enkindled it: You taught me how to know the face of right, Acquainted me with interest to this Land, Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart, And come ye now to tell me John hath made His peace with Rome & what is that peace to met? I by the honour of my marriage bed, After yong Arthur, claim this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, the rest backs, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Romes flave? What penny hath Rome borne? What men provided? What munition fent To vnder-prop this Action? 'st is not I That vnder-go with this charge? Who, but I, And such as to my claime are liable, Sweat in this bufineffe, and maintaine this warre? Han I not heare thefe Ilandiers shout out Une le Roy, as I haue bank'd theire Townes? Han I not heare the bell Cards for the game To winne this ease match, plaid for a Crowne? And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set? No, no, on my foule it neuer shall be fald. 

Pand. You looke but on the out-fide of this worke. 

Dol. Out-side or in-fide, I will not returne Till my attempt fo much be glorified, As to my ample hope was promis'd, Before I drew this gallant head of warre, And cul'd thefe fiery spirits from the world To out-lookke Conquest, and to winne renowne Even in the lawes of danger, and of death; What luffy Trumpet thus doth fummer vs? Enter Baynard. 

Baff. According to the faire-play of the world, Let me have audience: I am bent to speake: My holy Lord of Millane, from the King I come to learn how you have dealt for him: And, as you anfwer, I doe know the scope And warrant limited into my tongue. 

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull oppofite And will not temperize with my intretiatives: He flantly fiales, hecill not lay downe his Armes. 

Baff. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd, The youth sies well. Now heere our English King, For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me: He is prepar'd, and reafon to he fould, This sphif and vnmannerly approch, This harnef'd Mailke, and wadified Renell, This vn-heard fawcineffe and boyift Troopes, The King doth fmile at, and is well prepar'd To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes From out the circle of his Territories. That hand which had the strength, even at your dore, To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch, To diue like Buckets in conceited Welles, To crowch in litter of your flable plankes, To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in cheeffs and truncks, To hug with fhine, to feeke fweete fafety out In vaulc and pitions, and to thrill and shake,
The life and death of King John.

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feeleth here,
That in your Chambers gave you chaffiment?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o'er his syryc towres,
To lowe an annoyance that comes nears his Neif; And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolds, you bloudy Ner"s, tipping vp the warbe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'dia Maides,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drummes : Their thimbles into armed Gatlets change,
Their Needle's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Del. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-fold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.
Baf. No: I will speake.
Del. We will attend to yeuther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Baf. Indeede your drums being beaten, wi try out;
And lo shall you, being beaten: Do but flart.
An echo with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuererate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shal
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins ear,
And mocke the deepes mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trufing to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike John: and in his fore-heads
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To fealt vp whole thousands of the French.

Del. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.
Baf. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vp? oh tell me Hubert.
Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiestie?
John. This Feauer that hath troubled me fo long,
Lyes heaule on me: oh, my heart is fick.

Enter a Miffinger.

Mef. My Lord: your valiant kinman Falconbridge,
Defire your Maiestie to leave the field,
And fend him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward Swinfield, to the Abbey there.
Mef. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retirue themselfes.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burns mee vp, And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set in your Swinfield: to my Letter straight,
Weakneffe poffeth mee, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Biga.

Sal. I did not think the King so for'd with friends.
Pem. Vp once again: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten dissell Falconbridge,
In flight of flight, alone vpholds the day.
Pem. They say King John fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melton wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.
Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melborne.
Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold,
Vnthead the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King John, and fall before his feet.
For if the French be Lords of this lowd day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he wonne,
And I with him, and many more with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. Edmundsbury,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be posible? May this be true?
Mel. Hale I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantaty of life,
Which bleedeth away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolue in his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must loofe the vfe of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and of heere, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewd do win the day,
He is forfowrme, if cre those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But eu'n this night, whose blaccke contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning Cref.
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If Lewd, by your asfisance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this reft fedes
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this,
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field,
Where I may thinkke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my foule
With contemplation, and deouet defires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and befhrew my foule,
But I doe loue the fauter, and the forme
Of this moft faire occaion, by the which
We will vntread the flps of dammnd flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaing our rankneffe and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look'd, And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King John.
My armes shall glue thes helps to heare thee hence,

For
The life and death of King John.

For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.  

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Did. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set;
But fled, and made the WesternWelkin blithe,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In fainst Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needesse shot,
After such bloody tolie, we did good night,
And wond our tart'ring colours clearly vp,
Laft in the field, and almost Lords of it.
  Enter a Mijenger.

  Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

  Did. Here: what newes?

  Mef. The Count Melborne is faine: The English Lords
By his pervasion, are againe faine off,
And your supply, which you have with'd fo long,
Are cast away, and fink in Goodwin fands.

Did. Ah fowle, fhew'd newes. Be fare thy very
I did not thinke to be fo fad to night
(hart:
As this hath made me. Who was he that faid
King Ladis did flie an houre or two before
The fumbling night did part our warie powrs?

Mef. Who ever fpoke it, it is true my Lord.

Did. Well: keep good quarter, & good care to night,
The day fhall not be vp fo fpone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow.

Enter Bajfard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whofe there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I fhoot.

Bajf. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bajf. Whether doeft thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Bajf. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought.
I will vpon all hazards well beleauce
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue fo well:
Who art thou?

Bajf. Whou thou wilt: and if thou pleafe
Thou maif be friend me fo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantsmen.

Hub. Vnderstanding remembrance: thou, & endless night,
Have done me faine: Brute Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should caufe the true acquaintance of mine care.

Bajf. Come, come: fans complement. What news abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bajf. Breafe then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet fir, news fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlffe, and horrible.

Bajf. Show me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, ile not I wouind at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almoft speechlffe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the fodaime time,
Then if you had at leiffer knowne of this.

Bajf. How did he take it? Who did take to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a refolved villain.
Whofe Bowels foadainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and perdurance may recover.

Bajf. Who didf thou leaue to tend his Maifeiny?

Hub. Why know you not: The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince Henry in their companie,
At whose requeft the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maietie.

Bajf. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt vs not to bear about
Ile tell thee Hubert, halfe my power this night
Pafing thefe Flats, are taken by the Tyde,
Thefe Lincolne-Waffes have decoy'd them,
My felfe, well mounted, hardly have ecape'd.
Away before: Conduckt me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or eare I come.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some fuppole the foules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Coments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneffe yet doth speake, & holds beleauce,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would alay the burning qualitie
Of that fall poison which affayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; cuen now he fang.

Hen. Oh vanitie of ficknedef: fierce extremes
In their continuance, will not feele theirselves.
Death hauing prai'de vpon the outward parts
Leaves them inuible, and his felge is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantafies,
Which in their throng, and preffe to that latt hold,
Confound themfelves. 'Tis strange thy death fholde fangs:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a doelegall hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of fraility fings.
His foule and body to their laffing reft.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To fet a forme vpon that indignet
Which he hath lef fo时代中国, and fo rude.

Iam broucht in.

John. I marrie, now my foule hath elowe roome,
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bohome,
That all my bowles crumble vp to doit:
I am a servile forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiestie?
Ish. Poyfon'd, ill fare: dead, farboke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his yece fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdome Riuers take their course
Through my burn'd bohome: nor intrest the North
To make his bleak winds kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you.

Ish. The fea in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreuable condemned blood.

Enter Basfard.

Bas. Oh, I am seald with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to fee your Maiestie.

Ish. Oh Cozen, thou art come to fet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the flowds wherewith my life shold falle,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poor string to flay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vterred,
And then all this thou feeld, is but a cloa,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bas. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall anfwer him.
For in a night the beft part of my powre,
As I vpon advantage did remoue,
Were in the Wafhes all vnwarlly,
Deuoured by the vnexpeected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Ligg's, my Lord's but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even fo muu I run on, and even fo stop.
What suret of the world, what hope, what flay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bas. Art thou gone fo? I do but flay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my fowle shall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy fervant all.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right fpheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And infantly returne with me againe.
To put destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs feele, or straight we shall be fought,
The Daphine rages at our verey heele.

Sal. It fummes you know not then fo much as we,
The Cardinall Pandulfic is within at reft,
Who halfe an houre fince came from the Daphine,
And brings from him fuch offers of our peace,
As we with honor and refpect may take,
With purpose prefently to leave this warre.

Bas. He will the rather do it, when he fees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the fheet fide, and put his caufe and quarrell
To the difpofing of the Cardinall,
With whom your felfe, my felfe, and other Lords,
If you thinkne meete, this afnoome will poaff
To conformate this buinffe happily.

Bas. Let it be fo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beft be fpair'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worlter muff his bodie be intern'd,
For fo he will'd it.

Bas. Thither fhall it then,
And happily may your sweet felle put on
The lineall fate, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submiffion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull fervices
And true fubiection everlaufflingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love wee make
To reft without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde foule, that would give thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bas. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greeues.
This England never did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it felfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we'll fchoke them: Naught fhall make vs rue,
If England to it felle, do reft but true.

Exeunt.
The life and death of King Richard the Second.

**Actus Primus, Scena Prima.**

Enter King Richard, Lord of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

**King Richard.**

A. Ld. Lord of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,

Haft thou according to thy oath and band

Brought hither Henry Herfroid thy bold son:

But he to make good bolthous late appeals,

Which then our legislature would not let us hear.

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

**Gaunt.** I have my Liege.

**King.** Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,

If he appeals the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily as a good subject should

On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

**Gaunt.** As near as I could fift him on that argument,

On some apparant danger feene in him,

Aye'd at your Highneffe, no inuerate malice.

**Kin.** Then call them to our preence face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, our felues will hear

The accufer, and the accused, freely speake;

High thomack'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage, desse as the sea; hafte as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

**Bul.** Many years of happy days befall

My gracious Soverainge, my most loving Liege.

**Mow.** Each day still better others happinefse,

Vntill the heavens enoying earths good hap,

Add an immortall title to your Crowne.

**King.** We thank you both, yet one but flatters vs,

As well appeareth by the caufe you come,

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

**Coofin of Hereford,** what doft thou obiect

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

**Bul.** Firft, heauen be the record to my speech,

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious favtie of my Prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate.

Come I appellant to this Princeely presence.

Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,

And mark my greeting well: for what I speake,

My body shall make good vpon this earth,

Or my diuine foule anfwer it in heauen,

Thou art a Traitor, and a Mifcreant;

Too good to be fo, and too bad to live.

Since the more faire and chirifflis is the skie,

The vplier ferme the clouds that in it flye:

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foule Traitors name, defcuing I thy throates,

And with (to pleafe my Soveraigne) ere I moue,

What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue

**Mow.** Let not my cold words here accufe my zeale:

'Tis not the trial of a Womans warre,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this caufe betwixt vs twaine;

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be huift, and nought at all to fay.

Firft the faire recorrence of your Highneffe curbes mee,

From guing reines and figures to my free speech,

Which elfe would poif, vntill it had returnd

These tearmes of treafon, doubly downe his throat.

Setting aife his high bloods royalty,

And let him be no Kinfman to my Liege,

I do defte him, and I fift at him,

Call him a flanders Coward, and a Villaine:

Which to maintaine, I would allow him odde,

And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,

Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,

Or any other ground inhabitable,

Where euer Englishman durft fet his foote,

Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,

By all my hopes moft falfely doth he lie.

**Bul.** Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,

And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,

Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.

If guilty dred hath left thee fo muchrength,

As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then floope.

By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elle,

Will I make good against thee arme to arme,

What I have fpoken, or thou canst defufe

**Mow.** I take it vp, and by that sword I fware,

Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,

He anfwer thee in any faire degree,

Or Chivalrous defigne of knightly triall:

And when I mount, allue may I not light,

If I be Traitor, or vniutlly figh.

**King.** What doth our Cofin lay to Mowbrayes charge?

It muft be great that can inherit vs,

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

**Bul.** Look what I fay, my life shall proue it true,

That Mowbray hath receiued eight thoufand Nobles,

In
In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain’d for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine.
Befide I say, and will in battle prone,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That ever was furer’d by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteen yeares
Complotted, and contrived in this Land,
Fetch’d from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester death,
Suggest his sone beheading aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Stic’d out his innocent foule through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Aabls cries,
(As when the crocodile devours the earth)
To me for justice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my dificent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution foares:
Thomas of Norfolk, what layeth thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf.
Till I have told this flander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a tyr.
King. Mowbray, impartill all our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, say our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sone;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing prululde him, nor paralize
The vn-looping firmeneesse of my vpright foule.
He is our palace (Mowbray) fo art thou,
Free speech, and faireleffe, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then Bullingbrooks, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false pallage of thy throat; thou lyest:
There parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Dishart I to his highness fouldiers;
The other part refer’d I by confection,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a decree Accompt,
Since I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lyce. For Gloucester death,
I flew him not (but to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my fwarne duty in that cafe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trepasse that doth vex my greene foule:
But ere I left receiv’d the Sacramento,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg’d
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reit appeale’d,
It suffer from the rangelle caustnes of a liane,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my sake I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weeing Traitors foote,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the bed blood chamber’d in his bofore.
In haft wereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnessse to affigne our Triall day.
King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul’d by me:
Let’s purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prefigure, though no Phyfition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vacnkle, let this end where it begun,
Wee’ll calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your fon.
Gaunt. To be a make-piece shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sone) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Halie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.
Mow. My felie I throw(dread Soueraigne)at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dotie owes, but my fable name
Delight of death, that lies vpon my grave
To darke dishonours vie, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac’d, impeach’d, and baffeld heere,
Pierc’d to the foule with flanders venom’d spiere:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath’d this poyfon.
King. Rage must be withthold:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Me. Yes, but not change his spotstake but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treaure mortall times afford
Is spotlefe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times bar’d wp Cheff,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall breft.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I live; and for that will I die.
King. Coofin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.
But. Oh heauen defend my foule from fuch foule sin.
Shall I feeme Creft-faine in my fathers fight,
Or with pale beggar-faire impeach my hight
Before this out-da’d daffard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine Honor with fuch feeble wrong;
Or found so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The flauish motue of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbrrays face.
Exit Gaunt.
King. We were not borne to fuit, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready (as your friends shall answer it)
At Coucctree, vpon S. Lamberts day:
There shall your swords and Lancies arbitrate
The dwelling difference of your settled hate
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice defende the Vidon Chialair.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct these home Alarums.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Duke of Gloucester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouesters blood,
Doth more follicite me then your exclames,
To flire against the Butchers of his life.

But
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction lyeth in that hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Ends. Finishes brotherhood in thee no faster spurre?
Hath loue i'th thy old blood no liuing fire?

As euens foules (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as euens violles of his Sacred blood,
Or euens faire branches springing from one root:
Some of those euens are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the definies cut:
But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glaouter,
One Viol full of Edwards Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his moist Royall roote
Is crack'd of, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hacket downe, and his furnamer leaves all vaded
By Exuies hate, and Murders bloody Axe.

Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that faision'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liest, and breath'th,
Yet art thou flaine in him: thou doft content
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou feest thy wretched brother dy';
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is diaprare,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaufter'd,
Though thou liest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching thine owne mother how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brevts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The brest way is to venge my Glaouter death.

Gaunt. Heuen is the quarrell: for heuens subfute
His Deputy appointed in his fight,
Hath cau'd his death, the which if wrongfull
Let heauen reuenge: for I may never lift
An angry arme against his Minifter.

Dur. Where then ( alas may I) complaint my selfe?
Gaunt. To heauen, the wilderous Champion to defend
Dur. Why then I wills: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go'lt to Coventrie, there to behold
Our Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herford's speare,
That it may enter butcher with my woe:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes finnes fo heavy in his bosome,
That they may break his foaming Couriers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lifs,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cofine Herford:
Farwell old Gaunt, thy sometime brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

Gaunt. Sifter farewell: I must to Coventree,
As much good day with thee, as go with mee.

Dur. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the empte hollowes, but weightier
I take my leau, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it semeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund Turge.

Lest, this is all I nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plafhie vist mee.
Alacke, and what thall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgingis, and vnfurnished walls,
Vn-people'd Offices, vntrodun Stones?

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, frightfully and bold,
Stays but the specimens of the Apprentis Trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Campions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maleficies approach.

Flourish. Enter King, Gaunt, Bophy, Bagot, Greene, & others:
Then Mowbray in Arms, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his caufe.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, say who ye art,
And why thou com'lt thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'ft, and what's thy quarrell,
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Marshall. My name is The Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding ifue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him (in defendeing of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Herford, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre;
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his caufe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thither?
Before King Richard in his Royall Lifs?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speakke like a true Knight, to defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancater, and Derbee,
Am I who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To prooue by heaunns grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lifs, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no perfon be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lifs,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire defignes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigne hand,
And bow my knee before his Malefie:
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

...
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And bowing farwell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highness,
And charges to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will defend, and fold him in our arms.

Cofin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou sheddest,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Ball. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gored with a Membrayd speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Membray fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord Sumarle;
Not bittie, although I have to do with death,
But laufhe, young, and cheerfully drawing breath.

Loo, as at English Feasts, so I regrete
The daintie flift, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whole youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Dost with a two-fold rigor life inpour To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proof unto mine Armour with thy praysre,
And with thy blestings fleie my Lances point,
That it may enter Membraynes waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Even in the lufty hauour of his fonne.

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good caufe make thee prof'reous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy bowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Canke
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Ball. Mine innocence, and S. George to thrive.

Men. How ever heauen or fortune caft my lot,
There lies, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, iuft, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captive with a freer heart,
Caft off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adverarie.

Moit mighty Liege, and my companion Peere,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yereas,
As gentle, and as locond, as to left,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet bret.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I eyfe
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the trial Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receiv thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Ball. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go bear this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

1. Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found falfe, and recreant,
To prooue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Membray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to fet forwardes to the fight.

2. Har. Here handeth Thos Membray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falfe 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 defire

Attending but the signall to begin. A charge founded
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and let forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath thowne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmetts & their Spears,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe.
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets found,
While we returne these Dukes what we deceere.

A long Fflourib.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be foyled
With that deceere blood which it hath foothered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire affect
Of ciuill wounds powdog'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which do rouze'd with boystroues vattun'd drummes,
With harfth refounding Trumpets dreadefull bray,
And grating thockes of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euene in our kinds blood:
Therefore, we banifh you our Territories.

You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fume Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regrete our faire dominions,
But treate the stranger pathes of banifhment.

Bul. Your will be done: This mutt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
And thro' his golden beams to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banifhment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dofte,
Which I with some vnwillingethe pronounce,
The fye flow hours shall not determinate
The dateleffe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleffe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Men. A heauie sentence, my moft Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlock'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deeree merit, not fo deepe a malaine,
As to be call forth in the common ayre.
Hauie I deferred at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yerees
(My native English) now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues vfe is to me no more,
Then an vnfringeable Vyll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument ca'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue,
Doubly percul'd with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnpracting, barren ignorance,
Is made me Gooler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurfe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speecchleffe death,
Which robbs my tongue from breathing naturall breath?
Rich. It boost thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Men. Then thus I turne me from my countrey light
To dwell in solemne shades of endleffe night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banifht hands:
Sware by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banifh with your felues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiftere:
You euery shall (to helpe you Truth, and Heuen)
Embrace each other loose in banifhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each other face,

Nor
The life and death of Richard the second.

Nor euer write, regrette, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-born hate,
Nor euer by asidul purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

But. I swears.

Mew. And I, to keepe all this.

But. Norfolkke, so fare, as to mine enemies,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our foules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this saile repulche of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from the Land.
Confecte thy Tresafons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haft fare to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mew. No Bullingbrede: If euer I were Traitor,
My names be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too foonie (I fear) the King shall fare.
Farewel my Lige (now) no way can I fayy,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Blink'd, in the glaries of thine eyes
I fee thy greene heedd: thou fad afflicted,
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd fowre away: Six frozen Winters fpent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment:
But how long a time lyeth in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and fowre wanton fprings
End in a word, fuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Lige, that in regard of me
He shortens foure years of my fonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the foure yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyie-eride Lampe, and time-bewatked light
Shall be extint with age, and endleffe night:
My inch of Paper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me fee my fonne.

Rich. Why Vnkle, thou haft many yeares to fue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst glue:
Shorten my dayes thou canst with fudden forow,
And plucke nightes from me, but no lend a morrow:
Thou canft helpe time to furrow me with age,
But no flop wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kindeome cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy fonne is banish'd (upon good advice,
Whereby thy tongue a party-verdick gue,
Why at our Jutlic feme'll thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things sweet to taff, prowe in digeftion fowre:
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too drift to make me more way;
But you gaue leauie to my vawilling tong,
Against my will, to do my felfe this wrong.

Rich. Confine farewell I and Vnkle bid him fo:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Enter King, Anmerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obferue. Confine Anmerle,
How far brought you high Herfard on his way?

Anm. I brought high Herfard (if you call him fo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what flore of parting tears were shed?

Anm. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitter against our face,
Awak'd the fleape rheums, and fo by chance
Did grace our hollow parted with a tear.

Rich. What fald our Coyn when you parted with him?

Anm. Farewell; and for my hart deftain'd my tongue
Should to prophane, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreffion of fuch greefe,
That worke foc'd buried in my forowes graue.
Marrey, would the word Farewell,hau'e lengthen'd houre,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of Farewels,
but fince it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Coyn (Coyn) but 'tis doubt
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinman come to fee his friends,
Our Icles, and Bagot: here Bagot and Greane
Obferu'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiat Courtfe,
What reverence he did throw away on faues;
Wooling poore Craftef-men, with the craft of foules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banifh their affeets with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyher-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks to my Countrymen, my loving friends,
As were our England in retourion his,
And he our Sodainly next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leutyr, yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness’s lote.

Ric. We will our selfe in perfon to this warre,
And for our Coffiers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largefle, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforde to farme our royall Realme,
The Renewne whereof shall furnih vs
For our auxaries in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of Gold,
And lend them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bofhy, what newes?
Bof. Old Iohn of Gaunt is verie fickle my Lord,
Souldainly taken, and hath fent pull halfe
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.

Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyfians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffiers shall make Coates
To decke our fouldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let’s all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make haf, and come too late. Exit.

Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, fiche with Yerke.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my lafte
In wholsome counfell to his unfayld youth?
Yor. Vex not your felfs, nor fhrue not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counfell to his eare.

Gaunt. O but (they fay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepes harmonie:
Where words are scarce, they are feldom feene in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in vaine.
He that no more muft fay, is linder more,
Then they whom youth and eafe have taught to glofe,
More are mens ends mark’d, then their lues before,
The fetting Sun, and Muifcke is the clofe
As the lafte taft of fweetnes, is fweeteft laft,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though Richard my lyes counfell would not heare,
My deaths lad tale, may yet vndeere his eare.

Yor. No, it is flpott with other flatting founds
As praifes of his flate: then there are found
Lacifious Meeters, to whose vnoem found
The open eare of youth doth always liften.
Report of fadnes in proud Italy,
Whole manners still our tardie apth Nation
Limpes after in bafe Imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanities,
So it be new, there’s no repect how vile,
That is not quickly buz’d into his eares?
That all too late comes counfell to be heard,
Where will doth muityn with wits regard?
Direct not him, whose way himfelfe will choofe,
Tis breath thou lackft, and that breath wilt thou looie.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new infir’d,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
Hisراف fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laft,
For violent fires foone burne out themfelves,
Small flourves laft long, but fodaine formes are fhort,
He tyres betimes, that ipurs too falt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the fedeer:
Light vanity, infaftate comorant,
Confuming means foone preyes upon it felfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this fceptred Ile,
This earth of Mafeiy, this fteate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradife,
This Fortreff built by Nature for her felfe,
Against intfortune, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious flone, fit in the filler fea,
Which ferues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moafe defence to a house,
Against the enuy of leefe happy Lands,
This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurfe, this teemmg wombe of Royall Kings,
Fare’d by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian fervice, and true Chialitie,
As is the f quelcher in fubborne Jury
Of the Worlds ranfome, bleffed Makers Sonne.
This Land of fuch deer eoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas’d out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelling Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant fea,
Whofe rocky shore beats backe the enuisous fedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with flame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath’made a flamelfall conquest of it felfe.
Ah! would the scandall vanifh with my life,
How happy then was my enfuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Asouerels, Bofhy, Greene, Bogen, Ric, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag’d, do rage the more.

Ri. How fares our noble Vade Lancaler?

Ri. What comfort man! How fit with aged Gaunt?

Ri. Oh how that name befins my compoition:
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faft,
And who abfaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For feeding England long time hau I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleafure that forme Fathers fedes upon,
Is my driff faft, I meane my Childrens lookec,
And therein fafting, haft thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whole hollow wobme inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can fiche men play fo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. Mo, milery makes sport to mocke it felfe:
Since thou doft fcke to kill my name in me,
To He Liue Thy Dar'ft Prefuming Is Why Which Depofing The A

It were ftate yet thou hast ftoke thy name is

Not Glaufers death, nor Herfords banifhment, Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs, Nor the prevention of poore Bullyingbrook,

The plate, coine, reueneuves, and moneiables, Whereof our Vnice Gaunt did fland pooffit.

How long hall I be patient? Oh how long Shall tender dutie make me fuffer wrong?

Right, Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not I plea'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all: Seeks you to fteke, and gripe into your hands The Royalties and Rights of banifh'd Herfords Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herfords life? Was not Gaunt iuft? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deferue to have an heyre? Is not his heyre a well-deferuing fonne? Take Herfords rights away, and take from time His Charters, and his cuftomarie rights: Let not to morrow then infue to day, Be not thy felte. For how art thou a King But by faire fucceffion and fucceffion? Now afore God, God forbid I fay true, If you do wrongfully feize Herfords right, Call in his Letters Patents that he hath By his Atrunneys generill, to fue His Luefle, and deny his offer'd homage, You plucke a thoufand dangers on your head, You loafe a thoufand well-dilpoled hearts, And pricke my tender patience to thofe thoughts Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

Nor, My Liege, olde Gaunt comemnds him to your Malefie.

Ric. What fayes he? Nor. Nay nothing, all is faid:

The tongue is now a fringileffe instrument, Words, life, and all, old Lancaffer hath fpent.

Ter. Be Yorke the next, that mutt be bankrupt fo, Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Ric. The ripeft fruit firft falls, and fo doth he, His time is fpent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres, We muff supplant thofe rough rug-headed Kernes, Which blue like venom, where no venom elle

But onely they, haue privilege to lieue. And for thefe great afiayres do aske some charge Towards our allience, we do feize to vs

I mocke my name (great King,) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter thofe that lieue?

Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thofe that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, faid thou flatter'ft me. Gau. Oh no, thou dyed, though I the fickler be.

Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I fee thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I fee thee ill: Ill in my felie to fee, and in thee, feeling ill, Thy death-bed is no leffer then the Land, Wherein thou lieft in reputation fickes, And thou too care-leffe patient as thou art, Commit't thy amоеted body to the cure Of thofe Phyfition, that ft first wounded thee. A thoufand flatterers ft within thy Crowne, Whofe compaffe is no bigger then thy head, And yet incaged in fo small a Verge, The wide is no whit leffer then the Land.

Oh had thou Grandfire with a Prophefs eye, Scene how his fonnes fonne, thoud destroy hisfonnes, From forth thy racy he would haue laied thy flame, Depofing thee before thou were pooffit.

Whofe pooffit now to thy vnreuerent falte.

Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world, It were a fame to let his Land by leafe: But for thy world enjoying but this Land, Is it not more then thame, to flame it fo?

Landlord of England art thou, and not King:

Thy fate of Law, is bondlaue to the law, And—

Rich. And thou, a lunatike leane-witted foolo, Prefuming on an Agues pruflledge, Dar'ft with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheekes, chafing the Royall blood With fury, from his natuie reffidence?

Now by my Seates right Royall Malefie, Wer't thou not Brother to great Edwards fonne, This tongue that runs fo roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulder.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards fonne, For that I was his Father Edwards fonne:

That blood already (like the Pellican) Thou haft taft out, and drunkenly carow'd,

My brother Gloucefter, plaine well meaning soule (Whom Bire befall in heauen 'mong happy foules) May be a preftident, and witneffe good,

That thou refpeft'ft not falline Edwards blood: Ioyned with the prefent fiekneffe that I have, And thy vnhindneffe be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long. whither'd frowne. Liue in thy fbrane, but dye not fbrane with thee.

Thofe words hereafter, thy tormentors bee. Conuey me to my bed, then to my grave, Love they to blue, that love and honor haue.

Exit Rich. And let them dye, that age and fallens haue, For both haft thou, and both become the grave.

Ter. I do befeech your Malefie impute his words To wayward fickleneffe, and age in him:

He loues you on my life, and holds you deere As Harry Duke of Herfords, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you fay true: as Herfords love, so his;

As theirs, fo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde Gaunt comemnds him to your Malefie.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port & Blan
A Bay in Britaine, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury,
Sith Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainfion,
Sith John Norberis, Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quaint,
All these well furnisht'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making bither with all due expediency,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If we shall then flake off our flauish yoke,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Prepare to warre for England's life or limb;
Prepare our felves, for this is no time to play
Stay, and be secret, and my felle: we'll all go.
Re. To horfe, to horfe, vrge doubts to them: yet fear.
Will. Hold out my horfe, and I will first be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buffie, and Baget.

Buff. Madam, your Maiestie is too much fad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside felle-harming heauineffe,
And entertain a chearfull disfopition.
Que. To please the King, I did: to please my felle.
I cannot do it: yet I know no caufe,
Why I should welcome such a gueft as greefe,
Sauue bidding farewell: to fo fweet a gueft
As my sweet Richard: yet againe I thinke,
Some vnborne forrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is coming towards me, and my inward foule
With nothing trembles, at something it greues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buff. Each fabfiance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which fliues as greefe it felle, but is not fo:
For frownes eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Diidues one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like peripeclues, which rightly gazed vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Diltinguifh forme: fo your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Findes the front greefe, more then himfelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught bur shadows.
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with felle frowne eyes,
Which for things true, weree things imaginary.

Qu. It may be fo: but yet my inward foule
Periwades me it is otherwife: how erre it be,
I cannot but be fad: fo heavy fad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and drihke.
Buff. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Queen.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Qu. "Tis nothing leffe: conceit is still derl'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not fo,
For nothing hast begot my sometimed greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
"Tis in reuerence that I do polleffe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heauen faue your Maiestie, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men:
Qu. Why hop't thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his digines craze hast, his haft good hope,
Then wherefore doth thou hope he is not shipt?
Gre. That he our hope, might have retrey'd his power,
And driven into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath fet footing in this Land.

Enter a servant.

The banifh'd Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vp-lifted armes is fast arru'd
At Rauenburg.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.
Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worfe,
The L.Northumberland, his yong fonne Henrie Perche,
The Lords of Rauff, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Bpf. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?
Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earl of Worcerfe
Hath broke his staffe, reneg'd his Stewardship,
And at his houhold seruants fled with him to Bullenbrook
Qu. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullenbrooke my forrowes dimmall beye:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new deliered mother,
Hast woe to woe, forrow to forrow loyn'd.

Bpf. Dispaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enemie
With cowzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would disfloue the bands of life,
Which flife hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull visages, and sad lookes:
Uncle, for heauens fake speake comfortable words:
For comfort in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lies but croffe, care and griefe:
Your husband he is gone to face farre off,
Whilst others come to make him looke at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes the fickle hour of his forrurts made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a vnder

Sr. My Lord, your fonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why fo? go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I fare reclue on Herfords side.
Sr. Get thee to Plashee to my sister Clother,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Sr. My Lord, I had forgot
To telle your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall greeue you to report the rel.
Yor. What? is't knaue?

Sr. An houre before I came, the Dutchaffe di'de.
Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(For my vntruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there pothes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these warres?
Come sister (Coren I would say) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, pouseide some Cartes
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you murther men?
If I know now, which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thruth into my hands,
Neuer beleue me. Both are my klinkmen.
'Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dute bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom confidence, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, somewhat we muft do: Come Cozen,
Ile disppofe of you. Gentlemen, go murther vp your men,
And meet me prefently at Barkley Castle:
I shold to Plasby too: but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fix and feuon. Exit
Bpf. The windes fit faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returns: For vs to leuy power
Proportional to th'enemy, is all impracible.
Gr. Besides our neesenne to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thofe loue not the King.
W. And that's the wauering Commons, for th'eir loue
Lies in their pors, and who fit empties them,
By fo much fits their hearts with deadly hate.
Bpf. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd
Bag. If judgement bye in them, then fo do we,
Because we have beene euer neere the King.
Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to Brittoile Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.
Bpf. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs
Except like Currets, to teare vs all in pieces;
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts prefages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neuer shall meete againe.
Bf. That's as Yorke thinges to heare back Bullenbrooke
Gr. Alas poor Duke, the taskie he vndertakes
Is numbring fanes, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.
Bpf. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meege againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northum-
berland.

Bpf. How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?
Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger heere in Glouffershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waises,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome:
And yet our faire discouer hath beene as figne,

Mak in
Making the hard way sweet and delectable: 
But I thinke it, what a wearie way
From Rauenburgh to Cottifld will be found,
In Roife and Willoughby, wasting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguil
The tedious, and proceed of my trauell:
But therein is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit that I pouffe.
And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way lesse thorn, as mine hath done,
By fight of what I have, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here? 

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie,
Sent from my Brother Willoughby; Whence fouer.
Harry, how fares your Vackie?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenburgh,
To offer servuce to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barkely, to deliver
What power the Duke of Yorke had leaved there,
Then with direction to repair to Rauenburgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford(Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my servuce,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young.
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approv'd servuce, and defeert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Percie, and be sure
I count my felowe in nothing elfe fo happy.
As in a Soule remenbering my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recumence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus feales it.
North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what firre
Kepes good old York there, with his Men of Warre?
Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond taft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of Barkely, Barkely, and Seymour,
None elfe of Name, and noble elimate.

Bull. Of Roife and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roife and Willoughby,
Bloody with furpicing, fere red with haufe.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banifh'd Traytor; all my Treasurie
Is yet but vnforten, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recumence.
Roife. Your preference makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.
Wife. And ferre furmounts our labour to atteaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanke'sh, the Excheuer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?
The life and death of Richard the Second.

What would you have me doe? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny’d me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my Inheritance of free Diftinct.

North. The Noble Duke hath been much abuse’d.
Ruff. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right.
Wilt. Bafe men by his endowments are made great.

Thee. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cozens Wrongs,
And labour’d all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Career, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Were all have strongly sworn to give him ayd,
And let him ne’er fee joy, that breaks that Oath.

Thee. Well, well, I fee the ific of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confede,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him, or gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you floope
Unto the Souvereigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlaffe you pleade to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Butl. An offer Vnkle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Britow Castle, which they say is held
By Boffie, Bager, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue sworn to weed, and placke away.

Thee. It may be I will goe with you: but yet Ile pass,
I am loth to break our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me pass.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Cape. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue layd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispere our forces: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truest Welchman,
The King repeth all his confidence in thee.

Cape. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not lay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither’d,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac’d Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And leene-looke’d Prophets whisper fearfull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear, to looke what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well affur’d Richard their King is dead.

Thee. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooing Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Weft,
Witnesing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crostely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, York, Northumberland,
Ruff, Percy, Willoughby, with Boffie
and Greene Prifoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Boffie and Greene, I will not vex your foulces,
(Since presently your foulces must part your bodies)
With too much verging your prisoners there.
For twere no Charite: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some caues of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A Happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disguiz’d cleane:
You have in manner with your sinfull hours
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the poffeition of a Royall Bed,
And thayd the beautie of a faire Queens Cheekes,
With tears drawn fro’ her eyes, with your foulces wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in lour,
Till you did make him mis-interpette me,
Hast foppt my neck vnder your injuries,
And figh’d my English breath in forsaine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed vp my Seignories,
Dif-park’d my Parkes, and fell’d my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coat,
Raz’d out my Emprefle, leaving me no signe,
Saued men opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: fee them delieverd ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.
Boffie. More welcome is the frooke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our foules,
And plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, fee them dispaich’d:
Vnkle, you say the Queene is at your Houfe,
For Heauens fake fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I tend to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver’d.

Thee. A Gentleman of mine I have dispaich’d
With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnkle: come Lords away,
To fight with Glendour, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holiday.
Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Soulaiters.

Rich. Barloughly Castle call you this at hand? 
Amer. Ye, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre, 
After your late toiling on the breaking Sea? 
Rich. Needs must I like it well: I wepe for joy 
To stand upon my Kingdom once again. 
Doth not the Sunthwaste the true Sun, 
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horifes hooves: 
As a long parted Mother with her Child, 
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting; 
So weeping, moaning, grie at thee my Earth, 
And doe thee favour with my Royal hands. 
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth, 
Nor with thy Sweetnes, comfort his raunous fence: 
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venom, 
And hennie-gated Tooas lyke in their way, 
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feetes,
Which with whipping thyes doe trample thee. 
Yield flinging Nettes to mine Enemies; 
And when they from thy Bofome pluck a Flower, 
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder, 
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch 
Throw death upon thy Soueraignes Enemies. 
Mock not my fenclefs Condivation, Lords; 
This Earth shall have a feeling, and those Stones 
Prose armed Soulaiters, ere her Native King 
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power which made you King 
Hath power to keepe you King, in sight of all. 
Amer. He means, my Lord, that we are too remisse, 
Whilest Ballingbroke through our securite, 
Growes strong and great, in subdiance and in friends. 
Rich. Difcomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not, 
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid 
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World, 
Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad vndhee, 
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here: 
But when from vnder this Terreftriall Ball 
He fires the proud tops of the Ealterme Pines, 
And darts his Lightning through e'ry guillite hole, 
Then Murthers, Trefaons,and deftrett Sinnes 
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs) 
Stand bare and naked, trembling at them selves. 
So when this Theews, this Traitor Ballingbrooke, 
Who all this while hath revelld in the Night, 
Shall fee vs rising in our Throne, the Exalt, 
His Trefaons will fit blushing in his face, 
Not able to endure the fight of Day; 
But false-affrighted, tremble at his Unee. 
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea 
Can wash the Balme from an anonymt King; 
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 
The Deputie elected by the Lord: 
For every man that Ballingbrooke hath priss, 
To lift firewd Steele against our Golden Crowne, 
Heauen for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight, 
Weske men must fall, for Heauen sill guards the right. 
Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power? 
Salib. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, 
Then this weske armes; discoomfort guides my tongue, 
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire: 
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord) 
Hath clouded all this happy dayes on Earth: 
Oh call bokes Yesterday, bid Time returne, 
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: 
To day, to day, vnhappy day too late 
Orethrowes thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; 
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead, 
Are gone to Ballingbrroke, diaprfft, and fled. 
Amer. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouand men 
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, 
And till so much blood thither come againe, 
Hue I not reall to looke pale, and dead? 
All Souls that will be safe, flye from my side, 
For Time hath fet a blot upon my prise. 
Amer. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are. 
Rich. I had forgot my felle. Am I not King? 
Awake thou flagg'd Malef.ft, thou sleepeft: 
Is not the Kings Name forte thouand Names? 
Arme, arme my Name: a punie fuffected Drikes 
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground, 
Ye Favorites of a Kings: are wee not high? 
High be our thoughts! I know my Vnkle York 
Hath Power enough to ferue our Unee, 
But who comes here? Enter Scroope.

Scrope. More health and happineffe bethue my Liege, 
Then can my care-tun'd tongue delier him. 
Rich. Mine earse is open, and my heart prepar'd: 
The work is worldly loffe, thou canst unfold: 
Say, is my Kingdome loffe? why twas my Care: 
And what iffue is it to be rid of Care? 
Strieus Ballingbrroke to be as Great as wee? 
Greater he shall not be: If hee ferue God, 
We'll ferue him too, and be his Fellow fo. 
Reuold our Subiefts: That we cannot mend, 
They beake their Faith to God, as well as vs: 
Cry Woe, Deuastation, Ruine, Lofse, Decay, 
The work is Death, and Death will have his day. 
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneffe is so arm'd 
To beate the tidings of Calamitie. 
Like an unfeasable storme day, 
Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their Shores, 
As if the World were all diffolu'd to teares: 
So high, aboe his Limits,swells the Rage 
Of Ballingbrooke, couering your fearfull Land 
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: 
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairleffe Sculpes 
Against thy Malic, and Boyes with Womens Voyces, 
Strue to speake bigge, and clap their female jonts 
In stilf unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne 
Thy very Beadi-men learn to bend their Bows 
Of double fatall Eogh: against thy State 
Yea. Diffacft Women manage rude Bills: 
Against thy Sest both young and old rebell, 
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell. 
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill. 
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire where is Baygar? 
What is becomse of&quothere where is Greece?
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we proceed, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Ballingbrooks.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, distrust not redemption,
Dogs, easily woun to fawn on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Judas's, each one thrice worse then Judas,
Would they make peace terrifable Hell make warre
Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Leon (I fee) changing his property,
Turns to the fowerth, and most deadly hate:
Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands those whom ye curse.
Hawe felt the sword of Death in his right hand,
And lye full lowly, in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Basfins, Greene, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroope. Yes, all of them at Bristlow loft their heads.

Aum. Whence is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
Let's talk of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynel eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bofome of the Earth.
Let's chafe Executors, and talk of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depofed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Ballingbrokes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which furnes as Paffes, and Cover to our Bones:
For Heauens fake let vs fit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have beene depot'd, some flaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoths they have depot'd,
Some poisned by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique fits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, he beare'd, and kille with lookes,
Infuing him with felle and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleth, which walls about our Life,
Were Braffe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Carlike Walls, and farwell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not fleth and blood
With Solemne Resurrection: throw away Repeal,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mistooke me all this while:
I line with Bread like you, celestial Want,
Take Griefe, need Friends: fubtacted this,
How can you fay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men re're sware their prefent woe,
But prefently prevent the ways to sware:
To feare the Poe, since feare oppreffeth strength,
Gives in your weakneas, strength vnto your Poe.
Fear, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, pays death ferule breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou didst me wellpraise Ballingbrooks I come
to change Blowses with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is over-blowne,
An exile take it is to winne our owne.

Say Scroope, where vyes our Vnkle with his Power?
Speak sweetly man, although thy looks be fowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The flatte and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to fay:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the word, that must be spoken.
Your Vnkle York is loyn'd with Ballingbrokes,
And all your Northern Caffles yeeded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Upon his Facion.

Rich. Thou haft faid enouf.

Becuow the Confed, which didt lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despare:
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heauen I lie him euersallingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Goe to Flint Caffe, there the pine away,
A King, Wris flmes, flmall Kingly Woe obay:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let em goe
To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counfaille is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Ballingbrokes faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Ballingbrooks,
York, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diligent'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The news is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would becomme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard: I slake the heauey day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: only to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath bene,
Would you have bene fo briefe with him, he would
Have bene fo briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnkle) farther then you shoulde.
York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you shoulde.
Leaft you mislike the Heauens are ove your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnkle) and oppoite not my felde
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percey.

Welcome Harry, what, will not this Caffe yield?

Per. The Caffe royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Asmerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scrope, before a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingtonbrok vpon his knees doth kisse
King Richard's hand, and sends all allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Profounded, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, Ile vfe th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duft with flowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how faire off from the mind of Bullingtonbrok
It is, fuch Orifon Tempesf should bedrench
The freth greene Lap of faire King Richard's Land,
My flooping dutie tenderly shall shew.
Goe signific as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grasse Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyle of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King Richard and my felfe should meet
With no leffe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering snoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he theire, Ile be the yelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes:
Parle withoues, and anfwer withoues; then a Flurries,
Enter on the Wallis, Richard, Carlile, Asmerle, Scrope; Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
Out from the feste Portall of the Eaft,
When he perceives the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to flaine the tract
Of his bright paflage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King; behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieffte's slack, slack, for woe,
That any harme should flaine fo faire a fiew.
Riche. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long hue we fwoon
To watch the fearfull bending of thy knea
Because we thought our felle thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy floynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preence?
If we be not, fiew the Hand of God,
That hath difmif'd vs from our Stewardhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can grip the farded Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleffe he doe prophanes, hailes, or vilupere.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Haue torne their Souls, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maffer, God Omnipotent,
Is muttering in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden, To drive away the base thought of Care?

Lady. Madame, we'll play at Bowles.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the World is full of Rags, And that my fortune runs against the Bys.

Lady. Madame, we'll Dance.

Queen. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight, When my poor Heart no measure keeps in Grief.

Therefore no Dancing (Girl) some other sport.

Lady. Madame, we'll tell Tales.

Queen. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

Lady. Of eyther, Madame.

Queen. Of neither, Girle.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or if of Griefe, being altogether had, It adises more Sorrow to my want of Joy:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complain.

Lady. Madame, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou haft caufe:

But thou should'st please me better, wouldst thou wepe.

Lady. I could wepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good:

And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But play, here comes the Gardiners,

Let's dip into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretched Nettle, ysto a Rowe of Pinnes,

They're talkse of State for every one doth so,

Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binte thep vp yond dangling Apricocks,

Which like vnruely Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppertission of their prodigall weight:

Give some suffertance to the bending twigges,

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cutt off the heads of too fatt growing Sprays,

That look too loftfe in our Common-wealth:

All must be eu, in our Government.

You thus limply'd, I will goe root away

The noyforme Weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyle fertility from wholefome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forse, and doe Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our ilme Estate?

When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choak vp,

Her Fruit-trees all vnprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disterd, and her wholefome Heares

Sworming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disterd Spring,

Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leaf.

The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,

Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Ballingbrooks:

I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Boffio, Greene.

Ser. What,
Ser. What are they dead?  
Gard. They are,  
And Bollingbrook hath feit’d the wafteful King.  
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not fo trim’d  
And dreft his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,  
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,  
Leat being over-proud with Sap and Blood,  
With too much riches it confound it felie?  
Had he done fo, to great and growing men,  
They might have hu’ld to bear, and he to taffe  
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:  
Had he done fo, himselfe he bore the Crowne,  
Which waffe and idle hours, hath quite thrown downe.  
Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depo’d?  
Gard. Depreft he is already, and depo’d  
’Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,  
That tell blakke tydings.

Oh, I am preft to death through want of speaking:  
Thou old Adam likefene, fet to drefs this Garden:  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue found this vnpleasing  
What Ease! what Serpent hath suggeted thee,  
(newes to make a second fall of curfed man?  
Why do’st thou say, King Richard is depo’d,  
Dar’ft thou, thou little better thing then earth,  
Diuine his downfill? Say, where, when, and how  
Cam’st thou by this ill-tydings? Speak, thou wretch.  
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I  
To breath thefe newes; yet what I fay’s, is true  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bollingbrook, their Fortunes both are weigh’d  
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
And some few Vanities, that make him light:  
But in the Balance of great Bollingbrook,  
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe.  
Pente you to London, and you’l finde it fo,  
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

29. Nimble mfchance, that art to light of foote,  
Doth not thy Embaffage belong to me?  
And am I laft that knowes it? Oh thou thinke’t  
To ferue me laft, that I may longest keepe  
Thy forrow in my breath. Come Ladies goe,  
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.  
What was I borne to this: that my fad looke,  
Should grace the Triumph of great Bollingbrook.  
Gardner, for telling me this newes of woe,  
I would the Plants thou grafit’it, may never grow. Exit.  
Poore Queen, fo that thy State might be no worfe,  
I would my skill were fubject to thy curfe:  
Here he dropp a teare, here he in this place  
Ile fet a Banke of Rew, fourre Herbe of Grace:  
Rue, eu’n for ruth, herehe shortly hall be feene,  
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bollingbrook, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fins-Water, Surrey, Carlisle, Albat of Whinnyburn, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Bollingbrook. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,  
What thou do’st know of Noble Gloufiers death:  
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform’d  
The bloody Office of his Timeleffe end.  
Bag. Then fet before my face, the Lord Aumerle.  
Bol. Conf’y hand forth, and looke upon that man.  
Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scores to vnfay, what it hath once deliver’d.  
In that dead time, when Gloufiers death was plotted,  
I heard you fay, Is not my arme of length,  
That reacheth from the reftfull English Court  
As faire as Calius, to my Valiant head.  
Amongst much other talke, that very time,  
I heard you fay, that you had rather refufe  
The offer of an hundred thoufand Crownes,  
Then Bollingbrook returne to England; adding withall,  
How blest this Land would be, in this your Collins death.  
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:  
What anfwer hall I make to this base man?  
Shall I fo much dihonor my faire Starres,  
On equal terrms to glue him chaffement?  
Either I muft, or have mine honor foyl’d  
With th’ Attainder of his fland’rous Lipes.  
There is my Gage, the manuall Scale of death  
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lyef,  
And will maintaine what thou haft faid, is fife,  
In thy heart blood, though being all too base  
To fhine the temper of my Knightly word.  
Bol. Bagot forbeare, thou fhalt not take it vp.  
Aum. Excepting one, I would he the beft  
In all this prefence, that hath mou’d me fo.

Fins. If that thy valour fland on sympathize:  
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine:  
By that faire Sunne, that fhewes me where thou fand’st,  
I heard thee fay (and vauntingly thou spak’ft it)  
That thou’rt caufe of Noble Gloufiers death.  
If thou defenf’t it, twenty times thou lyef,  
And I will turne thy fulplood to thy hart,  
Where it was forgew with my Rapiers point.  
Aum. Thou dar’ft not (Coward) line to fee the day.  
Fins. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.  
Aum. Fins-Water thou art dumb’d to hell for this.  
Per. Aumerle, thou lyef’t: his Honor is as true  
In this Appelle, as thou art all vniou:  
And that thou art fo, there I throw my Gage  
To prove ou thee, to th’extreme point  
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar’ft.  
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more reuengefull Steele,  
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.  
Surrey. My Lord Fins-water:  
I do remember well, the very time  
Aumerle, and you did talke.  
Fins. My Lord,  
‘Tis very true; You were in preffence then,  
And you can witneffe with me, this is true.  
Surrey. As fife, by heauen,  
As Heauen it felle is true.  
Fins. Surrey, thou Lyef.  
Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;  
That Lyef, fhall lie fo heavy on my Sword,  
That it fhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,  
Till thou the Lyf-guer, and that Lyf, doe lyf  
in earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.  
In prove whereof, there is mine Honors pawn,  
Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar’ft.

Fins-
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Fiers. How fondly do'th thou purr a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live,
I dare meete Surry in a Wildernesse,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To yee thee to my strong Corrrection.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Besides, I heard the bandit's Norfolke say,
That thou Aumerle didst lend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Calis.
Aum: Some honest Christian trufl thou me with a Gage,
That Norfolke lyes: here do I throw downe this,
If he may be replaid, to trie his Honor.
Bull: These differences shall all reft vnder Gage,
Till Norfolke be replaid: replaid he shall be,
And (though mine Enemie) reftor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl: That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many of North Bandit's Norfolke fought
For Iufc Christian, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracen:
And tody I'd with worke of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gate
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule unto his Captain Chrift,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought fo long.
Bull: Why Bifhop, is Norfolke dead?
Carl: As fue as I live, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Boome of good old Abraham.
Lords Apoelants, your differences all reft vnder gage,
Till we alligne you to your days of Tryall.

Enter Torke.

Torke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeilds
To the posseffion of thy Royal Hand.
Ascend his Throne, defending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In God's Name, He ascend the Regall Throne.
Carl: Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worth in this Royal Prefence may I speake,
Yet beft becominge me to speake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Prefence
Were through Noble to be brought to light.
Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would
Leame him forbearance from fo foule a Wrong,
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who fits here, that is not Richard Subiect?
Theues are not lou'd, but they are by to heare.
Although apparant guilt be feene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maietie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie eclef,
Anonyted, Crown'd, plantead many yeeres,
Be lou'd by Subiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himfelf not profent? Oh, forbidd it God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd
Should be to heynous, black, obfcene a deed.
I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Herefode here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Tryall to the noblest of Kings.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophacie,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future Ages groan for his foule Aet.
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Disorder, Horror, Fear, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgota, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
It will the wofull Dilution proce,
That ever fell vpon this curfed Earth.
Preuent it, refist it, and let it not be fo,
Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.
Norbe. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your pains,
Of Capitall Trefon we arethe you here.
My Lord of Wefminder, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may furrender: so we shall procede
Without further'shation.
Torke. I will be his Conduct.

Enter Richard and Torke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have hooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To infrinate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Glue Sorrow lease a while, to tureme
To this submiffion. Yet I well remember
The fakers of thefe men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hailie to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one, Lim in twelve thousand, none.
God faue the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God faue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what fervice, am I fent for thither?
Torke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maietie did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To Henry Batlingbrooke.
Rich. Glue me the Crown, Here Cousin, sitze ye Crown:
Here Cousin, on this fide my Hand, on that fide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The empiere ever dancing in the ayre.
The other downe, vnfeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Tears am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst ye mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to renigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but fill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depofe,
But not my Griefes: fill am I King of thothes.
Bull. Part of your Cares you glue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loafe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I glue: I have, though gien away,
They tend the Crown, set till with them they say:
"Bull. Are you contented to renigne the Crowne?"

Rich. 1.
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Rich. I, no, no, I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I refuge to thee.
Now, mark me how I will vn doe my selfe, I
gue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwelde Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I gue away my Crowne, 
With mine owne Tongue deny my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all duteous Oathes;
All Pompe and Malfaie I doe forswear:
My Mansions, Rents, Reucences, I forgue;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pless'd, that half all aitchiu'd.
Long may't thou live in Rich'da Seat to fit,
And soone my Richard in an Earthie Pit.
God save King Henry, vn-King'd Richard Eyes,
And I haue nowe fo manye of Sunne-shine days.
What more remains?
North. No more: but that you reade
These Accallations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your Perfon, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confedling them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthy depos'd.
Rich. Muff I doe so? and must I rauell out
My wea'd-vp follyes? Gentle Nortb'umberland,
If thy Offences were vp Record,
Would it not shame thee, in fo faire a troupe,
To reade a Leature of them? If thou would'nt,
There should't thou finde one heuyous Article,
Contayning the defoping of a King,
And cracking the stronge Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heaven.
 Nay, all of you, that hand and looke vp me,
Whil'st that my wretched nece doth bat my selfe,
Though some of you, with Pilates, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates
Have here deliuer'd me to my fowre Croffe,
And Water cannot wash away your foune.
North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're thefe Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet falt-Water blinde them not fo much,
But they can see a fort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpou my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traitor with the rest:
For I have gueen here my Soules confent,
Tvndeeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory bafe, a Soueraignetie, a Slave;
Proud Malfaie, a Subiect; State, a Pefiant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haunt-fuiling man:
Nor, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was gueen me at the Font,
But 'tis vperform'd: slack the heauie day,
That I haue won'd my many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullingtons;
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King great King, and yet not greatly good,
And my word be Staffed yet Longing,
Let it command a Mirror hither flatlie,
That it may flewe me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maffeile.
North. Read o're this Paper, while I Glasse doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou tormentes mee, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord Nortb'umberland.
North. The Commons will not then be sattysfie'd.
Rich. They shall be sattysfy'd: I lea reade enough,
When I doe fee the very Booke indeedes,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Ente one with a Glasse.
Gue me that Glasse, and therein I will reade.
No deeper wrinkles yet; hath Sorrow strucke
So many Blows vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flat'tring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperous,
Thou do'tt beguiue me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Dide keepe ten thousande men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which faue'd fo manye folowers,
That was at last out face'd by Bullingbrooke?
A brite Glasse fhine in this Face,
As brite as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crac't in an hundred shiners.
Marke filent King, the Morall of this sport,
How fome my Sorrow hath defroy'd my Face.
Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath defroy'd
The shadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's fee,
'Tis very true, my Grieue eyes all within,
And thefe externall manner of Lamentes,
Are meere shadowes, to the vnfeeone Grieue,
That fwell with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the Subflance: and I thank thee King
For thy great boundlesse, that not onely gue'ke
Me caufe to wayle, but teacheth me the way
How to lament the caufe. I begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?
Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.
Rich. Fare Cousin! I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but fubiebt; being now a fubiebt,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being fo great, I have no neede to begge.
Bull. Ye ask.
Rich. And shall I haue?
Bull. You shall.
Rich. Then giue me leave to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your fights,
Bull. Go, giue some of you, convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conuers are you all,
That rife thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly fet downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felues.
Exeunt.
Abbot. A wofall Pageant we have beheld.
Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.
Asm. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not wordly thinges take the Sacraments,
To bury mine intents, but alfo to effeet

What

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What ever I shall happen to deuife. I see your Browes are full of Decent content, Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares. Come home with me to Supper, I'll lay a Plot Shall shew vs all a merry day. ?

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.}

\textit{Enter Queen and Ladies.}

\textit{Qu.} This way the King will come; this is the way To Julian Caesars ill-crested Tower: To whose flint Bofome, my condemned Lord Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Ballingbrooke. Here let vs rife, if this rebellious Earth Have any ruffling true Kings Queenes. \textit{Enter Rich., and Guards.}

But lest, but fee, or rather doe not see, My faire Rofe wither; yet looke vp; behold, That you in pittye may dissolve to dew, And with him fresh againe with true, luye Teares, Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did fland, Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richarcl's Tombe, And not King Richard; thou most beauituous Inne, Why shoud hard-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee, When Triumph is become an Ale-houfe Guett.\textit{Rich.} Lyon not with griefs, faire Woman, do not see To make my end too sudden: leane good Souls, To think our former State a hammock Dreame, From which awak'd, the truth of what we are, Shewes vs but this, I am wronge Brother(Sweet) To grim Necessity; and fee and I Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France, And Clyofter thee in some Religious Houfe: Our holy lyes must winne a new World of Crowne, Which our prophane hours here haue broken downe.

\textit{Qu.} What is my Richarcl both in shape and minde Transformed? and weakned? Hath Ballingbrooke Depo'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart? The Lyon dying, througtheth forth his Paw, And wounds the Earth,if nothing else,with rage To be o're-pow'd? and wilt thou, Popull, take thy Correction mildly, kiffe the Robbe, And fawe on Rage with base Humiltie, Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts? \textit{Rich.} A King of Beasts indeed! if oughht but Beasts, I had beene full a happy King of Men.

\textit{Coes(sometime Queen) prepare thee hence for France: Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st, As from my Death-bed, my laft living leaque. In Winters tedious Nights fit by the fire With good olde folkes, and let them tell thee Tales Of woeful Ages, long age betide: And see thou this good night, to quite their griefs, Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, And fend the hearers weeping to their Beds: For why? the fenceleffe Brans ids fypathize The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue, And in compation, wepe the fire out: And fome will mourne in athes, fome coale-black, For the depofing of a rightfull King. \textit{Enter Northumberland.}

\textit{North.} My Lord, the mind of Ballingbrooke is chang'd.\textit{You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. And Madame, there is order thus for you: With all swift speed, you must away to France.} \textit{Rich.} Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall The mounting Ballingbrooke ascends my Throne, The time shall not be many hours of age, More then it were foule inne, gathering head, Shall brake into corruption thou shalt thinke, Though he shield the Realmes, and glue thee halfe, It is too little, helping him to all: He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way To plant vrightfull Kings, wilt know againe, Being ne're so little vrg'd another way, To pluck him headlong from the usurped Throne. The Loe of wicked friends converts to Feare; That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both, To worthe Dange, and deferred Death.

\textit{North.} My guilt be on my Head, and there an end: Take Leafe, and part, for you must part withth. \textit{Rich.} Doubly discorde(k bad men) ye violate A two-fold Marriage; twist my Crowne, and me, And then betwixt me, and my married Wife. Let me va-kiffe the Oath twist thee, and me; And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe twas made. Part vs, \textit{Northumberland,} I towards the North, Where shivering Cold and Sickneffe pines the Clyme: My Queen to France: from whence, set forth in pompe, She came adorned hithe like sweet May; Sent back like Hollowoa, or short it of day, \textit{Qu.} And must we be divided? must we part? \textit{Rich.} I hand from hand( my Loue) and heart fro heart. \textit{Qu.} Banish vs both, and fend the King with me. \textit{North.} That were some Loue, but little Pollicy. \textit{Qu.} Then whither he goes, theither let me goe. \textit{Rich.} So two together weeping, make one Woe. Wepe thou for me in France, I for thee heere: Better fare off, then neere, he're the neere, Goe, count thy Way with Sighes, I mine with Grownes. \textit{Qu.} So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes. \textit{Rich.} Twice for one Hepe lie groane, of Way being short, And peace the Way out with a heauie heart. Come, come, in wooling Sorrow let's be briefs, Since wadding it, there is fuch length in Griefe: One Kiffe shall flop our mouths, and dumblly part: Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart. \textit{Qu.} Give me mine owne againe, were no good part, To take on me to keepes, and kill the heart. So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone, That I may frise to kill it with a groane. \textit{Rich.} We make Woe wanton with this fond delay: Once more adieu, the rest, let Sorrow say.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Scena Secunda.}

\textit{Enter Torky, and the Dukeflow.}

\textit{Duch.} My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest, When weeping made you brake the story off, Of our two Cousins coming into London. \textit{Torky.} Where did I leave? \textit{Duch.} At that fud floppes, my Lord, Where rude mif-gourn'd hands, from Windowes tops, Threw dust and rubbiffh on King Richard head.

\textit{Enter. Then d 3 Torky.}
Torke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Ballingbrooke,
Mounted upon a hot and ferile Steed,
Which as aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With flow, but rattle pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cried, God save thee Ballingbrooke.
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy lookers of yong and old,
Through Caffemants dared their defiring eyes
Upon his vifage: and that all the walle,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iefo preferre thee, welcom Ballingbrooke.
Whil'st he, from one fide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Befpoke them thus: I thank ye Countrimen:
And thus fill doing, thus he paft along.

Dutch. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the whilfe?

Torke. As in a Theatre, when the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idely bent on that which enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even fo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did fcowe on Richard: no man cried, God save him:
No loyfull tongue guae him his welcome home,
But dut was throwne upon his Sacred head,
Which with fuch gentle forrow he fwoke off,
His face fill combating with tears and smiles
(The bagges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for fome strong purpofe) feald'd
The hearts of men, they muft perforce have melted,
And Barbarifme it felle haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in thefe events,
To whole high will we bound our calme contents.
To Ballingbrooke, are we fwores Subiecks now,
Whofe State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Here comes my fonne Aumerle.

Tor. Aumerle that was,
But that is loft, for being Richards Friend.
And Maim, you muft call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lafitting festlie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my fonne: who are the Violets now,
That drew the greenep lap of the new-come Springe?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as lief he be none, as one.

Torke. Well, bear we well in this new-spring of time
Leaff you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold thofe Juifs & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Torke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpofe fo.

Tor. What Scarle is that that hangs without thy bofom?
Yes, look't thou pale? Let me fee the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Torke. No matter then who fees it, I will be fatisfi'd, let me fee the Writing.

Aum. I do befeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small confequence,
Which for fome reafons I would not haue feene.

Torke. Which for fome reafons fir, I mean to fee:
I fear, I fear.

Dut. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but fonne bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparell, againft the Triumph.

Torke. Bound to himfelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
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For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With unrefrained looks Companions,
Euen fuch (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminste Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So disolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those Triumphes held at Oxford.

But. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His anfwer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the commone creature placce a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He vnborhe the luffie Challenger.

But. As disolute as deep rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder days
May haply bring forth. But who cometh here?

Enter Anon.e.

Anon. Where is the King?

But. What means our Cofin, that hee fares
And looks so wildly?

Anon. God fave your Grace. I do befeech your Maiefty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

But. Withdraw your felues, and leave vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Anon. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnleffe a Parson, ere I rife, or speake.

But. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, so heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Anon. Then gue me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.

But. Haue thy defire.

Ter. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy prefence there.

But. Villains, Ile make thee faye.

Anon. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haft no caufe
to feare.

Ter. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for looe fpeake treafe to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will break it open.

Enter Terke.

But. What is the matter (Vnuke) speake, recover breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Ter. Perufe this writing here, and thou fhalt know
The reafon that my haffe forbids me fhow.

Anon. Remember as thou read it, thy promife paft:
I do reprent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Ter. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe.
I tore it from the Trafoners bofome, King.
Feare, and not Love, begetts his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lefte thy pity proue
A Serpent, that will fling thee to the heart.

But. Oh heinous, foere, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou feere, immaculate, and filler fountain,
From whence this fireame, through muddy paffage
 Hath had his current, and defil'd himfelfe.
Thy overfowre of good, convertes to bad,
And thy abundant goodneffe fhall excufe
This deadly blot, in thy dilligence fonde.

Terke. So fhall my Vrune be his Vices bred,
And he fhall fpend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thrieffe Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his difhonor dies,
Or my fhame's life, in his difhonor liues:
Thou kill'd me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hath (my Liege) for heavens fake let me in.

But. What thrill-voic'd Supplian, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pity me, open the dore,
A Begger beggs, that never begg'd before.

But. Our Scene is alter'd from a furious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in,
I know he's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Terke. If thou do pardon, whofeouer pray,
More finnes for this forlorneness, together may.
This feller'd loynt cut off, the reft reft found,
This let alone, will all the reft confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleev not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it felte, none other can.

Ter. Thou fran tile woman, what doft thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges, on more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee befeech.
For euer will I kneele vpun my knees,
And neuer fee day, that the happy feet,
Till thou glie joy: untill thou bid me joy.
By pardoning Rutland, my tranfgreffing Boy.

Anon. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Terke. Against them both, my true loynts bended be,

Dut. Pleade be in earne: looke vpun his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in left:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breef.
He prayes but faintly, and would be dende,
We pray with heart, and foules, and all befide:
His weare loynts would gladly rife, I know,
Our knees fhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayres are full of filfe hypocrife,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integritie:
Our prayres do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayres ought to haue.

But. Good Aunt fhind vp.

Dut. Nay, do not fay fhind vp.
But Pardon firft, and afterwards fhand vp.
And if I were thine Nurfe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the firft word of thy speach.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is short: but not fo short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's to meeet.

Terke. Speake it in French (King,) say Pardon ne may.

Dut. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to defroy?
Ah my lowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That fet's the word it felte, againft the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderfand.
Thine eye begins to speake, fet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitres heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to reheare.

But. Good Aunt, fhind vp.

Dut. I do not fay to fhand,
Pardon is all the fute I have in hand.

Bul.

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Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.  

Dar. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:  

Yet am I fickle for fear: Scape it again,  

Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,  

But makes one pardon strong.  

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.  

Dar. A God on earth thou art.  

Bul. But for our truthy brother-in-law, the Abbot,  

With all the rest of that conforted crew,  

Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heels:  

Good Vncle helpe to order feuernall powres  

To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:  

They shall not live within this world I Sware,  

But I will have them, if I once know where.  

Vncle farewell, and Cofn adieu!  

Your mother well hath praised, and proue you true.  

Dar. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.  

Enter Exton and Servants.  

Exon. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake?  

Have I no friend will rid me of this lying feare?  

Was it not so?  

Ser. Those were his very words.  

Ex. Have I no Friend? (quoth he) he spake it twice,  

And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?  

Ser. He did.  

Ex. And speaking it, he wifly look'd on me,  

As who should say, I would not be the man  

That would divorce this terror from my heart,  

Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;  

I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.  

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.  

Rich. I have bin studying, how to compare  

This Prisone 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 lye hammer't out.  

My Braine, lie proue the Female to my Soule,  

My Soule, the Father: and these two beget  

A generation of fill breeding Thoughts;  

And these same Thoughts, people this Little World  

In honors, like the people of this world,  

For no thought is contented. The better for,  

As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt  

With wryttes, and do se the Faith it selfe  

Against the Faiths thus Come little ones: & then again,  

It is as hard to come, as for a Camel  

To thred the poterne of a Needles eye.  

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot  

Vnlikely wonders; how these value weak sails  

May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes  

Of this hard world, my ragged prison walle:  

And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.  

Thoughts tending to Consent, flatter themselues,  

That they are not the Sift of Fortunes flames,  

Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,  

Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their shame  

That many have, and others must fit there;  

And in this Thought, they finde a kind of cafe,  

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe  

GF such as have before indur'd the like.  

Thus play I in one Prisone, many people,  

And none contented. Sometimes am I King;  

Then Trefalon makes me with my selfe a Beggar,  

And I lo Amen. Then crying penurie,  

Perfumes me, I was better when a King:  

Then am I King's againe; and by and by,  

Thinke that I am vn-King'd by Ballingbrooke,  

And strait am nothing. But what ere I am,  

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  

With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?  

Ha, ha! keepe time: How lowre sweet Musick is,  

When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?  

So is it in the Musick of mens liues:  

And here he have I the disappointment of,  

To heare time broke in a disorder'd thing:  

But for the Concord of my State and Time,  

Had not an ear to heare my true Time broke.  

I wished Time, and now doth Time waife me:  

For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;  

My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they lare,  

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch,  

Where to my finger, like a Dials point,  

Is pointing still, in cleaning them from teares.  

Now fir, the found that tells that houre it is,  

Are clarious greanes, that strike vpon my heart,  

Which is the bell: I so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones.  

Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: but my Time  

Runs poasing on, in Ballingbrooke proud joy,  

While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.  

This Musicke makes me, let it found no more,  

For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,  

In me it seemes, it will make wife-men mad:  

Yet beffling on his heart that gues it me;  

For 'tis a signe of louse, and louse to Richard,  

Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.  

Enter Groome.  

Groo. Halle Royall Prince.  

Rich. Thankes Nobel Peer,  

The cheapeft of vs, is ten grostes too deare.  

What art thou? and how com'th thou hither?  

Where no man euer comes, but that fid dogge  

That brings me food, to make misfortune lye?  

Groo. I am a Groome Groome of the Stable (King)  

When thou wert Kingswho travelling towards Yorke,  

With much ado, at length have gotten leaue  

To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.  

O how it yernd my heart, when I beheld  

In London streets, that Coronation day,  

When Ballingbrooke rode on Roane Barbary,  

That horfe, that thou so often haft befrid,  

That horfe, that I so carefully have dret,  

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,  

How went he vnder him?  

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdained the ground.  

Rich. So proud, that Ballingbrooke was on his backe;  

That lade hath eate bread from my Royall hand,  

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  

Would he not humble? Would he not fall downe  

(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke  

Of that proud man, that did vrflpe his backe?  

Forgiveustee horshe: Why do I raste on thee,  

Since thou created to be aw'd by man  

Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horfe,  

And
And yet I bear a burthen like an Afe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyed by issuing Bullingbrook.

Enter Keeper with a Difj.
Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.
Ricb. If thou lose me, 'tis time thou wert not away.

Goss. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Ricb. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not; Sir Piers of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.
Ricb. The duel take Henry of Lancaster, and thee; patience is flate, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.
Ex. How now? what means Death in this rude affair?
Villaine, thine owne hand yields thy deats instrumcnt,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That flaggers thus my perfon. Exton, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, flain'th the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy fate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse feth flakes downward, here to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the duell, 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 refl, and give them buriall here.

Ex. Finis.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrook, York, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have confum'd with fire
Our Towne of Gloucester in Gloucheshire,
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, with I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Bul. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy worth shall add right worthy gaine.

Enter Fif-waters.

Fif. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Erocest, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.

Bul. Thy paines Fittwater shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlisle.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Wextminster,
With clog of Conscience, and foure Melancholly,
Hath yeelded wp his body to the grave:
But heere is Carlisle, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and tentencie of his pride.

Bul. Carlisle, this is your doome:
Choice out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou haft, and with it joy thy life:
So as thou liist in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy, thou haft ever borne,
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I feene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried flare. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Bordeaux, by me bither brought.

Bul. Exton, I thinke thee not, for thou haft wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They love not payson, that do payson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,
I hate the Martherer, lose him murthered.
The guilt of confience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour,
With Calm go wander through the shade of night,
And never flour thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkles me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on fallen Blacke incontinence;
I he make a voyage to the Holy-land.
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere.

Exeunt.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOTSPURRE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, to war with care,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenced in Stronds farre remote:
No more the thrifty entrance of this Sile,
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruife her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
Of bohile pace. Thofe oppo'd eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Subtance bred,
Did lately meete in the interfine shockes,
And furious close of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-believing ranks
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 shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whofe Souldier now under whole bleffed Croffe
We are imprefled and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Englifh shall we leuie,
Whofe arms were moulded in their Mothers wombes,
To chace thofe Pagans in thofe holy Fields,
Que a whole Acres walk'd thofe bleffed feet.
Which fouteene hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the better Croffe,
But this our purpoze is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleffe 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmoreland,
What yeftereyforth our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weft. My Liege: This haffe was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge fet downe
But yefternight: when all atwarth there came
A Poet from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;
Whofe worth was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

Upon whose dead corpes there was such misufe,
Such beatly, flamelle transformation,
By thofe Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It formes then, that the tiding of this broil,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

Weft. This match with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vnueuen and vnwelcome Newses
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approoued Scots,
At Holmeden met, where they did spend
A fad and bloody house:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heat:
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deere and true induftrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horfe,
Strain'd with the variation of each foyle,
Bewerted that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of Douglas is difcomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter fee.

On Holmedon Plains. Of Pecloner, Hotspurre tooke
Meredith Earle of Fife, and eldick fomases
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Ahtoll,
Of Marrue, Angus, and Monteith.

And is not this an honourable fpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Colin, is it not? Infaith it is.

Weft. A Conqueft for a Prince to boaff of.

King. Yea, there thou mak't me sad, & mak't me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of fo blefe a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theme of Honors tongue;
Among't a Gracie, the very fraughtlef Plant,
Who is fweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whill I by looking on the praffe of him,
See Ryot and Dihonor faine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That fome Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

The
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think ye Coze
Of this young Pericles pride? The Prisoners
Which in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his owne vfe he keepes, and sends me word
I shall have none but Farkhade Earle of Fife.

Pfal. This is his Vackles teaching, This is Worceler
Malevolent to you in all Aspects;
Which makes him proue himselfe, and blitze vp
The craft of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we muft neglect
Our holy purpofe to Jerusalem.

Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and fo informe the Lords:
But come your felfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be faid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vterted.

Pfal. I will my Liege.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaff, and Poets.

Pfal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art fo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoon, that thou haft forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wooldst truly know.

What a dulle haft thou to do with the time of the day? vnliffe hours were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the ligues of Leaping-houses, and the bleffed Sunne himfelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-colored Taffita; I fee no reafon, why thou shouldest fee fo superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Pfal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purfes, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not by Phsebus hie, that wandring Knight fo faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God faue thy Grace, Matefey I shoulde fay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prlm. What, none?

Pfal. Hal, I faie no more as will ferue to be Prologue to an Eggge and Butter.

Prlm. Well, then come roundly.

Pfal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nightes boole, bee call'd Theues of the Doyes beautie. Let vs be Dianas Forefitters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men fay, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chief mimics the Moone, vnder whole countenance we fleafe.

Prlm. Thou fay'st well, and it holds well too for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebe and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofs. Now a Purge of Gold most refolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most diffolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now in as low an ebe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou fay't true Lad: and is not my Hotteffe of the Tauerne a moft sweet Wench?

Prlm. As is the hony, my old Led of the Castle: and is not a BuffeJerkin a moft sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffalo-Jerkin?

Prlm. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho- tefse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haft cal'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prlm. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I cleve thee thy due, thou haft paid al there.

Prlm. Yea and elsewhere, fo faire as my Coine would ftrech, and where it would not, I haue ve'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and fo ve'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heire apparent. But I prythee sweet Wagge, shall there be Gallowes flanding in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruffe curle of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prlm. No, thou haft.

Fal. Shall I O rare! Ile be a braue Judge.

Prlm. Thou judg'st falfe already. I meane, thou haft haue the hanging of the Theeues, and fo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it jumps with my humour, as well as wailing in the Court, I can tell you.

Prlm. For obtaining of foules?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of soules, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prlm. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prlm. What fay't thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haft the moft unfavourable smiles, and art indeed the moft comparative rascal left sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you for; but I mark'd him not; yet hee talk'd very wide, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd very wide, and I regarded him not, and yet he talkt widely, and in the street too.

Prlm. Thou dost well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haft damnable iteration, and art indee def able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haft done much harme vs to me Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man hold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I muft glowe ouer this life, and I will glowe ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prlm. Where shall we take a purfe to morrow, Jacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffe me.

Prlm. I fee a good amendment of life in thee: From Preving, to Purdue-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, tis my Vocation Hal! 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Poets. Now shall we know if Gads hill have set a Watch. O, if men were to be fayed by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moft omnipotent Villainne, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prlm. Good morrow Ned, Peine.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Poyns. Good morrow sweet Hal. What faires Monsieur Remorse? What fayes Sir John Sacke and Sugar: Jacke? How agrees the Dicuell and thee thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir John stands to his word, the dicuell shall have his bargaine, for he was never yet a Breacher of Proverbs: He will give the dicuell to due.

Pom. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the dicuell.

Prin. Elfe he had damn'd for cozening the dicuell.

Pom. But my Lady, my Lady, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders ri

Ding Poynes.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood-royall, if thou darst not stand for ten shilling.

Prin. Well then, once in my days Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well faile.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarrie at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Pom. Sir John, I pray thee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, malft thou have the Spirit of perfwasion; and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he hears be beleived, that the true Prince, may (for recreation fake) prove a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwel, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewell Ahollowen Summer.

Pom. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I have a left to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falsfiggs, Harvey, Raffill, and Gadi-hill, shall robbe thefe men that wee have already way-laid, your felfe and I, wil not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pom. Why, we wil fet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure vpoun the exploit themselves, which they shall have no fooner achieveed, but we'll fet vpoun them.

Prin. I, but this like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our felues.

Pom. Tut our horses they shall not fee, Ile tye them in the wood, our wizards wee wilt change after wee leue them; and firrath, I have Ceses of Buckram for the nonce, to immanke our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Pom. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cawards as ever turn'd backes, and for the third if he fight longer then he fesse reaon, Ile forweare Armes.

The verty of this left will be, the incomprehensible fires that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper, how thirty at leafe he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endur'd, and in the reprooef of this, byes the left.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, provide vs all things necessarie, and meeete to morrow night in Eaftcheape, there Ile fup. Farewell.

Pom. Farewell, my Lord. Exit Pointa

Enter the King, Northumberland, Warwick, Hertfharre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to threare at these dignities, And you have found me; for accordingly, You tread upon my patience; But be free, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fard, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as young Downe, And therefore loft that Title of respect, Which the proud foule ne're pays, but to the proud. 

Wor. Our house (my Soueraine Liege) little defires The fecourge of greatnesse to be vfed on it, And that fame greatnesse too, which our owne hands Have holpe to make it pory.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester gethe gone i for I do fee Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O fir, your presence is too bold and preemptory, And Maltie might never yet endure The moody Frontier of a servent brow, You have good leaue to leaue vs. When we need Your vie and counsell, we shall fend for you. You were about to speake. 

Nor. Yes, my good Lord.

Tho:
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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Those Prisoners in your Highness demanded,
Which Harry Percy heare at Holmeden tooke,
Were (as he fayes) not with fuch strength denied
As was deliuer'd to your Maiesty:
Who either through enuy, or milifion,
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,
Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, next and trimly drest;
Freh as a Bride-groome, and his Chich new reapt,
Shew'd like a flobble Land at Haruelt-home.
He was perfume like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumble, he held
A Pounce-box ; which ever and anon
He gave his Nofe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuffe: And till he fin'd it and talk'd:
And as the Souliers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught, and vnder meane manners,
To bring a flowersly vnhandome Coare
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He question'd me: Among the rett, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be fo peftered with a Popingsay)
Out of myGREECE, and my Impatience,
Anwier'd (neglicingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To fee him flime fo briske, and smell fo sweet,
And talke fo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God fave the marke
And telling me, the Soueraigne's thing on earth
Was Parmaclty, for an inward bruyle:
And that it was a great pity, fo it was,
That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmefte Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had defroy'd
So Cowardely. And but for thefe vile Gunnes,
He would himselfe have bene a Soulier.
This bold, valiantly Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anwier indirectly (as I fayd.)
And I befeech you, let not this report
Come current for an Accusatton,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Hot. The circumstances, as good my Lord,
What euer Harry Percy then had faid,
To fuch a perfon, and in fuch a place,
At fuch a time, with all the rett toret,
May resonably dye, and never rife
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he faid, fo he vntie it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouide and Exception,
That we at owne charge, shall ranforme fright
His Brother-in-Law, the Soulie Mortimer,
Who (in my foule) hath wilfullly betrayer
The lives of thofe, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, dam'd Glendower:
Whole daughter (as we hear) the Earlie of March
Hath lately married. Shall our COffers then,
Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treafon f, and indemnty with Fearers,
When they haue loft and forfeited themfelves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him ferue:
For I shall never hold that man my Friend,
Whole tongue shall ask me for one peny coft
To ranforme home requited Mortimer.

Hot. Rewotted Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thofe Wounds,
Thole mortred Wounds, which vauntly he tooke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did condoune the beft part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of Swift Sorrowes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crispy-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-flain with their Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with fuch deadly wounds
Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer
Receive fo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be fland'red with Rewolt.

King. Thou don't belie him Percy, thou dott beli him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durft as well haue met the duell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not abahm'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prisoners with the speedlie means,
Or you fhill heare in fuch a kinde from me
As will diffeafe ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We Licens you your departure with your fonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it.

Exi't. King.

Hot. And if the duell come and roare for them
I will not fend them. I will after fraught
And tell him to: for I will eafe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What's drunke with chololler? fay & paffe awhile,
Here comes your Vnckle. Enter Worcelfer.
Hot. Speake of Mortimer.

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my foule
Want mercy, if I do not joynie with him.
In his behalfe, Ie empty all thefe Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duft,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer
As high i'th Ayre, as this thy fmall King,
As this Ingrate and Cowreft Buildingbreaks.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who trokke this heavie vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forouthe)haue all my Prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranforme once againe
Of my Wines Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that deed is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whofe wrongs in vs God pardon) did let forth
Vpon his Irith Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depof'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whole death, we in the worldes wide mouth
Live scandalis'd, and fouly spoken of.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,
Heuye to the Crowne?

Ner. He did, my selle did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That willed him on the barren Mountains hard'd.
But still it be, that you that set the Crowne
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his fack, were the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curles vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Corda, the Ladder, or the Hangman rathre?
O pardon, if that I defend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtilt King.
Shall it for flame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in this manifes?
That men of Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet lovelie Rofe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker 'Bullingbrooke',
And shall it in more flame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, dicarded, and chopped off
By him, for whom these flames ye vnderwent?
No yette time ferues, wherein you may redeem
Your banifled Honors, and reftore your vulnerabilities
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who stadies day and night
To anfwer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Even with the bloody Payement of your deaths?
Therefore I say——

Wor. Peace cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclape a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Difcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deeppe and dangerous,
As fale of perill and adventuroues Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnrelafteft footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or finte or swimme:
Send danger from the East unto the Weft,
So Honor croffe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more flirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to flart a Hare.

Ner. Imagination of fome great exploit,
Dries him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an esfe lees,
To pluke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deep,
Where Facone-line could never touch the ground,
And pluke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities;
But ouer this pale-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a-while,
And lift to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thofe fame Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would fute his Soule, he fhall not.

He keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purpofes.
Thefe Prisoners you fhall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He falk, he would not ranfone Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer:
But I will finde him when he lyes afleepe,
And in his ears, he hollis Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling fhall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I hollemly defie,
Sauue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I think his Father loyes him not,
And would be glad he met with fome mishance,
I would have poyfon'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinffman: I leale to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Ner. Why what a Walpe-tongu'd & impatient foot
Art thou, to breake into this Woman's mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & fourgd with rods,
Netted, and flung with Pifmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?
A raife upon't, it is in Glouffhires:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Kauenpurgh.

Ner. At Barkley Cuffe.

Hot. You fay true:
Why what a caule deale of curtefe,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kindle Cousin:
O, the Diuell take fuch Couseners, God forgive me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe,
Woe'll flay your leyre.

Hot. I haue done Infooth.

Wor. The fecond more to your Scottifh Prisoners.
Deliver them vp without their ranfone frightly,
And make the Douglas fonne his ownely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I fhall fend you written, be affur'd
Will eftily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl'y'd,
Shall fecretly into the bofome crepe
Of that fame noble Prelate, well belo'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who heares hard
His Brothers death at Briflum, the lord Scoope.
I fpeake not this in effimation,
As what I thinkke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely thymes but to behold the face
Of that occaion that fhall bring it on.

Hot. I fmemell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Ner. Before the game's a-foot, thou fhilltell't slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choofe but be a Nobtle plot,
And
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To lyone with Mortimer, Ha.
War. And so they shall.
Her. In faith it is exceedingly well said.
War. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To ease our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, being our felues as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think, we think our felues vnfaithful,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his looks of love.
Her. He does, he does; we'll be enuoy'd on him.
War. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile seale to Glendenny, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,
As I will publish it, shall haiply meete,
To buere our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainity.
War. Farewell good Brother, we'll thune, I trueth.
Her. Vn cle, adio: O let the howes be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.
exit

Achus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.
1. Car. Heigh ho, and't not be foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles maine is over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ofler?
Ofl. Anon, anon.
1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cellce.

Enter another Carrier.
2. Car. Pease and Beans are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: this house is turnd vsipd downe since Riche the Ofler dyed.
1. Car. Poore fellow neuer joy'd since the price of oats rofe, it was the death of him.
2. Car. I think this is the most villinose house in all London rode for Fleas: I am diug like a Trench.
1. Car. Like a Trench? There is ne're a King in Chri-
fendome, could be better bit, than I have beeene since the first Coke.
2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Jourden, and then we leake in your Chimney; and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Locash.
2. Car. I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliered as farre as Cheving-croffe.
1. Car. The Turks in my Pannier are quite flarued. What Ofler? A plague on thee, haft thou never an eye in thy head? Can't he hear? And there were not as good a deed as drinkke, to break the pate of thee. I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haft no faith in thee?
God. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?
Car. I think it be two a clocke.
God. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gel-
ding in the stable.
God. I prethee lend me thine.
2. Car. I, when, can't tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quo-th-a) marre Ile see thee hang'd firft.
God. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?
2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Magge, we'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt

Enter Chamberlaine.

God. What ho, Chamberlaine?
Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.
God. That's even a faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking Pur-
es, then gling direffion, doth from labouring. Thou lay't the plot, how.
Cham. Good morrow Master Gods-till, it holds curr-
ant that I told you yeternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Eeges and Butter. They will away presently.
God. Sirra, if they meeet not with S. Nicholas Clarks, I'll giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ie none of it: I prysthee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worchipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of fullhood may.
God. What talkeft thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ie make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iah hangs with me, and thou know'st hee's no Starueing. Tut, there are other Troians that ye dream't not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should be looked into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am joyned with no Foot-land-Sakers, no Long-duffe fix-penny strikers, none of these mad Miftachio purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillity; Bourgomafters, and great Oneyes, fuch as can holde in, such as will strike fooner then speake; and speake fooner then drinke, and drinke fooner then pray; and yet I yte, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-

wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on herfor they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.
Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in sole way?
God. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor her. We feale as in a Caffle, cockfire we have the receit of Fern-

Seede, we walke invisible.
Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernfeed, for your walking in-

God. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.
Cham. Nay, rather let mee hae it, as you are a false Thieves.

God. Go to: Homo is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ofler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-
well, ye muddy Knave.

Exeunt

Scena
Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Pynes, and Pete.

Prin. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstaff. Here, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Fal. Princes, Princes, and be hang'd Princes.


Fal. What Princes, Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theeue company: that Rascall hath removed my Horfe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squere further a foote, I shall beke my winde. Well, I tell him not but to dye a faire death for all this, If I scape hauing for killing that Rogue, I have forfoworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeares, & yet I am bewitch't with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me lose him, Ile behang'd it could not be else I have drank Melekines.

Poin. Hal, a Plague vpon you both. 

Fal. Prin. Ile flaucre ere I rob a foote further. And twere not as good a deede as to drink, to turne True-man, and to leaueth thee Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vanisen ground, is therefore & ten miles about with me & the flouty-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Thesees cannot be true one to another. Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Glue my Horfe you Rogues: give me my Horfe, and he hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine ear close to the ground, and lift if thou canst hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not bære mine owne fleth so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou by'rb, thou art not colt'd, thou art vacol'ted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horfe, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Offler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparent-Garters: If I be tune, Ile peeche for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sang to flibby tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a lef is to forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gods-hill.

Gods. Stand.

Fal. So do I against my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyage:

Bardolph, what news?

Fal. Cale ye, cate ye; on with your Vizards, there's many of the Kings comming downe the hill, its going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

God. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To he hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Poin. But how many be of them?

God. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir Jhon Pausch?

Fal. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. We'll leaueth that to the profe.

Poin. Sirra lacke, thy horfe stands behinde the hegd, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and hand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diquytes?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his busines.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall lead our Horfes downe the hill: We'll walke a-foot a while, and cafe our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iefu bleeve vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillas: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fence them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbells knaves, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chaffes, I would your foor were heree. On Bacons, on, what ye knaves? Yong men must liue, you are Grand furrers, are ye? We'll lure ye life.

Here they rob them, and binds them. Enter the Prince and Poinse.

Prin. The Theseus have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theseus, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good left for euer.

Poinse. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theseus again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs flaire, and then to horfle before day: and the Prince and Poinse bee not two arround Cowards, there's no equity flirling. There's no moe valuable pilfe that Poynes, than in a while Ducle.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are flaring, the Prince and Poinse set upon them.

They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much cafe. Now merrily to Horfe: The Theseus are cuttard, and poiffed with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweates to death, and Lords the lean earth as he walke al along; we're not for laughe, I should pity him.

Poin. How the Rogue vaunt'd.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre John, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there in refpeet of the loue I bear your hoife.

He
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He could be contented; Why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named: certaine, the time is not conforted, and your whole Plot no lights, for the counter-poise of Jove great an Opposition. Say you lo, say you so: I say unto you againe, you are a shalow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a Jacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and confant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frothy-spitler rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rafcaill, I could braine him wi his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vockle, and my Selie, Lord Edward in faire face of Tarly, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Douglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them fet forward already? What a Pagan Rafcaill is this? An Infidel. Ha, you shall fee now in very fincency of Perre and Cold heart, will be to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my felie, and go to buffets, for mowing such a duch of skim'd Milk with fo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. 

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have you this tonight bin

A banish'd woman from my Haries bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy fronecke,pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And dart so often when thou fist't it alone? Why hast thou lost the freth blood in thy checkes? And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-eye'd musing, and curt melancholy? In my faint-burners, I by thee haue watcht, And heard thee murmure tales of iron Warres: Speeches, and Warres of onely hate and ravening rage, and to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou haist talk'd
Of Salletts, and Retire's; Trenches, Tents, Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Ballinaked, of Canon, Culverin,
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers flaine, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath he fo beffir'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hast flood upon thy Brow, Like babbles in a late-disturb'd Sreame; And in thy strange motions have appear'd, Such as we fee when men refraine their breath On some great fadaine haft. O what portens are thefe? Some heauie buinelle hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: else he losse me not.

Hot. What ho! Hal Gloucester with the Packet gone yet? Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone. 

Ser. One horfe, my Lord, he brought eu'n now.

Hot. What Horfe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Efference, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But hearre you, my Lord.

Hot. What say't thou my Lady? La. What is it carres you away

Hot. Why, my horse (my Louis) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of Splesne, as you are soft with. In sooth I know your busineffe Harry, that I will. I fear my Brother Mortimer doth firr about his Title, and hath fent for you to line his enterprise. But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weare, Louis. La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ie breake thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler! Louis, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate. This is no world To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips. We must haue bloodie Nofes, and crack'd Crownes, And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horfe. What say't thou Kate,what wold't thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me! Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you love me not, I will not loue my felie. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me if you speak't in left, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou fee me ride? And when I am a-horseback, I will weare I loue thee infinitely. But beare you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth,queftion me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout. Whether I must, I mutt and to conclude, This Evening mutt I leave thee,gentle Kate. I know you wife, but yet no further wife Then Harry Percies wife. Confant you are, But yet a woman: and for secretie, No Lady clofer. For I will beleue Thou wilt not vter what thou do'tt not know, And so farre wilt I true thee,gentle Kate.

La. How to fare?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harkye you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I set forth, to morrow you. Will this content you Kate?

La. It must of force. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poins.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haft bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or fourecore Hogheads, I haue founded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and can call them by their names,as Tom, Dicke, and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Cuthlicke telling me flatly I am no proud Jack like Falstaff, but a Christian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command al the good Ladess in East-chepe. They call drinking deepes, dyeing Scarlet; and when you breath in your waterring, then 3. they
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they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast loft much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned, to sweeter which name of Ned, I glue thee this pensiveness of Sugar, clap even now into my hand by an under Skinner, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this thril addition, Anon, Anon fir, Score a Pint of Baffard in the Half Moon, or fo. But Ned, to drive way time till Falstaff come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-rooms, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do neuer leave calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: stop aside, and he flew thee a President.


Pain. Francis. Enter Drawer. 


Frans. My Lord. Prince. How long haft thou to serve, Francis? 

Frans. Forthfoorth five yeares, and as much as to—— 


Prince. Five yeares: Berlady a long Leafe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire pair of heeles, and run from it? 

Frans. O Lord fir, he be onerone upon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart. 

Pain. Francis. Anon, anon fir. 

Prince. How old art thou, Francis? 

Frans. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—— 

Pain. Francis. Anon anon fir, pray you flay a little, my Lord. 

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penwyth, was't not? 

Frans. O Lord fir, I would it had bene two. 

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it. 

Pain. Francis. 

Prince. Anon anon. 

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday likewise indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis. 

Frans. My Lord. 

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leathern Ierkin, Chriftall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pulse flocketing, Caddice garner, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch. 

Frans. O Lord fir, who do you meane? 

Prince. Why then your brawne Baffard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canvas doublet will fulley. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to fo much. 

Frans. What fir? 

Pain. Francis. 

Prince. Away you Rogue, doth thou heare them call? 

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go. 

Enter Ursinor. 

Pint. What, stand't thou still, and hearst such a cal-

ling? Lookke to the Guets within: My Lord, old Sir Iden with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in? 

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. 

Paines. 

Enter Paines. 

Pain. Anon, anon fir. 

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theuees, are at the doore, shall we be merry? 

Pain. As merril as Cricketts my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this left of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue? 

Prin. I am noe now of all humors, that have thewem themselves humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis? 

Frans. Anon, anon fir. 

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the fonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-flaires and down-flaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Pericles mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that kills me some face or few dozen of Scots at a Breakeffast, washes his hands, and fears to his wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes hee, how many halfe thou kill'd to day? 

Glue my Roane horle a drench (fayes hee) and anweres, some fourteen, an hour after: a trible, a trible. 

I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Morris, her husband. Rivo, sayes the drunkard. Call in Rijs, call in Tallow. 

Enter Falstaffe.

Pain. Welcome Jacke, where haft thou bene? 

Fal. A plague of all Coward I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. 

Glue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ie fowe neither flockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Glue me a cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Verteue extant? 

Prin. Didst thou never see Titan kill a dike of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound. 

Fal. You Rogues, here's Lime in this Sacke toothere is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man,yet a Coward is worthe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villainous Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there flues not three good men valiant'd in England, & one of them is far, and grows old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could fing all manner of fongs. A plague of all Cowards, I say fill. 

Prin. How now Woolfacke, what matter you? 

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dager of Lath, and drive all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ie never were haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales? 

Prin. Why you horfon round man what's the matter? 

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anwer me to that, and Paines there? 

Prin. Ye fetch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee. 

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile fee thee damnd'ere I call the Coward: but I would glue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that
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 drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lips are scarce wip'd, since thou drunke'ft last. Falstaff. All's one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards, ill, say I. Prince. What's the matter? Falstaff. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'en a thousand pound this Morning. Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it? Falstaff. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon vpon foure of vs. Prince. What, a hundred, man? Falstaff. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have stpayed by miracle. I am eightimes thruft through the Double, foure through the Hofs, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-faw, see fig. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards let them spake; if they speake more or leffe then truth, they are Villains, and the fonnes of darknesse.

Prince. Speake first, how was it? Gad. We foure fet upon some dozen. Falstaff. Sixteen,at least,my Lord. Gad. And bound them. Peto. No, no, they were not bound. Falstaff. You Rogues, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew lew. Gad. As we were spaking, some fexe or foure fresh men set vpon vs. Falstaff. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other. Prince. What, fought ye with them all? Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poor olde Jack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature. Pain. Pray Heauen, you have not murthered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye,spit in my face, call me Horfe: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom lef drivle at me.

Prince. What, foure thou say'st? but two, even now. Falstaff. foure Hal, I told thee foure.

Pain. I, I, he said foure.

Falstaff. These foure came all a-front, and mainly thruft at me; I made no more ado, but tooke all their feuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, even now. Falstaff. In Buckrom.

Pain. I, four, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falstaff. Seuen,by these Hills,or I am a Villaine else. Prince. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Falstaff. Doeth thou haue me, Hal? Pain. I, and marke thee too, Jack. Falstaff. Doe so, for it is worth the linnen too: these nine in Buckrom,that I told thee of.


Falstaff. Began to give me ground: but I followed me clofe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, feen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prince. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men grown out of two?

Falstaff. But as the Deuill would have it, three mirbe- gotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drivle at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prince. These Lyes are like the Father that begetts them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn't Guts, thou Knotty-rated Foolie, thou Horforn ob-scene greafe Tallow Catch.

Falstaff. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth? Prince. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Prince. Come, your reason Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, vpon compulsion? No; I was at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentifull as Black-berries, I would give no man a Reason vpon compulsion.

Prince. Tis he no longer guilty of this finne. This fan-gaine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horf-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flies.


Prince. Well, breath a while, and then to' again: and when thou haft ty'd thy felle in safe comparisons, hear me speake but thus.

Pain. Marke lacke.

Prince. We two, faw you foure fet on foure and bound them, and were Maffers of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, fet on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can iet it you in the House.

And Falstaff, you caired your Guts away as nimibly, with as quick deseterite, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roare'd, as ever I heard Bull-Caffe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy fword as thou haft done, and then fay it was in fight. What trick? what device? what flarling hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant flame?

Prince. Come, let's heare lacke: What trick haft thou now?

Falstaff. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maffers, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware Infinch, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinch is a great matter. I was a Coward on Infinch: I shall thinke the better of my felle, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hoppifie, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Har's of Gold, all the good Titles 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.

Falstaff. A, no more of that Hal, and thou loue me.

Enter Hoppifie.

Hoppifie. My Lord, the Prince?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Prin. How now my Lady the Ho!ffesse, what say't thou to me?

Ho!ffesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a noble man of the Court at dore would speake with you: hee fayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Glue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Ho!ffesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gra unde his Bed at Midnight?

Prin. I will give him his answere.

Prin. Preethee doe Looke.

Falst. Faith, and I fende him packing. 

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffs Sword so hackt?

Pen. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and faid, hee would fwearce truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yes, and to tickle our Noses with speer-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to bellub our garments with it, and fwearce it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blufht to heare his monfrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ftolef a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and were taken with the manner, anduer fince thou haft blufht extemore: thou hadft fire and fword on thy fide, and yet thou ranke away; what infinft hadft thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you fee thefe Meteors? doe you behold thefe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Lucre and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightely taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes Leafe. Leafe, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombaft, how long is agoe, Leafe, since thou faw'th thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about that yeerees (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waffe, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring; a plagce of fighting and griefes, it blowe a man vp like a Bledder. There's villainous Newes abroad: here is Sir John Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The fame mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gave Smooth in the Buffinado, and made Lucre Cuckold, and fware the Deuell his true Liege-man upon the Cross of a Welch-hooke; what a plagce call you him?

Pen. O, Glouforcer.

Falst. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Aftmortier, and old Northumberland, and the (prightely Scot of Scots, Dunglass, that ranne a Horfe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pittole kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. 59.

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile so doth the company thou keepst: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleasure, but in Passion: not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Master?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corporulent, of a cheerfull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinkke, his age some five, or(byrarity) inclining to threecore: and now I remember mee, his Name is Falstaff: if that man shoulde be newly gotten, hee deceues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that Falstaff: him kepe with, the reft banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haft thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Doth thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou doest halfe so gravely, so maisterfully, both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heales for a Rabber-fucker, or a Poulterers Fare.

Prin. Well, here I am fet.

Falst. And here I stand: Judge my Masters.

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from Exte-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke to me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man; a Tanne of Man is thy Companion: Why dost thou consuer with that Trunk of Humors, that Boultung-Hutch of Baslifneffe, that Twolle Parcell of Dropfies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that flut Cloacke-bagge of Guts, that rotted Manning Tree Ox with the Pouling in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeare? where-in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein in Cuning, but in Craft? wherein Crafifie, but in Villainye? wherein Villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I knowe thou dostn't.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pitie) his white haires doe witnesse it: but that hee is (fuing your reverence) a Whore-mafler, that I verily deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a finne, then many an olde Hoafe that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, to be hatted, then Pharaohs leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Pete, banish Bardolph, banish Pains: but for sweete Jacke Falstaffe, kinde lucke Falstaffe, true Jacke Falstaffe, valiant Jacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Jacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryyes company, banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrouse Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out ye Rogues, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hufseffe.

Hufseffe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides upon a Fiddle-stickes: what's the matter?

Hufseffe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the Houfe, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'th thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art effectuallly made, without seeming fo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inmult.

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangell with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the reft walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Exit.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maiuer Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fit man.

Car. As fit as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere. For I my selfe at this tyme have impoly'd him: And Sherife, I will engeage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to anfwere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entrest you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie loft three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be so: if he hauie robb'd thee men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clocke.

Exit.

Prince. This cory Rafeall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Pete. Falstaffe? fast sleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horfe.

Prince. Harkke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.
Peto. Item, a Capon.
Item, Sawce.
Item, Sacks, two Gallons.
Item, Anchovies, and Sacke after Supper.
Item, Bread.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this insatiable deale of Sacke! What there is else, keepe cloe, for I'll ofte ride at more advantage: there let him sleepe till day. I lie to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ie procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with advantage. Ie with me betimes in the Morning; and to good morrow Peto.
Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Warcoster, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties true, And our indufion full of prosperus hope.

Hotspur. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you fit downe?

And Vackle Warcoster; a plague vpon it, I have forgot the Mappe.

Glendover. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a riling sight, He withereth you Heasen.

Hotspur. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendover spake of.

Glendover. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity, The front of Heauen was full of ffele shapes, Of burning Crokets: and at my Birth, The fame and foundation of the Earth Shok'd like a Coward.

Hotspur. Why so it would have done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kettled, though your ffele had never beene borne.

Glendover. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotspur. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you luppes, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glendover. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotspur. Oh, then the Earth shooke To fee the Heauens 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 pincht and vex'd, By the imprifoning of varly Windes Within her Wombes; which for enlargement fruiling, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tumbles downe

Steeples, and moleffe-growne Townes. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this disemperature, In paffion shooke.

Glendover. Cousin: of many men I doe not heare these Croffings: Give me leave To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The front of Heauen was full of ffele shapes, The Goates ranne from the Mountains, and the Heards Were strangely clamorous to the Rightest fields: These fignes have markt me extraordinary, And all the courses of my Life doe shew, I am not in the Roll of common men. Where is the Luing,clipt in with the Sea, That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne, Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art, And hold me pace in depe experiments. Hotspur. I think there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ie to thee. Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad. Glendover. I can call Spirits from the watfe Depe. Hotspur. Why so can I, or can any man: But will they come, when you doe call for them? Glendover. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill.

Hotspur. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill, By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill. If thou haue power to rayfe him, bring him hither, And Ie be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence. Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Deuill. Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glendover. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head Against my Power thrice from the Banks of Wye, And handy-bottom'd Scoure, hau e I hent him Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe, Hotspur. Home without Bootees, And in foule Weather too, How stopes he Agnes in the Deuils name? Glendover. Come, heere's the Mappe: Shall we divide our Right, According to our three-fold order ta'ne? Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it Into three Limits, very equallly: England, from Trent, and Severne, hitherto, By South, and East is to my part affigu'd: All Wettord, Wales, beyond the Severne shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: And deare Conze, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Incidents Triparti are drawne: Which being fealed enterchangeably, (A Bufneffe 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 Shrewbury. My Father Glendower is not readie yet, Nor shall we neede his helpe these foureteen dayes: Within that space, you may have drawne together Your Tenants, Friends, and neigbouring Gentlemen. Glendover. A shorter time shall fend me to you, Lords: And in my Conduit shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must Allote, and take no leave, For there will be a World of Water flied.

Vpon
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hetr. Me thinkes my Maty, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equalles not one of yours :
See, how this Riuere comes me crackling in,
And cuts me from the belt of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monthfull Cante out.
Hee have the Current in this place dam'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and evenely:
It shall not winde with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but markte how he bears his courfe,
And runnes me vp, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the oppofed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and even.

Hetr. Ile have it fo, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not have it alter'd.

Hetr. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hetr. Who shall pay me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hetr. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you :
For I was tray'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Ditty, louely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never feene in you.

Hetr. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these fame Master Ballad-mongers:
I had rather have a Brazen Candle fick turn'd,
Or a dry Whelle grate on the Axile-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the for'cet gate of a thuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hetr. I doe not care; Ile glue thrice so much Land
To any well-deferving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauall on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawn? all shall be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may a way by Night:
Ile haue the Writer, and wishall,
Breach with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much the dotter on her Mortimer.

Exit. Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father.

Hetr. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-liffe Filh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a mouther Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skramble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
Hee let me leaft Night, at leaft, nine howres,
In reckoning vp the fetherfull Deuils Names,
That were his Lauceyves :

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horfe, a raving Wife,
Worfe then a fmockle Houfe. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmille farre,
Then feede on Cates, and have him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houfe in Chriftendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Myres of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high refpeft,
And curbeth himselfe, euens of his natural scope,
When you doe croffe his humors: faith he does,
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might fo have temptt him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofs :
But doe not vie it off, let me entertain you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And fince your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience,
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Grestnesses, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareft grace it renders you;
Yet ofteentimes it doth prefent harth Rage,
Defeat of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineffe, Opinion, and Difdain :
The leaff of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Lofeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a fayne
Vpon the beauitie of all parts befides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hetr. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your fpreds;
Here come your Wives, and let vs take our leave.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly fpight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, the'le not part with you,
She'll be a Souther too, the'le to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she an-
swers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desparate here:
A peurish self-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perfwasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pow'r't down from thefe swelling Heaunens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In fuch a parley should I anfwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kiffes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Loue,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly pen'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summer Bower,
With rasishing Diuision to her Lute.

Gled. Nay, if thou melt, then will the runne mainde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Gled. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruthes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauineffe;
Making such difference between Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference between Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Teeme
But his is done, and yours it is in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ie sit, and hearre her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawnne.

Gled. Doe fo:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leaguers from thence:
And straightly shall they be here: fit, and attend.

Hsff. Come Kate, thou art perfeict in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goole.

The Musick plays.

Hsff. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And tis no maruell he is so humorous:
By lady hee's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady singing in Welsh.

Hsff. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would haue thy Head broken?

Hsff. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hsff. Neyther, tis a Woman fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hsff. To the Welsh Ladde Bed.
Lady. What's that?

Hsff. Peace, fierce fings.

Hears the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hsff. Come, Ile have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ftooth.

Hsff. Not yours, in good ftooth?
You swear like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ftooth; and, as true as I live;
And God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giefe such Saracen freture for thy Ostiches,
As if thou neuer walk't farther then Finchbury.
Swear me Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in ftooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-breath,
To Velliet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, finge.

Lady. I will not finge.

Hsff. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbreed teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when ye will.

Exit.

Gled. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee're but feale,
And then to Horfe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have a more private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall prefently have neede of you.

Exit Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will have it fo,
For you the Aylefying service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'lt in thy piffages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of Heauen
To punifh my Miftreadings. Tell me elfe,
Could fuch inordinate and low defires,
Such poore, fuch bare, fuch lewd, fuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleasaures, rude societe,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatneffe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princes heart?

Prince. So pleafe your Maiestie, I would I could
Quitt all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtleffe I can purge
My fiele of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet fuch extermation let me begge,
As in reprooef of many Tales deuils'd,
Which oft the Earre of Greatneffe needses must heare,
By fmalles Pick-thankes, and bafe News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath foile twaundred, and irregular,
Fifie pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affectiions, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancetors.

Thy place in Counsell thou haft rudefly loft,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and fome of every man
Prophecally do fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I to lauifh of my prefence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So fute and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had fitt kept loyalty to poftification,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being feldom fene, I could not fitte,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their Children, This is he:  
Others would say, Where, Which is Railingbrooke.
And then I flode all Courtfeet from Heaven,  
And drest my felfe in fuch Humilitie, 
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,  
Lowed Shows and Salvationes from their mouthes, 
Even in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my Perfon freh and new,  
My Prefence like a Robe Pontifically, 
Ne're feeue, but wondere at: and to my State,  
Seldome but fumptuous, fhewed like a Feoff,  
And wonne by rerenelle fuch Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow letter, and raue Bain Wits,  
Soone kindled, and foone burnt, caried his State,  
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fools,  
Hath his fame prophaned with their Scornes, 
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,  
To laugh at gying Boyes, and fland the pufh  
Of every Beardless vaine Comparatione;
Grew a Companion to the common STREETE,  
Endeath'd himselfe to Popularitie:  
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,  
They furfeted with Honey, and began to lose  
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little  
More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be fhee,  
He was but as the Cuckow in June,  
Heard, not regarded: feeue but with fhee Eyes,  
As fickle and blunted with Communite.
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,  
Such as is bent on Sonne-like Maietie,  
When it fhines feldome in admiring Eyes:  
But rather drowne'd, and hang their eye downe,  
Slept in his Face, and rendred fuch affept  
As Cloudie men vfe to doe to their adulteries,  
Being with his preface glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very Line, Harry, Randell thou:  
For thou haft loft thy Privy Princely Prudelie,  
With vile participacion. Not an Eye  
But is awearie of thy common fight,  
Save mine, which hath defir'd to fee thee more:  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
Make blinde it felle with foolish tendernesse.
Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrie gracius Lord,  
Be more my felle.  
King. For all the World,  
As thou art to this house, was Richard then:  
When I from France fet foot at Rauenfphurgh  
And then as I was then, is Percy now:  
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the State  
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;  
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.  
He doth fill felds with Harneis in the Realme,  
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Ieues:  
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
Leades ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on  
To bloody Battalls, and to bruising Armes:
What never-dying Honor hath he got,  
Against renowned Douglas', whose high Deedes,  
Whose hot Infurcions, and great Name in Amres,  
Holds from all Saulidds fchiefe Maioritie, 
And Militarie Title Captall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chrift, 
Thrice hath the Hælfar Chans, in swathinge Clothes,  
This Infant: Warrior, in his Enterprizes, 
Dismisfet great Douglas', tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepc Defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and fafetie of our Throne.  
And what fay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorks, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate againft vp, and are vp.  
But wherefore doe I tell thefe News to thee?  
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,  
Which art my nearl' and deareft Enemye?  
Thou, that art like enough, through vaffal Feere,  
Safe Inclination, and the start of Spleene,  
To fight againft me vnder Percies pay,  
To dogge his heele, and curtle at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doe not think thou, that to much hae fwy'd  
Your Maietits good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,  
And in the closing of fome glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,  
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,  
And flaine my favours in a bloody Maske:  
Which waftt away, shall fcowre me fthane,  
And that fhall be the day, when er it lights,  
That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne,  
This gallant Hælfar, this all-prayed Knight,  
And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:  
For every Honor fittting on his Helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My flames redoubled. For the time will come,  
That I fhall make this Northerne Youth exchange  
His glorious Deedes for my Indiginite:  
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,  
To engroffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:  
And I will call him to fo firit account,  
That he fhall render every Glory vp,  
Yea, even the fleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart,  
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promife here:  
The which, if I performe, and doe furely,  
I doe befeech your Maietie, may falue  
The long-grownes Wounds of my Intemperature:  
If not, the end of Life containes all Bands,  
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,  
Ere breake the smalllef parcel of this Vow:  
King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:  
Thou fhalt haue Charge, and fouveraigne truth herein.

Enter Blunt.  
How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.  
Blunt. So hath the Buifeffe that I come to fpeak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland, byth shalt woes mee,  
That Douglas, and the English Rebels met  
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:  
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,  
(If Promifie be kept on every hand)  
As ever offered foute playe in a State.  
King. The Earle of Wemerdland fet forth to day:  
With him my fonne, Lord John of Lancaster,  
For this adueritement is five dayes old.  
On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt fet forward:  
On Thursfday, wee our felves will march.  
Our meeting is Bridgenorth and Harry,you fhall march  
Through
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not fainely away vilye, since this last edition? doe I not bare? doe I not dwinde? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am witherished like an olde Apple John. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the infield of a Church is made of. I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewen Horfe, the infield of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are fo frettful, you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why there is it? Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously gien, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, &r; wrote little, dis'ed not above feuen times a wecke, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in Good compasse; and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs bee out of all compasse; out of all reaflonable compasse, Sir John.

Falstaff. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Falstaff. No, ile be swaine; I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memont d'Or. I neuer 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 wert any way gien to vertue, I would fware by thy Face; my Orth shoud bee, By the Fire. But thou art altogether gien ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vitr Darke-ness. When thou ran't vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horfe, if I did not think that thou hadst beene an Athenasius; or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlastinge Bene-fire-Light: thou hast faid me a thousand Markes in Linke and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haft drunked me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have mainainted that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falstaff. So should I be fure to be heart-burn'd. 

Enter Hoftesse.

Hoftesse. Why Sir John, what do you thinke, Sir John? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my Houfe? I have searce'd, I have enquired, fo haue my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a harye was neuer loft in my houfe before.

Falstaff. Ye lye Hoftesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and loft many a harye; and Ile be fware my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoftesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd fo in mine owne houfe before.

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoftesse. No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile of me it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falstaff. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue gien them away to Bakers Wises, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoftesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir John, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falstaff. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoftesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no thing.


Hoftesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not where, that that Ring was Copper.

Falstaff. How? the Prince is a fake, a Sneakes-Cupepe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would fay fo.

Enter the Prince marching and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falstaff. How now Ladi is the Winde in that Doore? What we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hoftesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'ft thou, Miftresse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hoftesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Prince. Prethee let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What say'ft thou, Lacke? 

Falstaff. The other Night I fell aleepe heere behind the Arres, and had my Pocket pick'd: this Houfe is turn'd Bawdy-hous, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou loo, lacke? 

Falstaff. Wilt thou beleue mee, Lad? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Scale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifte, some eight-penny matter.

Hoftesse. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say fo: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilye of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not? 

Hoftesse. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me els.

Falstaff. There's
A trebly folding view of London before the fire. In the foreground in South Warke (no. 37) a view of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre.

From No. 93. Werdenhagen. Frankfurt (1641). (Much reduced.)

The verses below are attributed to Shakespeare.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Faul. There's no more faith in thee then a stude Prunce; nor no more truthe in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Woosman-hood, Medlar-maran may be the Deputies of the Ward to thee. Go, you nothing do. 

Hofit. Say, what thing? what thing? 

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on. 

Hofit. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife; and getting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 

Faul. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a baste to say otherwife. 

Hofit. Say, what baste, thou knave thou? 


Prin. An Otter, for Ida? Why an Otter? 

Fal. Why? She's neither fift nor fift; a man knowes not where to have her. 

Hofit. Thou art vinilus man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to have him, thou knave thou. 

Prince. Thou say'st true Hofteffe, and he flanders thee most grievely. 

Hofit. So he doth you, my Lord, and fayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound. 

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound? 

Faul. A thousand pound Hall! A Million. Thy love is worth a Million; thou ow'lt me thy love. 

Hofit. Nay my Lord; he call'd you Jacke, and fayed hee would endegull you. 

Fal. Did I, Bardolph? 

Bar. Indeed Sir Ida, you faid fo. 

Fal. Yes, if he faid my Ring was Copper. 

Prince. I lay this Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now? 

Fal. Why Hall thou know'lt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, at I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp. 

Prince. And why not as the Lyon? 

Fal. The King himfelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do't thou thinke Ile fcare thee, as I fcare thy Father?may I do, let my Girdle breake. 

Prince. O, if thou should, how would thy gutes fall about thy knes. But firm: There's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bottome of thinke: it is all fill'd uppe with Gutes and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horon impudent imboft Rafeall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknations, Memorandum of Bawde-houses, and one pound penny-worth of Sugar-candle to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other Inuries but therc, I am a Villaine: And yet you will fland to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not aftart'd? 

Fal. Do't thou have Hall? Thou know'lt in the state of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Jacke Falstaffe do, in the days of Villaney? Thou feest, I have more fift then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confette then you pickt my Pocket? 

Prince. It appears fo by the Story. 

Fal. Hoftiffe, I forgive thee: Go make ready Brakfast, loue thy Husband, Louke to thy Servants, and cherifh thy Guefts: Thou shalt find me trable to any honest reafon: Thou feest, I am pacified still. 

Nay, I prethee be gone. 

Exit Hofteffe. 

Now Hall, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anwered? 

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must stull be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe. 

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour. 

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing. 

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'lt, and do it with yuwer'd hands too. 

Bard. Do my Lord. 

Prin. I have procur'd thee Jacke, a Charge of Foot. 

Fal. I would it had beene of Horfe. Where shal I finde one that can flate well? O, for a fine thefe of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am hoyndly vnprovred. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Verrous. I laud them, I praisfe them. 

Prin. Bardolph. 

Bar. My Lord. 

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord Ida of Lancaster To my Brother Ida. This to my Lord of Welfmerland, Go Peto, to horfe for thou, and I Haue thirte the miles to ride yet ere dinner time. 

Jacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall. At two a clocke in the afternoone, There fhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Pericfl flands on yhe, And either they, or we must lower lye. 

Fal. Rare words! brave world. 

Hofteffe, my breakfatt, come: 

Oh, I could with this Tauerne were my drumme. 

Exeunt cannes. 

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Harrie Halfberr, Worcefter, and Douglass.

Hot. Well fald, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the Douglass haue, As not a Soulour of this fensons flampe, Should go fo generall currant through the world. By heauen I cannot flatterie: I defte. 

The Tongues of Soothers. But a Braier place In my hearts loxe, hath no man then your Selsie. Nay, take me to your word: approve me Lord. 

Dou. Thou art the King of Honor: No man fo potent breathes uppon the ground, But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meflenger.

Hot. Do fo, and 'tis well. What Letters haft there? I can but thank the. 

Meff. Thes Letters come from your Father. 

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himfelfe? 

Meff. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greuous fickke. 

Hot. How? haz he the lefyrare to be fickle now In fuch a fuffling time? Who leads his power? Vnder whose Government come they along? 

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The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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<td><strong>War.</strong> I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?</td>
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<td><strong>Meff.</strong> He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth:</td>
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<td>And at the time of my departure thence,</td>
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<td>He was much fear'd by his Physician.</td>
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<td><strong>War.</strong> I would the state of time had first beene whole,</td>
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<td>Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:</td>
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<td><strong>Helf. Sike! how! droope now! this sikeesse doth infect.</strong></td>
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<td>The very Life-blood of our Enterprise;</td>
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<td>'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe.</td>
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<td>He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,</td>
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<td>And that his friends by deputation</td>
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<td>Could not so soon be drawner nor did he think it meet,</td>
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<td>To lay so dangerous and deare a truth,</td>
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<td>On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Yet doth he give vs bold advertisement,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>That with our small continuance we should on,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>To see how Fortune is dispo'd to vs:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>For, as he writes, there is no quilling now,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>But the King is certainly poissant</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Of all our purposes. What say you to it?</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>War.</strong> Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Helf.</strong> A perilous Gaff, a very Limme loft off:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And yet, in faith, it is not his present want</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Seems more then we shall finde it.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Were it good, to sett the exact wealth of all our franchises</td>
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<td></td>
<td>All at one Cast? To sett to rich a mayne</td>
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<td></td>
<td>On the nice hazard of one doubtfull hour,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>It were not good: for therein shoulde we reade</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The very Lift, the very vmsd. Sound</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Of all our fortunes.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Dong.</strong> Faith, and so wee shoulde,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Where now remains a sweet requirion.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>We may boldly spend, upon the hope</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Of what is to come in:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>A comfort of restrement lies in this.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Helf.</strong> A Raudeous, a Home to fhye vnto,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>If that the Deuill and Milchance looke bigge</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affairs,</td>
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<td><strong>War.</strong> But yet I would your Father had beene here:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempes</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Brookes no diuision: It will be thought</td>
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<td></td>
<td>By fome, that know not why he is away,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>That wilde, loyaltie, and meere diflike</td>
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<td>Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And think, how such an operation</td>
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<td>May turne the tye of fearfull Fasion,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>And breede a kind of question in our caufe:</td>
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<td>For well you know, wee of the offering fide,</td>
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<td>Muft keepe alofte from firft arbitrement,</td>
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<td>And drop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence</td>
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<td></td>
<td>The eye of reason may pric in vpon vns:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>This abscene of your Father draws a Curtaine,</td>
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<td>That shewes the ignorant a kind of feare,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Before not dreamt of.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>Helf.</strong> You thrayne too farre,</td>
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<td>I rather of his absence make this vfe:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>It lends a Lurfe, and more great Opinion,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>A larger Dare to your great Enterprise,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Then if the Earle were here: for men mutt thinke,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>If we without his helpe, can make a Head</td>
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<td></td>
<td>To pitch against the Kingsdome; with his helpe,</td>
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<td>We shall o're-turne it tocke-turny downe:</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.</td>
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</table>

**Dong.** As heart can think: |
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland, |
At this Dreame of Peare.

**Enter Sir Richard Vernon.**

**Helf.** My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule. |
**Vern.** Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord. |
The Earle of Weftmerland, seuen thousand strong, |
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Liz.* |
**Helf.** No harme: what more? |
**Vern.** And further, I haue learnt'd, |
The King himselfe in perfon hath set forth, |
Or hither-wards intended speedily, |
With strong and mightie preparation. |
**Helf.** He shall be welcome too. |
Where is his Sonne, |
The nimble-footed Mad Cap, Prince of Wales, |
And his Cumnaed, that daft the World aside, |
And bid it pace? |
**Vern.** All furnisht, all in Armes, |
All plumb'd like Edrifies, that with the Winde |
Bayted like Eagles, having lately bath'd, |
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images, |
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May, |
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-Summer, |
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls. |
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on, |
His Cusses on his thighes, gallantely arm'd, |
Rife from the ground like feathered *Mercury,* |
And vaulted with such ease into his Stat, |
As if an Angell drop downe from the Clouds, |
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegasus,* |
And witch the World with Noble Horfemanship. |
**Helf.** No more, no more, |
*War.* then the Sunne in March: |
This prayse doth nourish Agnes let them come. |
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme, |
And to the fire-e'y Maid of smooke Warre, |
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them: |
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar fit |
*Vp* to the eares in blood. I am on fire, |
To heare this rich repirall is so night, |
And yet not ours. *Come,* let me take my Horfe, |
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt, |
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales. |
*Harry to Harry, shall not Horfe to Horfe* |
Meet, and soe part, till one drop downe a Coarse? |
Oh, that *Glendower* were come. |
**Vern.** There is more newes: |
I learned in Worcelfeter, as I rode along, |
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes. |
**Dong.** That's the worst tidings that I heare of yet. |
**War.** By my faith, that bears a frouty found. |
**Helf.** What may the Kings whole Battale reach unto? |
**Vern.** To thirty thousand. |
**Hef.** Forty let it be, |
My Father and *Glendower* being both away, |
The powres of vs, may feue so great a day. |
Come, let vs take a mutter speedily; |
Doomefray is near: dye all, dye merrily. |
**Dong.** Take not the dying, I am out of feare |
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. |

*Exeunt Omnnes.*

*Scena*
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Countrhy, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Soulilders shall march through woeill to Sutton-coop-hill to Night.

Bardolph. Will you give me Money, Captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Falstaff. And if it do, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ie answere the Coynage.

Bid my Lieutenant Peto meets me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. Exit.

Falstaff. If I be not alham'd of my Soulilders, I am a Sower's-Gurnet: I have mi-cy'd the Kings Prefe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundre and fiftie Soulilders, three hundre and oddie Pounds. I preffe me none but good Houfe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes enquire me of a contratd Batchelders, fuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: fuch a Commoditie of warme flues, as had as loeve heare the Dullum, as a Drumme: fuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worfe then a fruck-foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preffe me none but fuch Toftes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their fervices: and now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentleman of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glutton Dogges licked his Sores: and fuch, as indeed were neuer Soulilders, but dif-carded vnuitc Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, relouted Taplers and Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more di-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and fuch haue I to fill vp the roome of them that haue bought out their fervices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundre and fiftie tother'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draifie and Huske. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloadd all the Gibbets, and preft the dead bodies. No eye hath feene fuch skar-Crowes: Ie not march through Countrhy with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on: for indeede, I had the moft of them out of Prifon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Naplins tac't togethre, and throwne ove the fouldiers like a Herald's Coate, without flesues: and the Shirt, to faie the truth, flute from my Hoft of S. Albones, or the Red-Neo Inne-keeper of Dauntry. But that's all one, they're finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Wemnerland.

Prince. How now blowne Jack? how now Quilt?

Falstaff. What hai! How now mad Wag, what a Deuell do'th thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Wemnerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had alreadie beene at Shrewbury.

Wemnerland. 'Faith, Sir John, it's more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we muft away all to Night.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Were. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Exeunt. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Endue your great dearings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but fill I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anyonted Malefie.

But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You confine from the Breaft of Cuill Peace,
Such bold Hotlittie, teaching his dutous Land
Austeious Crueltie. If that the King
Have any way your good Defeats forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed
You shall have your defires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your felfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by youruggiflion.

Hotspur. The King is kinde:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promife, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnkle, and my felfe,
Did give him that fame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not fife and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnmined Out-law, fieaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him fwear, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancader,
To fie his Lauerie, and begge his Peace,
With tears of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pity mou'd,
Sware him affifiance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiv'd Northumberland did leanse to him,
The more and leffe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, flood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd them their Oathes,
Gave him their Heires,as Pages followed him,
Even at the heelees, in golden mailiditudes.
He presently, at Greatnesh knows it felfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked fware at Rauenfburgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some ftrait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cries out vpon abufes, feemes to weep
Ouer his Countries Wrongs and by this Face,
This feeming Brow of Justice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did ange for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favories, that the abfent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was perfonall in the Irish Warre:
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hotspur. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that words, suffer'd his Kineman March,
Who is, if every Owner were plaide,
Indeeed his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranfome, to ye forfeited:
Difgrace'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligences.
Rated my Vnkle from the Counsell-Boord,
In rage diuid'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclufion, drove vs to feek out
This Head of fafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee fane
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this anfwer to the King?


Wee'll with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some furetie for a fafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnkle
Bring him our purpose: and fo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.

Hotspur. And may't be, so weehall.


Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Archbishop, good Sir Michell, heare this sealed Briefe
With winged haffe to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you know how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Muft bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly guene to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Metes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the ficknefe of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the firft proportion;
And what with Owen Glendcwers abfence thence,
Who with them was rated firme too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an infant trayll with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mardake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcefter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.
Art. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The Noble Wetherland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more Corneualls, and dare men
Of eminence, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppo'd
Art. I hope no leeffe? Yet needfull'tis to fear,
And to prevent the word, Sir Michael Speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismisses his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he had heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but Wifedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haff, I mufl go write against
To other Friends and to farewell, Sir Michael. Excut.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Wetherland, Sir Walter Blunt,
And Faulſaffe.

King. How bloody ly the Sunne begins to peer
Aboue your busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his diſtemper.

Prim. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpose,
And by his hollow whiffing in the Leanes,
Forces a Tempest, and a blaff'ring day.

King. Then with the lofes let it sympathize,
For nothing can feme foule to thofe that win.

Enter Woreser.

The Trumpet founds.

King. How now my Lord of Worſer? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon fuch terms:
As now we meet. You have deeceu'd our truft,
And made vs doffe our exult Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in vagnete Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What fay you to it? Will you agaie vnknit
This churſhſh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moe in that obedience Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faine and natural light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Milcheefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this diflike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then?
Pal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prim. Peace, Cheweſt, peace.

Wor. It pleads your Malefity, to tune your lookes
Of Favours, from my Selfe, and all our Houfe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my faffe of Officer did I brake
In Richards time, and posſed day and night
To meete you on the way, and kiffe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing fo strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You frowe to vs,
And you did fwear that Oath at Doncaffer,
That you did nothing of purpoſe gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The feate of Grant, Dukeſdom of Lancaster,
To this, we fware our side: But in short space,
It rain'd doone Fortune showeing on your head,
And fuch a flood of Greatneffe fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wantone time,
The feeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contraryſh Windes that held the King
So long in the vnluck'y Iriſh Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this fwareſe of faire ad vantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general foamy into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaffer,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs fo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Witch the Sparrow, did oppreffe our Neaſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to fo great a bulke,
That even our Loue durft not come neere your fight
For fear of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety fake, to flye
Out of your fight, and raife this prefent Head,
Whereby we fand oppoſed by fuch meanes
As you your felſe, haue forgd'gainſt your felſe,
By vnkinde rage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprise.

Kin. Thefe things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crootfe, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may pleafe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of furnely furnely Innovation:
And neuer yet did Infuroration want
Such water-colours, to impainte his caufe:
Nor moody Beggars, fluring for a time
Of fell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prim. In both our Armies, there is many a foule
Shall pay full deare for this entrenchment,
If once they loyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praife of Henry Perce: By my Hopecs,
This prefent enterprize fet off his head,
I do not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More abfolute, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alioe,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I have a Truant bene to Chuality,
And fo I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Malefity,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and eminence,
And will, to fue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, do dare we venter thee,
Albeit, confiderations infinite...
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: No good Worther, no,
We love our people well: even tho' we love
That are mil’d upon your Cousin’s part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace?
Both he, and they, and you, yes, every man
Shall be my Friend again, an Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dare correction wite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it artfully.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.
King. Hence therefore, ever Leader to his charge.
For on their anwer will we set on them;
And God befriended vs, as our cause be just.
Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battell,
And befriend me, it is a point of friendship.
Prin. Nothing but a Colosus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well.
Prin. Why, thou ow’st heauen a death.
Fal. ‘Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him, that call’s not on me? Well, ’tis no matter, Honor pricks me on. But how if Honour pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour fet too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greffe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy’d a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it ineffable then? yes, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it. Honour is a meece Scutchon, and so ends my Catechisme.

Scena Secunda.


Wer. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The libelal kinde offer of the King.
Ver. ’Twere bett he did.
Wer. Then we are all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his word in lowing vs,
He will fcape vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lies, shall be flinke full of eyes;
For Trelion is but trusted like the Fowre,
Who ne’re fo tame, fo cherifh, and lock’d vp,
Will have a wilde trickle of his Ancelors:
Looke how he can, or fad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a flail,
The better cherifh, fill the nearer death.
My Nephews tric太平e may be well forgot,
It hath the execue of youth, and heatr of blood,
And an adopted name of Pituledge,
A hare-brain’d Hotspur, govern’d by a Spleenie:
All his offences lie upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tame from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, Ile say ’dis fo.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Vnkle is return’d,
Deliever vp my Lord of Wesmerland.
Vnkle. What news?
Wer. The King will bid you battell preffently.
Dou. Defie him by the Lord of Wesmerland.
Hot. Lord Douglas: Go you and tell him fo.
Dou. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Wer. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.
Wer. I told him gently of our greuences,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forisborne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I hate thrown
A braue defiance in King Henry’s teeth:
And Wesmerland that was ingag’d did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wer. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng’d you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the querrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Mowndi. Tell me, tell me,
How shew’d his Talking? Seem’d it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg’d more modestly,
Vnkle a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercif, and prove of Armes.
He gueue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm’d vp your praires with a Princely tonge,
Spoke your deferuings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiue,
By full deprizing praiue, valeu’d with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant praiue with fuch a Grace,
As if he maftred there a double Spirit
Of teaching, and of learning Ignatly:
There did he paffe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-lie the emote of this day,
England did neuer owe fo sweet a hope,
So much mifconstrued in his Wantonnesse.
Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Foilles: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince fo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embod him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtseye.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow’s, Soldiers, Friends,
Better confider what you have to do,
That I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Can lift your blood vp with perfwacion. Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, here are Letters for you. 

Hot. I can not reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short; 
To spend that shortnesse safely, were too long. 
If life did ride upon a Dial point, 
Still ending at the arruall of an hour; 
And if we live, we live to tred on Kings: 
If dyes bruit death, when Princes dye with vs. 
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire, 
When the intent for bearing them is luft. 
Enter another Messenger.

Mef. My Lord prepare, the King comes on sace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale: 
For I professe not talking Onely this, 
Let each man do his part. And here I draw a Sword, 
Whole worthy temper I intend to staine 
With the best blood that I can meete withall, 
In the Adorature of this penfulous day. 
Now Eperance Percy, and fet on: 
Sound all the lofty Instrument of Warre, 
And by that Musick, let vs all intromecte: 
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall, 
A second time do such a curteine.

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus crost me? What honor doist thou seeke upon my head?

Dou. Know then my name is Douglas, and I haunt thee in the battell thus, 
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dou. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought 
Thy likenesse; for instead of thee King Harry, 
This Sword hath ended him, to shal it thee, 
Vnlesto thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot, 
And thou shalt finde a King that will revenge 
Lords Stafford's death.

Figt. Blunt & Blane, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou sought at Holmedon thus 
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dou. All's done, all's won, here breathes lies the king 
Hot. Where?

Dou. Here.

Hot. This Douglas? No, I know this face full well: 
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt, 
Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dou. Ah fool; go with thy foule whether it goes, 
A borrowed Title haft thou bought too deere. 
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates, 
Ile murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece, 
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, away.

Our Soldiars stand full fairley for the day. Exeunt Alarum, and enter Falstaff 

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here: here's no fororing, but vp the pate. Soft who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no vanly, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles, I have led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 350. left alive, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes here? 

Pri. What standst thouidle here? Lend me thy sword, 
Many a Nobleman likes tarke and fitte 
Vnder the houses of vaunting enemies, 
Whole deaths are vnreueing'd. Prethly lend me thy sword 
Fal. O Hal, I prethee use me loose to breath awhile: 
Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure. 

Pri. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay Hal, if Percy bee allue, thou gettest not my sword; but take my Puffoll if thou wilt.

Pri. Glue it me: What, is it in the Caf? 
Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince draws out a Battle of Sacke.

Pri. What, is it a time to left and daily now. Exit.

Fal. If Percy be alive, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, lo: 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: Glue mee life, which if I can live, so: if not, honour comes vnbook'd for, and ther's an end. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Alerum, excursed, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earle of Weftmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleeder too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him. 

Pri. Not I, my Lord, vnlefe I did bleed too. 

Pri. I befeech your Maiestye make vp, 
Leaff you retirement do amaze your friends. 

King. I will do so: 
My Lord of Weftmerland leade him to his Tent. 

Weft. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent. 

Pri. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe: And heauen forbid a Shallow scratch should drive 
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, 
Where astin's Nobility lies troden on, 
And Rebels Armes triumph in masstakers. 

Weft. We breathe too long: Come cofin Weftmerland, 
Our duty this way lies, for heauens fake come.

Pri. By heauen thou hast deceiv'd me Lancaster, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spiritt: Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, John; 
But now, I do repect thee as my Soule. 

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, 
With luster maintenance then I did looke for 
Of such an ungrowne Warriour. 

Pri. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. Exit. 

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads: 
I am the Douglas, fatal to all tho: 
That weare thisd colours on them. What art thou 
That counterfeit the person of a King? 

King. The King himselfe: who Douglas grieues at hart 

So
So many of his shadowes thou haft met,
And not the very King, I have two Boyes
Seake Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But feeing thou fall'ft on me so luckily,
I will affay thee so defend thy felde.
   *Doow.* I fear thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee.
   They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
   Neuer to hold it vp againe : the Spirits
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.
   They fight, Douglas flyeth.

Chereely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaway hath for succour fent,
And so hath Clifford: Ile to Clifford fraught.
   *King.* Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haft receiv'd thy lofty suit,
And shew'd thou mak'ft it some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou haft brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poynsonous Potions in the world,
And sauid the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifford, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gaway. Exit
   Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Marmouth.
Prin. Thou speake'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harrie Percy.
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To flare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater,ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creft,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.
   Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no
Boyies play heere, I can tell you.

   Enter Douglas be fights with Falstaff, who falls down
   as if be were dead. The Prince Killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haft robb'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loffe of brittle life,
Then thoofe proud Titles thou haft wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the fword my fphot;
But though's the flauce of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes furrey of all the world,
Must have a fhop. O, I could Prophete,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dutt
And food for

Prin. For Wormes, brane Percy. Farewell great heart:
I knew'd ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vileft Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Bears not alioe fhou a Gentleman.
If thou wert not capable of curende,
I shou'd not make fo great a chew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy manfold face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing thefe fayle Rites of Tenderneffe.
Adieu, and take thy praffe with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy flicke with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleft
Keep in a little life? Poore Jacke, farewell:
I could have better fpard a better man.
O, I should have a heavie muffe of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not Jurcke fo fae a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd I will I fee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Prince Iye.

Falstaff rifieth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
give you leisure to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
Twa time to counterfet, or that hott Termagant Scot,
had pai'd me fot and lot too.Counterfeit I am no counterfet;
to dye, is to be a counterfet, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby lietue, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life In
deed. The better part of Valour, is Difcretion; in the
which better part, I have fued my life. I am afraine of
this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee
should counterfeit too, and rife? I am afraine hee would
prove the better counterfeit:therefoe Ile make him fure:
yea, and Ile fware I kill'd him. Why may not hee rife as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
fears me.Therefore firs, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me.

   Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother John, full brauely haft thou fheit
thy Maiden fword.

John. But Jacke, who haue we here?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I faw him dead,
Breathleffe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alue?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-fight?
I prethee speake, we will not truue our eyes
Without our carea. Thou art not what thou seem't.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not Jacke Falstaffe, then am I a Jacke: There is Per-
cy, if your Father will do me any Honor, for: if not, let him
kill the next Percy himfelf. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can affure you.


Fal. Did'th thou Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to
Lying! I grant you I was done, and out of Breath,
and so was he, but we rofe both at an instant, and fought
a long houre with Shrewsbure Clockes. If I may bee bele-
ued, so : if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the finne upon their owne heads. Ife take't on my death
I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-
liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece
of my fword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother John.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest teares I have.

A Retreat is founded.
The Trumpets found Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. Exeunt

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-

wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
Ile grow leffe? For Ile purge, and leave Sucke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. Exit

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Wrismerland, with Worcester & Vernon Priemen.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Redeake.
Ill-sprited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ft thou turne our offers contrary?
Mifs'th the tenor of thy Kinsmans truft?
Three Knights upon our party flame to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature eile,
Had beene alius this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'lt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be away'd, it falls on mee.

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will paufe upon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Douglass, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy flame, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of fear, and with the reit;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Douglass is, and I beseech your Grace.
I may dispoze of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancastre,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglass, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleature, rais'dome and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crefts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the boome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remaines; that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Wellmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deereft speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who(as we heare) are bully in Armes.
My Selve, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Chekke of such another day:
And since this Butnettle to faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. Exeunt.

FINIS.
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death: and the Coronation
of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: for which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speakes;
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
[Making the winde my Poit-horse] still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with idle Reports:
I speake of Peace, while coert Ennemie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but only I
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar’d Defence,
Whil’st the bigge years, wroune with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the fierce Tyrant, Warre,
And no fuch matter! Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmifes, Ieoloues, Conjectures;
And of fo eafe, and so plausible a Pop,
That the blunt Moniter, with vacuont heads,
The ffill diffordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houphold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harries victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspur, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To fpeake so true at ftrift? My Office is
To noyfe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspur’s Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop’d his Annotated head, as low as death,
This haue I rumour’d through the peffant-Townes,
Betwene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Warne-exten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspur’s Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ficke. The Poftes come trying 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, worfe then True-
wrongs.

Exit.
Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf, Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragicke Volume: So lookest the Strong, when the Impertinent Flood Hath left a wintrified Vpurpation.

Say Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord) Where hatefull death put on his vgiest Maske To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother? Thou tremblest: and the whiteeenee in thy Cheekke Is alter then thy Tongue, so tell me more.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone, Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night, And with haue told him, Halfes his Troy was burn'd. But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue: And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it. This, thou wouldst say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus: Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglass, Stopping my greedy ears, with their bold deeds. But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed) Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praife, Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead. Mor. Douglass is living, and your Brother, yet But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongue Supicion hath: He that but fears the thing, he would not know, Hath by Infinitel, knowledge from others Eyes, That what he feared, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton) Tell thou thy Earle, his Dilation Lies, And I will take it, as a sweet Deligace, And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainstaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead. I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shalt thy head, and hold it Feare, or Sinne, To speake a truth. If he be flour, say so:

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death: And he doth finne that doth bylye the dead: Not he, which fayes the dead is not alive: Yet the first bringer of unwelcome Newes Hath but a lousing Office: and his Tongue, Sounds euer after at a gullen Bell

Remembered,knolling a departing Friend.

L:Barr. I cannot thinner (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue That, which I would to heauen, I had not feeen. But thefe mine eyes, saw him in bloody flate, Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd) To Henrie Monmouth, whole (wift wrath beate downe The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth, From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp. In few, his death (what spirit is in the grave? Even to the deulest Peazant in his Campes) Being bruited once, tooke fire and heste away From the belt temper'd Courage in his Troopers. For from his Mettle, was his Party feeld; Which once, in him stated, all the reft Turn'd on themselfes, like dull and heauy Lead: And as the Thing, that's heauy in it felfe, Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speede, So did our Men, heauy in Harperrar looke, Lend to this weight, such lightneffe with their Feare, That Arrows fled not whiter toward their ayme, Then did our Soldiers (saying at their safety) Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcestere Too soone ta'ne prisioner: and that furious Scot, The bloody Douglas) whole well-labouring fword Had three times flaine th'appearance of the King, Gan valle his Homaceke, and did grace the flame Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight, Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The fumme of all, Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath fent out A feezy power, to encounter you my Lord, Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancater And Westmoreland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourne. In Poyfon, there is Physticke: and this newes (Huening beeone well)that would have made me ficke, Being ficke, have in some mesfare, made me well. And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned joys, Like strengtheffe Hingdes, buckle vnder life, Impatien of his Fis, breaks like a fire Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe, Are thrice themselfes. Hence therefore thou nice trutch, A scalle Gauntlet now, with lyoyns of Steele Must glouse this hand. And hence thou flickly Qoiofe, Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, Which Princes, feth'ld with Conquest, ayme to hit. Now bide my Browes with Iron, and approch The rag'dt houres, that Time and Spight dare bring To crowne vpon then'ag'd Northumberland. Let Heaven kiffe Earth: now let not Natures hand Keepes the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye, And let the world no longer be a flage. To foarde Contemplation long the AEG:

But let one spirit of the First-borns Cain.

Reigne

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The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Reigne in all bodies, that each heart being set
On bloody Courtes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.
(Honor.)
L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diswore not wifdom from your
Mrs. The lines of all your losing Complexes
Lose on your health, the which if you guesse o're
To formy Paffion, mutt perfecute decay,
You caft th'event of Warre(my Noble Lord)
And fumm'd the accompl of Chance, before you fald
Let vs make head: It was your prefurmize,
That in the deole of blowes,you Sun might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perilis, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flih was capable
Of Wounds, and Sarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moft trade of danger raged,
Yet men did fay he fomthing in this
(Though strongly apprehended) could reftaine
The flife-born Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprise bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?
L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this loffe,
Knew that we venter'd on fuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we venter'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the refpecc of likely perfal feard,
And fines we were o're-set, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mrs.'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do fpake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres he's a man
Who with a double Scury binds his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne)had onely but the Corps,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
For that fame word(Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their foules,
And they did fight with queffeftneffe, contrai'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our fide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion)it had froze them vp,
As Fith are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Infurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd Sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's fownd both with body,and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the blood
Of faire King Richard,scrap'd from Pomfret ftones,
Derues from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Caufe:
Tells them, he doth befrade a bleaing Land,
Galping for life, vnder great Bullyingbreath,
And more, and lefle,do flocke to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to fpake truth,
This prefent greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptest way for safety, and nonege
Get Pods, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer fo few, nor neuer yet more need.

Excurn.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal.Sirr, you giant, what fatis the Doctt to my water?
Pag. He faid fr, the water it felle was a good healthy
waterbut for the party that ow'd it, he might have more
diffenes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all forts take a pride to giat at mee: the
braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
felle, but the caufe that is in other men. I doe heere
walkte before thee, like a Sow, that hath o're-whelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
vice for any other reafon, then to fet mee off, why then I
have no judgement. Thou horfon Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worn in my cap, then to wait at my heclcs.
I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will fette
you neether in Gold, nor Sluer, but in while apparel,and
fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Lewell. The
Inuell (the Prince your Master) whose Chine is not yet
fledg'd, I will fomer haue a bearde grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he fhall get one on his cheeke yet he will
not flicke to fay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may
finallize it when he fay go will, it is now to be affinift yet: he may
keep it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber fhall neuer
erane fix pence out of it, and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had wrat man euer fince his Father was a Batchelour.
He may kepe his owne Grace, but he is almoft out
of mine, I can affure him. What faid M.DonblidPor, about
the Satten for my short Claske, and Slops?

Pag. He fald fr,you should procure him better Affu-
rance,then Bardolf: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
he like'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horfon Achitophel; a Rafeilly-yes-
forfooth-kaue, to bear a Gentleman in hand, and then
fland vpon Security? The horfon smooth-pates doe now
were nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their gireles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
net Taking-vp, then they muft fland vpon Security: I had
as Iffe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
off er to flappe it with Security. I look'd hee shoule have
fent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he fends me Security. Well, he may fleep
in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance 1 and
the lightneffe of his Wife (fines through it,) and yet cannot
he fee, though he have his owne Lanchorne to light him.
Where's Bardolf?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horfe.

Fal. I bought him in Pauls, and hee'll buy mee a horfe
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hon'd, and Wit'd.

Enter Chiefes Officers, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for ftriking him, about Bardolf.

Fal. Wait clofe, I will not fee him.

Ch.Off. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaff, and it pleafe your Lordship.

Off. He that was in quefition for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath fince done good fervice
at Shrewbury and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Off. What to Yorker? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muft fpake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Off. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go gluckle him by the Elbow, I must fpake with him.

Ser. Sir John.

Fal. What's a yong knaue and beg? Is there not war'd
Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack fublettis? Do
not the Rebel war Soldiers? Though if be a chace to be
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on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worste side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and glue mee leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I glie thee leave to tell me so? I lay a side that which groves to me? If thou gett any leave of me, hang me if thou tak'le' leave, thou wert better be hang'd: if you Hunt-counter, hence I auent.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Fal. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard sry your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad. I would it were your Lordship (though not clean path your youth) hath yet some truccck of age in you: some reli- flic of the fatnffe and Time, and I moft humbly befeec your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ser. Sir John, I fent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. It pleaseth your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some difcomfort from Wales.

Fal. I talke not of his Maiestie: you would not come when I fent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is faine into this fame whorton Apoplexie.(you)

Fal. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it's) kind of Lethar- gie, a fieping of the blood, a horfon Tingling.

Fal. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greffe, from fludly and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the caufe of his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deaffeene.

Fal. I thinke you are faine into the disease: For you heare not what I fay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleafe you it is the difeafe of not Lifting, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled with.

Fal. To punish you by the hecles, would amend the attention of your ears, & I care not if I be your Phyffitian Fal. I am as poore as I am, my Lord: but not to Patient: your Lordship may miniftre the Potion of imprisonment to me, in refpeete of Pouerice: but how I could bee your Patient, to follow your prefcriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it felfe.

Fal. I fent for you (when there were matters agenc for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As, I was a beleeved by my learned Council, in the lawes of this Land-feruice, I did not come.

Fal. Wel, the truth is (Sir John) you liue in great infamy Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, canot liue in leffe.

Fal. Your Meanes is very flender, and your waft great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waft flender.

Fal. You have mielde the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath mielde me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Fal. Well, I am loth to gell a new heatl'd wound your dails esterme at Shrewsbury, hath a little giled over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

The quaint time, for your quiet o're-pofting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe).

Fal. But fince all is well, keep it for: wake not a sleeping Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to finell a Fox.

Fal. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: i fId fay of wax, my growth would approe the truth.

Fal. There is not a white hair on your face, but fholde have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effeect of grav, grauf, grauf.

Fal. You fllow the yong Prince up and done, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon me, will take mee without, weighe: and yet, in fome refpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertere is of fo little regard in thefe Cohor- mongers, that true valor is torn'd Beare-heard. Pregnan- cie is made a Tapfer, and hath his quicke wit wafted in gluing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Goofeberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci- ties of va that are yong: you feare the heat of our Li- uers, with the bitternes of your gala: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, must confefte, are waggis too.

Fal. Do you set downe your name in the fanrowle of youth, that are written downe olde, with all the Chrarrac- terns of age? Have you not a moift eye? a dry hand? a yel- low cheekles white beard? an decreafing leg? an increas- ing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit fingle? and every part about you baffe with Anti- quity? and will you call your felle yong? Fy, fy, fy, (Sir John)

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & Som- thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue left it with hal- lowing and finging of Anthemes. To apprize my youth farther, I will not the truth is, I am onely olde in judg- ment and understanding: and that will caper with mee for a thoufand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th'care that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fen- tible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re- pents: Marry not in athes and facke-clotthy, but in new Silkes, and old Sackes.

Fal. Wel, heauen find the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen fllow the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Fal. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Har- ry, I heare you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, ag- aint the Archifhop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thannek your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiffe my Lady Peace, at home) that our Armies lye in a hot day: for if I take but two thirs out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex- traordinary: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spill white aigne: There is not a dagerous Action can peep out his head, but I am throot vpon it. Wel, I cannot left ever.

Fal. Well, be honeft, be honeft, and heauen bleffe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thoufand pound, to furnifh me forth?

Fal. Not a peny, nor a peny: you are too impatient to bear croffes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Colin Wettlerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beeple. A man can no more separate Age and Couztouffois, then he can part yong linmes and letchery: but the Gowt galleth the
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one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De-
grees present my curfes. Boy?
Page. Sir.
Fai. What money is in my purse?
Page. Seven groats, and two pence.
Fai. I can get no remedy against this Confumption of
the purse. Borrowing onely 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
Wellmerland, and this to old Miftris Orfa, whom I
have weekly towne to marry, since I perceiued the first
white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to
find me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:
for the one or th'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 Penfion shall feeme the more reasonable.
A good wit will make vie of any thing: I will turne dis-
fases to commodity. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishops, Salisbury, Montmore, and
Lord Burdolphs.
Ar. Thus haue you heard our caufes, & know our Means:
And my moft noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And fill(Lord Marshall)what do you to it?
Men. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Means) we should advance our felues
To looke with foremost bold and big enough.
Upon the Power and puiface of the King.
Haf. Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To sue and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, blee largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose boome burns
With an incendi Fire of Injuries.
L. Bar. The question (Lord Hatfield's)andeth thus
Whe her our present fue and twenty thousand
May hold vp head, without Northumberland:
Haf. With him, we may.
L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to be feele,
My judgment is, we should not step too farre
Till we haue his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
Conicence, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertine, should not be admitted.
Ar. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolph, for indeed
It was your Holie Ace of Shrewsbury.
L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Plafting himlefe with Proteft of a power,
So much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And fo with great Imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.
Haf. But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likeable-hoods, and formes of hope.
L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the infant action: a caufe on foot,
Lies fo in hope: As in an early Spring,
We fee th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite,
Hope gues not fo much warrant, as Difpaire
That Fruits will bites them. When we meant to build,
We first furvey the Plot; then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a newe the Modell
In fewer offers? Or at leaft, defire
To bullee at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we furvey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Contect vpon a sure Foundation:
Quelion Surveyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite! Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Ving the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the Modell of a house,
Beyond his power to bulle it; who(halfe through)
Gues o're, and leaves his part-created Coft
A naked subjefc to the Weeping Clouds,
And waife, for curfeh Winters tyranney.
Haf. Granting at our hopes(yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be fill-borne and that we now poiffe,
The myrtell man of expetation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.
L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?
Haf. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Burdolphs.
For his duynes (as the Times do brue)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Glendower: Perforce a third
Muft take vp vs: So is the vnfrme King
In three divided: and his Coiffers found
With hollow Pouer, and Emptielle.
Ar. That he should draw his feueral strengthes together
And come against vs in full puiface
Need not be dreaded.
Haf. If he should do fo,
He leaves his locke warms'd, the French, and Welsh
Baying him at the heel's: neuer feare that.
L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?
Haf. The Duke of Lancaster, and Welfmerland:
Against the Welsh himfelfe, and Harrie Mammouth.
But who is substituted 'gainft the French,
I have no certaine notice.
Arch. Let vs on:
And publith the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is fecke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy love hath hertlet:
An habitation giddy, and vafure
Harsh he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applaufe
Did't thou beate heauen with bleffing Bailingbrooke,
Before he was, what thou would'ft haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own decrees,
Thou (beauily Peizer)art so full of him,
That thou prouoke'ft thy felle to caft him vp.
So for(thou common Dogge) did't thou disforge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,
And now thou would'ft eate thy dead vomit vp,
And how'lt to finde it. What truth is in these Times?
They,that when Richard liu'd, would have him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'lt duft upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came fighing on,
After th'admired heeles of Bailingbrooke,
Cry's now, O Earth, yield vs that King age

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And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) 
"Peace, and to Come, feemes best; things Present, worst. 
Now, shall we go draw our numbers, and fet on? 
Haff, we are Times subject, and time bids be gon. 

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Holaffe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare. Holaffe, Mr. Fang, haue you entered the Action? Fang, It is enter'd. Holaffe. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it? 
Holaffe, I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all. Sr. It may chance coft some of vs our loue-will flap Holaffe. Alas the day: take heed of him; he flabbed me in mine owne house, and that most beaftly: he cares not what mish'be doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child. Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his threat. Holaffe. No, no, I neither: I be at your elbow. Fang. If I but fill him once-in he come but within my Vice. 
Holaffe. I am vndone with his going; I warrant he is an infinuative thing upon my fcor. Good M. Fang hold him foregood M. Snare let him not fcape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corneler(faunting your manhoods) to buy a faddle, and hee is indiected to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra'ye, fince my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anwer: A too. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to bearer: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'doff, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a fame to be thought on. There is no honey in fuch dealings, vnder a woman should be made an Affe and a Beast, to bear euer Knaues wrong. 
Holaffe. Throw me in the channel? Ie throw thee there. Wilt thou wilt thou batfardly rouge, Murder, murder, O thou Hony-fucke villain, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feed Rogue, thou art a honyfed, a Man-querler, and a woman-querler. 
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fulfillian Ie tucke your Cataphrophe. 
Holaffe. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beekech you stand to me. 
Ch. Infyft. How now Sir John? What are you brauing here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should bee bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang' th' upon him? 
Holaffe. Oh my most worshipful Lord, and, delightful your Grace, I am a poore widow of Esitchep, and he is arrested at my fuit. Ch. Infyft. For what fumme? 
Holaffe. It is more then for some (my Lord)is it for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of houfe and home; hee hath put all my findeance into that fat belly of his, & I will have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare. 
Falffe. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp. 
Ch. Infyft. How comes this, Sir John? I fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempell of exclamation? Are you not afham'd to inform a poore Widdowe to fo rough a courfe, to come by her owne? 
Falffe. What is the csorge fumme that I owe thee? 
Holaffe. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy felfe, & the mony too. Thou didit fware to mee upon a parcelf gilt Gollet, fittin in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a fea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whifton week, when the Prince broke thy head for faking him to a finning man of Windsor. Thou didit fware to mee then: as I was waIling thy wound, to marry mee, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Can't y deny it? Did not goodwife Kerch the Burchers wife come in, and cal me goffe; Quick-ly comming in to borrow a maffe of Vinegar: telling vs, the had a good fli of Prawnes: whereby y' did defire to eat fome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didt not thou (when the was gone downe flare) defire me to be more familiar with fuch poore people, faying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did't y not kiffe mee, and bid mee fetch thee 30s. I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst! 
Falffe. My Lord, this is a poore mad founce and the fayes yp & dome the towne, that her eldest fon is like you. She hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poorewy hath deftruf- ted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beeche you, I may have redreffe against them. 
Ch. Infyft. Sir John, Sir John. I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true caufe, the fafe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of worde, that come with fich (more then impudent) fawcines from you, can thruit me from a leeuell confideration, I know you ha pra- cted upon the eafe-yielding spirte of this woman. 
Holaffe. Yes in troth my Lord. 
Falffe. Prechee peace-pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villain you have done her: the one you may do with ficher (more then impudent) fawcin from you, can thruit me from a leeuell confideration, I know you ha pra- cted upon the eafe-yielding spirit of this woman. 
Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales. 
Ch. Infyft. Are neere at hand: The red the Paper tellles. 
Fafll. As I am a Gentleman. 
Ch. Infyft. Nay, you faid fo before. 
Falffe. As I am a Gentleman, come, no more words of it. 
Holaffe. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawn both my Place, and the Tapfrty of my dy- ning Chambers.
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Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy thighs a pretty flight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Wateres, is worth a thousand of these Besi-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tastries. Let it be temperite (if thou canst). Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't set on this.

Hst. Preach (Sir Isbe) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ie make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Hst. Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper? You'll pay me altogether?


Hst. Will you have Doll Tearce-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. In. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. In. Where lay the King last night?

Msf. At Basing-foke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. In. Come all his Forces backe?

Msf. No: Fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archibishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. In. You shall have Letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. In. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreat you with mee to dinner?

Gen. I must waite upon your good Lord hear.

I thank you, good Sir Isbe.

Ch. In. Sir Isbe, you loyster hearre too long, being you are to take Soulsiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with mee, Master Gowre?

Ch. In. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir Isbe?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, bee was a Foole that taught thee mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. In. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolf, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Grestneffe to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew wildly in me, to defire Imall Beere?

Poins. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weakly a Composition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatneffe. What a difference is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many pare of Silk stockings y'has? (Vis. theses, and those that were that peach-colour'd ones?) Or to heare the Inuentorie of thy thirths, as one for superfulty, and one other, for vfe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept it not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the reft of thy Low Countries, haue made a shirt to eate vp thy Holland.

Poins. How ill it followes, after you have labird's so hard, you should talk so idely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so fikke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall ferue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poins. Go to: I stand the pufh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is fikke: 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.

Prin. Thou think'st it as farre in the Diuells Booke, as thou, and Falfaffees, for obduracie and perfistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleedes inwardly, that my Father is so fikke: and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all oltentation of forrow.

Poins. The reafon?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinke: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite in-deede. And what accent your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Prin. Why, because you have beene so loewe, and so much ingrased to Fafaffees.

Prin. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne earre the word 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 confesse I cannot helpe. Lookke,lookke, here comes Bardolf.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falsaffees, he had him from me Chriftian, and fee if the fat villain have not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolf.

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolf.

Poins. Come you pertinacious Anfe; you bathfull Foole, maft you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Potte-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He cauld me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diconne no part of his face from the window.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M. Doll Years-free.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such King, as the Parli Heyfons are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we feale vpon them ( Ned) at Supper?

Prin. I am your shadow, my Lord, tie follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There’s for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, fir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will governe it.

Prin. Fare ye well, go.

This Doll Years-free should be sorne Rode.

Prin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falstaffe belowl himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be feene?

Prin. Put on two Leather Jerkinis, and Aprons, and waie vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull! A heavie declension: It was loues cafe. From a Prince, to a Prenciss, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the pur- pole must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland bi Ladis, and Harrie Percies Ladis.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an euyn way unto my rough Affairs:

Put not you on the vifique of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleome.

Wife. I have gluin ouer, I will speak no more,
Do what you will; your Wifesome, be your guide.

North. Als (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauenas fake, go not to these Wars;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeerd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to fee his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perfuaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honors loft; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it;
For His, it bucke vpon him, as the Sonne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glass
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselues.
He had no Legges, that prudic’d not his Gate:
And speaking thickce (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For tho’ that could speake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abufe,
To feeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affedtions of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

Page. What Company? 

Prin. Sup any women with him?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marke, and Giaffe, Coppy, and Booke, That fathom'd other. And him, O wondrous! him, O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you, To looke vpun the hideous God of Warre, In dif-advantace, to abide a field, Where nothing but the found of Hotfhrs Name Did feme defensible : fo you left him. Neuer, O neuer doe his Goth the wrong, To hold your Honor more precife and nice With others, then with him. Let them alone : The Marshall and the Arch-bifhop are ftrong. Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers, To day might I (hanging on Hotfhurs Necke) Have talk'd of Momfmoth's Graue.

North. Behew your heart, (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient Ouer-fights. But I muft goo, and meet with Danger there, Or it will feeke me in another place, And finde me worfe proued.

Wife. Of flye to Scotland, Till that the Noble, and the armed Commons, Have of their Puifance made a little taffe.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King, Then voyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele, To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues, Firft let them trye themfelues. So did your Sonne, He was fo fuffer'd ; fo came I a Widow : And neuer shall have length of Life enouf,
To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes, That it may grow, and grow, as high as Heauen, For Recordeation to my Noble Husband.
Norh. Come, come, go in with mer'tis with my Minde, As with the Tyde,we'll go vponto his height, That makes a fill-flatt,running neyther way. Faine would I goo to meet the Arch-bifhop, But many thound Redons hold me backe, I will refolue for Scotland: there am I, Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.


2. Draw. Thou fay'st true: the Prince once set a Difh of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Iohns: and, putting off his Hat, faid, I will now take my leave of thee for a drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then courer, and let them downe: and see if thou canst finde out Swafer Noyfe; Miftris Traverse would faine have fome Mufique.

2. Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Mafter Printed,anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

Dr. Thei here will be old Friis: it will be an excellent fratagem.

2. Draw. Ile fee if I can finde out Swafer. Exit.

Enter Hotfaff, and Dol.

Hotf. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperatice: your Pulfidge beates as extraordinaire, as heart would defire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rohe: But you have drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous fearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can lay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Heem.

Hotf. Why that was well fald: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir Iohn.

Enter Falfaff.

Falf. When Arthur fteft in Court.—(emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now Miftris Dol? Hotf. Sick of a Calme; yes, good-footh.

Falf. So is all her Selft: if they be once in a Calme, they are fick.

Dol. You muddie Raffall, is all that the comfort you give me?

Falf. You make fat Raffall, Miftris Dol.

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Difeafe makes them, I make them not.

Falf. If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you helpe to make the Difeafe (Dol) we watch of you (Dol) we watch of you: Grant that, my poore Verue,grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chanyes, and our Jewels.

Falf. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Ovalles: For to ferue braverly, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent braverly, and to Surge-rie braverly; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambres braverly.

Hotf. Why this is the old fashion: you two never meetes, but you fall to some difcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toftes, you cannot one bear with anothers Conformities. What the good-vere? One must beare, and that muft bee you: you are the weaker Veffell: as they say, the emptier Veffell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veffell bare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you have not feene a Hulke better flufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Jack: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall ever fee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pilfoll is below, and would speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Raffall, let him not come hither: It is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in England.

Hotf. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I muft live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very bett: but the doore, there comes no Swaggerers here: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: but the doore, I pray you.

Falf. Do't thou heare, Hotfaff? Hotf. Pray you pacifie your Selfe(Sir Iohn) ther comes no Swaggerers here.

Falf. Do't.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Falst. Do'th thou hear? it is mine Ancient.

Hoft. Tilly-fally (Sir John) ne'er tell me, thy ancient Swaggeryne comes not in my doores, I was before Master Tuke, the Deputy, the other day: and as hee faid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last; Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee) Master Domes, our Minifters, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee) receiv'd those that are Cuilts; for (fayes hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee fai'd fo, I can tell whereupon: for (fayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Queues you receive: Receiue (fayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleffe you to hear what hee faid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggeryne (Hoft.) a time Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Pupple Greyhound; hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any fiew of reftistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoft. Cheater, call you him? I will barne no honest men my name, no, the Cheater: but I doe not hate swaggering; I am the worfe when one fayes, swagger: Feele Matters, how I fakker looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoftffe.

Hoft. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Apen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piffl, and Bardolph and his Boy.


Falst. Welcome Ancient Piffl. Here (Piffl.) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you difcharge vpon mine Hoftffe.

Piffl. I will difcharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets.

Falst. She is Pifflle-proofes (Sir) you shall hardly off-end her.

Hoft. Come, Ile drinke no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans plesure, I.

Piffl. Then to you (Miftris Dorchie) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I fcerne you (fcurvye Companion) what you poore, bafe, raflacly, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Roge, away; I am meast for your Master.

Piffl. I know you, Miftris Dorchie.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Raffell, you filthy Bong, away: By this Wne, Ile thruft my Kniffe in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the fawye Cittle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raffell, you Basket-hilt ftaile Iugler, you. When I fince, when I prye you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulde I much.

Piffl. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoft. No, good Captaine Piffl: not heere, sweene Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable dam'd Cheater, art thou not afhame to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchon you out, for tak- ing their Names vpon you, before you earend them. You a Captaine? you flaeue, for what? for tarring a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine! hang him Roge, hee lues vpon mouldie flrew’d-Prulnes, and dry’d Cakes. A Captaine? Thefe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had necie looke to it.

Bard. *Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Miftris Dol.

Piffl. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I could tearre her: Ile be rencudg'd on her.

Dol. *Pray thee goe downe.

Piffl. Ile see her dam'd firit to: Plat's dam'd Lake, to the Infernal Deepe, where Erebus and Tortures vilde alfo. Hold Hooke and Line, fay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Hiren here?

Hoft. Good Captaine Piffl be quiet, it is very late: I beleefe you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piffl. Thafe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Hories, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Afia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cafar, and with Canibulls, and Trolian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Kelkin roare: shall we fall foule for Toyes?

Hoft. By my troth Captaine, thefe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piffl. Die men, like Dogges; guie Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not Hiren here?

Hoft. On my word (Captaine) there's none fuch here. What the good-ye, doe you thinke I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piffl. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipoi.) Come, guie me fome Sack, Si fortune me tormentes, fervices me contente. Fear wee broad-ides? No, let the Fiend glie fucr: Guie me fome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's nothing?

Fal. Piffl. I would be quiet.

Piffl. Sweet Knight, I kniue thy Neafe: what wee haue fene the feuen Starres.

Dol. Thruft him downe flayres, I cannot endure such a Fuffian Raffell.

Piffl. Thruft him downe flayres? know we not Gallo- way Naggas?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a fhoue-groat flilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe flayres.

Piffl. What? shall we haue Incifion? shall we embrow? then Death rocke me allepe, abridge my doefull dayes: why then let grievous, gafly, gaping Wounds, vnwin'd the Siflers three: Come Aetropas, I fay.

Hoft. Here's good stafe toward.

Fal. Guewe my Raphael Boy.

Dol. I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe flayres.

Hoft. Here's a goody tumult: Ile forwarre keeping houfe, before Ile be in thefe thirths, and frights. So Morther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lack be quiet, the Raffell is gone: ah, you whorion little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoft. Are you not hurt i' th' Groyne? I thought hee made a thresher Thruft at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raffell's drunk: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shouder.

Fal. A Raffell to brace me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ap, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorion Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will toffe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Del. Doe, if thou darst for thy heart: if thou doo't, I canus thee betweenne a pair of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Del.

A Rafeally, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-fliser.

Del. As thou followedst him like a Church: thou whorfon little tytle Bartholomew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines digni'd.

Fal. Peace (good Del) doe not speake like a Deathseed: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Del. Sirrh, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Del. They say Poines hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboono, his Wit is as thicke as Twewshurie Muffard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Prince. Why doth the Prince lose him so then?

Del. Because their Legges are both of a bignesson and hee plays at Quoits well, and estes Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flapdragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon loyn'd Floules, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boote very smooth, like water the Signes of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such other Gamblall Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admitts him; for the Prince himselfe is fuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Hater-de-pairs.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele have his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the witherd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Defence should so many yeares out-lie performance?

Fal. Kiffe me Del.

Prince. Saturne and Vener this yeare in Conjunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trippen, his Man, be not lifting to his Master old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fal. Thou dostt glue me flatt'ring Buffes.

Del. Nay truly, I kiffe thee with a most confant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Del. I love thee better, then I love ere a frowrie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kistle of? I shall receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cuppe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Del. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'tt so: proue that ever I dreffe my falle handsome, till thine returnes: well, heare the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Prince. Poines, Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bafard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poines, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life doth thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Draver.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Haft. Ob, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorfon mad Compound of Malefite: by this light Fleeth, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.


Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorfon Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, chulli Gentlewoman?

Haft. Blesting on your good heart, and fo thee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Poin. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou waft within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confesse the wiffull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to difpryle me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (Hall).

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (Nd) in the World: honest Nd none.

I dispryal'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiecit, and thy Father is to glue me thankes for it. No abuse (Hall) none (Nd) none: No Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Fears, and entire Cowardlie, doth not make thee this vertuous Gentlewoman, to clofe with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Holliffe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardulph (whole Zeale burns in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardulph irreconceivable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rot Mault- Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell already, and burns poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Moeny; and whether thee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Haft. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, No.
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Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indignation upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for which I thinks thou wilt howle.

Holl. All Vagabonders doe so: What is a Joynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentiewoman.  

Del. What fayes your Grace?

Fal. His Grace fayes that, which his flesh rebell again.

Holl. Who knocks so loud at doore? Look to the doore there, Francis.

Enter Petr.

Prince. Petr, how now? what newes?

Petr. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are twenty weake and feared Poates, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and over-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tavernes, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven (Paines) I feele me must to blame, So idly to profane the precious time, When Tempelt of Commination, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vp our bare vnarmed heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falstaff, good night.  

Exit.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest Morrell of the night, and wee must hence, and issue it vpknickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, sir, presently, A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the Mulition, Sirrah: farewell Yoffeffe, farewell Del. You see (my good Wenchses) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndefeuer may sleep, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenchses: if I be not fent away potte, I will fee you againe, ere I go.

Del. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burn-- Well (sweete Lady) have a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.  

Exit.

Holl. Well, fare thee well: I have knoune thee these twentie nine yeares, come Pefcold-time; but an houer, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mifrius Taret-sheet.

Holl. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mifrius Taret-sheet come to my Master.

Holl. Oh runne Del, runne: runne, good Del.

Exit.

Aeatus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed.  

Exit.

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects Are at this howre asleep? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurfe, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulness?

Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smockie Cribes, Upon vneastie Pallads stretching thee, And huift with buffing Night, eyes to thy fumerber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?

Under the Canopys of coftly State, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?

O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde, In loathfome Beds, and leaft the Kingly Couch, A Watch-keafe, or a common Larum-Bell?  

With thou, vpon the high and giddle Math, Scale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surfage, And in the viftitation of the Windes, Who take the Rhauian Billowes by the top, Curling their monitrous heads, and hanging them With deaf'taffing Cloumn in the flypp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it felfe awakes?

Canft thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repofe To the wet Sea-Boy, in an hourre fo rude:  

And in the calmeft, and moft flileft Night, With all spiilances, and meanes to boot, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, yee downe, Vneastie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clocke, and paft.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords): Have you read o're the Letters that I lent you?

War. We have (my Liege.).

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diftaneies 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 refer'd, With good advice, and little Medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Hauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And fee the resolution of the Times

Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of solde firmpne) melt it felde Into the Sea: and other Times, to fee

The beache Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for Neptune hipes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With divers Liques. 'Tis not tenne yeares gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did fect together; and in two yeares after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeares since,

This Perie was the man, neereft my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toy'd in my Affaires, And layd his Lone and Life vnder my foot: Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard Gave him defiance. But which of you was by (You Coufin Neuf, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, trim-full of tears, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) Did speake these words (now prov'd a Prophecies) Northumberland, thou Laddy, by the which

My
Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence with Moultis, Shadow, Wars, Fools, Ballad-singer.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early firrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughtere, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alias, a blacke Ourell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxforde still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeeed Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will take of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd Juffie Shalow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundely too. There was I, and little John Dalt of Staffordhire, and blake George Bards, and Francis Pink-bone, and Will Squele a Coast-yll-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court against: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bone-Rede's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Falstaffe (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Montemrey, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hither anon an about Soulers? or

Shal. The fame Sir John, the very fame: I saw him brake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did I fight with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behind Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dasyes that I have spent: and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: tis certain: 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 liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, fee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine boote. John of Gaunt looke him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have clapt in the Clove at Tweleve-focre, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Sil. And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heree come two of Sir John Falstaffe Men (as I thinke.)

Sil. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I bethhec you, which is Juffice Shalow?

Sil. I am Robert Shalow (Sir) a poore Equire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Juflices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir John Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a moft gallant Leader.

Sil. Hee greetes me well? (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Sil. It is well Sir; and it is well saide, indeede; too: Better accommodated? it is good, yes indeede is: it good phrares are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated? it comes of accommod: very good, a good Phrafe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrafe howe you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrafe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated? that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

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whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Faufaife.

Shal. It is very lust : Look, here comes good Sir John. Glue me your hand, glue me your Worships good hand: Trufl me, you looke well: and breere your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good M. Robert Shalow: Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No sir John, it is my Cofin Silence : in Commission with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Yce, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you prouled me here a halfe a dozen of sufficient men? Shal. Marry hauw we fir: Will you fir?

Fal. Let me fee them, I befeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me fee, let me see, let me fee: fo, fo, fo, fo: yea marry Sir. Repbe Mudilde: let them appeare as I call let them do fo, let them do fo : Let mee fee, Where is Mudilde?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mudilde?

Moul. Yes, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mous- dle, lacke vie: very singular good. Well faide Sir John, very well faide.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goo out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mudilde, you shall goo. Mudilde, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shalmon. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir John? Let me fee: SIMD Shadown.

Fal. I marry, let me hauw him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shad? Shad. Heere fir. Shal. Shadrow, whole fonne art thou? Shad. My Mothers fonne, Sir. Fal. Thy Mothers fonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: fo the fonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers fubfance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadrow will ferve for Summer: pricke him: For we haue a number of Shadowes to fill uppe the Mufflers Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere fir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir John?

Fal. It were fuperfluous: for his apparel is built vp- on his backe, and the whole frame stands upon pinsprick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir: you can doe it: I commend you well.

Francis Feble.

Feble. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feble?

Feble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, fir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue pricke'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battle, as thou haft done in a Womans petticote?

Feble. I will doe my good will fir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well foid, good Womans Tailour: Well fyde Courageous Feble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doge, or most magnanimous Moufe. Pricke the womans Tailour well Master Shallow, deepe Master Shalow.

Feble. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailour, that you might mend him, and make him fit to goo. I cannot put him to a priuate fouldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-hands. Let that fuffine, moft Forcible Feble.

Feble. It shall fuffine.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend Feble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcafe of the Greene.

Fal. Yea marry, let vs fee Bulcafe.

Bul. Heere fir.

Fal. Trufl me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul- cafe till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What do'th thou roare before thart prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a defiead man.

Fal. What defiea haft thou?

Bul. A whofon cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affeayres, upon his Coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take fuch order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere fir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goo drinke with you, but I cannot carry dinner. I am glad to fee you in good truth, Master Shalow.

Shal. O sir John, doe you remember once wee lay all night in the WInds-mill, in S Georges Field.

Faufaife. No more of that good Master Shallow: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is Lame Night- workes aliue?

Fal. She lyes, M. Shalow.

Shal. She never could awey with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: he would always lay thee could not abide M. Shalow.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: the was then a Bon-Robo. Doo the hold her owne will.

Fal. Old, old, M. Shalow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be
old: certaine thee's old: and had Robin Night-workes, by old Night-worke, before I came to Clements Inne.

SIR. That's little five yeeres agoe. 

Shal. Hasty Cousin Silence, that thou hast seene that, that this Knight and I have seene: hah, Sir Iohn, said I well?

Falst. Wee have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That wee have, too wee have: in faith, Sir Iohn, wee have: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the days that we have seene. Come, come.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and hearke is foure Harry tenn eallings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care: but rather, because I am vnwillinge, and for mine owne part, haue a dere to thy with my friends: elfe, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-on; stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames fake, stand my friend: thee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall have forte, sir.

Bard. Go-too; stand aside.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calf.

Falst. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marrily then, Mouldie, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shalene.

Mould, and Bull-calf: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your felde wrong, they are your likeelyest men, and I would have you serue'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Theues, the flature, bulke, and bigge assimblance of a man? glue mee the spiritt (Master Shalow.) Where's warthe? You fee what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, twister then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shalene, glue me this man: hee pretents no markes to the Enemy, the fos-man may with as great aymne jubell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, glue me the faire men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Wards hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Wards, Trauerfe: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, glue me always a little, leane, old, chopp'd, bold Shot. Well said Wards, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-matter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Daynse in Archers Showe: there was a little quiner fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee fay, Bownce would hee fay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he com: I shall never talk with a fellow.

Falst. These fellows will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vfe many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muft a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, glue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, Heauen bleffe thee, and prosper thy Affaires, and fend vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court. Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go-too: I have spake at a word. Fare you well.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe fee the bottome of Iustice Shallow. How faibely wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This fame farru Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Raddifh, with a Head fantastically car'd upon it with a Knife. Hee was so fortlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thickeght ) were inincible. Hee was the very Genus of Famine; hee came euere in the rare-ward of the Fashon: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne hee neuer faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burnt his Head, for crowding among the Marthals men. I saw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truft'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eede-skinne: the Cafe of a Trebble Hoe-boy was a Manshon for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeces. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosopher: and Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I fee no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Membrey, Hailling, W.Burnelands, Colwode.

Bishop. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hailli. Tis Guiltree Forrest, and shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send dicioureforth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Haille. Wee
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Troope in the Thronges of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like ferefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Minde, fickle of happinesse,
And purge th'obftrusions, which begin to fop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plaine:
I haue in equal balance evenly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we fuffer,
And finde our Griefes heauer then our Offences.
Wee fee which way the freame of Time doth runne,
And are enfor'd from our moft quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occafion,
And haue the summamite of all our Griefes
(When time fhall fore) to fhew in Articles;
Which long ere this,wee offer'd to the King,
And might,by no Suit, gyue our Audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd access into his Perfons:
Even by those men, that moft haue 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 infall (prevent now)
Hath put vs in the ill-becoming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establih here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualtie.

When ever yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherin haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene fuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you shoule feale this lawlesse bloody Book
Of vng'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Querrill, in particular.
There is no neede of any fuch redrefse:
Or if there were, it not belonged to you.
Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruises of the dayes before,
And suffre the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnuell Hand upon our Honors?
O my good Lord Monbray,
Contrue the Times to their Necelities,
And you fhal fay (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the prefent Time,
That you should haue an ynych of any ground
To build a Griece on: were you not refcor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well remembered Fathers?
What thing, in Honor, had my Father lod,
That need to be resu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State ffood then,
Was for'd, perforce compell'd to banifi him:
And then, that Henry Bullingbreke and hee
Being mounted, and both rowded in their Sestes,
Their neighing Courfiers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkeling through fights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have fay'd
My Father from the Breath of Bullingbreke;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hang upon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himfelf, and all their Lues,
That by Indiftment, and by dint of Sword,
Hauie since mil-carried winder Bullingbreke.

Hift. Wee haue fent forth alreadie.
"Byh. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in thefe great Affairs)
I muft acquaint you, that I haue receiv'd
New-dated Letters from Northambeiland:
Their cold Intent, tenure, and fubittance thus:
Here doth hee with his Perfons, with fuch Powers
As might hold fortance with his Qualtie,
The which hee could not leue; whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to rife his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may over-lie the hazard,
And fearrefull meeting of their Oppo'tue.

Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And daff themfelves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hift. Now what newes?
"Mff. Weft of this Forrest, farceely off a mile,
In goodly forne, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or neere, the rate of thirty thousand.

The juft proportion that we gave them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Walfmerland.

"Byh. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
"Mff. I think it is my Lord of Welfmerland.
Walf. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord Iden, and Duke of Lancaster.
"Byh. Say on, (my Lord of Welfmerland) in peace:
What doth concern ye comming?
Walf. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addrefe
The fubdance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it felfe, in hate and abifh'd Routs,
Lent on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And conntenanc'd by Boyses, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion to appeare,
In his true, natu're, and moff proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and thofe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to drefe the ougly fforme
Of hate, and bloodie Infurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whole Sea is by a Guilll Peace maintaine'd,
Whole Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whole white Infeftments figure Innocence,
The Dole, and very bleffed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore doe you ftead tranlate your felfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares fuch grace
Into the harh and boyffous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Booke to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
"Byh. Wherefore doe I this? to the Quetion hands
Briefely to this end: Wee are all difear'd,
And with our furretchup, and wanton bowres,
Haue brought our felues into a burning Feuer,
And wee muft bleed for it: of which Dilige,
Our late King Richard (being infet'd) dy'd.
But (my moft Noble Lord of Welfmerland)
I take not on me here as a Phyfician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

If you speak as (Lord Membry) now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knew of whom Fortune would then have still'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee n'er had borne it out of Coventry.
For all the Countrie, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were set on Herford, whom they doted on,
And blest, and gra'd, and did more then the King.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.

Here come I from our Princely General,
To know your Grievc: to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall appear, that your demands are luft,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.
With this Offer, and this, our Reasons,
And it procedes from Policy, not Laws.

Weft. Membry, you ouer-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army yses,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To graze admittance to a thought of feare,
Our Battale is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vfe of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Caufe the best:
Then Reafon will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd?

Membry. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.
Well. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Cafe abides no handling.

Haut. Hath the Prince John a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand upon?

Well. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I must you make fo flight a Question.

Bibb. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Scheme,
For this contains our generall Grievances:
Each feuerall Article herein descri'd,
All members of our Caufe, both here, and hence,
That are innewed to this Action,
Acquainted by a true substantall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purposes commend'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Well. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battales, we may meete
At either end in peace: which Henen fea frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

Bibb. My Lord, wee will doe fo.

Membry. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can
Hall. Fear ye not, that if we can make our Peace
Vpon such large terms, and fo absolute,
As our Conditions shall confess vpon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rocke Mountains.

Membry. I, but our valuation shall be fuch,
That every flight, and false-derided Caufe,
Ye, every idle, nice, and wanton Reafon,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royal faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with fo rough a winde,
That even our Corne shall (come as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Bibb. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is warie
Of daintie, and such picking Grievances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reculues two greater in the Heltes of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his loffe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precifely weede this Land,
As his middoubts present occasion:
His foes are fo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfee an Enemy,
Hee doth vnfaftten fo, and maketh a friend.
So that this Land, like an offentive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is drining, holds his Infirm un
And hanga f Elon fooleron the Arme,
That was vprea'd to execution.

Haut. Besides, the King hath wafted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Infrumens of Chalcifement:
So that his power, like to a Fanglefe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Bibb. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be affur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Membry. Be it fo:
Here he is renoun'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

Bibb. The Prince is here at hand; pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, luff diffance twenee our Armies?

Membry. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bibb. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountered here (my cofin Membry)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbifhop,
And fo to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assemble by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reverence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to fee you heere an iron man
Chearing a rowte 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 Sunne-shine of his fave,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Milchiles might hee set abroach,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bifhop,
It is even so. Who of our Peace spake it spoken,
How deapes you were within the Booke of Heauen?
To vs, the Speake in his Parliament;
To vs, the imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
The very OpeNER, and Inelligence,
Betweene the Grace, the Sacrbides of Heauen,
And ouer dull workings. O, who shall beleeue,
But you miſvfc the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a fafe Favorite both his Princes Name,
In deedes dif-honorable? You have taken vp,
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,  
The Subects of Heauens Subditute, my Father,  
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,  
Have here vp: Iwarne them.  
Bijh. Good my Lord of Lancalfer,  
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:  
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)  
The Time (misorder'd) doth in common fence  
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,  
To hold our fatety vp, I pent your Grace.  
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,  
The which hath been with forse shou'd from the Court:  
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,  
Whole dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,  
With gaunt of our mott lust and right desires;  
And true Obedience, of this Madneffe cur'd,  
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.  
Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,  
To the last man.  
Haft. And though wee here full downe,  
We have Supplies, to fecond our Attempt:  
If they mis-carry, theirs shall fecond them.  
And lo, successe of Mitchiffe shall be borne,  
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrrel vp,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (Hafings)  
Much too shallow,  
To found the bottome of the after-Times.  
Wijf. Pleafeth your Grace, to anfwere them directly,  
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.  
Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:  
And sware here, by the honor of my blood,  
My Fathers purpofes have beene mitooke,  
And some, about him, haue too laufilyly  
Wreded his meaning, and Authoritie.  
My Lord, thefe Griefes shall be with speed redreft:  
Upon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,  
Difcharge your Powers vnto their feverall Countries,  
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,  
Let's drinke together friendly, and embraced,  
That all their eyes may beare thofe Tokens home,  
Of our reftored Love, and Amicie.  
Bijh. I take your Princely word, for thefe redreffe.  
Iohn. I gerne it you, and will maintaine my word:  
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.  
Haft. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie  
This newes of Peace I let them haue paye,and part:  
I will to that place pleafe them.  
High thee Captaine.  
Bijh. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.  
Welf. I pledge your Grace:  
And if you knew what paines I haue bestowed,  
To breede this prefent Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,  
Shall shew it felle more openly hereafter.  
Bijh. I doe not doubt you.  
Wijf. I am glad of it.  
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couin [Monbray].  
Iohn. It will it well pleafe them.  

d. High thee Captaine.  
Bijh. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.  
Welf. I pledge your Grace:  
And if you knew what paines I haue bestowed,  
To breede this prefent Peace,  
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,  
Shall shew it felle more openly hereafter.  
Bijh. I doe not doubt you.  
Wijf. I am glad of it.  
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couin [Monbray].  
Iohn. It will it well pleafe them.  

Bijh. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,  
But heavenlefe fore-runnnes the good event.  
Wijf. Therefore be merry (Coze) since fodaine forrow  
Serves to lay thus, some good thing comes to Morrow.  
Bijh. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.  
Mow. So much the worfe, if your owne Rule be true.  

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearkne how  
they shou't.  
Mow. This had been chearfull,after Victorie.  
Bijh. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:  
For then both parties nobly are subjou'd,  
And neither partie loother.  
Iohn. Goe (my Lord)  
And let our Army be discharged too:  
And good my Lord (to please you) let our Traines  
March by vs, that wee may perude the men  
Exit.  
Wee should have coap'sd withall.  
Bijh. Goe,good Lord Hafings:  
And ere they be diffimul'd, let them march by.  
Exit.  
Iohn. I truft (Lords) wee shal ye to night together.  
Enter Westmerland.

Now Couin, wherfore fands our Army fill?  
Welf. The Leaders hauing charge from you to fland,  
Will not goe ou't, vntill they heare you speake.  
Iohn. They know their duties.  
Enter Hafings.

Bijh. Our Army is difper'd:  
Like youfhfull Stevens, wayoukh'd, they tooke thofe courte  
Exeunt. West, North, South, or like a Schoole, broke vp,  
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.  
Welf. Good tidings (my Lord Hafings) for the which,  
I doe arre thee (Tryator) of high Treasion:  
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Monbray,  
Of Captain Treffon, I attach you both.  
Mow. Is this proceeding inf, and honorable?  
Wijf. Is your Assembly fo?  
Bijh. Will you thus breake your faith?  
Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:  
I promise you redreffe of these fame Grievances  
Whereof you did complain: which, by mine Honor,  
I will performe, with a moft Christian care.  
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due  
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.  
Moft shallowly did you these Armes commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly entent.  
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd fryr,  
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.  
Some guard these Tractors to the Block of Death,  
Treasons true Bed, and yeesler vp of breath.  

Wijf. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you?  
and of what place, I pray?  
Col. I am a Knight, Sir:  
And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale.  
Bijh. What's your Name? Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is  
your Degree, and your Place, the Dale.  
Colleuile shall ill be your Name, a Tryator your Degree, and the Dum-  

curgence your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be  
ill Colleuile of the Dale.  
Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?  
Bijh. As good a man as he fir, who ere I am: doe yee  
yeeld to, or ill I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are  
the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,  
therefore rowse vp Fear and Trembling, and do obfer-  

vance to my mercy.  
Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, &c in that thought  
yield me.  
Fal. I have a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of  
mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other  
word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indiffe-  

vene, I were fam'd in the most sduke Fellow in Europe:  
you would, you would, you would see mee. Heere  
comes our Generall.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Prince John, and Walsingham.

John. The best is past, follow no farther now; Call in the Powers, good Counsellor Walsingham, Now Falstaff, where haue you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. Thefe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back.

Falst. I would bee forry (my Lord) but it should bee thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallown, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest ynce of possibility. I have fowndred nine score and oddie Pates: and hereby (truell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Colleulle of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? hee saw mee, and yeedeed: that I may outhy fay with the hooke-noad's fel' feet of Rome, I came, and, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtier, then your deferuing.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beleech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the reft of this dayes deede; or I favore, I will haue it in a particular Ballid, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Colleulle killing my foot:) To the which courfe, if I be enforce'd, if you do not all fwear like gill two-pences to me; and I, in the cleere Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moore doth the Cynders of the Element (which fheu like Pinnes-heads to her) beleceu the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee hae right, and let defert mount.

John. Thine's too heaus to mount.

Falst. Let it shone then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Colleulle?

Col. It is (my Lord.)


Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Beters are,

That led me hither: had they bene rul'd by me,
You shoude have wonne them dearer then you hauue.

Falst. I know not how they fold themselues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gaunt thy felle away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Walsingham.

John. Have you left purfuit?

Wals. Retreat is made, and Execution fty'd.

John. Send Colleulle, with his Confederates,
To York, to make Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him sure.

Exit with Colleulle.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords) I hear the King, my Father, is fore bere. Our Nauicall shall goe before vs, to his Maffeie,

Which (Confine) you shall see, to comfort him:

And wee with fober Speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beleech you, give me leauue to goe through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court, fand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

Falst. Sir, I am in my condition, Shall better speake of you, then you deferue. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this fame young fober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no manuall, bee drinks no Wine. There's never any of thefe demure Boyes come to any profe: for thinne Drinke doth fo over-coole their blood, and making many Fih-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Maie Greene-fickneffe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too, but for infamiation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Brainey, dryes me there all the foolifh, and dull, and crudifie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenfie, quicke, forgetfull, full of nimble, fierce, and delectable fshapes; which deliuerr'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The fcond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and fetled) left the Luer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Puillanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courfe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the reft of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme; and then the Vital Communers, and in-land pettel Spirits, muffer me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puff vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-worke:) and Learning, a mee Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and fets it in afe, and vife. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherit of his Father, hee hath, like leanes, firlill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent ensemble of drinking good, and good flore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Prince I would teach them, should be to farreware thinne Pota-ions, and to addift themselues to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: Ie through Glouceftershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I feale with him. Come away.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth give succefsfull end To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores, Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And draw no Swords, but what are fanteiy'd. Our Naue is addressed, our Power collected, Our Subsittuates, in abfence, well inueded, And every thing yeues leuell to our will; Onesely we want a little perfonall Strength: And pawfe vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot, Come Underneath the yoke of Government. 

Bard. Both which we doubt not, but your Maffeie Shall soon 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) hee is in presence here.  
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?  
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?  
Hee loves thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.)  
Thou hast a better place in his Affection,  
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)  
And Noble Offices thou mayst effect  
Of Mediation (after I am dead)  
Betwenee his Greatneffe, and thy other Brethren.  
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,  
Nor looke the good advantage of his Grace,  
By trening cold, or carell of his will.  
For hee is gracious, if hee be obferu'd:  
Hee hath a Teare for Nity, and a Hand  
Open (as Day) for melting Charlie:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incend'd, hee's Flint,  
As humorous as Winter, and as fadden,  
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day,  
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:  
Chide him for faults, and doe it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth:  
But being moody, give him Line, and scope,  
Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)  
Confound themselues with working. Learne this Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:  
That the united Veffell of their Blood  
(Minged with Venom of Suggestion,  
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)  
Shall never leake, though it doe workes as strong  
As Acitum, or rash Gun-powder.  
Clar. I shall obferue him with all care, and loue.  
King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas.)  
Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.  
King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?  
Clar. With Paitess, and other his continuall followers.  
King. Moit subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:  
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)  
Is over-spread with them: therefore my grieue  
Stretches it felle beyond the howre of death.  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I doe shape  
(In formes imaginare) th'vnguided Days,  
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,  
When I am sleeping with my Ancillors.  
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,  
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsellors,  
When Meanes and lauith Manners meete together;  
Oh, with what Wings fall th'Affections fye  
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?  
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:  
The Prince but studieth his Companions,  
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,  
'Tis needfull, that the most immodeft word  
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attaynd'd,  
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vfe,  
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groffe terms,  
The Prince will, in the perfeccneffe of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memorie  
Shall as a Pattern, or a Measure, blue,  
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,  
Turning past-euils to advantageous.  
King. To feldowme, when the Bee doth leave her Combe  
In the dead Carrion.  
Enter Wymferland.  
Who's here? ? Wymferland?  
Wef. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineffe  
Added to that, that I am to defluer.  
Prince John, your Sonne, both kiffe your Grace Hand:  
Acton, the Bishop, Scribes, Mapings, and all,  
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.  
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnheath'd,  
But Peace puts forth her Olue every where:  
The manner how this Action hath bene borne,  
Here (at more leyfure) may your Highnesse reade,  
With every courte, in his particular.  
King. O Wymferland, thou art a Summer Bird,  
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings  
The lifting vp of day.  
Enter Harcourt.  
Looke, heere's more newes.  
Harc. From Enemies, Husuen keepes your Malefice:  
And when they stand against you, may they fall,  
As tho' that I am come to tell you of.  
The Earle Nerbumberland, and the Lord Bardolf,  
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the Sherife of Yorkshire overthowne:  
The manner, and true order of the fight,  
This Packet (pleaseth it you) contains at large.  
King. And wherefore should these good newes  
Make me sike?  
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her faire words full in fouleft Letters?  
Shew eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,  
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Peaft,  
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)  
I should rejoice now, at this happy newes,  
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.  
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.  
Glo. Comfort your Malefice.  
Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.  
Wef. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.  
War. Be patient (Princes) you do knowe, these Fitts  
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.  
Stand from him, gue him ayre:  
Hee's straighte be well.  
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,  
Th'inceffant care, and labour of his Minde,  
Hath wrought the Murch, that should confine it in,  
So thynne, that Life lookes through, and will break out.  
Glo. The people feare me for they doe obferue  
Vnfather'd Heires, and lathly Births of Nature:  
The Seafons change their manneres, as the Yeere  
Had found some Moneths aleepe, and leap'd them ouer.  
Clar. The River hath thriue flow'd, no eibe betweene:  
And the old folke (Times doing Chronicles)  
Say it did fo, a little time before  
That our great Grand-fire Edward fiek'd, and dy'de.  
§ § 4 War. Speake
Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauineffe.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the newes yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Loyal, Hee'll recover without Physickes.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake I owe,

The King,your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will pleasue your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. Not I will fit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow, Being fo troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keep't the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and halfe so deepely sweete,

As hee whole Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'ft pinch thy Bearer, thou dost fit

Like a rich Armor, wore in heat of day,

That scal'd it with fatie: by his Gates of breath,

There lies a downley feather, which stirres not:

Did hee fugiere, that light and weightliff downe

Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeed: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd so

Many English Kings. Thy sleepe, from me,

Is Teares, and bountie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loe, and fallall tenderneffe,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plentifully.

My sleepe, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Dermes it felie to me. Loe, heere it fits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole streightt into one giant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leve, as 'tis left to me.

Enter Warwick,"Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fars your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)

Glo. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who undertook to fit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee see him.

War. This door is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee staid.

King. Where is the Crowne? who took it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:

Goe feeke him out.

Is hee so hafte, that hee doth suppole

My sleepe, my death? finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes

With my disease, and helpes to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into resolt,

When Gold becomes her Oxies?

For this, the foolish out-carefull Fathers

Have broke their sleepe with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry.

For this, they have ingroffled and pfl'd vp

The tankerd heapes of strange-achieved Gold:

For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to inset

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martaill Exercise:

When, like the Bee, callling from euery flower

The vertuous Sweets, our Thighes packt with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hieue;

And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.

This bitter tale yeildes his engravements,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sickneffe hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekees,

With such a deeppe demesnure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which never quaff but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue washed his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne? I

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to mee.

(to Henry.) Depart the Chamber, leave vs here alone.

Exit. P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wifh was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I ware thee.

Do't thou so hunger for my empie Chayre,

That thou wilt needs inset thee with mine Honor,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou feek'th the Greatnesse, that will over-whelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Digniuite

Is hold from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

 Thou haft done that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou haft feald vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me dye affur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou haft whetted on thy fonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What's canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?
Then get thee gone, and digge my grate thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare.
That thou art Crownd, not that I am dead.
Let all the Terrors, that should beseew my Heart
Be drops of Balme, to falifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duft.
Glue that, which gauze thee life, into the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decreas;
For now a time is come, to muckle at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crownd: 'V P Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you fage Counsellors, hence:
And to the English Court,assemble now
From eu're Region, Ape of Idiencie.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Russian that swarest drunk? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob! Murder? and commit
The oldift finnes, the newest kinde of wayer?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gild'd, his treble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honour, Might:
For the Fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes
The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall fleth his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poor Kingsome (fackle, with cruel blowes)
When that my Care could not withold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernessse againe,
Peopleed with Wholes (thy old Inhabitants).
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Terrors,
The moft Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-fal'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had spake, and I had heard
The courfe of it fo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortall,
Long guard it yours. If I affeé it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rife,
Which my moft true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this profirate, and exterior biding,
Heauen witnisse with me, when I heere came in,
And found no courfe of breath within your Maiestie,
How cold it froooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my prefent wildenesse, dye,
And never bleue, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purpofed.
Comming to looke on you, thine dead you dead,
(And dead almoft (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I fpoke vnto the Crowne (as hauing fence)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou left of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, leffe fine in Charack, is more precious,
preferuing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moft Fine, moft Honour'd, moft Renown'd,
Haft eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Joy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the leaf Affection of a Welcome,
Gue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreft Vafalle is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.
King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might't ionye the more, thy Fathers louse,
Pleading fo wisely, in excufe of it.
Come hither Harry, fit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke,) the very latest Counfell
That euer I shall breathe: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirec crook'd-ways
I met this Crowne: and I my felie know well
How troublesome it fate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour frath'd with boyftrous hand,
And I had many living, to vpraise
My gaines of it, by their Affinances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding suppos'd Peace.
All thofe bold Feares,
Thou feele (with perill) I haue anfwered:
For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Mooode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Payrer fort.
So thou, the Garland wear't sufficiently.
Yet, though thou hand'd more fue, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greeves are groene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but their rings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was fritt adoac'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Fear
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoce now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaft reft, and lying full, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my Harry)
Be it thy courfe to bufie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Afection borne boute,
May wafe the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my Lungs are wafted fo,
That Strength of Speech is vterly den'd to mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace lye.
Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gauze it me,
Then plaine and right muff my poteffion be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancather,
and Warwick.

King. Looke, looke,
Here comes my John of Lancather:
John. Health, Peace, and Happineffe,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'st me happinffe and Peace
(Sonne Esle):
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is floane
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Vpon thy fight
My worldely busynffe makes a period.

Where
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Warwicke? Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

**War.** Doth any name particular, belong

Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd? **War.** This call’d Jerusalem, my Noble Lord.

**King.** Laud be to heauen: Euen there my life miſt end.

It hath beene prophesi’d to me many yeares, I should not dye, but in Jerusalem:

Which (vainly) I suppos’d the Holy-Land.

But bear me to that Chamber, there I lie:

In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye. **Exeunt.**

Aeitus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Pages, and Daniel.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.

**What Dauy,** I say.

**Pa.** You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall ferue; you shall not be excus’d.

**Why Daniel,** you hearre fr.

Daniel. Sir, you shall not be excus’d.

**Dauy,** Marry fr, thus: those Precepts cannot bee feru’d: and againe fr, shall we fowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Dauy. But for William Cooke: are there any yong Pigeons?

**Dauy.** Yes Sir.

Here is now the Smithes note, for Shoouing,

And Plough-hrons.

Shal. Let it be caft, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall not be excus’d.

**Dauy.** Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muſt needs bee had: And Sir, doe you mean to floppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he loft the other day, at Hinchley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons Dauy, a couple of short-leg’d Hennes: a loync of Mupton, and any pretty little tine Kicks-armed, tell William Cooke.

**Dauy.** Doth the man of Warre, lay all night fir?

**Shal.** Yes Dauy:

I will vie him well. A Friend i’th Court, is better then a penny in parle. Vfe his men well Dauy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

**Dauy.** No worfe then they are bitten, fir: For they have marvellous foule linnen.

**Shal.** Well conce’d Dauy: about thy Buschel, Dauy.

**Dauy.** I befeech you fir,

To countenance William Ufier of Woncote, against Clement Perke of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Dauy, against that Ufier; that Ufier is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

**Dauy.** I grant you your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir: But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue shoulde have some Countenance, at his Friends requete. An honest man fir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have seen Sir, your Worlhippe truly fir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your Worlhippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beleech your Worship, let him bee Countenee’d.

**Shal.** Go too,

I fay he shalle haue no wrong: Looke about Dauy. Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots.

Glue me your hand M. Bardolph.

**Bard.** I am glad to fee your Worship.

**Shal.** I thank thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bardolph: and welcome my tall Fellow:

**Come Sir Iohn.**

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, looke to our Horfes. If I were fawe’d into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermes faues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the femailble Coherence of his mens fpirits, and his: They, by offering of them, do beare themselves like foolifh Iufuces: Flee, by converting with them, is turn’d into a Iufice-like Seruingham. Their fpirits are fo married in Coniuncion, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conceit, like fo ma-

ny Wilde-Geefe. If I had a fute to Mayfer Shallow, I would honour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayfer. If to his Men, I would currie with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or igno-

rant Carriage is caught, as men take difeases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Compafie. ‘I will deuie matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of fome Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with Internallums. O it is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a left (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall fee him laugh, till his Face be like a wea Cloake, ill laid vp.

**Shal.** Sir Iohn.

Falstaff. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow. **Exeunt.**

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chief Juflice.

**Warwicke.** How now, my Lord Chief Juflice, whether away?

Chief Juflice. How doth the King?

**War.** Exceeding well: his Cares

Are now, all ended.

Chief Juflice. I hope, not dead.

War. Hee’s walk’d the way of Nature,

And to our purposes, he lyes no more.

Chief Juflice. I would his Majestie had call’d me with him, The fterne, that I truly did his life,

Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. II. I know he doth not, and do arm my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Then I have drawn it in my fantasies.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy life of dead Harry:
O, that the illusing Harrie had the temper
Of him, the worst of the three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike false, to Spirits of vilde fort?
Ch. II. Alas, I fear, all will be over-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.
John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all the beauty, to admit much talkes.

Ib. Well; Peace be with you; the hand hath made vs heavy.
Ch. II. Peace be with vs, let us be heavier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you have left a friend indeed:
And I dare weare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is pure your owne.

John. Though no man be affur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expetation.

I am the forter, would 'were other-wise.

Cofin. Well, you must now speake Sir John Falstaff faire,
Which swimmes agst your fireame of Quality.

Ch. II. Sweet Princess what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-fall'd Remission.
If Troth, and vright Innocency fayle me,
Ie to the King (my Mather) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath finst me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Harrie.

Ch. II. Good morrow: and heaven fave your Maiesty Prince.
This new, and gorgeous Garment, Malefys
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, mix your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkis Court:
Not Amurah, an Amurah succedest,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, fo Royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the Fasion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a loynt birtben, laie on vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you affur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Love, Ile beare your Cares;
But wepe that Harrie's dead, and so will I.
But Harry lives, that shall contuse these Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse.

John, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.

Prin. You all looke strangete on me: and you moft,
You are (I thinke) affur'd, I love you not.
Ch. II. I am affur'd (if I be meur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no lus caufe to hate me.
Pr. No! How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What Rate? Rebuke! and roughly send to Prifon
Th'Immediate Heire of England? Was this eafe?
May this be waft'd in Letters, and forgotten?
Ch. II. I then did vfe the Perfon of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was buie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Jufeice,
The Image of the King, whom I preferred,
And froke me in my very Seste of Judgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Sonne, let your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Jufeice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Perfon?
Nay more, to ipume at your moft Royall Image,
And mockke your workes, in a second Body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the cafe yours:
Be now the Father, and propone a Sonne:
Hearre your owne dignitie so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadful Lawes, fo loosely lighted;
Behold your feltes, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold conuerdance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My perfon, or my Liege Soueraigne.

Prin. You are right Jufeice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore fill bear the Balance, and the Sword:
And I do with your Honors may encreas,
Till you do live, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do Jufeice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leffe happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliver up his Greaterneffe, fo,
Into the hands of Jufeice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'nflained Sword that you have vs'd to beare:
With this Rememberance; That you vfe the fame
With the like bold, tuft, and Impearlall spirit
As you have done to me. Touch me,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will foote, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wife Directions.
And Princes all, beleue me, I beleech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lynge my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I furuive,
To mocke the expetation of the World;
To frustrate Predictors, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my feeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanitie, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty,
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbs of Noble Consulfe,
That
Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, and Puffel.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eat a late yeares Pippin of my owne grafting, with a dish of Carraways, and so forth (Come Co-fin Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggers all Sir John: Marry, good ayre. Spread 'Davy,' spread 'Danie': Well said Danie.

Fal. This Danie ferues you for good vse: he is your Scrutineymann, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet; a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir John: I have drinke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come Co-fin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quach-a) we shall doe nothing but eat, and make good cheere, and praffle heauen for the merrie yeere: when fleth is cheap, and Females deere, and fuffe Lais come heere, and there: so merrily, and ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a mearly heart, good M.Silence. Ie glue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.Bardolph: some wine, Danie.

'Davy. Sweet sir, sir: Ile be with you anon: most sweete sir, sir. Master Page, good M.Page, sir: Proffec. What you want in meate, we'll have in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. Bardolph, and my little Soulour them, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.

For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall: "Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all; And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M.Silence had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who is it I have beene merry twice and once, ere now.

'Davy. There is a dith of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. 'Danie. Davy. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman miner: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, M.Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of the night.


Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ie pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'ft any thing, and wilt not call, behew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ie drinke to M.Bardolph, and to all the Caulerose about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, Danie.

Sil. You'll cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M.Bardolph?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a polette pot.

Sil. I thanke thee: the knaue will flicke by thee, I can affure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile flicke by him, sir.

Sil. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Lookes, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal! Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samings. Isn't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somwhat.

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one Puffel come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court! Let him come in.

Enter Puffel.

How now Puffel?

Piff. Sir John, Iause you fir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Puffel?

Piff. 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 be, but Goodman Puffe of Barfon.

Piff. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Puffel, and thy Friend: helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie loyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.


Fal. O base Affyrian Knight, what is thy newes?

Let King Caiulaka know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Piff. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons? And shall good newes be baffe'd?

Then Puffel lay thy head in Furdes lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Piff. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Glue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to vter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Piff. Vnder which King?

Browsers, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piff. Harry the Fourth? or Piff?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piff. A fostra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,

Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth. When Puffel byes, do this, and figges-me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. 400
Fal. What is the old King dead?

Pitf. As male in doore.
The things I speake, are luft.

Fal. Away Bardolf, Sadle my Horfe,
Mater Robert Shalton, chose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. Piftol, I will double charge thee
With Dignitie.

Bard. O hollow day: I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pitf. What I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Mater Silence to bed: Mater Shalton, my Lord Shalton, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunates Steward. Get on thy Beasts, wee'll ride all night. Oh sweet Pif toll! Away Bardolf: Come Pif toll, yet more to mee: and withall deuile something to do thyセル good. Boote, boote Mater Shalton, I know the young King is sick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horfes: The Lawes of Eng-lande at my commaund'ment. Happie are they, which have bene my Friends: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Juftice.
Pitf. Let Vultures vilde feize on his Lungs also: Where is the life that late I led, fay they? Why here it is, welcome thofe pleafant days. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hisaffe Quietly, Del Teare-breeues, and Beadle.

Hisaffe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou haft drawne my shoulder out of joyne.

Off. The Conftables have deluer'd her ouer to mee: and fhee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath bene a man or two (lately)kill'd about her.

Del. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, lie tell thee what, thou dam'd Tripe-vifag'd Raffall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'ft better thou haft ftoke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Off. O that Sir John were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruize of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cuffions againe, you have but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pif toll beleau among you.

Del. Ie tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenfor; I will haue you as soundly swing'd for this, you bloody Bottel: Ruffel: you filthy fam'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ie forswere halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you thee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hisf. O, that right shoulde thus o'recome me. Wel of suffrance, come eafe.

Del. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Juftice.

Hisf. Yes, come you hara'd Blood-hound,
Del. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hisf. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Del. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raffall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groom. More Ruffes, more Ruffes.

2. Groom. The Trumpets have founded twice.

1. Groom. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. Exit Groom.

Enter Falstaff, Shalton, Pif toll, Bardolf, and Page.

Falstaff. Stand here by me, M. Robert Shalton, I will make the King do you Grace, I will leere upon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the convenient that hee will give me.
Pif toll. Blefe thy Lungs, good Knight.
Pif toll. Come here Pif toll, stand behind me: O if I had had time to have made new Luries, I would have be- lower'd the thoundond pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poor thow doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth fo.
Pif toll. It shewes my earneftneffe in affection.
Pif toll. It doth fo.

Fal. My deauidion.
Pif toll. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, And not to deliberate, not to remember,

Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is moft certaine.

Fal. But to fland flained with Trauaile, and sweating with defire to fee him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affayres in oblivion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.
Pif toll. 'Tis temper idem: for abique nec nihil eft. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis fo indeed.
Pif toll. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Lier, and make thee rage. Thy Del, and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in bafe Durance, and contagious prifon: Hall'd thither by moft Mechanick and durtie hand. Rowee veuage from Ebon don, with fell Alechto's Snake, for Del is in. Pif toll, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deuier her.
Pif toll. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the Fifth. Brothers, Lord Chiefe Juftice.

Falstaff. Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.
Pif toll. The heauen thee guard, and keepe, moft royall Impe of Fame.
Fal. Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Juftice, speake to that vaine man.

Ch. Is thee. Haue you your wiss?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falstaff. My King, my love; I speake to thee, my heart. King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white hailes become a Fool, and Ieffer?

I have
I have long dream’d of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit’d, well’d, so old, and so profane:  
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.  
Make leese thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,  
Leave gourmandizing; Know the Grave doth gape  
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,  
Reply not to me, with a Foolish borne left,  
Prelume not, that I am the thing I was,  
For heauen doth know (to shal the world perceiv)  
That I have turn’d away my former Selfe,  
So will I those that kept me Company,  
Whom thou dost hear I am, as I have bin,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was’t  
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots;  
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,  
As I have done the rest of my Milicender,  
Not to come neere our Perfor, by ten mile.  
For competence of life, I will allow you,  
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to eull:  
And as we hear you do reforme your felines,  
We will according to your strength, and qualities,  
Glue you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)  
To see perform’d the tenure of our words. Set on.  

Fal. Master Shallo, I owe you a thousand pound.  
Shal. I marry Sir John, which I beeche you to let me  
have home with me.  

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallo, do not you grieve  
at this? I shall be sent for in private to him; Lookke you,  
he must see you thus to the world: feare not your advancement:  
I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiv how, vnlesse you should  
give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I  
beche you, good Sir John, let mee have five hundred of  
your thousand.  

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you  
heard, was but a colour.  

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir John.  

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:  
Come Lieutenant Pillal, come Bardolfe,  
I shall be sent for soone at night.  

Ch. Inff. Go carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleete,  
Take all his Company along with him.  

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.  

Ch. Inff. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone;  
Take them away.  

Piff. Si fortuna me tormenta, ferra me contenta.  

Exit. Mowt Lancaster and Chiefse Inffice.  

John. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings;  
He hath intent his wond he Followers  
Shall all be very well proffred for:  
But all are banish’d, till their concerations  
Appear more wise, and modell to the world.  

Ch. Inff. And so they are.  

John. The King hath call’d his Parliament,  
My Lord.  

Ch. Inff. He hath.  

John. I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,  
We hearc our Cuill Swords, and Natije fire  
As farre as France. I hearc a Bird fo sing,  
Whose Muticke (to my thinking) plea’d the King.  
Come, will you hence?

Exit.

FINIS.
EPILOGVE.

I REST, my Feare: then, my Curtis: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtis, my Dutie: And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you undoe me: For what I haue to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and 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 (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors love. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I committ my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquitted: will you command me to use my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, baue forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never seen before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much clod with Fat 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, vnshe Wready he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

PMOVVR the Presantor.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.

Prince John of Lanchester.

Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.

Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bythop of Yorke.

Mowbray.

Haftings.

Lord Bardolfe.

Trauers.

Morton.

Colcuile.

Warwicke.

Weftmerland.

Surrey.

Gowre.

Harecourt.

Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Shallow. } Both Country

Silence. } Iustices.

Dauie, Servant to Shallow.

Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants

Mouldic.

Shadow.

Wart. } Country Soldiers

Feeble.

Bulcalfe.

Pointz.

Falstaff.

Bardolph.

Pittole.

Peto.

Page.

Northumberlands Wife.

Percies Widdow.

Hootiffe Quickly.

Doll Tcare-sheeete.

Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

On your imaginacie Forces worke,
Supplye within the Girdle of thyse Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high-top-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous Narrow Ocean parts affender.
Piece out our imperfection with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginacie Pujiance.
Think how we talke of Harfes, that you see them
Printing their proud Hooves in'the receiving Earth:
For tu your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many Yeares
Into an hour-glass; for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to bear, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Auctus Primus.  Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bis. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bis. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bis. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Father's body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too; yea, at that very moment,
Confederation like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradifie,
To inclose and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made;
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady curance fowring faults:
Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulneffe
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bis. Ely. We are blest in the Change.
Bis. Cant. Heare him but reaso'n in Divinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward with
You would defire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affairs:
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discouer of Warre; and you shall hear
A fairefull Battale rendred you in Musique.
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 industriously unfold,
Why the Law Saitie, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you should faction, wrote, or how your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soul,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in nature qualities with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what you observe shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neither two fuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much ill of blood, where guiltie drops
Are every one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waife in briefe mortality.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Confiquence waft,
As pure as fine with Baptisme.

B.Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your false, your lines, and fennent,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharomond,
In terram Salicam Matriae us sucedeant,
No Woman shall succeed in Saitie Land:
Which Saitie Land, the French violously clause
To be the Realm of France, and Pharomond
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land Saiie is in Germanie,
Betwenee the Flouds of Sals and of Elue:
Where Charles the Great having fuch'd the Saxons,
They left behind and fertiled certaine French:
Who holding in difdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life.
Establifht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in Saitie Land:
Which Saitie (as I faid) twist: Elue and Sals,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Main.
Then doth it well appeare, the Saitie Law
Was not defauld for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poseffe the Saitie Land,
Vntill four hundred one and twenty yeeres
After defcription of King Pharomond,
Idly fuppof'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty fix: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feate the French
Beyond the River Sals, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Befides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which depofed Childerik,
Did as Heire Generall, being defended
Of Blatifeld, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crown of France,
Hugge Capet also, who vflperte the Crowne

The Life of Henry the Fift.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

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 thewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Couey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charles, who was the Sonne
To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: all King Lewes the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vluer Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene Ihe, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ernengare,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By which the Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-witted to the Crowne of France.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sunne,
King Tepins Title, and Hugh Capet: Clayme,
King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So the Kings of France vnto this day,
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse claiming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vnchpt from you and your Progenitures.
King: May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Bibl. Cant. The finne vpon your head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dyes, let the inheritance
Defend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, and wind your bloody Flagg,
Looke back into your mightie Aancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfres Tombe,
From whom you clayme: inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vackles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defaet on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood firmly, to behold his Lyons Whelpes
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of works, and cold for action.
Bibl. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your pollent Arme renew their Feats
You are their Heire, fit you fit your Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-pollent Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprizes.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do eall expell, that you should rowe your felles,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood:
(might?
Welt. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highness: neeuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subiects,
Whose beares have left their bodies here in England,
And Iye pauillon'd in the fields of France.
Bibl. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will raise your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie and State
Bring in to any of your Ancelors.

King. We must not onely arme t'maise the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vp vs,
With all advantages.
Bibl. Cant. They of th'ost Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
King. We do not meane the couring snatchers onely,
But feare the maine Intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been full a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall see, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurinftd Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,
Grieting with grievous siege, Cafles and Townes:
That England being empie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.
Bibl. Cant. She hath bin th' more feare th' harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Chevalerie hath been in France,
And fhee a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded at a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom th'ee did fend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prays,
As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and cum-leffe Treasures.
Bibl. Ely. But there's a faying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neft, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes fneaking, and so fucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouth in absence of the Cat,
To tame and haucock more then she can eate.
Exe. It followes thee, the Cat must fly at home,
Yet that is but a crusti' necessity,
Since we have lockes to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theuues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
The childer head defends it felt at home:
For Government, though high, and loow, and lower,
Put into parts, doth kepe in one confent,
Congreeing in a full and natural clofe,
Like Mufick.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven indulge
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavoure in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obediences: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Aft of Quesit to a peopled Kingdome,
They have a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their wings,
Make boote upon the Summers Velvet buddes.
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Majesties surveyes
The ftinging Mafons building rooves of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poor Mechanickes, Poremen, crowding in
Their heayy burthenes at his narrow gate:
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

The sad-eyd Jutlice with his furiy humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lasie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one content, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrows lookd feueral ways
Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streams meet in one falt sea ;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center :
So may a thousand actions once a foot,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Lige,
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall make all Gaillia flake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Can then defend out our owne, and this dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardnese and policie.

King. Call in the Meffengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well refolud, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble little Lige of our paynters,
France being ours, we ll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it all to peeces. Or there we ll fit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
One France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bees in an unworthy Ve, (Tambieft, with no remembrance over them :
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grace
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worthit with a waken Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we hearre,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May plie your Malefie to glue vs leaue
Freyly to render what we have in charge : (Or shal we sparringly shew you faire off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embasie, (King.
We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our paffion is as subieft
As is our wretches fetted in our prisons,
Therefore with franc and with vncurbed plainneffe,
Tell vs the Dolphin mindes.

Amb. Thus than in few
Your Highnesse lately finding into France,
Did claine some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecesser, King Edward the third.
In anwser of which claimes, the Prince our Mafter
Sayes, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you adua'd : There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore finds you bound for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Defires you let the dukedomes that you clame
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin spakes.

King. What Treasure Vnclse ?

Amb. Enter Teniss balle, my Lige.

Kin, We are glad the Dolphin is so plesant with vs,
His Prefent, and your pains we thanke you for : (When we have matcht our Rackets to theire Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
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 durb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderland him well,
How he comes ore vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vfe we made of them.
We neuer vake'd this poore feste of England,
And therefore living hence, did glue our felle
To barbarous licenfe : As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrie, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fyle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowme me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Malefite,
And plodded like a man for working dayes :
But I will rife there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the Prince, that we will take him thus,
For I am a Duke, and will neuer be content.
Therefore we will have the same, or no more.
That thall faye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands
Mocke mothers from their fones, mock Callies downe:
And some are yet vngotten and unrhome,
That thall haue caufe to curfe the Dolphins fcone.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe.
So get you hence in peace : And tell the Dolphin,
His left will fauour but of shallow wil,
When thousandes wepe more then did laugh at it.
Comsey them with life conduch. Fare you well,

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exeunt. This was a merry Meffige.

King. We hope to make the Sender blash at it :
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may glue furth rance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Saaue thofe to God, that ranne before our businofse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be foone collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable wilneffe addde
More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,
We'lle chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now take his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Fluirfio. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And fillen Daillance in the Wardrobe lyes :
Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes folely in the breadth of every man.
They fell the Painture now, to buy the Horfe ;
Following the order of all Chriftian Kyes,
With winged hecules, as English Merycres.
For now fits Expevetion in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hils vnto the Point,
With Crownes Impeiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promed to Harry, and his followers.
The French adu'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuer the English purpos.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
The Life of Henry the Fift.

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?
But fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neft of hollow boomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Sroope of eMaffam, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspicry with fearfull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Trefion hold their promises,
Ere he take theip for France; and in Southamptoun.
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest
Th'abufe of diuifices force a play:
The fumme is payde, the Trairors are agreed,
The King is fet from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southamptoun,
There is the Play-houfe now, there muft you fit,
And thence to France thall we consue you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow feas
To guie you gentle Paffe: for if we may,
Wll not offend one thorneck with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southamptoun do we shift our Scene.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfs.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfs.
Bar. What, are Ancient Piffall and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I fay little: but when
thall fhal ferue, thall there be smyles, but that thall be
as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yon: it is a amble one, but what though? It will
tote Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
fword will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will bellow a breakfast to make you friends,
and we'll bee all three fumone brothers to France: Let't be
to good Corporall Nym.
Nym.Faith, I will liue fo long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my reft, that is the renedeous of it.
Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly the did you wrong, for you
were tooe-plict to her.
Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they maymen
may fpeepe, and they may have their throats about them
at that time, and fome fay, knifes haue edges: it muft
be as it may, though patience be a tryed name, yet thee
will fliepe, there muft be Conclufions, well, I cannot
tell.

Enter Piffall, & Quickly.
Bar. Heere comes Ancient Piffall and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoafe Pi-
sall?
Piff. Bafe Tyke, ca't thou mee Hoafe, now by this
hand I fware I fconne the terme: nor fhall my Nel keep
Logders.
Hoof. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straignt. O wellday,
Lady, if he be not heuenly now, we fhall fee wilful adul-
tely and mutther committed.
Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing heere.
Nym. Piff.

Piff. Piff for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
of Island.
Hoof. Good Corporall Nym fhew thy valor, and put
up thy fword.
Nym. Will you flogge off? I would haue you follus.
Piff. Solus, cregulous dog! O Viper vle: The folus
in thy most mercurious face, the folus in thy teeth,
and in thy throat, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy naffie mouth. I do
reor the folus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pi-
sallcocke is vp, and filling fire will follow.
Nym. I am not Bardofen, you cannot conjure mee: I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowlie with me Piffall, I will scourfe you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre teares. If you would walke
off, I will pricke your guts a little in good tearesmes,
as I may, and that's the humor of it.
Piff. O Braggard, and domineed furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and dooing death is nearer,
Therefore exhale.
Bar. Hearre me, hearre me what I fay: Hee that frikes
the first throake, Ile run him vp to the hils, as I am a foid-
der.
Piff. An oath of mickle might, and fury fhall abate.
Give me thy fift, thy fore-fote to me giue: Thy spirites
are moft tall.
Nym. I will cut thy throatone time or other in faire
terms, that is the humor of it.
Piffall. Couple a garne, that is the word. I defe thee a-
gaine.O hound of Creep, think'th thou my spouse to get?
No, to the fittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Grefsfs kindes, Doll
Tears-fletes, hee by name, and her epoune. I haue, and I
will hold the Quandam Quickly for the onely thee: and
Poaua, there's enough to go.
Bar. Enter the Boy.
Boy. Mine Hoafe Piffall, you must come to my May-
fter, and your HoftelleHe is very fickes,& would to bed.
Good Bardofen, put thy face betweene his fhets, and do
the Ofice of a Warming-pan Faith, he's very ill.
Bard. Away you Roque.
Hoof. By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King his kild his heart. Good Hu-
band come home prefently.
Bar. Come, I'll make you two friends. Wee muft to
France together:why the diuel should we keep knifes
to cut one anothers throats?
Piff. Let floods ore-wfell, and fielis for food howle
on.
Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?
Piff. Bafe is the Slace that payes.
Nym. That now I will haue: that's the humor of it.
Piff. As manhood shal compound with home. Drow
Bard. By this fword, bee that makes the firft thraught,
Ie kill him: By this fword, I wil.
P. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muft have their courfe
Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me topre-
thee put vp.
Piff. A Noble shalt thou haue, and prefent pay, and
Likewiffe wilt I glue to thee, and friendhappe
shall combye, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme,
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this fuit? For I haie Sut-
er be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue.Giue mee
thy hand.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Nym. I shall have my Noble?
Fift. In cash, most lustily paid.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hoft.

Hoft. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sit John: A poor heart, hee is so th'at of a burning 
quotidian 
Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The King hath run bad hurnors on the Knight, 
that's the euen of it.
Fift. Nym, thou haft spoke the right, his heart is 
fract and corroborate.
Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it 
may: he paffes some humors, and carrerees.
Fift. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we 
will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Welfmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
Weft. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, 
As if allegiance in their bosoms stale
Crowned with faith, and that, and loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and clow'd with gracieulous favours;
That he should for a forraigne part, be fell
His Soveraigne life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King. Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Molybank, 
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts;
Think you not that the powres beare with vs
Will cut their paffage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the afe,
For which we have in head assembled them.
Sro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beft.
King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire concert with ours;
Nor lease not one behinde, that doth not with
Successe and Conquit, to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Mylefty; there's not I think a subiect
That fits in heart-grееfe and vascineffe
Vnder the sweete shade of your government.
Ksi. True: those that were your Father's enemies,
Have receiv'd their gault in hone, and do ferue you
With hearts crete of duty, and of zeal.
King. We therefore have great cause of thankfullnes, 
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quintess of defect and merit,
According to the weight and worthinelle.
Sro. So seruice shall withGeelee finewes toyle, 
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruices.
King. We judge no lefle. Vnder of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayld against our perfons: We confered
It was exceffe of Wines that set him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him,
Sro. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punishe'd Soveraigne, leafe example
Bred by his suffrence) must be such a kind.
King. O let us yet be mercyful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punishe too.
Gray. Sir, you flew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taffe of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much lose and care of me,
Are beyny Orilona'gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diiftermer,
Shall not be wackd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capittall crimes, chew'd, fwallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before vs? We'll yet inlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care
And tender presuparation of our perfons,
Wold have him punishe'd,And now to our French cauves,
Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. I owe my Lord,
Your Highnesss beal me aske for to day.
Sro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soveraigne,
King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:
There yours Lord Scroope of Molyham, and Sir Knight:
Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthinelle.
My Lord of Welfmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What fee you in thofe papers, that you looke
So much complection? Look ye how they change:
Their cheeke are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That have fo cowarded and chide' your blood
Out of apperance.
Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submite me to your Highness mercy.
Gray. Sro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your own counaffe is uppreite and kill'd:
You muft not dare (for blame) to tale of mercy,
For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
As dogs upon their malteries, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peares, 
Their English moneters: My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnish with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly confir'd
And fwworne into the praxibles of France
To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewile fwworne. But O,
What flll I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruelly,
Ingratiefull, faunge, and inhume Creatures?
Thou that didt beare the key of all my counselle,
That knew'ft the very bottome of my foule,
That (almoft) might'ft haue coyn'd me into Goldes,
Would'ft thou haue pra'did on me, for thy vfe?
May it be possible, that forraigne hyers
Could out of thee extract one fparce of euell
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis fo strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as groffe
As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely fee it.
Trefon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoke duels fwworne to eythers purpose,
Working fo groffely in an natureal cauall,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on trefon, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fpend it was
That brought upon thee fo proueoufly
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
And other duels that luggeth by treasons,
Do both and bungle ye damnation;
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched
From glist'ring anomalies of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gave thee no influence why thou shouldst do treason,
Vuliffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vallie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A foule fo eade as that Englishman.
Oh, how haft thou with lealoufe infected
The sweetneffe of affiance! Shew men dufffull,
Why fo didst thou? seeme they graue and learned?
Why fo didst thou? Come they of Noble Family?
Why fo didst thou? Seeme they religious?
Why fo didst thou? Or are they of Death's die?
Free from froide paffion, or of mirth, or anger,
Confiant in spirit, not fervering with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
But in purged judgement trullting neither,
Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee fall fraught man, and bift indued
With some fuspition, I will wepe for thee.
For this result of thine, we thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the anower of the Law,
And God acquit them of their proffiles.
Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Masham.
I arrest thee of High Treason by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.
Sero. Our purpose, God lusty hath difcouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beleech your Highneffe to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufference heartily will reconcillie,
Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reconcillie
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this hour joy ore my felie,
Prevented from a damned enterprize);
My fault, but not my body, pardoon Soueraigne.
Kings. God quit thee in his mercie:Hear your sentence
You have confir'd against Our Royall person,
Jove'nd with an enemy proclaim'd,and from his Coffers,
Reccey'd the Golden Earneft of Our desine,
Wherein you would have fold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation:
Touching our person, freke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety waft to tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miserable wretches) to your death:
The taffe whereof, God of his mercy glue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your desire offences. Bearst them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God fo graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treacon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothd on our way.
Then forth, dese Countrymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the figures of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.
Flourish.
Enter Puffall, Nym, Bardolphi, Boy, and Haffife.
Haffife. 'Prythee honey Sweet Husband,let me bring thee to Staines.
Puffall. No, for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolphi, be blythe: Nym, rowie thy vaunting Vines: Boy, briefe thy Courage vp: for Falstaffe hee is dead, and we must erne therefore.
"Bar'd. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is, eyther in Heaven,or in Hell.
Haffife. Nay Sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arturbs Bofome,if ever man went to Arturbs Bofome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chrif tome Child: a parted eu'n luft betweene Twelve and One, eu'n at the turning o' the Tyde for after I faw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and fimle vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way:for his Nofe was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir Iobn (quoth I ?) what man? be a good cheere: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any bone: then I fet to his knees, and fo vp-per'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any bone.
Nym. They say he cryed out of Sack.
Haffife. I, that a did.
"Bar'd. And of Women.
Haffife. Nay,that a did not.
Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deales incarnate.
Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co lour he neuer lik'd.
Boy. A said once, the Deale would have him about Women.
Haffife. A did in some sort (indeed)handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Well of Babylone.
Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea thicke vpon Bardolphs Nofe, and a said it was a blakce Soule burning in Hell.
Bar'd. Well, the feu is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.
Nym. Shall wee thoght? the King will be gone from Southampton.
Puff. Come, let's away. My Loue, give me thy Lippes: Look to me your Chattle, and thy Moucebles: Let Sences rule: The world is Pitch and pay: truit none: for Oosthes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-sift is the onely Dogge: My Duche, therefore Caueter be thy Counseller. Goe, cleare thy Chrysthalls. Yoke-fellows in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-leeches
And he is bred out of that bloody straine,
That haunted us in our familiar Pathes:
Witnifi our too much memorable flame,
When Creffy Batelle fatly was frucke,
And all our Princes captif'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whilez that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Aire, crownd' with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Herofcall Seed, and fume'd to fee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty yeeres beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Vfiltrous Stock: and let vs feeare
The Nature mightifie and fare of him,

Enter a Mriffenger.

Miff. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe craze admittance to your Maietie,

King. Weele gleam your prefent audience.
Ge, and bring them.
You fee this Chafl is hotly forward, flenid.
Dolphin. Turne head, and flop purplif for fowb Cobads
Moft spend their mouths, whiche they feem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraine
Take vp the English shorts, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Lene, is not to fole a finne,
As felfe-neglefling.

Enter Exeuter.

King. From our Brother of England:

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maietie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you defuet your felfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that perraine
By Cuftome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Picks from the worne-holes of long-vanifhit days,
Nor from the duft of old Oblifion rafe,
He fends you this moft memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonftrative;
Willing you ouer-lookke this Pedigree:
And when you fee him euen deriu'd
From his moft fam'd, of famous Ancetors,
Edward the third, he bids you then refigne
Your Crowne, which of your Kingdome, indifferently held
From him, the Natyue and true Challenger.

King. Or elfe what follores?

Exe. Bloody confRAINT: for if you hide the Crowne
Even in your hearts, there will he rafe for it.
Therefore in fierce Temper is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Inte:
That if requiring fale, he will compelle.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Defier vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vatile Lawes; and on your head
Turning the Wildowes Tears, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the pityi Maldens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothod Ladies.
That shall be fwalowed in this Controverfe.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Miffage:
Vnfele the Dolphin be in prefence here;
To whom exprifely I bring greeting to,

King. For
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you hear our full intent Back to our Brother of England. Delfph. For the Dolfhin, I stand here for him: what to him from England? Exe. Some and defiance, sight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not mil-become The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at. Thus sayes my Kings: and if your Fathers Highness Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you lent his Malefice; He'll call you to so hot an Answer of it, That Cauces and Wombie Vaultages of France Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance. Delfph. Say if my Father render faire returne, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Oddes with England. To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanities, I did present him with the Paris-Balls. Exe. He's make your Paris Louer flake for it, Were it the Miftruse Court of mightie Europe: And he affir'd, you'll find a diff'rent We as his Subjects have in wonder found, Betwene the promise of his greener dayes, And thes he masters now now he weighs Time Euen to the vmost Grnerc that you shall reade In your owne Loffes, if he stay in France. King. To morrow shall you know my mind at full. Flourish. Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King Come here himfelfe to question our delay; For he is footed in this Land already. King. You shalbe some dispatch, with faire conditions. A Night is but small breathe, and little pawafer, To anfwer matters of this confequence. Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus. Thus with imag'nd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no leffe celeritate then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have feene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embark his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet With fliken Streamers, the young Phoebus slaying; Play with your Fancies: and in them behold, Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boys climbing; Hearre the thrill Whiffe, which doth order glue To fouds confus'd: he behold the threaden Sayles, Borne with th'inundible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottons through the furrowed Sea, Brefting the loftie Surfe. O, doe but think The f favourable, to Harflew. Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to tormage of this Nauie, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, fill, Guarded with Grandfirs, Babyes, and old Women, Elyther paft, or not arri'd to pyth and puiffance: For who is he, whose Chim is but enricht With one appearing Hare, that will not follow These cuil'd and choyle-drawne Cauciers to France? Werke, werke your Thoughts, and therein fee a Siege: Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages, With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew. Suppose th'Embassador from the France comes back: Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dawrie, Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynbock now the duellish Cannon touches, Alarum, and Chambers goe off. And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And ech out our performance with your mind. Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucefter. Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew. King. Once more onto the Breach, Deare friends, once more; Or clofe the Wall vp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man, As modest filinente, and humilitie: But when the breaft of Warre blowes in our eares, Then imitate the action of the Tyger: Stiffen the finewes,commune vp the blood, Diffilue faire Nature with hard-favour'd Rage: Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the portage of the Head, Like the Brafe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it, As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke O're-hang and lutty his confounded Babe, Swift'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean. Now fixt the Teeth, and stretch the Nothrift wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp evrie Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Nobilift English, Whose blood is fit from Fathers of Warre-proofe: Fathers, that like so many Alexander's, Haue in thefe parts from Morne till Euen fought, And th'eth their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonour not your Mothers: now attell, That thofe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood, And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen, Whole Lynes were made in England; they vs here The mettall of your Paffure: let vseware, That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you fo meane and base, That hath not Noble luster in your eyes. I fee you fland like Grey-hounds in the flips, Straying vp the Swift. The Game's afoot: Follow your Spirit: and upon this Charge, Cry,God for Harry, England, and S.George. Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piftall, and Boy. Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. Nim. Pray thee Corporall fly, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Cafe of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it. Pfift. The plaine-Song is most luft: for humors doe a-bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ais, and fabrefc.
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Piff. And 1: If wishes would preazeyle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high. 

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth fing on bough. 

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach ; you Dogges ; auaunt you Cullions.


Nim. Thefe be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. 

Boy. As young as I am, I haue oherd thee three Swaithers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they want Gentleman, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man.

Fluellen, hee is white-liner'd, and red-face'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Piffull, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breaks Words, and keepes whole Weapons; for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beft men, and therefore hee fomnes to lay his Prayers, left a shoul be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Proceedings; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Paue, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchafe. Bardolph fole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelue Leagues, and fold it for three Halfe-pence. Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callicke they fole a Fire-shoulel. I knew by that pece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar withmes Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine purchase vp of Wrongs. I must leave them, and fomce some better Service; their Villany goes against my weake Thimblets, and therefore I must call it vp. 

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen, you must come prefently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would fpake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not fo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre the conuincuus of it is not fufficient: for looke you, the thinke of it, when you thinke of him, you may difcuffe vnto the Duke, looke you, it is digt himfelfe foore yard vnder the Countermines: by Chejhu, I thynke a will plooe vp all, if there is not better direc- tions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is guen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very fad fong; he will confidr your refolues.

Welsh. It is Captain Mackmorris, is it not? 

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welsh. By Chejhu he is an Affe, as in the World, I will vverifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warre, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Pupppy-dog. 

Enter Mackmorris, and Captain Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captain, Captain Iamy, with him.

Welsh. Captain Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-ledge in th'ancuant Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chejhu he will mainaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Prifinie Warres of the Romans. 

Scot. I lay gudday, Captaine Fluellen. 

Welsh. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine Iamy.

Gower. How now Captain Mackmorris, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners gien of? 

Iamy. By Chrifh Law tifh ill done: the Worke fth give ouer, the Trumpet found the Retreat. By my Hand I fware, and my fathers Sole, the Worke thil ill done: it fth give ouer: I would have blowed vp the Towne, fo Chejhu fave me law, in an houre. O tifh ill done, tifh ill done: by my Hand tifh ill done.

Welsh. Captain Mackmorris, I befeech you now, will you vountaine mee, will you take off your frwftiptions with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to fatisfie my Opinion, anda partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the beft Man.

Scot. It fall be very gud, god fheit, god Captains bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaion: that fall I may.

Iamy. It is no time to difcourfe, so Chejhu fave me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to difcourfe, the Town is befeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talk, and be Chejhu do nothing, tis fhape for vs all: so God fme tis fhape to hand fill; it is fhape by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and therelf nothing done, so Chejhu fme law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theife eyes of mine take themselfes to fomble, ayle de gud fervic, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile payt' as valoufely as I may, that I I fueerly do, that is the freft and the long: marry, I was full faine heare some queftion tween you tway.

Welsh. Captain Mackmorris, I thynke, looke you, vnder your correccion, there is not many of your Na- tion.


Welsh. Lookye you, if you take the matter otherwife then is meant, Captain Mackmorris, peraduenture I thall thynke you doe not vie me with that affillibitie, as in difcourfe you ought to vie me, looke you, being as good a man as your felfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivacion of my Birth, and in other particular- ities.

Iamy. I doe not know you fo good a man as my felle: so Chejhu fave me, I will cut off your frwftiptions with you.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will makeke each other. 


Gower. The Towne founds a Parly.

Welsh. Captain Mackmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, looke you, I will be fo bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet refolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latef Parle we will admit: 

There-
Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,  
Or like to men prov'd of destruction,  
Defe vs to our wor't : for as I am a Souldier,  
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me me't;  
If I begin the batt'lie once again,  
I will not leave the halfe-achieved Harflew,  
Till in her ashes she lye buried.  
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,  
And the field Souldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In libertie of bloody hand, shall rainge  
With Confidence wide as Hell, moving like Grasse  
Your faire faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious Warres,  
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,  
Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats,  
Enlyncst to waft and defolation?  
What is't to me, when you your felues are caufe,  
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing Violation?  
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneffe,  
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?  
We may as bootlesf send our vaine Command  
Vpon th'enrag'd Souldiers in their fpoyle,  
As fend Precepts to the Leuenhurt, to come ahorfe.  
Therefore, you men of Harflew,  
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,  
Whilez yet my Souldiers are in my Command,  
Whilez yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace  
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds  
Of heady Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.  
If not: why in a moment looke to see  
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand  
Defire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters:  
Your Fathers taken by the fluer Beards,  
And their most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls:  
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes,  
Whilez the mad Mothers, with their howles confud',  
Doe breake the Clouds as did the Wives of sewry,  
At Herods bloody-hunting flaughter-men.  
What thy you? Will you yeeld, and this ayoud?  
Or guilte in defence, be thus deftroyd'.  

Coud. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Daphlin, whom of Succours we entreat,  
Returns vs; that his Powers are yet not ready,  
To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,  
We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy folt Mercy:  
Enter our Gates, dispofe of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defenfible.  

King. Open your Gates: Come Vuckte Exeter,  
Goe you, and enter Harflew; there remaine,  
And forifie it strongly garnish the French:  
Vse mercy to them all for vs, steere Vncllle.  
The Winter comming on, and Sickenes growing  
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retreye to Calis.  
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueft,  
To morrow for the March we are addresst.  
Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.  
Kath. Alice, tu as fte en Angl/terre, & tu bien parlas  
le Langage?  
Alice. En peu Madame.  
Kath. Le te prit mes fuguettes, il faut que je apprend a parler:  
Comencez appelles vous le main en Angl/te?  
Alice. Le main il appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.  
Alice. E le deyts.  
Kath. Le deyts, ma fje le cubile, e deyts mayts, le me soumeray  
de le deyts le penfe qu'ils ont apatelle de ngers, ou de ngers.  
Alice. Le main de Hands, le deyts le Fingers, le penfe que je  
sais le bon ecbolier.  
Kath. Tuy gayne diux mots d' Anglis, cietement, comment  
appelle-vous le angleis?  
Alice. Le angleis, les appelons de Nayles.  
Kath. De Nayles efoynte: dites moy, & le parle bien: de  
Hand, de Fingers, e de Nayles.  
Alice. C'eft bien diit Madame, il & fent bon Anglodi.  
Kath. Dites moy l'Anglodi pour le bras.  
Alice. De Armes, Madame.  
Kath. Et de coudert.  
Alice. D'Elbow.  
Kath. D'Elbow: Je men fey la repicitio de tous les mots  
que vous moncer, apprins des ap prefect.  
Alice. Il c'etrop difficile Madame, comme le penfe.  
Kath. Exceu moy il eft fat de coudert, de Hand, de Fingers, de  
Nayles, d'Armes, de Biflom.  
Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.  
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, le nom sublie d'Elbow,comont  
appelle vous le col.  
Alice. De Nick, Madame.  
Kath. De Nick, il le menton.  
Alice. De Chin.  
Alice. Ozy. Sauf voy tre honorve en ecrie votre pronun-  
cies les mots anjy droict, que le Natefis d'Anglterre.  
Kath. Il ne doute point d'apprendre par de Grace de Dieu,  
& en peu de temps.  
Alice. N'aue vos de subie ce que je vous a enfuye.  
Kath. Nome il recitera a vous promptement, de Hand, de  
Fingers, de Nayles.  
Alice. De Nayles, Madame.  
Kath. De Nayles, de Armes, de Ilbom.  
Alice. Sans voyf fer honore d'Elbow.  
Kath. Annf de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: comont ap-  
pelle vous les pied & de reda.  
Alice. Le Fout Madame, & le Count.  
Kath. Le Fout, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il font le  
mots de fon nueuvalle corruppble groffe & impudique, & non  
pour le Danes de Honor de afer: Il ne voudra pas prononcer  
ces mots devant le Seigneur de France, pournoe le monde, fo  
le Fout & le Count, neant moy, il recitera om autrufes moa leon  
embltions, d'Hand, de Fingers, de Nayles, d'Armes, d'Elbow, de  
Nick, de Sin, de Fout, le Count.  
Alice. Excellent, Madame.  
Kath. C'est affes pour une fojte, alors nous a diner.  
Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Daphlin, the  
Confable de France, and others.  
King. 'Tis certaine he hath paft the Rier Somme,  
Conf. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,  
Let vs notlie in France: let vs quitt all,  
And glue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.  
Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprays of vs,  
The emptying of our Fathers Luxuries,  
Our Syens, put in wilde and sauvage Stock,  
Spire vs so suddenly into the Clouds,  
And over-looke their Graftors?  
Brit. Normans, but baward Normans, Norman bawards:  
Mort du ma vus, if they march along  
Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
To buy a floppy and a durtie Farne
In that mookie-fotten Ile of Albion.
Conf. 'Dieu de Battaille, where hauie they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate Boggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in desplay, the Sonne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can fodder Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iales,their Barly broth,
Decoif their cold blood to fuch valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Scene frothe & O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Sfickes
Upon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frottie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.
'Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly fay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-store France with Baffard Warriors.
Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schools,
And teach the Youth's high, and [wit Caractre];
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heelet,
And that we are moft lofit fide-awayes.
King. Where is Montoy the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabroth, High Conftable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Barbon, and of Berry,
Aloft, Brabant, Bar, and Burgoiny,
Apuet, Chatillion, Ramoure, Vandemont,
Bemont, Grand Prey, Rouff, and Foulconbridge,
Loy, Lebracle, Bouchyfaff, and Charlaiet,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of your great flames:
Barr Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harleu;
Rufh on his Horse, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whose low Vaffall Seet,
The Alpes doth fip, and void his rhesume vpon
Goe downe vpon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captaine Chariot, into Roan
Bring him your Prisoner.
Conf. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are fo few,
His Souldiers fick, and famihl in their March:
For I am fure, when he fhall fee our Army,
He will not let his heart drop into the fines of fear,
And for achituelion, offer vs his Ranfome.
King. Therefore Lord Conftable, haft on Montoy,
And let him fay to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will glue.
Prince Demph, you fhall fay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not fo, I doe befeech your Maiefie.
King. Be patient, for you fhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conftable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. 
Exeunt.

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I fuffre you, there is very excellent Service committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter fafe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as manominous as Agy-
King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Moun. Mounbay.

King. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not feake him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without imprisonment: for to say the truth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enimie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with tickneffe much enfeebled,
My numbers leffed: and those few I have,
Almoft no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgivme me God,
That I doe bragge thus: this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that wisde in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am:
My Ranfome, is this frayle and worthlift Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and fuch another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mounbay.
Goe bid thy Master well aduife himfelfe,
If we may paffe, we will: if we be hindered,
We fhall your tavnice ground with your red blood
Difcolour: and fo Mounbay, fare you well.
The fumme of all our Answer is but this:
We would not feake a Battalle as we are,
Nor as we are, we fay we will not fhun it:
So tell your Master.

Moun. I shall deliuer fo: Thanks to your Highneffe.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now draws toward night,
Beyond the Riber we'e encame our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away.


Enter the Confiante of France, the Lord Rambus,
Orlance, Dolfin, with others.

Conft. Tut , I haue the beft Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orlance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my
Horfe haue his due.

Conft. It is the beft Horfe of Europe,
Orlance. Will it never be Morning?

Dolf. My Lord of Orlance, and my Lord High Con-
fiante, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orlance. You are as well prowded of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolf. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horfe with any that treades but on foure poultries:
ch'a: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres : le Cœnial volatilis, the Pegasus, chez les marines de
feu. When I befrede him, I foare, I am a Hawket: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the bafett
home of his hooffe, is more Muscail then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orlance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolf. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for Perfeus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull
Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in Him; but
only in patient fillinffe while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horfe, and all other Latas you may call
Beats.


Conf. In-

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vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the
Generalla Cut, and a horride Sate of the Camp, will doe a-
mong fuming Bottles, and Ale-wafth Vits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you muft learn to know fuch
fandnes of the age, or elfe you may be maruellously mi-
bookes.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Generall: I doe perceive
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coate, I will tell
him my minde: heare you, the King is coming; and I
muft fpeak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Coloure. Enter the King and his
poore Soldiers.

Flu. God pleffe your Maaffe.

King. How now Fluellen, cam'th thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, fo pleffe your Maaffe: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintayned the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and moft proue
paffeages: marry, th'athuerarie was hauing pooffion of
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maaffe,
the Duke is a proue man.

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdution of th'athuerarie hath beene very
great, reafonable great: marry for my part, I thinkke
the Duke hath loft a newe man, but one that is like to be ex-
cuted for robbinge a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maaffe
know the man: his face is all bubblkes and wheekes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nofe, and it is like a coole of fire, sometimes plewe, and
sometimes red , but his nofe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would have all fuch offendours fo cut off:
and we gue expreff charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrie, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
Iages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
upprayed or abuffed in diffelanfull Languages; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gamerell is the sounest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mounbay.

Mounbay. You know me by my habdit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what fhall I know of thee?

Mounbay. My Masters mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mounbay. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry
of England, Though we feem'd dead, we did but fleepe:
Advantage is a better Soulther than ranfheffe, Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harfwee, but that wee
thought not good to bruite an injurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee fpeeke vpon our Q, and our voyce is im-
periau: England fhall repent his folly, fee his weake-
neffe, and admire our fufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ranfome, which muft proportion the loifts we
have borne, the fubftece we have loft, the difgrace we
have digeted; which in weight to re-anwer, his petit-
niffe would bow vnder. For our loifts, his Exchequer is
too poore; for the effuation of our blood, the Muder of his
Kingdome too fain a number; and for our difgrace, our
owne peron kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
leffe fatisfa&ion. To this addedefance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Mafter;
so much my Office.

King.
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Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horfe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Hommage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wits, that cannot from the rifting of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie detered praye on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraigne Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once wirt a Sonnet in his praye, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to one Miftreffe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compord to my Couer, for my Horfe is my Miftreffe.

Conf. My Lord, Your Miftreffe Y. Shall.

Dolph. Me well, which is the presepr hall and perfection of a good and particular Miftreffe.

Conf. Nay, for me thought yesternight your Miftreffe shrewdy shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bristled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kene of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your frail Stroffers.

Conf. You have good judgement in Horfemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride fast and ride not wary, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horfe to my Miftreffe.

Conf. I had as hue haue my Miftreffe a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee Contable, my Miftreffe weares his owne hayre.

Conf. I could make as true a boaft as that, if I had a Sow to my Miftreffe.

Dolph. Le chien oft retourne a fon propre vomissement cft la myge lame as bourbercethou mak't vie of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not vie my Horfe for my Miftreffe, or any fuch Proverbe, so little kin to the purpole.

Ramb. My Lord Contable, the Armour that I faw in your Tent to night, are thoie Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conf. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to Morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Sky fhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you bear a most superfluously, and 'twere more honor fome were away.

Conf. Eu'n as your Horfe bears your prayes, who would trot as well, were fome of your bragges diloummed.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deffert. Will it never be day? I will trot to Morrow a mile, and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

Conf. I will not lay fo, for feare I fhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the cares of the Englifh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conf. You must firit goe your felfe to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, I lie goe arme my felfe. Exit. Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Englifh.

Conf. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is simly the moft actue Gentleman of France.

Conf. Doing is actuating, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He never 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 knows him better than you.

Orleance. What's he?

Conf. Marry hee told me fo himselfe, and hee fayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needs not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conf. By my faith Sir, but it is: newer any body saw it, but his Lacqueu: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never fayd well.

Conf. I will cap that Proverbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Give the Deuill his due.

Conf. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Fox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Proverbies, by how much a Fooles Bait is foone fhot.

Conf. You have hit ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Miffenger.

Miff. My Lord high Contable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conf. Who hath mesur'd the ground?

Miff. The Lord Grandpree.

Conf. A valiant and moft expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuih fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers fo farre out of his knowledge.

Conf. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lacke: for if their heads had any inte- tellufiall Armour, they could never weare fuch haule Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures; their Maffifues are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolifh Cures, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruffian Bearre, and hawe their heads cruft like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conf. Iuft, iuft: and the men doe sympathize with the Maffifues, in roboufous and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wines: and then give them great Miracles of Beefs, and Iron and Steeles they will cate like Wolves, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I, 418
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Orleans. I, but these English are thoroughly out of Beefe.
Conf. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only thomasacks to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm come, shall we about it? Orleans. It is now two a Clock: but let me fee, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.
Now entertaine comodieure of a time,
When creeping Murmure, and the poring Darke,
Fills the wide Veifell of the Valuerfe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army fily founds;
That the flyt Cents, beneath their fecret paws,
The secret Whispers of each others Watch,
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Batalla sees the others vmb'red face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boiftful Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplifhing the Knights,
With bufe Hammers clofung Blueus vp,
Glue dreadfull note of preparation,
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Cocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and fecure in Soul,
The confident and ouer-hilfe French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices,by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminante
The Mornings danger: and their gefure fad,
Infeeting lanke-leane Checkers, and Warre-worne Coats,
Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horrible Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and vifits all his Hoaft,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one lot of Colour
Vato the waree and all-watchted Night:
But freedly lookes, and ouer-beare Attaint,
With chearefullsemblance, and sweet Mafife:
That evry Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeffe vnairfull, like the Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth glue to euerie one,
Thawing cold fear, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthinesse define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And loo our Scene mutt to the Batalla fye:
Where, O for pity, we fhall much disgrace,
With foure or fufe moft vile and ragged Soyles,
(Right ill difpo'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucefter.

King. Giffer, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be,
God mowrrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodneffe in things euiil,
Would men obftruingly diñifie it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early fifters,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Befides, they are our outward Confidences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonifhing,
That we should direfte vs fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Duell himfelfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good foff Pilot or that good White Head,
Were better then a charful turfe of France.
Erping. Not fo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may fay, now lye I like a King.
King. 'Tis good for men to loue their prefent paines,
Vpon example,fo the Spirit is eafe'd:
And when the Mind is quickened, out of doubt
The Organs, though defudef and dead before,
Broke vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With call'd floufh, and freiff legiferife.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Camp;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Defire them all to my Paullion.

Giffer. We fhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bofome muft debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble Harry.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakeft chearefully.

Enter Piuffall.

Piuff. Que vouz la?
King. A friend.
Piuff. Difcuife vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou barke, common, and popular?
King. I am a Genteman of a Company.
Piuff. Trayl'ft thou the puiffant Pyke?
King. Euen fo: what are you?
Piuff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
King. Then you are a better then the King.
Piuff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of fift moft valiant: I kiffe his durtie fhooe, and from heart-firing I love the louely Buliy. What is thy Name?
King. Harry le Roy.
Piuff. Le Roy, this Name: art thou of Cornith Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.
Piuff. Know'ft thou Fluellen?
King. Yes.
Piuff. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Pate vpon S. Daines day.
King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaff he knock that about yours.

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Pifi. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinman too.
Pifi. The Pipe for thee then.
King. I thank you; God be with you.
Pifi. My name is Pifiel call'd.

Exit. Pifiel. 

King. It forts well with your fiercenece.

Mans King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jefu Chrift, I fpeak fwerer: it is the greateft admiration in the vniverfal World, when the true and auncient Preqeguidy and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you take the palnes but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you fhall find, I warrant you, that there is no fiddle tale nor pible bable in Pompeys Campe: I warrant you, you fhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Subcie of it, and the Modelie of it, to be otherwife.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowe, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a praeting Coxcombe; if it meet, think you, that wee fhould all, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a praeting Coxcombe, in your owne confidence now?

Gow. I will fpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befefch you, that you will. Exit. King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valore in this Welchman.

Exit thee three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great caufe to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee fhall never fee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ferve you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingbam.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a moist kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our eftate?

King. Even as men wracth upon a Snd, that looke to be wall't off the next Ifde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he shoul'd: for though I fpeak it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet fnells to him, as it doth to me; the Element fhewers to him, as it doth to me; all his heres haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies lyed by, in his Nakenneffe he appears but a man; and though his affietions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they fluape, they fluape with the like wing: therefore, when he fees reaion of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the fame relifh as ours are: yet in reafon, no man should poffeffe him with any appearance of feare; leaff hee, by fhewing it, fhould disater his Army.

Bates. He may fhow what outward courages he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as this, hee could with himfelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and fo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, fo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will fpeak my confience of the King: I thinke hee would not with himfelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone:fo should he be sure to be ranfomed, and a many poor mens lives faue.

King. I dare fay, you loose him not fo till, to with him here alone: howfower you fpeak this to feelther other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where fo contented, as in the Kings company; his Caufe being iuift, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee fhould feeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Caufe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King himfelfe hath a heauel Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chipt off in a Battale, fhall floyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at each a place, fome fwearinge, fome fying for a Sur-gean; fome upon their Wives, left poor behind them; fome upon the Deba they owe, fome upon their Children: alone.

I am afar'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battale: for how can they charitably difpofe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if thefe mens doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to difobeie, were againd all proportion of subjeftion.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe finfully micarrey upon the Seas; the imputation of his wickedneffe, by your rule, fhould be impofed upon his Father that fent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, tranporting a fumme of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcill'd Iniquities; you may call the buiffefe of the Mafter the author of the Servants damnation; but this is not fo: The King is not bound to anfwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Mafter of his Servant; for they purpofe not their death, when they purpofe their Seruices. Besides, there is no King, be his Caufe neuer fo footleffe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnpofterd Souldiers; some (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of premeditated and concluded Murther; some, of beguil-ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwark, that have before goerd the gentle Bofome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-rie. Now, if thefe mens have defeated the Law, and out-runne Natiue Connection; though they can out-bripl men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: fo that here men are punifhed, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee fafe, they perih. Then if they dye vnproved, no more is the King guillite of their damnation, then hee was before guillite of thofe Impieties, for the which they are now vifited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings; but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore fhould every Souldier in the Warres doe as every ficks man in his Bed, with every Moth out of his Confience: and dying fo, Death is to him advantaige; or not dying, the time was blifledly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gayned: and in him that elapes, it were not faine to thinke, that making God fo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to teach others how they fhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answr it.

Baret. I do not defire hee shoulde answr for me, and yet I determine to fight huffily for him.

King. If my felte heard the King say he would not be ranom'd.

Will. I, hee saide so, to make vs fight charesuely: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranom'd, and wee ne'e the wier.

King. If I like to see it, I will never tru't his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and private displeasure can doe aginst a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yee, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's feather: You're never tru't his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofs is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrel betweene vs, if you like.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here's my Gloue: Give mee another of thine.

King. There, Will. This will I alfo weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If euer I like to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Baret. Be friends you English fools, be friends, we have French Quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Soldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they bare them on their shoulders; but it is no English Trefon to our French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let vs our Lues, our Soules, our Debt, our carefull Woes, our Children and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must bare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe, Subiect to the breath of every foule, whose fence No more can feele, but his owne wringing, What infinite hearts-eafe must Kings neglect, That private men enjoy:

And what have Kings, that Princes have not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou: that satisfieth more
Of morrnall griefes: then doth thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Comminges in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought elfe but Place, Degree, and Forme, Concerning awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leffe happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing.


Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it glace to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee, Command the health of it? No, thou prov'd Drame, That play'st so furiblly with a Kings Repofe.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball, The Sword, the Mafs, the Crowne Imperial, The enter-tiffled Robe of Gold and Pearle, The faried Title running 'fore the King, The Throne he fixt on nor the Tyde of Pompe, That beastes upon the high floor of this World:
No, not all thefe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; Not all thefe, 'lay'd in Bed Malefical, Can fleece fo fouldry, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body full'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to read, cram'd with disreallfull bread,
Never sees horrie Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Plead; and all Night
Sleepes in Elenium: next day after dawne,
Both rife and helpe Hiperio to his Horfe,
And follows fo the even-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Gruae:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayses with toyle, and Nights with sleepes,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countriyes peace,
Enioys it; but in groffe braine little wot,
What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace;
Whoare howres, the Peант out advantaiges.

Enter Ensigne.

Erip. My Lord, your Nobles jealousy of your abstinence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, conceal them all together
At my Tent: Ibe before thee.

Erip. I shall doe, my Lord. Exit.

King. O God of Battles, feele my Soul's hearts, Poffeffe them not with feare: Take from them now The fence of reckoning of th'opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, O not to day, thinke not upon the fault.

My Father made, in compelling the Crowne.
I Richards body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite teares, Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Flue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntiers,
Where the sad and Solemn Priests sing fdl
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penance comes after all,
Impling pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voice? I:
I know thee errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things say for me.

Exeunt.
Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Rambur, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.


Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Vlas ens eare & terre.

Orleans. Rien peut le aire & sau.

Dolph. Cin, Cousin Orleans. Enter Confable.

Now my Lord Confable?

Conf. Hearke how our Steedes, for pretent Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, And their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha. Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horfes blood? How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Melfinger.

Melfing. The English are embattall'd, you French Peers.

Conf. To Horfe you galliant Princes, draf'tin to Horfe. Doe but behold yond poore and farrued Band, And your faire fhew full fack away their Soules, Leaving them but the thales and hakes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines, To guke each naked Curtleax a thayne, That our French Gallants fhall to day draw out, And yeath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.

'Tis poftife againft all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants, Who in vnceffarie action fhware About our Squares of Battale, were enow To purge this field of fuch a hidling Foe; Though we upon this Mountain Baits by, Took fand for idle fpeculation: But that our Honour muft not. What's to fay? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets found The Tucket Sourance, and the Note to mount: For our approach fhall fo much dare the field, That England fhall cowch downe in feare, and yeeld. Enter Grandprie.

Grandprie. Why do you flay to long, my Lords of France? Yond Band Carriers, defperate of their bones, Ill-faourably become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaine poorely are let loofe, And our Ayre fhares them paffing fconefully. Bigge Mars femea banq'rount in their begger'd حواف, And faintly through a ruffie Beuer peepes. The Horfemen fit like fixed Candellicks, With Torch-flaues in their hands: and their poore Lades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gummie downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouths the lymoid Bitt Lynes foule with chaw'd-graffe, flill and motionliffe, And their excutors, the knaufh Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot fute it felle in words, To demonstrate the Life of fuch a Battale, In life fo liocelife, as it fhewed it felle.

Conf. They have faid their prayers, And they flay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and iref Sutes,

And gue their falling Horfes Prouender, And after fight with them?

Conf. I lay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vs it for my haffe. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-ware the day. Exeunt.

Enter Glouceffer, Bedford, Exeter, Engleham with all his Hooft: Salisbury, and Wijmerland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Belf. The King himfelfe is rode to view their Battale.

Wif. Of fighting men they haue full threefour thousand.

Exe. There's due to one, besides they all are freth.

Salle. Gods Arme strike with vs'tis a fearfull odds.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then joyful will my Noble Lord: fight valiantly to day.

My dear Lord Glouceffer, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinman, Warriors all, adieu.

Belf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour, Forwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Belf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnifles, Princeely in both. Enter the King.

Wif. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of thofe men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes fo?

My Cousin Wijmerland. No, my faire Cousin: If we are market to dye, we are now To doe our Countrey loffe: and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I play thee with not one man more.

By love, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vp my coff: It yernes me not, if men my Oarments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my defires. But if it be a firne to count Honor, I am the moft offending Soule aliue. No faith, my Couze; with not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not loofe fo great an Honor, As one man more my fummons would square from me, For the hell hope I have. O, doe not with one more: Rather proclaime it (Wijmerland) through my Hoaff, That he which hath no fomack to this ffight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made, And Crownes for Conouy put into his Purfe: We would not dye in that mans company, That fears his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feall of Criftian: He that out-lues this day, and comes safe home, Will fland a tip-toc when this day is named, And rowfe him at the Name of Criftian, He that shall fee this day, and live old age, Will yeerely on the Vivl feast his neighbours, And fy, to morrow is Saint Criftian. Then will he ftrip his fleece, and fhew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all fhall be forgot: But here're remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freely remembered.
This story shall the good man teach hisNONE:
And Crichton Crichton shall we go by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day hall gentle his Condition,
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurr: they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whilst any speakes,
That fought with vs upon Saint Crichtons day.

Sal. My Soveraign Lord, before your felfe with speed:
The French are bruely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Warwick. And the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'tt not with more helpe from England, Courte?
Wulf. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.
King. Why now thou haft wynnde five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to with vs one.
You know your places; God be with you all.

Tuck. Enter Money.
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most asfurd Overthrow;
For certainly, thou art fo neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Befides, in mercy
The Conftable defires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy follower of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peaceful and a fweet retire
From off these fields: where wretches their poor bodies
Mute lye and feeter.
King. Who hath fent thee now?
Mont. The Conftable of France.
King. I pray thee hearne my former Anfwer back
Bid them attchieue me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock povere fellowes thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
While the beaft liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natue Granes: upon the which, I truft
Shall Witnessfe leafe in Braffe of this days worke.
And thofe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, thou bored in thy Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors recking vp to Heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Cyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets cradg,
Breake out into a second course of Mitchiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudy: Tell the Conftable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynffe and our Glit are all bemyrcht
With rayne Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoil:
Good argument(I hope) we will not flye:

And tyme hath worne vs into flourne,
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my povere Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frether Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o' the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of feruice. If they do this,
As if God plesse, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will fome be leyed.
Herald, fay thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I sware, but thence my Ioynets:
Which if they haue, as I will leave vm them,
Shall yeild them little, tell the Conftable.
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And fo fare thee well:
Thou never fhalt hearne Herald any more.
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter York.
York. My Lord, moft humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Take it, brave York.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleafeth God, difpaye the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum, Excursions.
Enter Pijhell, French Souldier, Boy.
Pijf. Yeeld Curte.
French. Je pends que vous efiez le Gentilhomme de bon qua-
litez.
Pijf. Qualitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? difcuife.
French. O Signeur Dieu.
Pijf. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend my words O Signeur Dewe, and marke: O Signeur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signeur
thou doe glue to me egregious Ranfome.
French. O prenez miferere aps pinen de moy.
Pijf. May shal not leque, I will have forte Moyes: for
I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes
of Crimon blood.
French. Est il imposible d'efbopper le force de ton bras.
Pijf. Braife, Curret thou dammed and luxurious Moun-
taine Goate, affir thee: Braife, French.
French. O perdonne moy.
Pijf. Say'th thou me fo? is that a Tomme of Moyes?
Come hither boy, aske me this flawe in French what is his
Name.
Boy. Exeute commant effas宝贵的 apelle?
French. Maunfeur et Fer.
Boy. He fayes his Name is M. Fer.
Pijf. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
discuife the fame in French into him.
Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, ferret, and firke.
Pijf. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
French. Que dit il Maunfeur?
Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faiete vos
pref, car ce faillat ley et difpofe tout afeure de coupes voler
gories.
Pijf. Owy, cupple gorge pernayso pesant, vnalle
thou give me Crownes, braue Crownes: or mangled fhalt
thou be by this my Sword.
French. O le vous juppelle pour l'ame de Dieu: ma
par-
donner, le fait le Genfable en bon raifon, garde de ma vie, &
O vous donneray deux cent glos.
Pijf. What are his words?
Boy. He.
Boy. He prays you to faze his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ranome he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Psi. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fray. Exit Monfieur qui dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurrement, de pardonner au-
cune prisonniers: neunt-mons pour les ejus que vous lay a pro-
nten, est content a vous donner la libertee et le franchement.

Pro. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez mille remercieux, et
Je me elfime heureux que Iistambbe, entre les main, d'un Che-
sallier Il pese le plus braue valant et tres disfisne signeur
d'Angletere.

Psi. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he efternes himself happy, that he hath faine into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Psi. As I fuke blood, I will some mercy fhave. Follow mee.

Boy. Oh would you le great Captains?

I did neuer know so full a voyage liue from so emptie a heart: but the sayying is true, The emptie vefell makes the greatest found, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more value, then this roasting diuell I the old play, that euerie one may payre his naples with a woodden daggere, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if here durt fleake any thing aduenturously. I must fay with the Lackles with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Enter Caftable, Orientce, Burbon, Delphe, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O faveur le iour et perdie, toute et perdie.

Dol. Amen Dieu ma vne, all is confounded all, Reproach, and ouerlafting flame.

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

O mefchante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable flame, let's rub our falves:

Be thefe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we fent too, for his ranome?

Bar. Shame, and eternal flame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a bafe Pander hold the Chamber doore,

Whilft a bafe flauce, no gentier then my dogge,

His faireft daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diorder, that hath fpoil'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on hampes go offer vs our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet liviing in the Field,

To fmother vp the English in our thronges,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bar. The diuell take Order now, Ite to the throng;

Let life be flauce, elfe flame will be too long.

Exit.

Enter the King and his trayne, with Prifoners.

King. Well haue we done, three-valiant Countrimes, But all is not done, yet kepe the French the ffield.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty.

King. Lymes he good Vnkle: thrice within this houre I fawe him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,

From Helmet to the squired, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lyse,

Larding the plaine: and by his bloody fide,

(Youke-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earle of Suffolkse also lyes.

Suffolke fift dyed, and Yorke all hagled over

Comes to him, where in gore he lay infeeped,

And takes him by the Beard, kifles the gashes

That bloodyly did ywane upon his face.

He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cofon Suffolkse,

My foule fhall thine keepe company to heauen:

Tarry (sweet foule) for mine, then fye a-brett:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chiarifre.

Vpon these words I came, and heard him vp,

He fmi'd me in the face, raughed me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turn, and ouer Suffolkses fnecke

He threw his wounded arme, and fliff his lippes,

And fo efpound to death, with blood he feald

A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:

The prettie and fweet manner of it for'd

Those waters from me, which I would have fdrop'd,

But I had not fo 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 perfere compound

With mixtufle eyes, or they will lifte to.

Alarum.

The French haue re-enforc'd their fatter'd men:

Then every foldiour kill his Prifoners,

Gife the word through.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely

against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a piece of knaue-

ery marke you now, as can bee offerd in your Confcience

now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliose, and the

Cowardly Raeffals that ranne from the battaile ha'd done

this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried a-

way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King

moft worthily hath cauf'd every foldiour to cut his prif-

oners throate. 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 pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the

great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-

mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a little va-

riations.

Gower. I thinkke Alexander the Great was borne in

Macedon, his Father was called Philip of Macedon, as I

take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is

borne.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

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pore: I tell thee Captain, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisons betweene Maseden & Mammouth, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in Maseden, & there is also moreover a River at Mammouth, it is call'd Wye at Mammouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke Alexanders life well, Harry of Momenautes life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his diiplesures, and his indignations, and also be being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angeres (looke you) kill his best friend Clytus.

Gew. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figure for the apprehensions of it: as Alexander kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cusses; so also Harry Momenaught being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jefts, and ypes, and knaueries, and mockery, I have forgot his name.

Gew. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I le tell you,there is good men porne at eMomenaught.

Gew. Heere comes his Maiesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burton with pris Ont. Frieur.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horfemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight. If they do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as fowes Enforced from the old Affrian fings: Besides, we cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montoy.

Ext. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege Glou. His eye are humbler then they va'd to be.

King. How now, what means this Herald? Knowst thou not, That I have fin'd these bones of mine for rancomb? Com'st thou againe for rancomb? Her. No great King: I come to thee for charitable Licence, That we may wander ore this bloody field, To booke our dead, and then to bury them, To fort our Nobles from our common men. For many of our Princes (wote the while) Lye drownd'd and fook'd in mercury blood: So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of Princes, and with wounded feets Fret fet-locke deeepe in gore, and with wide rage Yenke out their armed feeles at their dead matters, Kiling them twice. O give vs leue great King, To view the field in safety, and dispoe Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I know not if the day be ours or no, For yet a many of your horsemen peere, And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Cristies. Cristianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Uncle Edward the Blaceke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a moat pruittt battle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiesty fayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leckes did grow, wearing Leckes in their Momenaugh caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue your Maiesty takes no leuone to weare the Lecke vpon S. Taules day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot with your Maie thys Welch plond out of your body, I can tell you that: God pleffe it, and prefufe it, as long as it pleffe his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen,

Flu. By leffu, I am your Maiesties Countrymen, I care not who know it: I will confefte it to all the Orld, I need not to be abashed of your Maiesty, praied be God so long as your Maiesty is an honett man.

King. Good keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, Bring me iuft notice of the numbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Ext. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, a Raffall that ftagger'd with me laft night: who if alue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I have sworn to take him a box th'ordere: or if I can care my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alue) will strike it out foundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captain Fluellen, is it fit this souldier kepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Craven and a Villaine else, and't please your Maiesty in my confidence.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is, as Lucifers and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessery (looke your Grace) that he keepes his vow and his oath: If hee be persuaid (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Jacke fawce, as euer his blacke foo toodl vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confidence law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firlah, when thou meet'th the fellow.

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I lue.

King. Who feru'th thou vnder?

Will.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.
Fru. Gower is a good Captaine: and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.
King. Call him hither to me, Soullier.
Will. I will my Liege. Exit. 
King. Here Fluellen, were thou this favoure for me, and fickle it in thy Cappe: when Alasfan and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alasfan:and an enemy to our Perfon; if thou encounter any fuch, apprehend him,and thou do't me none.
Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that he's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefull at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine fee it once, and pleafe God of his grace that I might fee.
King. Know'lt thou Gower?
Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleafe you.
King. Pray thee goe feke him, and bring him to my Tent.
Flu. I will fetch him. Exit.
King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heele.
The Gloue which I have giuen him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'ear.
It is the Soulliers: I by bargainne shoul'd Wear it my felle. Follow good Cousin Warwick: If that the Soullier strike him, as I ludge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some fouldaine mifchiefe may arife of it: For I doe know Fluellen valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injurie.
Follow, and fee there be no harme betweenne them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. 

Enter Gower and Williams.
Will. I warrant it is my Knight you, Captaine.
Enter Fluellen.
Fru. Gods will, and his pleasaure, Captaine, I befeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.
Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?
Fru. Know the Gloue! I know the Gloue is a Gloue.
Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.
Strike him.
Fru. 'Sbiod, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniouser full World, or in France, or in England.
Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?
Fru. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treson his payment into ploues, I warrant you.
Will. I am no Traytor.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.
Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?
Fru. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praved be God for it, a most contagious Treson come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maietie.
Enter King and Exeter.
King. How now, what's the matter?
Fru. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, he's froke the Gloue which
your Maietie is take out of the Helmet of Alasfan.
Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear 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.
Fru. Your Maietie heare now, fauling your Maieties Manhood, what an arrant rake, beggerly, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Maietie is passe me testimonie and winde, and will answearment, that this is the Gloue of Alasfan, that your Maietie is give me, in your Conscience now.
King. Give me thy Gloue Souldier; 
Looke, heere is the fellow of it: "Twas I indeed thou promis'st to strike, And thou haft giuen me most bitter termes.
And please your Maietie, let his Neck anfwere for it, if there is any Marshall 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 Maietie.
King. It was our felle thou didst abuse.
Will. Your Maietie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: winde the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I befeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beseen as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highnesse pardon me.
King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And wear it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Glue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.
Fru. By this Day and this Light, the fellow he's mett in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of pawsles and prables, and quarrels and dillusions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.
Will. I will none of your Money.
Fru. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so faifull, your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.
Enter Herald.
King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbered?
Herald. Here is the number of the faught'red French.
King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Neffe of the King, John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Beauchizald:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifeteene hundred, besides common men.
King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lyfe flaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty fix: added to thes, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in thefe ten thousand they have lost;
There are but foure hundred Mancenaries:
The reft are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights,Squires, And
The Life of Henry the Fift.

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of thosse their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Lagues de Chatillon, Admiral of France,
The Matter of the Cronie-bower,Lord Ramores,
Great Matter of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolpin,
John Duke of Alabon, Anthonie Duke of Bribant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barr: of Iolfie Earles,
Grandprey and Rouffe, Pausconbridge and Foyes,
Bembur and Morly, Vandemont and Lefrare.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Dassy Garm Eifquer;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But flue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Acriebe we all: when, without frarage,
But in plainhe shock, and even play of Battaille,
Was ever knowne to great and little lost?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exeunt. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaym'd through our Head,
To boast of this, or take that pratyse from God,
Which is his onlye.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Mayefte, to tell
how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my confiance, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be fung Non nobis, and Te Deum,
The dead with charitee enclo'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Gustavus.
Vouchsafe to thosse that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse.
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presant. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there teene,
Hence he away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athsward the Sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood: with Men, Wises, and Boyes,
Whole shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffier vore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnlye prepare him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords deffe him, to haue borne
His bruied Helmet, and his bended Sword.
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-neffe, and selfe-glories pride;
Gluing full Trophe, Signall, and Oftent.
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beft for,
Like to the Senatour of th'antine Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heelees,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Caesar in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword:
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lament of the French;
Inuies the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emporer's comming in behalf of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ester chanct;
Till Harryes backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis paft.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, plaintiff backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellin and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S. Danes day is past.
Flu. There is occasions and caufes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine
Gower: the rafally, fcauld, beggerly, lowfe, praging
Knaue Pijfoll, which you and your felfe, and all the World,
know to be no petter 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 eate my Leeke:
it was in a place where I could not breed 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 deferons.

Enter Pijfoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes,swelling like a Turky-cock.
Flu. 'Tis no matter for his felwells, nor his Turky-
cocks. God plefe you auncient Pifboll you fourie lowfe
Knaue, God plefe you.
Pijf. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirt, base
Troian, to haue me fold vp Pares fistall Web? Hence;
I am qualmish at the finell of Leece.
Flu. I pefeech you heartily, fourie lowfe Knaue, at
my defires, and my requiefs, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you this Leece; because, looke you, you deo not
loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
difflications doe's not agree with it, I would defire you
to eate it.
Pijf. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.
Flu. There is one Goat for you. Strips him.
Will you be so good, fould Knaue, as eate it?
Pijf. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.
Flu. You fay very true, fould Knaue, when Gods
will is: I will defire you to live in the meane time, and
take your Victuals: come, there is fawce for it. You
call'd me yesterday Mountains-Squier, but I will make

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you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leekke, you can eate a Leekke.

*Ger.* Enough Captaine, you have affonishit him.

*Plu.* I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate fourye dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploode Coxcombe.

*Pij.* Muff I bite.

*Plu.* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pij.* By this Leekke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sware.

*Plu.* Eate I pray you, will you have some moreauce to your Leekke: there is not enough Leekke to sware by.

*Pij.* Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost fee I eate.

*Plu.* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasiions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

*Pij.* Good.

*Plu.* 1. Leekes is good: hold you, there is a grate to heale your pate.

*Pij.* Me a grate?

*Plu.* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leekke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

*Pij.* I take thy grate in earnest of reuenge.

*Plu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu' ye, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

*Pij.* All hell shall fire for this.

*Gen.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition begun vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophie of predecated valor, and dare not aussuch in your deeds any of your words. I have feene you geyeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the naure garbe, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgel: you finde it otherwife, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

*Exit Pij.*

*Pij.* Doethe fortunate play the hufwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead 'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendesous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my weary limbs honour is Cudgel. Well, Baud Ie turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ie steale:

And patches will I get vnto thefd cudgel *forres*,
And fmore I got them in the Gallia warres.

*Exit.*

**Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of *Burgugs*, and other French.**

**King.** Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Siffer Health and faire daye of time: Joy and good wishes To our moist faire and Princely Cofine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contrud, We do salute you Duke of *Burgug*, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

*Fra.* Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

**Que.** So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto have borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murthering Battelikes: The venom of such Lookes we fairely hope Have loft their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loute.

*Eng.* To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

*Que.* You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

*Burg.* My dutie to you both, on equal loute.

Great Kings of France and England that I have labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors, To bring your moft Imperial Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Mightinnesse on both parts best can witness. Since then my Office hath fo farre preuy'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congreget: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births, Should not in this bietf Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her lonely Vifage? Also she hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Corrupting in it owne furtillite.

Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fellow Leses,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fementary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter ruffs,
That should dersacinate such Sausery:
The even Meate, that erit brought sweety forth
The freckled Cowlip, Burnet, and greene Clover,
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke;
Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kefeyes, Burres,
Looking both beautie and villite;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
DefecEue in their natures, grow to wildniffe.
Euen so our Housees, and our felues, and Children,
Have loft, or do not leaerne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Country;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldeiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and terme Lookes, defunt' Attyre,
And every thing that teemes unvaluatle.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell these incounsencies,
And blewe vs with her former qualities.

*Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want gues growth to themperfections
Which you have caited, you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our liet demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enhanced briefly in your hands.

*Burg.* The King hath heard them to the which, as yet
There is no Anwer made.

*Eng.* Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anwer.
France. I hauw but with a curflearie eye
O're-glance't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell prently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furyse them, we will fuddenny
Paife our accept, and peremptorie Anfwer.

England. Brother we shall. Go Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloafter,
Warmick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes beth
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignities,
Any thing in or out of our Demandes,
And we'll configne thereto. Will you faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes: or day here with vs?

Que. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Haply a Womans Voyce may doe for good,
When Articles too nicely vertul'd be flood on.

England. Yet leaue our Coufin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capital Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leave. Exeunt omnes.

Mans King and Katherine.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will love me fondly
With your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confife
It brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardon me, I cannot tell was is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que l'est semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy euyoyuent (sauf voy your Grace), affi dit il.

Kath. I faid fo, deare Katherine, and I must not blufh
to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes font plein de tromperies.

Kath. What fayes the, faire onent that the tongues of men are full of deceit?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mens is be full of deceits: dat is de Princefe.

King. The Princefe is the better English-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooll is fit for thy vnderlanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'th, thou woul'dt finde me suche a plaine King, that thou woul'dt think, I had fold my Farne to buy my Crownes. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but direcly to fay, I loue you; then if you wrde me farther, then to fay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my faite: Glue me your anfwer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar- gaine: how fay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voyfere honur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verfe, or to Dance for your face, Kate, why you would me: for the one I hauw neither words nor meafeure; and for the other, I hauw no strength in meafeure, yet a reafonable meafeure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frugge, or by vawing into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correcion of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leapo into a Wife: Or if I might bullet for my

Louve, or bound my Horfe for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenerly, nor gafe out my eloquens, nor I haue no cunning in protellation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vie till vert'd, nor neuer broke for verting. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glaffe, for loue of any thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to fly to thee that I shall dye, is true but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liue'ft, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Contanfable, for he perfome muft doe thee right, becaufe he hath not the gift to woe in other places: for those fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladies favours, they doe always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a fruite Backe will stoope, a backe Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shineth bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what fay'ft thou then to my Loue? I speake my faires, and fainely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poiffible dat I foule loue de emmene of France?

King. No, it is not poiffible you should loue the Em- mie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France fo well, that I will not part with a Village of it: I will haue it all mines: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yons is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell was is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon your tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be fooke off; If jeund fur le pafffion de France, & quand vous aues le pafffion de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my fpeede) Done voyfere eff France, & vous aves efines. It is as eafe for me, Kate, to conquer the French, as to speake fo much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnleffe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voyfere honeur, le Francois que vos parles, il et meilleur que l'Anglais le qui le parle.

King. No faith ef't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thinke, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, don't thou vnderstand thus much English? Can't thou loue me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbour tell, Kate? Ile ake them. Come, I know thou louef me: and at night, when you come into your Clofet, you'le quession this Gentiewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her difplaye those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princefe, because I loue thee crudely. If euer thou beeft mine, Kate, as I have a fuing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Soullier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, k
that shall goe to Conflantinople, and take the Turk by
the Beard. Shall wee not? what lye'll thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No, it is hereafter to know, but now to promife : doe but now promife Kate, you will endeavour for
your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moyte,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anfwer
you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trêfcher C devin
deffe.

Kate. Your Maleflee aue faue Frenche enough to
deceuie de moft fage Damofell dat is in France.

King. Now fre upon your faile French; by mine Honor
in true Englifh, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare
not fweare thou loueff me, yet my blood begins to flat-
ter me, that thou doouf; notwithstanding the poore and
ventempering effet of my Vifage. Now behawr my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Cuill Warrres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a fhub-
borne out-fide, with an affect of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the el-
cerer I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is,
that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
fploye upon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at
the worft; and thou haft weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better: and therefore tell me, molt faire Ka-
thoria, will you have me? Pat off your Maiden Blufhes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Emprefse, take me by the Hand, and fay, Harry of
England, I am thine: which Word thou haft no fnoorer
bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee adow, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry
Plantaginet is thine who, though I fpeak it before his
Face, if he be not Fellow with the beft King, thou fhal
fine the beft King of Good-fellowes. Come your An-
swer in broken Muftick; for thy Voyce is Muftick, and
thy Englifh broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine,
break thy minde to me in broken Englifh; wilt thou
haue me?

Kate. Dat is as it shall pleafe de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will pleafe him well, Kate; it shall pleafe
him, Kate.

Kate. Den it fall alfo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my
Queene.

Kate. Laife mon Seigneur, laffe, laffe, may fay? Il en
veu point que vou abaffie voyte grandez, en baifiant le
main d'une noftre Seigneur indignant jureur excepe moy. Il
court laffifie mon tre-seul lai Souigneur.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Let Dames & Damofejfes pour eftriere baife
dent leur nopege il en pas le cofume de France.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes fhee?

Kate. Dat he is not be de fathan pour les Ladies of
France; I cannot tell wat is buife in Englih.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maleflee entendre bettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in France to
kiffe before they are married, would thy fay?

Lady. By no meanes.

King. O Kate, nice Cufromes curfe to great Kings.
Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyft o a Countries fashion: wee are the ma-
kens of Manners, Kate; and the library that follows
our Plafs, opprifes the mouth of all Mufickians, as I
will doe your, for vpholding the nice f Fashion of your
Country, in denying me a Kiffe; therefore patiently,
and yelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate; there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Counfell; and
they shold foeer perfuade Harry of England, then a
general Petition of Monarches. Heree comes your
Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God fave your Maleflee, my Royall Cousin
, teach you our Princeffe Englifh?

King. I would have her leerne, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good Englifh.

Burg. Is thee not ape?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
tion is not smooth: fo haue neither the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot fo coniure vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
likeffe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I anfwer
you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must
make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
likeffe, hee must appeare naked, and blindle. Can you
blame her then, being a Maid, yet read over with the
Virgin Crimfon of Modifte, if thee deny the appearence
of a naked blindle Boy in her naked feeling felfe? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to confume to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeld, as Loue is blind
and enforces.

Burg. They are then excu'd, my Lord, when they fee
not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
content winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to content, my Lord; if you
will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholom-
wye-tyde, blindle, though they have their eyes, and then
they will endure handling, which before would not abufe
looking on.

King. This Morall efies me ouer to Time, and a hot
Summer; and fo I fhall catch the Flye, your Cousin,
in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is fo: and you may, fome of you, thanke
Loue for my blindsneffe, who cannot fee many a faire
French Cittie for one faire French Maid that fhands in my
way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you fee them perfec-
tively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid: for they are
all gyrdled with Maiden Wallts, that Warre hath en-
tered.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So pleafe you.

England. I am content, fo the Maid Cittes you
take of, may wait on her: fo the Maid that ftood in
the way for my Wife, fhall fhow me the way to my
Will.

France. Wee have confented to all teares of rea-
fon.

England. Is't fo, my Lords of England?

Wyll. The King hath granted every Article:
His Daughter first; and in quefle all,
According to their firme propofed natures.

Exeunt. One ly
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Exeunt. Onely he hath not yet subscibed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shal
name your Highness in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: Nostre trescher fillo Henry Roy d’Angleterre
Herediter de France: and thus in Latine: Præclarissimus
Filius oritur Hereditæ Rex Angliae & Heres Franciae.
France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny’d,
But your request shal make me let it passe.
England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rei,
And thereupon glue me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bofomes: that neuer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword ‘twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome Kate: and bear me witneffe all,
That here I kisse her at my Soueraigne Queene.
Flourib.
Quee. God, the bext 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 Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blesed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Patie of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.
All. Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee’le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues,
Then shall I fwear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp’rous be.
Sens.
Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all- vnable Pen,
Our bendeing Author hath purfo’d the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full courfe of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown’d King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their false,
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, representing the Duke of Exeter Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.*

#### Bedford.

Vnto England That His King We Had More Winch. For hee ne're spark'd the Armes brandish'd thred not look'd: And our Church-men have plotted ddazled the fhould doe of hee's Church-men had ne're Winchefier a thred. For hee ne're spark'd the Armes brandish'd thred not look'd:

#### Gloft.

England ne're had a King vntill his time: Vertue he had, deferving to command, His brandish'd Sword did blinde men with his beams, His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings: His sparkling Eyes, replent with wrathfull fire, More dazled and droue back his Enemies, Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech: He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquer'd. Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and never hall resume: Upon a Woodden Coffin we attend, And Deaths dishonourable Victorie, We with our flately presence glorifie, Like Captuies bound to a Triumphant Carre. What shall we curse the Planets of Milhap, That plotted thus our Glories overthrow? Or hall we thinke the subtle-witted French, Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him, By Magick Verles have contriv'd his end. Wink. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings. Vnto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight, The Battles of the Lord of Hofts he fought: The Churches Prayers made him fo prosperous. Gloft. The Church? where is it? Had not Church-men pray'd, His thred of Life had not fo loone decay'd. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince, Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe. Winch. Glofter, what are we like, thou art Protecor, And lookeft to command the Prince and Realme. Thy Wile is prove, the holdeth thee in awe, More then God or Religious Church-men may.

#### Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Fleth, And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ft, Except it be to pray against thy foes.

**Bed.** Cease, cease the thee Arres, & reft your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds want on us.

**Winch.** In head of Gold, we'll offer vp our Armes, Since Armes auyle not, now that Henry's dead, Posterity await for wretched yeeres, When at their Mothers molified eyes, Babes shall suck, Our Ile be made a Nourish of tall Trees, And none but Women left to wayle the dead. **Henry** the Fift, thy Ghost I invocate: Proper this Realme, keep it from Cuilll Broyles, Combat with aferue Planets in the Heauens; A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Salute Caesar, or bright——

**Enter a Messinger.**

**Miff.** My honourable Lords, health to you all:

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loifs, of slaughter, and discomfitture: Quyen, Champagne, Rheimes, Orleans, Paris, Guyors, Poictiers, are all quite loft. **Bedf.** What say'ft thou man, before dead Henry's Coare? Speake softly, or the loffe of those great Townes Will make him burnt his Lead, and rife from death. **Gloft.** In Paris loft? is Roan yeelded vp? If Henry were recall'd to life againe, Those news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost. **Exe.** How were they loft? what treacherie was vs'd? **Miff.** No treacherie, but want of Men and Money. Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, That here you maintaine severall Factions:

And whilst a Field should be dispatich and fought, You are dissapating of your Generals, One would have lingring Warres, with little coft; Another would dye swift, but wanteth Wings: A third thinkes, without expense at all, By gullefull faire words, Peace may be obtaynd. Awake, awake, English Nobilitie, Let not flouthe damme your Honors, new begot; Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes Of England Cost, one halfe is cut away. **Exe.** Were our Taxes wanting to this Funerall, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides. **Bedf.** Me they concerne, Regent I am of France: Give me my fleeced Coat, Ie fight for France. Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes; Wounds I lye in the French, in head of Eyes, To weep their intermitting Mileries.
Enter to them another Messinger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischief.

France is resolved from the English quite.

Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims:

The Bastard of Orleans with him is joynd:

Reynold, Duke of Anio, doth take his part,

The Duke of Alanfon flyeth to his side. Exit.

Exit. The Dolphin crown'd King! all flye to him!

O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glyf. We will not flye, but to our enemies threats.

Bed. If thou be false, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Glycer, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

An Army have I mustered in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messinger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to add to your lament;

Wherewith you now bedew King Henries heare,

I must informe you of a dismal fight,

Bewray the Earl Lord Talbot, and the French.

Whence the Englishmen overcame, let's see?

Mess. O no wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:

The circumsiance Ile tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadfullLord,

Retrying from the Siege of Orleans,

Hauling full fast for thousand in his troupe,

By three and twenty thousand of the French

Was round incompaßed, and fet upon:

No leyture had he to enrank his men.

He wanted Piks to fet before his Archers:

In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges

They pitched in the ground confudly,

To keep the Horfemen off, from breaking in.

More then three hours the fight continued:

Where valiant Talbot, above humane thought,

Enfihed wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durft stand him:

Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he flew.

The French exclam'd, The Deuill was in Armes,

All the whole Army fled agaz'd on him.

His Soulards flying his undaunted Spirit,

A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amain.

And rush'd into the Bowells of the Battale.

Here had the Conquest fully beene feald vp,

If Sir John Falstaffe had not play'd the coward.

He being in the Vauvour, plac'd behind,

With purpose to relieve a few his men,

Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroke.

Hence grew the greaterr wrack and massacre.

Enclored were they with their Enemies.

A safe Wallace, to win the Dolphins grace,

Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Rock,

Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,

Durft not preumme to looke once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slaine then? I will fly my selfe,

For living lidy here, in pompse and eafe,

Wilt thou a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,

Vnto his daftard foe-men is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,

And Lord Scalz with him, and Lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaine or, tooke likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.

Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,

His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:

Foure of their Lords He change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,

To keepe our great Saint George F dealt withall.

Ten thousand Soulers with me I will take,

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besiegd,

The English Army is groome weake and faint:

The Earl of Salisbury craueth supply,

And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,

Since they do few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oaths to Henry sworne:

Eyther to quell the Dolphin vitterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,

To goe about my preparation.

Exit Bedf. Glyf. Ile to the Tower with all the halft I can,

To view th'Artillerie and Munition,

And then I will proclaim ye young Henry King,

Exit Glyf.

Exe. To Eturn will I, where the young King is,

Being ordyn'd his speciall Governor,

And for his safetie there Ile beft deuide.

Exit. Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains:

But long I will not be lack out of Office.

The King from Elstam I intend to send,

And fit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.

Exit.

Sound a flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching

with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the Heauens,

So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.

Late did he shine upon the English side:

Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles,

What Townes of any moment, but we haue?

At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleans:

Otherwheres, the familiar English, like pale Ghosts,

Fainting befege vs one houre in a moneth.

All. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Becues:

Eyther they must be dyetd like Mules,

And have their Prownder ty'd to their mouths,

Or pitious they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let raye the Siegeworks lie we idle here? 

Talbot is taken, whom we ought to loose. 

Remains not one but mad-brayn'd Salisbury,

And he may well in fretting spend his galls,

Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Aularum, we will riuell on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:

Him I forgive my death, that killett me,

When he fees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Exeunt.

Here Aularum, they are beaten back by the

English, with great loss.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men have I?

Doggis, Cowards, Daftards: I would ne're have fled,

But that they left me midst my Enemies.

Reignier. Salisbury is a desparate Homicide,

He fighteth as one weary of his life. 

The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,

Doe riuell vs as their hungry prey.

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Alanf. Froy.
Ask me what question thou canst possibly,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'ft,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my Sea.
Reliue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiuie me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou haft affoimentd me with thy high terms:
Onely this proofe Ie of thy Valour make,
In angle Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquish't, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Panel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S. Katherine Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I choie forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Panel. And while I live, Ile ne'ere flye from a man.
Here they fight, and Ioane de Twael overcome.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Deborah.

Panel. Chrifs Mother helps me, else I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou halfe at once fubdude'.
Excellent Panel, if thy name be Io.
Let me thy feruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin futh to thee thus.

Panel. I must not yeald to any rights of Louise,
For my Profession's Sacred from above:
When I have chafted all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think you upon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke graciously on thy throratne Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Dolph. Doubtlesse he shruies this woman to her finock,
Elfe ne'ere could he fo long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disburfe him, since hee keepes no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are fhwed tumulters with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what doth degrade you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Panel. Why no, I say: disfratfull Recomings,
Fight till the laft gaspe: Iie be your guard.

Dolph. What thee fayes, Ile confirm: we'll fight it out.

Panel. Affign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ie rayfe:
Expect Saint Marins Summer, Helycyns dayes,
Since I have entre'd into those Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it difperfe to naught.
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,
Difperfed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud Infulting Ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune burne at once.

Dolph. Was Mahoma inspired with a Duke?
Thou with an Eagle art inspiered then.

Helen, the Mother of Great Conquaters,
Nor yet S. Philip daughters were like thee.

Bright Starre of Penn, faile downe on the Earth,
How may I renoumtly worship thee enough?

Alanfor. Leave off delays, and let vs rayfe the Siege.

Reignier. Wo-
Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors, Drive them from Orleancz, and be immortal'd.

Dol. Preteintly wee'll try: come, let's away about it, No Propriet will I trust; it's false prove fail.

Exit.

Enter Gloucester, with his Servant-men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day, Since Henrie death, I feare there is Conveyance: Where be thee Warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates, tis Gloucester that calls.
2. Ward. Who er he be, you may not be let in. 1. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protecor?
1. Ward. The Lord protecor, so we answer him, We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Woodule. What noise is this? what Traytors have wee here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare? Open the Gates, here's Gloucester that would enter. Woodule. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open, The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandement, That thou nor none of thine shall be let in. Gloucester. False-hearted Woodule, prissest him more then me? Arrogant Winchelsey, that haughty Prelate, Whom Henrie our late Sovraigne ne'er could brooke? Thou art no friend to God, or to the King: Open the Gates, or Ile flite thee out shortly. Servant-men. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protecor, Or we'll' be flit thee open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protecor at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchelsey. How now ambitious Visphair, what means this?
Glo. PieI'd Priest, don't thou command me to be shut out?
Winch. I doe, thou most unprising Preditor, And not Protecor of the King or Realme.
Glo. Stand back thou manifast Conspirator, Thou that contrived it to murther our dead Lord, Thou that guil't Whores Indulgences to finne, Ile cannu thee in thy broad Cardinal Hat, If thou proceed in this thy infortune. Winch. Nay, and thou back, I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To Flay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not flay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarce: robes, as a Childs bearing Cloath, Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place. Winch. Doe what thou darst, I heard thee to thy face.
Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? Draw mon, for all this privileged place, Blew Coats to Tawney Coats. Priest, beware your Beard, I mean to tage it, and to cough you soundly, Vnder my feet I flampe thy Cardinall Hats:

In s'pight of Pope, or dignities of Church, Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe. Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester Goose, if a Rope, a Rope, Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay? Then Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array. Out Tawney Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrize.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fye Lords, that you bring supreme Magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.
Glo. Peace Mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs: Here's Beacons, that regards nor God nor King, Hath here dislray'd the Tower to his vfe.
Winch. Here's Gloster's, a Foe to Citizens, One that all motions Warre, and never Peace, O're-charging your fine Purse with large Fines; That seeks to overthrow Religion, Because he is Protecor of the Realme; And would have Armour here out of the Tower, To Crown himselfe King, and suppreffe the Prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
Mayor. Here they shew me againe.

Mayor. Naught refts for me, in this tumultuous stife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst cry: All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, against God's Peace and the King, we charge and command you, in his Highness Name, to remove to your several dwelling places, and not to meet, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon paine of death.
Glo. Cardinal, be no breaker of the Law: But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloster, we'll meet to thy conf, be sure: Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.

Mayor. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Glo. Mayor farewell: thou doo't but what thou may'st.

Winch. ABBOMINABLE Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Mayor. See the Coatt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such Rameacks bear, I my selfe fight not once in fforty yeeres.

Enter in the Mayster Gunner of Orleancz, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirs, thou know'st how Orleancz is beleag'd, And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shut at them, How e're unfortunate, I mist'd my ayme.
M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefest Master Gunner am I of this Towne, Something I must doe to procure me graces: The Princes eyfials have inform'd me, How the English in the Suburbs clofe entrench, Went through a secret Gate of Iron Barres, In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie, And thence discover, how with most advantage They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault, To intercept this inconveniencce, A Peace of Ordinance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,

And
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could fee them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou art any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors. Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may fyee them.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turret.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my joye, againe return'd?
How wert thou handlest, and Prifoner?
Or by what meanes got'st thou to be releas'd?
Difcourse I prechee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prifoner,
Call'd the braue Lord Pontes de Sartreelaye,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranfon'd.

But with a bafer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barret't me:
Which I dislauming, kom'd, and cruad death,
Rether then I would be fo pild e'en'md:

In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd.

But O, the trecherous Falstaff wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fiffs I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'ru thou not, how thou wert enter-
taun.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique speactacle to all:
Here, say'd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Sear-Crow that affrights our Children fo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd ftones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.

My grify conuenance made others flye,
None durft come neere, for feare of fuddaine death.

In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name'mongt them were spread,
That they fuppof'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And fparne in pieces Posts of Aadamant.

Wherefore a guard of choon Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but firre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to fhoet me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linflock.

Salib. I grieue to heare what tormentes you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd fullfeyntly.
Now it is Supper time in Orecane:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thom. Gargraue, and Sir William Glanfaie,
Let me haue your exprefse opinion,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargraue. I think in the North Gate, for there flands

Lord's.

Glanfaie. And I heare, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I fee, this Citie must be famifh,
Or with light Skirmifhes eneefled. Here they foot, and Salibury falls downe.

Salib. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched finners.

Gargraue. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddeely hath croft vs?
Speake Salibury; at leaff, if thou canft, speake:

How far' appliance, Mirror of all Maritall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fide struck off?
Accurred Tower, accurred fadall Hand,
That hath contr'd this wofull Tragedie.

In thirtene Battleies, Salibury orecame:

Henry the Fift he first traynd to the Warres.
Whil't any Trumpet did found, or Drum ftruck vp,
His Sword did ne'r leaue tokeing in the field.
Yet liv'd he Salibury; though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou haft to looke to Heauens for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heauen be thou gracious to none allue,
If Salibury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I wil helpe to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargraue, haft thou any life?

Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.
Salibury cheere thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou haft not dye whyles——

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should fay, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Phy on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretchen fall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightnes.

What firre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?

Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyfe?

Enter a Minifter.

Meff. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Paneel loynd,
A holy Prophetaeff, new riven vp,
Is come with a great Power, to raife the Siege.

Here Salibury lifteth himfelf vp, and groanes.

Talb. Hear, hear, how dying Salibury doth groane,

It liketh his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a Salibury to you.
Paneel or Puffel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts lie flame out with my Horfes heales,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salibury into his Tent,
And then we'll try what thefe daffard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot parjuft the Dolphin,

and driue him: Then enter Ioane de Paneel,

driving Englishmen before her.

Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my honour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retire, I cannot fay them,

A Woman clad in Armour chaffeth them.

Enter Paneel.

Here, here thee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:

Dolphin, or Deulis Dam, Ile confire thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,

And fraughtway give thy Soule to him thou feru'l.

Talb. Come, come, 'tis onely I that muft difgreace thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heauens, can you fuffer Hell fo to proueape?

My breth Ie burnt with burning of my courage,
And from my fhoulders crack my Armes afunder,

But I will chaffe this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Paneel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goo Vethall, fhaueance forthe with:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Saudiers.

O're—

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The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go se, goe, chere ye thy hungry-starved men,
Helpes Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Tali. My thoughts are whirld like a Potten Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by fear, or force, like Honestall,
Driues back our troups, and conquer as the lift:
So Bees with smokes, and Doves with noyseful stench,
Are from their Hynes and Houfes driven away.
They call'd vs, for our fircneffe, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we cryng runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countremen, yeher now the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, guie Sheepe in Lyons head:
Sheepe run halfe totrecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horfe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-fuddled flames.

Alarum. Here another Sigrief.
It will not be, reyre into your Trenches?
You all confend into Salisbury death,
For none would strike a Stroke in reuenge.
Panel is entred into Orlanec,
In fitpgh of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to eye with Salisbury,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Tali.

Panel. Advance our waing Colours on the Walls,
Refu'd is Orlanec from the English.
Thus Ivne de Panel hath perform'd her word.

Dolp. Disin'd Creature, Alfred's Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this fuccesse?
Thy promis are like Atonys Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteffe,
Recour'd is the Towne of Orlanec,
More bleffed than we're befal our State.

Reignier. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolph. 'Tis Ivne, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Cowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryens in my Realme,
Shall in procession ring her Endeffe Laye.
A fateljer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then Rhodopie's or Memphis euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ahes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iwel'd Colfer of Darius,
Transported, shall be at high Feltuials
Before the Kings and Queenses of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Ivne de Panel shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royalty,
After this Golden Day of Victoria.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Soldier you perceive
Nee to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sert. Sergeant you shall. Thus are spoore Seruitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Contrafin'd to watch in darkneffe, rains, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with faling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubtled Burgundy,
By whose approache the Regions of Arrois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carous'd and banqueteard,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting left to quittance their decrete,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bar. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Panel whom they terme to pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martall?

Bar. Pray God the frowne not malecullre ere long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as the hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them prachle and conderfe with sprits.
God is our Fortreffes, in whofe conquering name
Let vs refolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Attend brasse Talbot, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guffe,
That we do make our entrance feueral ways:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rife against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ie to yond corner.

Bar. 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, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Ser. Armes, armes, the enemy doth make affault,

Cry. S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their sprits. Enter
feueral ways, Balfard, Atonys, Reignier,
halfes ready, and halfes vready.

Atonys. How now my Lords? what all vreaddie so?

Balf. Vready! I and glad we kapp'd to well.

Reg. 'Twas time (I tow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Atonys. Of all exploit since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Baf. I think this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell.

Reg. If not of Hell, the Heavens fore favour him.

Alien. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped.

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Baf. Tut, holy Ioane was his defencefull Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our loffe might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my Power alike?

Steping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Imprudent Souldiers, had your Watch been good,

This fudden Mischiefne could have faile.

Charl. Duke of Alanslon, this was your default.

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alons. Had all your Quarrell beene safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Baf. Mine was secure.

Reg. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my feafe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precincts,

I was imploied in palling to and fro,

About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lord's) no further of the cafe,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakeely guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there refts no other shifft but this,

To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new Plat-formes to endameage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. He be fo bold to take what they have left:

The Cry of Talbot vertues me for a Sword,

For I have louden me with many Spoyles,

Ving no other Weapon but his Name.

Exit Talbot.

Enter Alston, Bedford, Burgundie.

Baff. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,

Whole pitchy Mantine ouer-vay'd the Earth.

Here found Retreat, and ceaze our hot pursuit. Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisburgh;

And here advance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centurie of this curfed Towne.

Now have I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule;

For every drop of blood was drawnne from him,

There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in revenge of him,

With all their chiefest Pomp and Ceremounie

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that every one may reade,

Shall be engrav'd the face of Orleancie,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had beene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Misfortunse,

I mule we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-comme Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre,

Nor any of his false Confederates.

Baff. 'Twere thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Row'd on the fudden from their drowzy Beds,

They did amongst the troupes of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well dicerne,

For smoake, and dusky vapours of the night,

Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,

When Arme in Arme they both came twifly running,

Like to a payre of lousing Torto-Doues,

That could not live aunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messinger.

Mes. All hayle, my Lord:

Which of this Princely trayne

Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts

So much applaued through the Realmes of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speake with him?

Mes. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Orguere,

With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou wouldest vouchsafe

To visit her poore Cattle where she lies,

That the May boot hath the beheld the man,

Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Baff. Is it even so? Nay, then I bee our Warres

Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladies craue to be encountered with,

You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle fuit.

Talb. We're trute man then for when a World of men

Could not preuayle with all their Grattories,

Yet hath a Womans kindneffe ouer-rul'd:

And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submiuion will attend on her.

Will not your Honours bear me company?

Baff. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I have heard it fayd, Vnkinden Queues

Are often welcomme when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remeide)

I meane to proue this Ladies courtezie.

Come hither Captain, you perceiue my minde.

Exeunt Messengers.

Copr. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exit Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,

And when you have done so, bring the Reports to me.

Port. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian Tanypur by Cyrus death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,

And his achivements of no leffe account;

Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine cares,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messinger and Talbot.

Mes. Madame, agreeing as your Ladyship desir'd,

By Mesage cruell, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome: what is this the man?

Mes. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourage of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mother fill their Babes?

I fee Report is fabulous and false.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbs.
Alas, this is Child, a silly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and wretched shrimp
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leasure,
I hope some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?
Goe aike him, whither he goes.

Meff. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that she's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certificate her Talbot's here.

Enter Parter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirffe Lord:
And for that cause I trau'd thee to my Houfe.
To thinke, that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to preface thy fovereignty.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I fubfiance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my felfe:
You are decei'd, my fubfance is not here;
For what you fee, is but the fmalleft part,
And leaff proportion ofHumanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of fuch a fpacious loftie pitch,
Your boiler were not fufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can they contrarieties agree?

Winds the Horns, Drammes brife up,a Peale
Of Ordinances: Enter Soldiours.

How say you Madame? are you now perfwaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himfelfe? Threfe is his fubfance,finefews,armes,and ftrength,
With which he yoakeft your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subdues your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abufe,
I finde thou art no leffe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy fhape.
Let my prefumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am forry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not difmay'd, faire Lady, nor milconfier
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward compofition of his body,
What you have done, hath confounded me:
Nor other fatisfaction doe I crave,

But onely with your patience,that we may
Taffe of your Wine, and fee what Cates you haue,
For Soulers fomackes alwais ferue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honored,
To feaft so great a Warrior in my Houfe.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerfet,
Pools, and others.

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?
Dare no man anfwer in a Cafe of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hill we were too low,
The Garden here is more convenient.

York. Then fay at once, if I maintaine'th the Truth:
Or eile was wrangling Somerfet in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Tranuit in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then between the
War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horfes, which doth beare him beft,
Between two Girles, which hath the merrieft eye,
I have perhaps some fomble spirit of Judgment:
But in thefe nice harpe Quiletts of the Law,
Good faith I am no wifer then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears fo naked on my fide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my fide it is fo well apparell'd,
So clear, fo shining, and fo euident,
That it will gimmer through a blind-man's eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and fo loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And fands upon the honor of his birth,
If he fuppofe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Breyer pluck a white Rofe with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the parte of the truth,
Pluck a red Rofe from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of base infaining flatterie,
I pluck this white Rofe with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Rofe, with young Somerfet,
And fay withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whole fide
The fewell Rofes are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Mafter Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewell, I fubcribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainneffe of the Cafe,
I pluck this pale and Malden Blosfome here,
Guing my Verdiick on the white Rofe side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaf bleeding, you doe paint the white Rofe red,
And fall on my fide so against your will,

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hart,
And keepe me on the fide where till I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who elfe?

Lawyer. Vn-
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Lawyer. Vnleffe my Studie and my Booke be falle,
The argument you held, was wrong in you: In figne whereof, I pluck a white Rofe too. 
Yorke. Now Somerfet, where is your argument? Som. Here in my Scabard, meditating, that Shall dye your white Rofe in a bloody red. York. Meane time your cheekes do counterfeit our Roses: For pale they look to feare, as witnesing The truth on our fide. Som. No Plantagenet: 'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes Blush for pure fhame, to counterfeit our Roses, And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error. Yorke. Hath not thy Rofe a Canker? Somerfet? Som. Hath not thy Rofe a Thorne, Plantagenet? Yorke. I, harpe and piercing to maintaine his truth, Whiles thy confumming Canker eates his falfehood. Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses, That shall maintaine what I have faid is true, Whereof the Purpofes are not to be fene. York. Now by this Maiden Bionflone in my hand, I fcorne thee and thy fiffion, peuffu Boy. Suff. Turne not thy fcornes this way, Plantagenet. York. Proud Poole, I will, and fcorne both him and thee. Som. Ile fcorne my part thereof into thy throat. Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole, We grace the Yeoman, by converfing with him. Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong him, Somerfet: His Grandfather was Lyuell Duke of Clarence, Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England: Spring Creaflefe Yeomen from fo deep a Root? Yorke. He beares him on the place’s Priviledge, Or durft not for his crauen heart fay thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words On any Plot of Ground in Chriftenome. Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge, For Trefaon executed in our late Kings dayes? And by his Trefaon, band’t not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry? His Trefaon yet lives guiltie in thy blood, And till thou be refor’d, thou art a Yeoman. Yorke. My Father was attainted, not attainted, Condemned to dye for Trefaon, but no Traitor: And that I proue on better men then Somerfet, Were growing time once ripened to my will. For your partake Poole, and you your felle, Ile note you in my Book of Memorie, To scourge you for this apprehension: Looke to it well, and fay you are well warnd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee fill: And know vs by thofe Colours for thy Foes, For thefes, my friends in flight of thee hall ware. Yorke. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rofe, As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for ever, and my Fifeong ware, Vanfill it wither with me to my Graue, Or flourifh to the height of my Degree. Suff. Goe forward, and be choof’d with thy ambition: And to forfalf, vanfill I meet thee next. Exit. Som. Hauce with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Rich. " Exeitu Yorke. How I am brau’d, and muft perforce endure it. Warm. This blot that they obfet against your Houfe, Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament, Call’d for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester: And if thou be not then created York, I will not live to be accounted Warrice. Meane time, in signal of my love to thee, Against proud Somerfet, and William Poole, Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rofe. And here I propheticke: this brawle to day, Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden, Shall fent betwene the Red-Rofe and the White, A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night. Yorke. Good Mafter Vernon, I am bound to you, That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower. Ver. In your behalfe fill will I weare the fame, Lawyer. And fo will I. Yorke. Thankes gentle. Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare fay, This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day. Exeitu

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Choyre, and Laylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age, Let dying Mortimer here reft himfelfe. Even like a man new hiled from the Wrack, So fare my Limbes with long Imprifonment: And that’s great Locks, the Purpulfants of death, Neftor-like aged, in an Age of Care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. Thofe Eyes, like Lampes, whose waiting Oyle is fpent, Wax dimme, as drawing to their Extinct. Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe, And pyth-leffe Armes, like to a withered Vine, That drope his fappe-leffe Branches to the ground. Yet are thofe Feet, whose strength-leffe flay is numm, (Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay) Swift-winged with defire to get a Graue, As witting I no other comfort haue. But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come? Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come: We fent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber, And anfwer was return’d, that he will come. Mort. Enough, my Soul fhall then be fatisfied. Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine. Since Henry Monmouth firft began to reigne, Before whose Glory I was great in Armes, This loathfome fefucation haue I had: And even since then, hath Richard of the obfcur’d, Depriva’d of Honor and Inheritance. But now, the Arbitrator of Defpaires, luft Death, kinde Vmpire of mens milieires, With fweet enlargment doth diflimile me hence: I would his troubles likewife were expir’d, That to he might recouer what was loft. Exit. Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come. Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come? Rich. I, Noble Yackle, thus ignobly vnd’r, Your Nephew, late defpif’d Richard, cometh. Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck, And in his Bofome spend my latter gafe. Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes, That I may kindly give one fainting Kifke. And now declare sweet Stem from Yorke great Stock, Why didft thou fay of late thou wert defpis’d?

Rich. First
Rich. First, leave thine aged Back against mine Arme, And in that eafe, Ile tell thee my Difeafe.
This day in argument upon a Cafe,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me: Among which tearme, he vn'd his fudifie tongue, And did upbray me with my Fathers death; Which oblique fte bars before my tongue, Elfe with the like I had requit him.
Therefore good Vnkle, for my Fathers fake, In honor of a true Plantagenet, And for Alliance fake, declare the caufe My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loft his Head.

Mort. That caufe (fairo Nephew) that imprifon'd me, And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth, Within a loathfome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curfed Infrument of his deceafe.

Rich. Difcourcer more at large what caufe that was, For I am ignorant, and cannot gueffe.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depoyd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire Of Edward King, the Third of that Defcent. During whose Reigne, the Percys of the North, Finding his Viparition moit vnift, Endeavor'd his advancement to the Throne. The reason mou'd thefe Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I derived am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; where hee, From Iohn of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being yet fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this Hughtie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I loft my Libertie, and they their Lues.
Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bullingbrookes) did reigne; Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deri'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sifer, that thy Mother was; Again, in pitty of my hard diffreffe, Leueld an Army, weening to redeeme, And haue infall'd me in the Diadem: But as the reft, fo fell that Noble Earle, And was behead'd. Thus the Meritours, In whom the Title refett, were forfpref.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laft.

Mort. True; and thou feel's, that I no liffe haue, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the reft, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in thy fudifie care.

Rich. Thy grave admonifhments preuyale with me: But yet me thinks, my Fathers execution Was nothing leffe then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollidick, Strong fixed is the Houfe of Lancaster, And like a Mountain, not to be remou'd. But now thy Vnkle is removing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a fetted place. Rich. O Vnkle, would fome part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age.

Mort. Thou don't then wrong me, as I flaughterer doth, Which gluesth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourne not, except thou forrow for my good, Onely glue order for my Funerall. And fo farewell, and fare be all thy hopes, And propenour be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyes. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prifon haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermite ouer-paft thy daies. Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Bref, And what I doe imagine, let that refult. Keepers conuey him hence, and I my felfe Will fee his Buryall better then his Life. Here dyes the ducike Torch of Mortimer, Choak't with Ambition of the meaner fort, And for thofe Wrongs, thofe bitter Injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to his Houfe, I doubt not, but with Honor to reoffre. And therefore hafe I to the Parliament, Eyther to be reoffred to my Blood, Or make my will th'advantage of my good.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Execter, Glosfer, Winchefter, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Glosfer offers to put up a Bill, Winchefter fatches it, tears it.

Winch. Can't thoe with deede premeditated Lines? With written Pamphlets, fteadilu deuis'd? Humfrey of Glosfer, if thoe can't accufe, Or ought intend't to lay vnto my charge, Doe it without invention, suddenly, As I with fudden, and extemporall speech, Purpofe to anwer what thoe can't obiec.
Glos. Premptuous Prieft, this place comands my patience, Or thou fhould't finde thou haft dis-honor'd me. Thinke not, although in Writing I prefer'd The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Urbariom to rehearse the Methode of my Penne. No Prelate, fuch is thy audacius wickedneffe, Thy lewd, perfiferous, and diftantious pranks, As very Infants prattlie of thy pride. Thou art a moft pretigious Viceroy. Froward by nature, Enemy to Peace, Lafficious, wanton, more then well becomes A man of thy Profellion, and Degree.
And for thy Treacherie, what's more manifeft? In that thou lay'd'st a Trap to take my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower. Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted, The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt From enulious mallice of thy dwelling heart.

Winch. Glosfer, I doe dete thee. Lords vouchsafe To giue me hearing what I hall reply. If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse, As he will haue me: how am I to poore? Or how hap's it, I feake not to advance Or raye my felle? but kepe my wonted Calling, And for Differtation, who prefereth Peace More then I doe? except I be prou'd? No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incendi'd the Duke: It is because no one should lye but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breath;
And makes him rore thefe Accufations forth.
But he fhall know I am as good.
Gloft. As good?
Thou Baffard of my Grandfather.
Winch. 1, Lordy Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another fhone?
Gloft. Am I not Protecor, favvie Priet?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Captile keepes,
And vieth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnveuent Glofter.
Gloft. Thou art reverent,
Touchy thy Spiritual Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome halle remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbeare.
Som. I, fee the Bishop be not ouer-horne.
Me thinkes my Lord fhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to fuch.
Warw. Me thinkes his Hoodship fhould be humbler,
It finteth not a Prelate fo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht fo neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnknownd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protecor to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I fee muft hold his tongue,
Leaff it be fihind, Speake Sirrha when you fhould:
Mulf your hold Verfift enter talke with Lords?
Elfe would I haue a fling at Winchefter.
King. Vnckles of Glofter, and of Winchefter,
The speecial Watch-men of our English Wesle,
I would preuale, if Prayers might preuale,
To ioyne your hearts in love and smile.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crowne,
That two fuch Noble Peeres as ye fhould iarre?
Beleeue me,Lords, my tender yeares can tell,
Ciull difffenion is a vipersome Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A myfe within, Downe with the Tender-Cotts.
King. What tumult this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A myfe againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Major.
Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glofters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pocket full of poible fones:
And banding themelues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt fo faft at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knocpt out:
Our Windows are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmife with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, on allegiance to our felfe,
To hold your flaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle Glofter mitigate this strife.
1. Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'll fall to it with our Teeth,
2. Seruing. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmife againe.

Gloft. You of my household, leave this pecuill broyle,
And let this vnaccustom'd ftight alide.

3. Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Hulate, and vpright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiefte:
And ere that we will fuffer fuch a Prince,
So knide a Father of the Common-wealths,
To be driuffed by an Inke-horne Mates,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodies flaughtred by thy foes.
1. Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Gloft. Stay, Ray, I fay:
And if you loue me, as you fay you doe,
Let me perfuade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this difcord doth affift my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My fighes and tears, and will not once reflent
Who fhould be pitifull, if you be not?
Or who fhould inudy to prefere a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yield my Lord Protecor,yeeld Winchefter,
Except you meane with outfide Repule.
To fay your Soueraigne, and deftroy the Realme.
You see what Milchife, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye fhirt for blood.
Winch. He fhall submit, or I will never yield.
Gloft. Compaffion on the King commands me flope,
Or I would fee his heart out, ere the Priet
Shoue euer get that priuilege of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchefter, the Duke
Hath banifhit moode discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appear:
Why looke you still fo ferne, and tragical?
Gloft. Here Winchefter, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle Baeftord, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous finne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chief offender in the fame.
Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For fame my Lord of Winchefter reftent;
What, fhall a Child infruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Glofter, I will yeeld to thee
Looe for thy Love, and hand for hand I giue.
Gloft. I, but I feare with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,
This token ferueth for a Flagg of Truce,
Bewiit our felues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I difemble not,
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Glofter,
How iouyfull am I made by this Contradft,
Away my Malters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.
1. Seru. Content, Lie to the Surgeons.
2. Seru. And fo will I.
3. Seru. And I will see what Phyfick the Tauerne af
forde.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moft gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,
We do exhbit to your Maiefte.
Gloft. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumftance,
You have great reafon to doe Richard right,
Efppecially for those occafions
At Eltom Place I told your Maiefte,

King. And
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Knocks. Our Sacks shall be a mesne to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'll knock.

Watch. Och la.
Pucell. Psalms au pourre gens de France,
Poor Market folks that come to sell their Corne,
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.

Enter Charles, Basfard, Athern.

Charles. Saint Dennis bleffe this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'll sleepe secure in Roan.

Basfard. Here entred Pucell, and her Fratillants:
Now she is there, how will she speke?
Here is the bell and fafel passage in,
Reig. By througout a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once difcern'd, fhwes that her meaning is,
No way to that for weaknesse which she entred.

Enter PucellOn the top, througout a Torch burning.
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That loyneth Roan into her Countreymen,
But burning fallall to the Talbonites.

Basfard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret flands.

Charles. Now shune it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If Talbot but furuiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Michiefe vnawares,
That hardly we expat the Pride of France.


Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Pucell,
Charles, Basfard, and Reignier on the Wells.
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fall,
Before hee be againe at such a rate.

Twas full of Damell; do you like the tale?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and chameleffe Curtizan,
I trufc ere long to chace thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harueft of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may flarue (perhaps) before that time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, renuege this Treason.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beird?
Broke a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foure Fiend of France, and Hug of all depight,
Incompa'id with thy luffful Paramour,
Becomes it thee to tunt his villain Age,
And twit with Cowardife a man halfe dead?
Damfell, Ile have a bowe with you againe,
Or elle let Talbot perih with this flame.
Pucell. Are ye in hot, Sir; but yet Pucell hold thy peace,
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in council.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker ?

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell dignify'd, with faire Souldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.
Pucell. These are the Cite Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy muu make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar fort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shaue,
And that we finde the thriftfull Watch but weak,
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

12 Talb. Dare
Tailb. Dare ye come forth, and meet vs in the field? 

Pucell. Believe your Lordship takes vs then for fools, 

To try if that our owne be ours, or no. 

Tailb. I spake not to that rauyling Hecate, 

But vnto thee Allanfon, and the rest. 

Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out? 

Allanfon, Seginior no. 

Tailb. Seignior hang: bafe Muletern of France, 

Like Peant foot-Boyes doe they kepe the Walls, 

And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen. 

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls, 

For Talbot means no goodniffe by his Lookes. 

God buy my Lord, we came but to tell you 

That wee are here. 

Tailb. And there will we be too, ere it be long, 

Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame. 

Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy Housie, 

Pricket on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France, 

Either to get the Towne againe, or dye, 

And I, as faire as Englifh Henry lives, 

As his father here was Conqueror; 

As faire as in this late betrayal Towne, 

Great Cordelions Heart was buryed; 

So fure I wars, to get the Towne, or dye. 

Burgonie. My Vows are equal partners with thy 

Vowes. 

Tailb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince, 

The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord, 

We will betowML you in some better place, 

Fitter for fixkene, and for craife age. 

Bedford. Lord Talbot, doe not fo disdionate me: 

Here will I fit, before the Walls of Roan, 

And will be parteier of your woe or woe. 

Burgonie.Couragious Bedford, let vs now permude you: 

Bedford. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read, 

That rout Pedragus, in his Letter fick, 

Came to the field, and vanquifhed his foes. 

Me thinkes I should reuicte the Souldiers hearts, 

Because I euer found them as my selfe. 

Tailb. Vinduanted spirit in a dying breath, 

Then be it so: Heaven's keepes old Bedford safe, 

And now no more adoe, braue Burgonie, 

But gather we our Forces out of hand, 

And set vpon our boating Enemy. 

Tailb. Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captaine. 

Cape. Whither away Sir John Falstaff, in such haste? 

Falstaff. Whither away? to faue my felfe by flight, 

That rout Pedragus, in his Leter fick, 

Came to the field, and vanquifhed his foes. 

Me thinkes I should reuicte the Souldiers hearts, 

Because I euer found them as my selfe. 

Cape. What? will you flye, and leafe Lord Talbot? 

Falstaff. I, all the Talbots in the World, to faue my life. 

Cape. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. 

Retreat. 

Falstaff. Sir John Falstaff, depart when Hauen pleafe, 

For I haue feene our Enemies overthrow. 

What is the truf or strength of foolifh man? 

They that of late were daring with their loofer, 

Are glad and faine by flight to faue themselves. 

Bedford dye, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reft. 

Tailb. Loof, and recovered in a day againe, 

This is a double Honor, Burgonie: 

Yet Heavenes haue glory for this Victorie. 

Burgonie. Warlike and Marchall Talbot, Burgonie 

Indhines thee in his heart, and there eereets 

Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments. 

Tailb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucell now? 

I thinke her old Familiar is asleep. 

Now where's the Baftards braves, and Charles his glikes? 

What all amr? Roan hangs her head for griefe, 

That such a valiant Company are fled. 

Now will we take some order in the Towne, 

Placing therein some expert Officers, 

And then depart to Paris, to the Kings, 

For there young Henry with his Nobles lye. 

Burgonie. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie. 

Tailb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget 

The Noble Duke of Bedford, late decess'd, 

But fee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan. 

A brauer Souldier never couched Launce, 

A gentler Heart did never sway in Court. 

But Kings and mightieft Potentates muft die, 

For that's the end of humane misfort. 

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baftard, Allanfon, Pucell. 

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident, 

Nor grieve that Roan is fo recovered: 

Care is no cure, but rather corrouifue, 

For things that are not to be remedy'd. 

Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while, 

And like a Peacock sweep his tylie, 

Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne, 

If Dolphin and the reft will be rule'd. 

Charles. We have beene guided by thee hitherto, 

And of thy Cunning had no diffidence, 

One Golden Foyle shall never breed disfract. 

Baftard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies, 

And we will make thee famous through the World. 

Alarum. Wee'le fet thy Statue in some holy place, 

And haue thee reuerence't like a bleffed Saint, 

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good. 

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Iane deuise: 

By faire perfwafions, mixt with fogered words, 

We will entice the Duke of Burgonie 

To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs. 

Charles. I marrie Sweeting, if we could doe that, 

France were no place to our Armyes Warriors, 

Nor should that Nation boaft it so with vs, 

But be extirped from our Provinces. 

Alarum. For ever should they be expuls'd from France, 

And not haue Title of an Earleome here. 

Pucell. Your Honours shall percieve how I will work, 

To bring this matter to the wilhed end. 

Drumme sounds a faire off. 

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceve 

Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward. 

Here found an English March. 

There goes the Talbot, with his Colours fprad, 

And all the Troupes of English after him.

French
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

French March.
Now in the Reneward comes the Duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who cries a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Prince of Charles of France, thy Countryman.


Charles. Spake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-rudisco.

Pucell. Look on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes deface:
By wafting Ruine of the cruel Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe.
When Death doth clofe his tender-dying Eyes,
See, for the pining Malady of France,
Bend the Wounds, the morr vitall Wounds,
Which thou ty felfe haft gien her wofull Breit.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawn out from thy Countries Bolome,
Should grace thee more then fireneames of foraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a fwole of Tears,
And walk away thy Countries layned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddienely relent.

Pucell. Behooves, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubling thy Birth and lawfull Progenie,
Who loyn't thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not tru thoe, but for profits sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fahion'd thee that Instrumen of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be tru out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark: but this for profe:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prizoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They fet him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In fipht of Burgonie and all his friends.

See then, thou fyght at against thy Counryme-men,
And loyn't with them will be thy flaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the refte will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughty worthes of hers
Hau'e battred me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almoft yeild upon my knees.
Forguest mee Counryme-men, and swee Counryme-men:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embraice.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So firwell Talbot, Ile no longer tru thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs freth.

Ballard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Mans. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deferve a Coronet of Gold,

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And joyn our Powers,
And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with his Soldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivaill in this Realm,
I have a while gien Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaimer'd
To your obedience, fiftte Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and fefen walled Townes of strength,
Before five hundred Prizoners of estate;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submisfile loyalty of heart
Acribites the Glory of his Conquet got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnkle Gloucester,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord:
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father feld,
A f龙头 Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were refolved of your truth,
Your faithfull feruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never haue you tafted our Reward,
Or beeene reguerdon'd with fo much as Thanks,
Becaufe till now, we never faw your face.
Therefore fand vp, and for these good deferts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.


Maner Vernon and Baffet.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were fo hot at Sea,
Dilgracing of thee Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of York.
Dar't thou maintaine the former words thou fpak'st it?

Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The ensious barking of your fawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrahs, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Vern. Hearkye ye: not fo in winnetae take ye that.

Streke him.

Baff. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is fuch,
That who do drawes a Sword, 'tis prefent death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy deareft Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt fee, Ile meet thee to thy cift.

Vern. Well milcroment, Ile be there as loone as you,
And after meete you, faoner then you would.

Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloster, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crown upon your 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;

Exe. Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious praetifles against his State:

This shall ye do, to help you righteous God.

Enter Exegeta.

Exe. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice, To haste into your Coronation:

A Letter was delivery'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Crounes legs,

Which I have done, becaufe (unworthyly)

Thou wast install'd in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Daffurd, at the battell of Paffiers,

When (but in all) I was fire thouand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a truithe Squire, did run away.

In which affault, we loft twelve hundred men.

My selfe, and divers Gentlemen besides,

Were thet surpris'd, and taken prisoners.

Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:

Or whether such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befoming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage,

Such as were capable to credit the wares;

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Diffraffe,

But always resolute, in most extremes.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,

Doth but vnder the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be judge) Be quite degrad'd, like a Hedge-horne Swaine,

That doth profume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Counrymen, thou hast't thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a Knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd his Sile?

No more our planes and bluntsly? (To the King.)

Hath he forget he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this charglul Superfription Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? I have upon especiall taufe,

How'd with compassion of my Countres wroack,

Together with the pittifull compassion Of such as your oppression feele upon,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Bajf. Confirm me fo, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirm me fo? Confounded be your trifles,
And perish ye with your audacious pride,
Professorous vassals, are you not ashamed?
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturb the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To bare with their perjured Objections:
Much jeffe to take occasion from their mouths,
To raise a mutiny between your Clues.
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exeunt. It greeues his Highness,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love your favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wasering Nation:
If they perceive diffention in our looks,
And that we were the Author of it:
How will their grudging Romackes be provoked
To wilful Disobedience, and Rebellion?
Bride, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shal be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henrys Princes, and cheefe Nobility,
Defroyd themselues, and loft the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I wear this Roofe,
That any one should therefore be sullipitous
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kindmen, and I love them both.
As well they may vponlee me with my Crownes,
Because (forfooth) the King of Scots is Crowned.
But your difcretions better can persuade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and love.
Godd of Yorke, we inflate your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horfemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subjects, fones of your Progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and dignifie
Your angry Cheller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some repit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be prefented by your Victories,
With Charles, Alanion, and that Traiitour rout.


War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weare the badge of Somerset.

War. Truth, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare prefume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I with he did. But let it reft,
Other affayres must now be managed.


Exe. Well daft thou Richard to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we shal have scene decipherd there
More rancorous flight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or supposed:
But howsoever, no fimple man that fees
This larring difcord of Nabilities,
This shoulderine of each other in the Court,
This fadious bandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth prefage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Specters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuilion,
There comes the mine, there begins confusion.

Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpes and Drummes,
before Burdeaux.

Talh. Go to the Gats of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall into the Wall.

Sounds. Enter Generall afift.

Englifh John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to Harry King of England,
And thus he would open ye Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this profferd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quarelling Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, euhen with the earth,
Shall lay your fately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forfake the offer of their looe.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I proteste we are well fortified,
And strong enough toifie out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the fnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant fpoyle,
And pale deftruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ruye their dangerous Artillerie
Upon no Christian foule but Englifh Talbot:
Loo, there thou fhand a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible vnconquer'd spirit:
This is the lateft Glorie of thy prafes,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glaffe that now begins to runne,
Finiff the proceffe of his fandy houre,
Thefe eyes that fee thee now well coloured,
Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Turne. Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heayy Mufick to thy timorous foule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exit Tal. He Fables not. I hear the Fowle:
Out some light Horfemen, and perufe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleffe Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englifh timorous Deere,
Ma'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Englifh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raflallike to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Enter the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cawards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Iprosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Merriinger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd agane,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Merri. They are return'd my Lord, and glue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power.
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your epyphals were discouered.
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which loynd' with him, and made their march for

Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply.
Of Horsemen, that were leud for this fleg.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am bowed by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot hope the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessitie:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Merriinger.

Merri. Thon Prince ley'd Leader of our English strength,
Nacer so needful on the earth of France,
Sperre to the refuge of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a weafe of Iron.
And hem'd about with grim defraction:
To Burdeaux warlike Dulce, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Elle farwel Talbot, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth flop my Cornets, were in Talbott places.
So should we wee faue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad more, and wrathfull fury makes me weepes,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors fleape.
Merri. O send some fuccour to the differt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we lofe: I break my warlike word: We mourne, France smyles: We loype, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.
Merri. Then God take mercy on brave Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,
I met in trauaille toward his warlike Father;
This feuen yeeres did not Talbot fee his fonne,
And now they meete where both their lives are done.
Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his yong fonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost floppes my breath,
That fundred friends grette in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But cause the caufe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Tourtiers, and Toares, are wounde away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Merri. Thus while the Vulture of fedition,
Feebles in the bosome of fuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglecion doth betray to loffe:
The Conquest of our fearf-cold Conqueror,
That euer-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrrie to loffe.

Enter Somerfet with his Armit.

Som. It is too late, I cannot fend them now:
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
Too rafhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a fally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot
Hath fullid all his gloffe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, defperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke fet him on to fight, and dye in thame,
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.
Caph. Here is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir William, whether were you fent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & fold L.Talbot,
Who rind' about with bold aduerfities,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerfet,
To beate affrayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody fweet from his warre-wesried limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his falie hopes, the truft of Englands honor,
Keep off alofe with worthiffle emulation
Let them your proute difcord kepe away
The leuid fuccour that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baffard, Charles, Burpundie,
Alaunus, Reigndar, compalie him about,
And Talbot periheth by your default.
Som. Yorke fet him on, Yorke shoue haue sent him ayde.
Lu. And Yorke as faft upon your Grace exclamnes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leued hoath,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. Yorke lyes: He might haue fent, & had the Horfe:
I owe him little Dutie, and Jeffe Loue,
And take foule fcarne to fawe him on by fending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-mindid Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betrodied to fortune by your frite.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horfemen ftrait:
Withen fift houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late come refuce, he is dead or faine,
For five he could not, if he would haue feld:
And fye would Talbot neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu.
Lu. His Fame flues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exit.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did fend for thee
To tutoe thee in stratagems of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in the world's acland,
When fapiffe Age, and weakle vnabile limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-loading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feafe of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my fubfett horfe,
And lle direft thee how thou fhalt escape
By foudaine flight. Come, daily not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shill
And shall I fly? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baffard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, I'll be blaine.
John. He that flies so, will ne're return again.
Talb. If we both fly, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me fly, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, fo your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Upon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in all you hopes are lost.
Flight cannot staye the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortallitie,
Rather then Life, prefer'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
John. Rather then lie there my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Upon my Bluffing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Poe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be fau'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not love it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from thy blame.
John. You cannot witnesse for me, being blaine.
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never tainted with such blame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be feuered from thy side,
Then can your felse, your felse in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my lease of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, flye by flye, together flye and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen fly.

Alarum. Excursants. Enters old Talbot led.

"Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's thy young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, I was not with Captiuities.
Young Talbots Valour makes me like at thee.
When he perceiued me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandishd over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and terme Impatience:
But when my angry Guardiant flood alone,
Tending my ruine, and affayld of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furte, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my fide to dart
Into the clashing Battale of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Sora. O my deare Lord, o where your Sonne is borne.
Talb. Thou antique Death, which laught'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy infulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy delight shall scape Mortallitie.

Some of his Baffard blood, and in disgrace
Belpoake him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spille of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou dist force from Talbot, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Baffard to destroy,
Came in frming refuge. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weare, John? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battale, Boy, and flye,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiuairie?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one bands me in little dead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives 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 shorning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dye, our Householde Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All thife, and more, we hazard by thy stay.

John. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a flame,
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flies,
The Coward Horde that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peasant Boyes of France,
To be Shames forrne, and subject of Milanchne.
Surely, by all the Glory you have wonne,
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy depl't rate Syre of Creest,
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable proue'd, let's dye in pride.
Exeunt.
O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death, 
Speake to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath, 
Braue death by speaking, whether he will or no: 
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe. 
Poore Boy, he, like you, thinkes, as who should say, 
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day. 
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers arms, 
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue, 
Now my old armes are yong John Talbots grave. 

Enter Charles, Alarfon, Bourgundis, Baffard, and Pucil.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought refuge in, 
We should haue found a bloody day of this. 
Baff. How the yong wheele of Talbots raging wood, 
Did rife his punie-wood in Frenchmens blood. 
Puc. Once I encounterd him, and thus I said: 
Thou Maieden youth, be vanquished by a Maid. 
But with a proud Maleficiall high corne 
He anno'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne 
To be the pillaige of a Gigot Wench: 
So rushing in the bowels of the French, 
His spirit proudly, as unworthy fly. 
Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight: 
See where he lies inherced in the armes 
Of the most bloody Nurfier of his harms. 
Baff. Heau them to peeces, hack their bones affunder, 
Wholes life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder. 
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fied 
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead. 
Enter Lucius.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent, 
To know who hath obtaine'd the glory of the day. 
Char. On what submiſſion message art thou lent? 
Lucy. Submiſſion Dolphin? Tis a mere French word: 
We English Warriours not what it meane, 
I come to know what Priſoners thou haue taft, 
And to fuey the bodies of the dead.

Enter for Prisoners askst thou? Heau our prisoners is. 
Bur. But tell me whom thou feekst? 
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field, 
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury? 
Created for his rare successe in Armes, 
Great Earle of Walsford, Waverſford, and Valence, 
Lord Talbot, and Goldy & Windfield, 
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdon of Alton, 
Lord Cromwell of Wingenfield, Lord Farniwill of Skeffeld, 
The thricke victorous Lord of Falchenbridge, 
The Knight of the Noble Order of S. George, 
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleet, 
Great Marthall to Henry the first, 
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Here's a filly fatlye fille indeede: 
The Turke that two and five Kingdomes hath, 
Write not so tedious a Stile as this. 
Him that thou magnifie with all these Tities, 
Stinking and flye,blowne eyes here at our feete. 
Lucy. Talbot shaine, the Frenchmens alone Scourge, 
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemifit! 
Oh we were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd, 
That I in rage might shoo them at your faces. 
Oh that I could but call thes dead to life, 
It were enough to fright the Realme of France. 
Were but his Picture left among you here, 
It would amaze the proudefit of you all. 
Glue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence, 
And glue them Buriall, as beemes their worth. 
Pucil. I thinke this yonge is old Talbots Ghod, 
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit: 
For Gods fake let him haue him, to keep them here, 
They would but flinke, and putrifie the syre. 
Char. Go take their bodies hence. 
Lucy. I beare them hencrobut from their ashes shall be read 
A Phenix that shall make all France affar'd. 
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what you wilt. 
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine, 
All will be ours, now bloody Talbots shaine. 

Exit.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloceſſer, and Exeter.

King. Have you persu'd the Letters from the Pope, 
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack? 
Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this, 
They humbly fue vnto your Excellency, 
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 meane 
To stop effusion of our Christian blood, 
And stablifh quietneffe on every side. 
King. I marry Vnckle, for I always thought 
It was both impious and vnnatural, 
That fuch Immanity and bloody strife 
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith. 
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect, 
And furer binde this knot of amitt, 
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charles, 
A man of great Authoritie in France, 
Profers his onely daughter to your Grace, 
In marriage, with a large and fumptuous Dowrie. 
King. Marriage Vnckle! Alas my yeares are yong: 
And after is my fudden flate, and my Bookes, 
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour. 
Yet call th'enamisfadors, and as you please, 
So let them haue their anwers every one: 
I shall be well content with any choyce 
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winccefuer, and three Ambaffadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winccefuer infall'd, 
And call'd vnto a Cardinall degree? 
Then I perceive, that will be verified 
Henry the Fift did sometime prophete. 
If once he come to be a Cardinall, 
He'll make his cap coequall with the Crowne. 
King. My Lords Ambaffadors, your feuerall faites 
Have bin confider'd and debated on, 
Your purpose is both good and reasonable: 
And therefore we certainly refould'd, 
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean're
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As likening of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the vales of her Dower,
He doth intend the shall be Englands Queen.

King. In argument and prooe's of which contract,
Beare this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And to my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover, wherein shipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delier'd to his Holiness,
For clothinge me in these grave Orniments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships pleasure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submitt, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proou'd Peers;

Henfrey of Gloster, thou hast well receiv'd,
That neither in birth, or for authotity
The Bishop shal be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee floppe, and bend thy knee,
Or facke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanion, Bafard, Regner, and Jess.

Char. These newses (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis saide, the forst Parliams do resolv'd,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Paece. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Elle raine combathe with their Palleces.

Enter Sould. Scou. Successe vnto our valiant Generell,
And happinife to his accomplies.


Scou. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell prefently.

Char. Somewhate too sodaine Sirs, the warping is,
But we will presently procide for them.

Bar. I trau't the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pecul. Of all base passions, Fears is most afferrd.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shal be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.


Enter loye de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conqueres, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periaps,
And ye choife spirites that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents.

Thunder. Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appare, and ayde me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quickke appearance argues prooe
Of your accour's diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with fiense ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ie lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earneft of a further benefit:
So you do conditend to helpe me now.

They hange their heads.

No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recemponse, if you will graunt my soule.

They fluke their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule, my body, face, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forfacke me. Now the time is come,
That France must vall her lofty plum'd Creffe,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duft.

Exeunt.


York. Damfell of France, I think I have you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can giue your libertie.

A goodly prize, fit for the duteous grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my fhape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worfe fhape thou canst not be:

York. Oh Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No fhape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing milcheefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainely surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in fleecing upon your beds.

York. Fell banning Hags, Incantaffes hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse Miserable, when thou comest to the flake

Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Goes on her.

Oh fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kiffe thef[e fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender tide.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who fo ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Nature mycrale,
Thou art allotted to be tame by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets foure,

Oh flye:
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Keeping them prisioner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this feruile vflage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolke friends.
She is going
Oh stay! I have no power to let her paffe,
My hand would free her, but my heart faies no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaffie streames,
Twinkling another counterfettred boarne,
So feemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
He call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pape, difable not thy felie:
Haft not a Tongue? Is the not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans figh?
I: Beauties Princely Mablety is fuch,
'Confounds the tonge, and makes the fenses rough.
Suf. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be fo,
What ranfome muft I pay before I paffe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisioner.
Suf. How canft thou tell she will deny thy fuite,
Before thou make a trial of her loue?
M. Why speakeft thou not? What ranfome muft I pay?
Suf. She is beautifull; and therefore to be Wooded:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Suf. Will thou accept of ranfome,yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haft a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beft to leave him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at rando: fure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dilpaffenent may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anfwer me: Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Thu, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet fo my fancy may be fatified,
And peace eafabillised betweene thefe Realimes.
But there remains a fcruple in that too: For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Aniou and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will fcorne the match,
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyfure?
Suf. It fhall be fo, if downe they ne're fo much:
Here is your full才华, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a fecret to reseale.
Mar. What though I be imbradh'd, he feems a knight
And will not any way difhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchefafe to liken what I fay.
Mar. Ile tell you, I fay, what I will to the French,
And then I need not craze his cartefie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a caufe.
Mar. Thu, women have bene capituate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you fo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quod for Quo.
Suf. Say gentle Princes, would you not oppofe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a flave, in base feruility:
For Princes fhould be free.
Suf. And fo fhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. What why concerning his freedom vnto me?
Suf. Ile vntake to make thee Henries Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And let a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If you were confident to be my:
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henries wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To vve to faire a Dame to be his wife.
And have no portion in the choice my felie.
How fay you Madam, are ye fo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleache, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fridays Caffie wailes,
We'll craze a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walle.
See Reignier fes, thy daughter prisioner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Where, tonge, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnap to weep,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Content, and for thy Honor guie confent,
Thy daughter fhall be welded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed at Wonne thereto:
And this her eafe held imprifonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?
Suf. Faire Margaret knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I defend,
To guie thee anfwer of thy interfemand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in Aniou what your Honor pleafeas.
Suf. Thankes Reignier, happy for Io fweet a Childs,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anfwer makes your Grace vnto my fuite?
Reig. Since you doft daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of fuch a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietely
Enioy mine owne, the Country Main and Aniou,
Free from oppofition, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter fhall be Henries, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliver her,
And thos two Counties I will vntake
Your Grace fhall well and quietely enjoy.
Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name,
As Deputy I will that gracious King
Gice thee her hand for figne of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atnnese in this cafe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes:
And make this marriage to be folenniz'd:
So farewell Reignier, let this Diamond fafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henrie were he here.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praiue, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke ever hauue of Margaret. Shes de going.
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin and his Seruant, fay to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modellie directed,

But
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?

Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with love, I fend the King.
Suf. And this withall.

Mar. That for thy felfe, I will not fo preume,
To fend fuch peeculli tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my felfe: but Suffolke fay,
Thou mayft not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgy Treftons lurke,
Sollicite Henry with her wonderous praffe.
Bethinke thee on her Verues that furmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguih Art,
Repeate their femblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'lt to kneele at Henryes feete,
Thou mayft bereave him of his wits with eror. Exit

Enter York. Warwicke, Shephard, Pucell.

York. Bring forth that Sorcerrie condemnd to Byrne.
Step. Ahe, I fent this Killinge to the King's ear-out-right,
Hawe I fought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muff I behold thy timeiffe cruell death:
Ah Ifone, sweet daughter Ifone, lye die with thee.
Pucell. Decrepit Milner, fafe ignoble Wretch,
I am defcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Step. Out, out: My Lords, and pleafe you, 'tis not fo
I did beget her, all the Parifh knowes:
Her Mother Bueth yet, can telbife
She was the fift fruites of my Bachler-ship.
War. Graceleffe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
York. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and fo her death concludes.
Step. Eye Ifone, that thou wilt be fo obstinate:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy laky hauke I dyed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Ifone.
Pucell. Peasant aunnt. You have fuborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Step. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieft,
The morne that I was weded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleffing, good my Gyrie.
Wilt thou not floope? Now courfe be the time
Of thy natuirt, I would the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou lock'ft her bref,
She had a little Rats-bane for thy face.
Or elfe, when thou didft keep my Lambes a-field,
I with fome rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doef thou deny thy Father, cured Drab?
O Byrne her, burner her, hanging is too good.
York. Take her away, for the hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with viciou qualities.
Pucell. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But illufed from the Progeny of Kings.
Perluous and Holy, chofen from above,
By infpiration of Celestial Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lutes,
Stain'd with the guiltleffe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You judg it fraught a thing imposible
To compaffe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No milconceyued, Ifone of Ifone hath beene
A Virgin from her tender Infancie,
Chaffe, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously efflu'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
York. I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye first: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrells of pitch upon the flail flake,
That fo heer torture may be fhortned.
Pucell. Will nothing turne your vrelenting hearts?
Then Ifone difcouer thine infirmity,
That warrantethe by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homelikes:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateft miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your shift preficenesse come to this?
York. She and that I haue haued bin hauing,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll hauue no Buffards blue,
Especiallie since Charles muft Father it.
Pucell. You are decey'd, my childe is none of his,
It was Malfoil that inioy'd my love.
York. Malfoy that notorious Macheuell?
It dyes, and if it had a thoufand blues.

Pucell. Oh glue me leave, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Regnier King of Naples that prevoy'd.
War. A married man, that's most intollerable.
York. Why here's a Gyrie: I think the knowes not wel
(There were fo many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's figne the hath beene liberall and free.
York. And yet forfooth she is a Virgin pure.
Smurpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vfe no intreyt, for it is in vaine.

Pucell. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curfe.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beams
Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darkenf, and the gloomy flade of death
Insuiron you, till Milcheeffe and Dispare,
Drue you to break your necks, or hang your selves.Exit

Enter Cardinall.

York. Breake thou in peeces, and confume to ashes,
Thou fowlle accurted minifrer of Hell.

Card. Lord Regent, I do greate your Excellence
With Letters of Commiffion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Cheriftendome,
Mou'd with remore of thee out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneffly impolor'd a genreal peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the affying French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approcheth, to conferre about some matter.
York. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effeit,
After the flaughter of fo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene ouerthrowne,
And fold their bodies for their Countries benefit,
Shall we at laft conclude effeminat peace?
Haue we not loft moft part of all the Townes,
By Trefon, Faihhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwick, Warwickke, I force thee with greefe
The vitter loffe of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorkes, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such fierce and seueré Covenantes,  
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanis, Baffard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,  
That peacefull truce shall be proclai'med in France,  
We come to be informed by your felues,  
What the conditions of that league must be.

Torke. Speake Wincheffer, for boyling choller chokes  
The hollow passage of my pow'rones voyce,  
By fight of these our balefull enemies.  
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That in regard King Henry gives content,  
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,  
To eafe your Countrie of diffirefelle Warre,  
And luffer you to breath in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.  
And Charles, upon condition thou wilteware  
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as Vicery vnder him,  
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?  
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,  
And yet in fabulance and authority,  
Retaine but privilage of a private man?  
This proffer is aburd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poiffed  
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,  
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.  
Shall I for luce of the rest van-vanquith,  
Detra't so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but Vicery of the whole?  
No Lord Ambaffador, Ie rather keep  
That which I have, than courting for more  
Be cast from possibili'ty of all.

Torke. Insulting Charles, haft thou by secret meanes  
Vs'd intercation to obtaine a league,  
And now the matter growes to compromize,  
Stand't thou aloofe vspon Comparion.  
Either accept the 'Title thou vrpurp',  
Of benefit proceeding from our King,  
And not of any challenge of Defert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obtinacy,  
To caull in the course of this Contract:  
If once it be negledted, ten to one.  
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,  
To faue your Subjectes from such machace  
And ruthlesse haughters as are dayly seen,  
By our proceeding in Hollantity,  
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,  
Although you breake it, when your pleasure feres.  
War. How fauyt thou Charles?  
Shall our Condition rand?

Char. It Shall not  
Oney referred'd, you claime no intered  
In any of our Townes of Garriffon.  
Tor. Then fware Allegance to his Majestie,  
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,  
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,  
Thou nor thy Noble, to the Crowne of England.  
So, now dismaiifie your Army when ye please:  
Hang vp your Emgin's, let your Drummes be still,  
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.  

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,  
Glauceffer and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astoni'ed me:  
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,  
Do breed Loues fetled passions in my heart,  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gutes  
Provoke the mighti'test Hulke against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her Remounse,  
Either to suffer Shipw racke, or arriue  
Where I may haue frution of her Loue.

Suf. Th'ush my good Lord, this superfic'call tale,  
Is but a preface of her worthy praife:  
The chere perfedions of that lowly Dame,  
(Had I suicient skill to ytter them)  
Would make a volume of inticing lines,  
Able to raui'h any dull conceit.  
And which is more, she is not fo Divine,  
So full repicate with choise of all delights,  
But with as humble lowline'sse of minde,  
She is content to be at your command:  
Command I meanes, of Vertuous chaste intents,  
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're preu'me:  
Therefore my Lord Protector, glie content,  
That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I glie content to flatter finne,  
You know (my Lord) your Highness is betroath'd  
Vnto another Lady of eftume,  
How shall we then dispence with that contract,  
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,  
Or one that at a Triumph, haung vow'd  
To try his strengths, forsketh yet the Lites  
By reafon of his Adversaries odds.  
A poor Earles daughter is vnequall odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.  
Glauceffer. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more  
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,  
Although in glorious Titles he excell.  
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,  
The King of Naples, and Jerufalem,  
And of such great Authoritie in France,  
As his alliance will confirme our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,  
Becauze he is neere Kinman vnto Charles.  
Exeter. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dow'er,  
Where Reigntier sooner will receyue, than gue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not to your King,  
That he should be so abased, hate, and poor,  
To choo'se for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.  
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,  
And not to feeke a Queene to make him rich,  
So worthlesse Peazants bargain for their Wives,  
As Market men for Oxen, Sheper, or Horle.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:  
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affeets,
The firft Part of Henry the Sixt. 119

Muft be companion of his Nuptiall bed,
And therefore Lords, since he affects her moft,
Most of all thefe reafons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedloeke foreft but a Hell,
An Age of difcord and continual strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffes,
And is a patterne of Celeftiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerleffe 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 feene)
Will anfwer our hope in ifue of a King.
For Henry's fonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of fo high reoule,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in love.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paffion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am affur'd,
I feele such sharp diftenion in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poole my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To croffe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henries faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and fufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I fay, for till you do returne,
I reft perplexed with a thoufand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banifh all offence:
If you do cenfure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excufe
This fodain execution of my will.
And fo command me, where from company,
I may revoule and ruminante my greefe.

FINIS.

m 2
The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hobegy.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaumond on the one side. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

S by your high Imperiall Majesty, I had in charge at my depart for France, As Procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace; So in the Famous Ancient City, Tours, In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alarcon, Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops I have perform'd my Taskes, and was exsouled, And humbly now upon my bended knee, In fight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, Deliever vp my Title in the Queen To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance Of that great Shadow I did represent: The happiest Gift, that euer Marqueeffe gave, The fairest Queene, that euer King receiued.

King. Suffolk of Suffolke. Welcome Queene Margaret, I can express no kinder figure of Loue Then this kind kisse: O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replique with thankfullnesse: For thou hast given me in this beautefull Face A world of earthly blessings to my soule, If Sympathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutuell conference that my minde hath had, By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames, In Courtly company, or at my Beades, With you mine Alder loue Soueraigne, Makes me the bolder to insatiate my King, With ruder termes, such as my wit affords, And ever loy of heart doth minifier.

King. Her fight did rauish, but her grace in Speech, Her words yclad with widsomes Maieriess, Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping loyes, Such is the Fulneffe of my hearts content.

Lord. with one cheerfull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All kneel. Long live Qu. Margaret, Englands happines, Queene. We thank you all.

Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace, Here are the Articles of contrasted peace, Between our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles, For eighteene moneths conclued by consent.

Glo. Reu'r Inprimis, It is agreed betwene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquess of Suffolke, Ambassadour for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal eftacue the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reguier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Jerusalem, and owne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Duxtie of Annu, and the Countie of Main, shal be releas'd and deliv'red to the King her father.

King. Vntie, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord, Some fouldane qualme hath strucke me at the heart, And dim'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Vnckle of Wincheller, I pray read on. Win. Item, It is further agreed betwene them, That the Duxtie of Annu, and Mains, shall be releas'd and deliv'red over to the King her father, and free from euery of the King of Englands wone proper gift and Charges, without baying any Demery.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down, We here create thee the fift Duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, We here discharge your Grace from being Regent P'th parts of France, till termes of eighteen moneths Be full expir'd. Thankes Vnckle Wincheller, Glofier, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick.

We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene.

Come, let vs in, and with all speche proud To fee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolk.

MANET THE REST.

Glo. Brute Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his greefe: Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land. What! did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin, and people in the warres? Did he so often lodge in open field? In Winters cold, and Summers parching heats, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To keepe by policy what Henry got:
Haue you your feues, Somerfet, Buckingham,
Braue Yorke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receive deepse fears in France and Normandy:
Or hath my Vnckle Beauford, and my felfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied to fo long, fat in the Counsell houfe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highness in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in delighte of fongs,
And shall thefe Labours, and thefe Honours dye?
Shall Henrys Conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peers of England, shamefull is this League,
Fattall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discoure?
This prororation with fuch circumfance:
For France, 'tis ours, and we will keep it still.
Glb. I Vnckle, we will keep it, if we can:
But now it is impofible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rood,
Hath giv'n the Dutche of Anjou and Mayne,
Vnto the poore King Reineger, whole large ftyle
Agree not with the leannes of his purfe.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Countes were the Keys of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwick, my valiant fonne?
War. For griefe, that they are paff recoverie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My fword shoud hewd hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine? My felfe did win them both:
These Prounces, thofe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, my felfe be fuffocate,
That dimis the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France shoud have teane and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings haue had
Large fummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King Henry guies away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Ham. A prover left, and never heard before,
That Suffolke shoud demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Cofts and Charges in tranporting her:
She should haue flaid in France, and fea'd in France
Before.

War. My Lord of Glofter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleafure of my Lord the King.
Ham. My Lord of Winchefter I know your minde.
'Tis not my fpeeches that you do miilike:
But 'tis my prefence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I fee thy furies? If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lostlings farewell, and fay when I am gone,
I prophefied, France will be loft ere long. Exit Humphrey.

Car. So, there goes our Protecor in a rage:
'Tis his ftronge leade to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me to the King;
Consider Lords, is he the next of blood,
And heyre apparrant to the English Crowne:
Had Henry got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Welt,
There's reafon he should be difplea'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewith your hearts, be wife and circumfected.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, Humphrey the good Duke of Glofter,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Isu maintain your Royall Excellence,
With God preerne the good Duke Humfrey:
I fear me Lords, for this flattering gloffe,
He will be found a dangerous Protecor.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himfelfe.
Cofin of Somerfet, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'll quickly howfe Duke Humfrey from his feat.
Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently.
Exit cardinall.
Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humphries pride
And greatneffe of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs take the haughty cardinall,
His infolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land befide,
If Glofter be difplea'd, he'll be Protecor.
Buc. Or thou, or I Somerfet will be Protecors,
Defpite Duke Humfrey, or the cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerfet.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While thefe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I never faw but Humfrey Duke of Glofter,
Dide beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I feene the haughty cardinall.
More like a Souladier then a man o'th'Church,
As fliut and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sware like a Ruffian, and demeane himfelfe
Unlike the Ruler of a common-weale.
Warwicke my fonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneffe, and thy honef-keeping,
Hath wonne the greates habour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey,
And Brother Yorke, thy A's in Ireland,
In bringing them to clift Difcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou went Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Joyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bride and fupprefs
The pride of Suffolke, and the cardinall,
With Somerfets and Buckinham's Ambition,
And as we may, cherih Duke Humphries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Yor. And fo faies Prinke,
For he hath greatest caufe.
Salisbury. Then let make haft away,
And looke vnto the maine.
Warwicke. Vnto the maine?

Oh Father, Mine is loft,
That Maine, which by my maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, fo long as breath did lafte:

Main
Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be flaine.

Exit Warrick, and Salisbury.
Maeet Yorks.
York. Amor and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone;
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheap penyworths of their pilage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still recoulding like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Wespe over them, and wrings his hapiffe hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is har'd, and all is borne away,
Ready totere, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke mutt fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lands are being fold for, and fold;
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Bear that to proportion to his life and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of Cadlon:
Maine and Maine both given vnto the French?
Cold newsed for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claim his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neath parts,
And make a fewe of love to proud Duke Humfray,
And when I trye advantage, jade the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster yfparke my right,
Nor haue the Scepter in his childish Fis,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whole Church-like humoris fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be fill a while, till time do ferue;
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till Henry furfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And Humfray with the Peers be fold at larse.
Then will I rase aloft the Milke-white-Rofe,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yield the Crowne,
Whole bookish Rule, hath pull'd England downe.

Exit York.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elliamor.
Elia. Why droopes my Lord like over-risen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which feremes to dimme thy fight?
What Left thou there? King Henries Diadem,
Inche'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and growel on thy face,
Vnitll thy head be circled with the fame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? I le lengthen it with mine,
And hang it both together head'd it vp,
With both together lift our heads to heaven,
And nearer more abase our fight to low,
As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may thy thoughts, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my left breathing in this mortal world.
My troubous dreams this night, doth make me sad.
Ell. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. I thought this flasse mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken Wande
Were plaide the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerfet,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Ell. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a flasse of Glovers gmeer,
Shall lose his head for his prefumption.
But li'th me my Humfrey, my Sweete Duke:
Me thought I late in Seate of Maledy,
In the Cathedrell Church of Weitminister,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queers wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret k Lindsey to me,
And on my head did let the Diadem,
And I thought my Dukedomes
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd Elliamor,
Art thou not secon Woman in the Realme?
And the Protecours wife befor'd of him?
Haft thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or comparte of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treaschiery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy felfe,
From top of Honor, to Discountes fecte?
Away from me, and let me haere no more.

Elia. What,what, my Lord? Are you so challerick
With Elliamor, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keep my dreames vnto my felfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter Maffiong.
Maff. My Lord, the Protecor, in his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. Alhons,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Ell. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glofer bears this safe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious tumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlefe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be facke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Are we there you? Sir John may feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.

Enter Hume.
Hume. Iesus preferue your Royall Malefey.


Hume. But by the grace of God, and Humes advice,
Your Grace's Title shall be multiplied.

Ell. What saith thou man? Haft thou as yet confer'd
With Margarit Jordane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bullingbrook the Conjuror?
And will you vnderake to do me good?

Hume. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rain'd from depth of vnder ground,
That shall make answere to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propelled him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinkin vpou the Questions:
When from Saint Albans we doe make returne,
We'll for these things effectcd to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightle cause.
Exit Elianor.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Ducheffe Gold:
Marry and shal; but how now, Sir Iohn Hume?
Seale vp your Lips, and glue no words but Mum,
The buffenelle asketh silent secrecie.
Dame Elianor giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a Deuil.
Yet haue I Gold flies from another Coist:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinal,
And from your great and newe Duke of Suffolke,
Yet do I finde it so; for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Eliamers aspiring humor)
Have hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheffe,
And buzzse these Confurations in her brayne.
They do, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Sufficiently and the Cardinalis Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
to call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I fear at lat,
Hume Knauerie will be the Ducheffe Wrackes,
And her Artifacture, will be Hampbreyes fall:
Sort how it will, I shal haue Gold for all. Exit

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers
Man being one.

1. Pet. My Maffers, let's stand cloe, my Lord Pro

techor will come this way by and by, and then we may defer
our Supplications in the Quill.
2. Pet. Marry the Lord protec hit, for hee a good man,
Iefu bleffe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him Ile be the first fure.

2. Pet. Come hacke foolie, this is the Duke of Suffolk,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow would't any thing with me?

1. Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica
tions to his Lordship? Let me fee them what is thine?

1. Pet. Mine is, and pleace your Grace, against Iohn
Goodman, my Lord Cardinalls Man, for keeping my Houfe,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeed.
What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of Suffolk,
for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now,
Sir Knaue?

2. Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Township.

Peter. Against my Mafter Thomas Horner, for faying,
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne.

Queene. What fay't thou? Did the Duke of Yorke
fay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Miftris was, No fortho; my Mafter
sald, That he was, and that the King was an Vfurer.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Mafter with a Pur
leuant prefently: wee'll hear more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Queene. And as for you that loure to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protechors Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and fue to him,

Teare the Suppllication.

Away, bafe Calions: Suffolke let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guile?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of Albins King?
What, shall King Henry be a Pupill fyll,
Vnder the faire Guide of the Gouernor;
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee Poole, when in the Cite Yours
Thou ran't A tilt in honor of my Loue,
And flott' away the Ladies heart of France;
I thought King Henry had refemblen them,
In Courage, Courthip, and Proportion:
But all his mine is bent to Holineffe,
To number Ave-Maris on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Saws of sacred Writ,
His Stude is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonical Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chafe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And for the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineffe.

Suff. Madeame be patient: as I was caufe
Your Highneffe came to England, fo will I
In England worke your Graves full content.

Queene. Bevide the haughtie Protector, have we Beauford
The imperious Churchman, Somerfer, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the leaff of thew,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of thefethat can doe more of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Nails:
Saliency and Warrick are no fimple Proces.

Queene. Not all thefet Lords do vexe me halfe fo much,
As that prov'd Dame, the Lord Protechor Wives:
She sweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Emprefle, then Duke Hampburyes Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenues on her backe,
And in her heart the Gromes our Pouterie:
Shall I not lice to be sueg'd on her 
Contempusous bafe-borne Callot as he is,
She vaunted mong't her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her word wearing Crowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolke gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madeame, my felshe have lym'd a Burth for her,
And plaet a Queer of fuch enticing Birds,
That she will light to litten to the Lyes,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her ref: and Madeame lif to me,
For I am bold to confaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet mutt we love him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in difgrace.

As
As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your fete shall see the happy Helme. Exit.

**Sound a Sammy.**

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duke of York.

**King.** For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.

**Yorke.** If Yorke have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

**Som.** If Yorke be unworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yield to him.

**Warw.** Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that Yorke is the worthy.

**Card.** All in this presence are thy better, Warwicke.

**Warw.** Warwicke may lie to be the best of all.

**Sahh.** Peace, Peace, and shew some reason Buckingham.

**Why Somerset should be prefered in this?**

**Queen.** Because the King forthwith will have it so.

**Humph.** 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?

**Humph.** Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will reign my Place.

**Suff.** Reign it then, and leave thine Infolence.

**Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?**
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prey'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Souveraignetie.

**Card.** The Commons haue too much of the Clergys Bags
Are laine and leave with thy Extortions.

**Som.** Thy tumultuous Buildings, and thy Wines Attyre
Have cost a maffe of publique Treafure.

**Buck.** Thy Crueltie in execution

**Vpon Offenders, hath exceed Law,**
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

**Queen.** Thy gale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the fuppech is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

**Exit Humphrey.**

**Glue me my��ser, what, Mynion, can ye not?**

**She gives the Duke a box on the ear.**

**I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?**

**Duch.** Was't I? yea, I it waggon'd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.

**King.** Sweet Aunt be quiet, twas against her will.

**Duch.** Against her will, good King! Duche to't in time,
Shee vnderstandes, and daileth thee like a baby:
Though in this place most Mafter wear no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Elianor vncruent.'d.

**Exit Elianor.**

**Buck.** Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elianor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceedes:
Shes tickled now, her) Fume needs no (purrers,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deferuption.

**Exit Buckingham.**

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**Enter Humphrey.**

**Humph.** Now Lord, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking alone about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your frightful false Obiecteds,
Prove them, and I yee open to the Law:
But God in mercie doe deal with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Country.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meett 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 Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.

**Yorke.** He tell thee, Suffolke, why I am vnmeet.
Firt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris be beleaguer'd, famish't, and loft.

**Warw.** That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

**Suff.** Peace head-strong Warwicke.

**Warw.** Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

**Enter Armorer and his Man.**

**Suff.** Because here is a man accused of Treafon,

**Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.**

**Yorke.** Dost any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

**King.** What mean't thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?

**Suff.** Please it your Maiestie, this is the man

**That dath accuse his Mafter of High Treafon:
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Vfurer.

**King.** Say man, were thoy thy words?

**Armorer.** And shall please thy Maiestie, I never sayd nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am falsely accus't by the Villaine.

**Peter.** By these tenne bones, my Lord, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were crowning my Lord of Yorkes Armorer.

**Yorke.** Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanical,
Ille haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speach:
I doe beleech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

**Armorer.** Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I speake the words: my accuer is my Prentice, and when I did correc't him for his fault the other day, he did v volte upon his knees he would be eu'n with me: I have good witnesse of this: therefore I beleech your Maiestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accacion.

**King.** Vnkle, what shall we fay to this in law?

**Humph.** This doome, my Lord, if I may judge I:

**Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,**

**Because in Yorke this breeds fufpicion;**
And let thee have a day appointed them

**For fingeal Combat, in consequent place,**
For he hath witnesse of his servants malice:

**This is the Law,** and this Duke Humphrey's doome.

**Som.** I
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traysors, and their train.
Bolde I think we watchet you at an ync.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonwesle
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pautes;
My Lord Protecor will, I doubt it not,
See you well guardeon't for these good defaters.
Elisener. Not halfe fo bad as thine Englands King,
Injurous Duke, that threatens where's no caufe.

Buck. True Madame, none at allwhat call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp clofe,
And kept asunder; 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 watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chofen to build upon,
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.
What hate we here?
Readie.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose;
But he out-flies, and dye a violent death.
Why this is luf, Aio Æsidae Romanes vincere poffi,
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall be dyse, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him hymne Cattles,
Safer shall be upon the fandie Plaines,
Then where Cattles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
Thefe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderstood.
The King is now in progreffe towards Saint Albones,
With him, the Husband of this loyly Lady:
Thither goes these News,
As faft as Horfe can carry them:
A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protecor.
Buck. Your Grace that glue me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.
Thank York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, howe?

Enter a Servinger.
Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Enter the King, Queens, Protecor, Cardinal, and
Suffolke, with Fairlyners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better spring these feuen yeeres day:
Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old Joane had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pthich the fiew about the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Ye Man and Birds areayne of climbing high.

Suff. No manuall, and it like your Maleftie,
My Lord Protecor Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Matter loues to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcont Pitch.

Giff. My Lord, it is a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore:

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.
Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboute the Clouds.

Glafs. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?

King. The Treasure of erectaing Ioe.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart, Pernicious Protecor, dangerous Peere, That smootht it fo with King and Common-eweale.

Glafs. What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremortorie?

Tantane animis Castellibus irae, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such malleice:

With such Holyneffe can you doe it?

Suff. No malleice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and to bad a Peere.

Glafs. At who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.


Queene. And thy Ambition, Glafs.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,

And what not on these furious Peeres,

For blesse who are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blesse for the Peace I make Against this proud Protecor with my Sword.

Glafs. Faith holy Vnckle, would're come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou darst.

Glafs. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne perfon anwre thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou darst not pepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin Glafs.

Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glafs. True Vnckle, are ye adu'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle Glafs?

Glafs. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

Ile haue your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence hall faile,

Card. Meditate teipsum, Protecor fec to't well, protec

your felic.

King. The Wines grow high,

So doe your Stomackes, Lords;

How irkefome is this Muffick to my heart?

When such Stings iare, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this thirfe.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glafs. What means this noyse?

Forsoe, what Miracle do'th thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffkly. Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-

racle.

One. Forsoe, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine, Within this halfe hour hath receu'd his fight,

A man that ne'er was in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleuing Soules

Gues Light in Darkneffe, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Major of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man between two in a Choyse.

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Procellion, To preent your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his fight his fame be multiplied.

Glafs. Stand by, my Maiters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, haft thou beene long blinde, and now refor'd?

Simpe. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I interede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glafs. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou coul'dst have better tolde.

King. Where went thou borne?

Simpe. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:

Let Societie nor Night unhallowed paffe,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,

Cam't thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,

To this holy Shrines?

Simpe. God knowes of pure Deuotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and after,

In my sleepe, by good Saint Albon:

Who faid, Symon, come; some offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Molt true, forsoe,

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,

To call him to.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpe. I, God Almightye helpe me.

Suff. How can't thou so?

Simpe. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maiter.

Glafs. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simpe. O borne so, Maiter.

Glafs. What, and would'ft climb a Tree?

Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glafs. Maiter, thou lost thy Plumes well, that would'ft venture so.

Simpe. Alas, good Maiter, my Wife defired some Damfons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Glafs. A subtille Knaue, but yet it shall not serve:

Let me see thine Eyes; wink now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou feest not well.

Simpe. Yes Maiter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albon.

Glafs. Say'th thou me so; what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simpe. Red Maiter,Red as Blood.

Glafs. Why that's well faid; What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpe. Black forsoe,Coule-Black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet I thanke,Jet did he never see.

Glafs. But
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.
Wife: Neuer before this day, in all his life.
Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simp. Alas Mafter, I know not.
Gloft. What's his Name?
Simp. I know not.
Gloft. Not his?
Simp. No Indeede, Mafter.
Gloft. What's thine owne Name?
Simp. Sauder Sinpex, and if it please you, Mafter.
Gloft. Then Sauder, fit there,
The lyng in't Knaue in Chriftendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might't as well have knoune all our Names,
As thus to name th' feuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diftinguifh of Colours:
But suddenly to nominat them all,
It is impoffible.
My Lords, Saint Albane here hath a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Couning to be great,
That could refore this Cripple to his Legges again.
Simp. Of Mafter, that you could?
Gloft. My Masters of Saint Albane,
Have you not Beales in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?
Mater. Yes, my Lord, if it pleafe your Grace,
Gloft. Then fend for one prefently.
Mater. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hithe right.
Exit.
Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoole hithe by and by,
Now Sirrha, if you meane to fave your felfe from Whipping,
leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.
Simp. Alas Mafter, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we muft have you find your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that fame Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doubtles,quickly.
Simp. Alas Mafter, what shall I do?
I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle bath hit him once, be leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they fell downe, and cry of a Miracle.
King. O God, feele thou this, and beare it fo long?
Queen. It made me laugh, to fee the Villaine runne.
Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Gloft. Let th' be whippe through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.
Card. Duke Hamfray ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lane to leape and flye away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A fort of naughty perfons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacies
Of Lady Elianor, the Protectes Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue prafti'd dangeroufly againft your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Faft,
Raying vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King, Henrys Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Counciell,
As more at large your Grace shal understand.
Card. And to 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 keepe your houre.
Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, lease to afflift my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquifh'd all my powers;
And vanquifh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.
King. O God, what mischieves work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.
Queen. Gloft, fee here the Tainture of thy Neck,
And looke thy felfe be maltreated in a worth belt.
Gloft. Madame, for my felfe, to Haueen I doe appeal,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I have hear'd,
Noble thee is: but if thee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and couer'st with fuch,
As like to Pythch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And glue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glofters honeft Name,
King. Well, for this Night we will repofe vs here:
To monrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Buffnesse therowly,
And call thes foule Offenders to their Anfweres;
And povyf the Caulfe in Juftice equall Scales,
Whole Beame stands firm, whole rightful caufe prevails.
Flerifh, Excite.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our fample Supper ended, give me leaue,
In this clofe Walke, to satisfe my felfe,
In cranving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crown.
Sallib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Horn. Sweet York do begin and if thy clambe be good,
The Neuells are thy Subiects to command,
York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had feuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Langet, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was Edward Langley, Duke of Yorke;
The fext, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glofters;
William of Windsor was the feuenteenth, and laft.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him Richard, his only Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, reign'd as King,
Till Henry Bullingbrook, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldeft Sonne and Heire of Iohn of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seize'd on the Reall Crown, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence she came,
And
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleffe Richard was murthered traitorously.

Warm. 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 Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Iffue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Iffue Philip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March;
Edmund had Iffue, Roger, Earl of March;
Roger had Iffue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salib. This Edmund, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendore, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captitie, till he dyed.

But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sifter, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmund Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earl of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmund Mortimer,
Who marryed Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Iffue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warm. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, York claymes it from the third:
Till Lionel Iffue layes, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, false flippes of such a Stock,
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall falute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Dob. Long live our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

York. We thank you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be thay'd;
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advisit and silent cerelee.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes infolence,
As Beaufords Pride, at Somerets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue fear'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deathe, if York can prophesie.

Salib. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

Warm. My heart affurres me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

York. And Neilis, this I doe affure my felle,
Richard shall lye to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to benifh the Duke.

King. Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gistles Wife:
In fight of God, and vs,your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for finne,
Such as by Gods Bookes are aduiz'd to death,
You foure from hence to Prifon, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be trangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoiled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir Iohn Stanly, in the Isle of Man.

Eleanor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Glys. Eleanor, the Law thou feest hath judg'd thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humfrey, this diuision in thine age,
Will bring thy head with forrow to the ground.
I beforch your Maiestie glise me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would foliaze, and mine Age would waste.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Glitter,
Ere thou goe, glue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my fay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feetes:
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no leaff belowd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queen. I see no reason, why a King of yeere
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Glue vp thy Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glys. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same refigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy fete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiosly receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Glister.

Queen. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Glitter, scarce himselfe,
That beares fo throwed a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banifht, and a Limbe lopt off,
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it beft fits to be, in Henries hand.

Soft. Thus droupes this litle Pyne, & hangs his sprays,
Thus Eliamers Pride dies in her yongest dayes.

York. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorour and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Hightnesse to behold the fight.

Queen. I good my Lords: for purposely therefore
Left 1 the Court, to fee this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name fee the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

York. I never saw a fellow worfe behinde,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armorour, my Lords.
Enter at one Dooe the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge followed to it: and at the other Dooe his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbour. Here Neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbour. And here Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charmecco.

3. Neighbour. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbour drinkke, and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come y'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drinkke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Apore; and Wild, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleffe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fame already.

Salib. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirtha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter, Peter fortooth.

Salib. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salib. Thumpe? Then fee thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans Injigation, to proue him a Knave, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter have at thee with a downe-right blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knave tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter frays him down.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-

tor.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast praught't in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traitor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Justice hath reveng'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfullie. Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Sound a flourite. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his Man in Mourning Cloaths.

Gl oft. Thus sometime hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, clouded with care;
Barren Winter, with its wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Carres and loves abound, as Sevens fleet.
Sirrs, what's a Clocke?

Srs. Tenne, my Lord.

Gl oft. Tenne is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dukeesse:
Vnehath may thee endure the Fairie Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, all can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abject People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Lookes laughing at thy flame,
That earl did follow thy proud Charlot-Wheels,
When thou di'dst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare
My team-foynd eyes, to see her Miferies.

Enter the Duchs on a white Sheet, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Srs. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sherife.

Gl o f t. No, firre not for your blues, let her passe by.

El i a n e r. Come, you, my Lord, to see my open flame?
Now thou dost Penance too. Lookke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Gl o f t, hide thee from their hateful lookes,
And in thy Clofe pent vp, rue my flame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gl o f t. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grieve.

El i a n e r. Ah Gl o f t, teach me to forget my felfe:
For whileft 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't vp in flame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reclouye
To see my tears, and heare my deep-fet groanes.
The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I fang, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be aduised how I tredse.

Ah Humphrey, can I bear this shamefull yoke?
Trowest thou, that ere Ie looke upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?
Nor Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometimes Ite say, I am Duke Humphrey's Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he ful'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whileft I his forlome Dukeesse,
Was made a wonder, and a poynting stock
To every Idle Raffall follower.

But be thou milde, and buft not at my flame,
Nor firre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as fure it shortly will.
For Suflices, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And Yorkes, and impious Beaunard, that faile Priest,
Haue all lyn'd Buffes to betray thys Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be flat'd,
Nor never feckle prevention of thy foes.

Gl o f t. Ah Nell, forbearethou aymett all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times fo many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any fcafe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimelefe.
Would't haue me restore thee from this reproach?:

n  Why
Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away, 
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greater helpe is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee for thy heart to patience, 
Thes fewe days wonder will be quickly wonne: 

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament, 
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth. 

Glo. And my content ne're ask'd herein before? 
This is clofe dealing. Well, I will be there. 

My Nell, I take my lease: and Marter Sheriff, 
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commision. 
Sb. And't pleafe your Grace, here my Commision fayes: 
And Sir Iohn Staunton is appointed now, 
To take her with him to the Ile of Man. 

Glo. Muft you, Sir Iohn, moste my Lady here? 
Staunton. So am I guien in charge, may't pleafe your Grace. 

Glo. Entretain her not the worfe, in that I pray 
You vfe her well: the World may laugh againe, 
And I may liue it, and kinderly, if you doe it her. 
And fo Sir Iohn, farewell. 

Ellenor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell? 
Glo. Witneffe my teares, I cannot stay to speake. 

Ellenor. Art thou gone too? all comfort goe with thee, 
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death, 
Death, at whole Name I oft have beene afar'd, 
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternite. 
Staunton, I prethee goe, and take me hence, 
I care not whither, for I begge no favour; 
Onely consey me where thou art commanded. 
Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man, 
There to be v'd according to your State. 

Ellenor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach: 
And shall I then be v'd reproachfully? 
Stanley. Like to a Ducheffe, and Duke Humfryes Lady, 
According to that State you shall be v'd. 

Ellenor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare, 
Although thou haft beene Conduct of my flame. 
Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. 
Ellenor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is dicharg'd: 
Come Stanely, farewell we goe? 
Stanley. Madame, your Penance done, 
Throw off this Sheet, 
And goe we to atuye you for our journey. 

My Name will not be shrutted with my Sheet: 
No, it will hang upon my richet Robes, 
And shew it faire, atuye me how I can. 
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prinon. 

Sound a Seruet. Enter King, Queens, Cardinall, Suffolke, 
York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Parliament. 

King. I mufe my Lord of Glofuer is not come: 
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, 
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now. 
Queene. Can you not find, or will you not obferue 
The strangenesse of his alterd Counfancen? 
With what a Malefie he bears himfelfe, 
How infolent of late he is become, 
How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himfelfe. 
We know the time since he was milde and affable, 
And if we did chance a farre-off Looke, 
Immediately he was vpon his Knees, 
That all the Court admir'd him for submiffion. 
But meet him now, and be in the Morne, 
When every one willowe the time of day, 
He knits his Brow, and shearues an angry Eye, 
And paffeth by with fille wheeved Knees, 
Disdaining dute that to vs belongs. 
Small Curres are not regarded when they gyinne, 
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, 
And Humfrye is no little Man in Engaine. 
Firft note, that he is more you in difcrete, 
And should you fall, he is the next will mount. 
Me feemeth then, it is no Pollicie, 
Refpecting what a rancorous minde he beares, 
And his advantage following your deceafe, 
That he should come about your Royall Perfon, 
Or be admitted to your Highneffe Counsell. 
By ilatterie hath he wonn the Commons hearts: 
And when he pleafe to make Commodity, 
'Tis to be feared they all will follow. 
Now's the Spring, and Weeds are hallow-rooted, 
Suffer them now, and they're o'grow the Garden, 
And choyce the Herbes for want of Husbandry. 
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord, 
Made me collect thefe dangers in the Duke, 
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare: 
Which feare, if better Realions can frupplant, 
I will subfcribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke, 
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Yorke, 
Reprofe my allegation, if you can, 
Or elle conclude my words effectual. 
Suff. Well hath your Highneffe feene into this Duke: 
And had I fere beene put to speake my minde, 
I think I should haue told your Graves Tale. 
The Ducheffe, by his fubornation, 
Vpon my Life began her dwelliing prafilies: 
Or if he were not prude to thole Faults, 
Yet by reputing of his high difcrete, 
As next the King, he was fucceffe Neire, 
And fuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie, 
Did ingrate the Bedlam braine-fick Ducheffe, 
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraigne fall, 
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deep, 
And in his Mountes he worshipes, 
The Fox barkes not, when he will feace the Lambe. 
No, no, my Soueraigne, Glofuer is a man 
Vnfauned yet, and full of deep deceit. 
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, 
Desire for his deaths, for small offend done? 
Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorfhip, 
Leue great fummes of Money through the Realme, 
For Soudrers pay in France, and neuer fent it? 
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted. 
But, yet, there are petty faults to faults unknowne, 
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humfrye. 
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of vs, 
To move downe Thones that would annoy our Foot, 
Is worthy prayse: but holl I speake my confience, 
Our Kinman Glofuer is as innocent, 
From meaning Trefon to our Royall Perfon, 
As is the fucking Lambe, or harmelfe Dowe: 
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well guien, 
To dreame on eull, or to worke my downefall. 
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance? 
Seemes he a Dowe? his feathers are but borrow'd, 
For he's difpoof'd as the hatefull Rauen, 
Is he a Lambe? his Skinner is surely lent him,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For hee's enclinn'd as is the raenous Wolves.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meane's deceit.
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that draulfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto your gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcame Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Intrest in those Territories,
is ytterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Fare. Cold Newes for me I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thas are my Blossomes blustred in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedy this greate ere long,
Or fell my Title for a glorious Grace.

Enter Glosters.

Gloft. All happinese vnto your Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue flay'd so long.

Suff. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnleffe thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arreft thee of High Treason here.

Gloft. Well Suffelie, thou shalt not see me bluss,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreft:
A Heart vnflipp'd, is not eaily daunted.
The purest Spring is not soe free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treafon to your Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Turke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protecor, lay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meane whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Gloft. Is it but thought so?
What are thay that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studyng good for England.
That Dayt that ere I werte from the King,
Or any Groat I hoor'd to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Trayll day.
No, many a Pound of mine owne proper flore,
Because I would not taxe the needle Commons,
Haue it all-purued to the Caretours,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It fetues you well, my Lord, to fay soe much.

Gloft. I fay no more then truth,fo helpe me God.

Turke. In your Protecorship, you did deuife Strange Tortures for Offenders,never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloft. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protecor,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offenders teares,
And lowly words were Rantome for their fault:
Vnleffe it were a bloody Murderer,
Or foule felonious Thieves, that flee'd soe poore passengers,
I never gauue them condigne punishment.

Murther indee, that bloodie finnes, I tortur'd
About the Felon,or what Trepas eile.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are raue,quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaily purge your selfe.

I doe arreft you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all furpence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these daies are dangerous:
Vertue is chokt with foule Ambition,
And Charlie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant.
And Equitie cail'd your Highnesse Land,
I know, their Complot to have my Life,
And if my death might make this Illand happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all Willingsnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousandes more, that yet suspeect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blieb his hearts mallice,
And Suffelie cloudie Brow his torment;
Sharpe Buckinghams withurthens with his tongue,
The enious Load that lies upon his heart:
And dogged Turke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
By faffe acoue doth louell at my Life.

And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reft,
Cauffieke hase lay'd diferages on my head,
And with your biff endeuour have fhir'd vp
My liefeft Liege to be mine Enerie:
I,all of you lay'd your heads together,
My felle had notice of your Consenticles,
And all to make away my quittiffe Life.
I shall not want faufe Witnesse, to condemn me,
Nor flore of Trefons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effect,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogg.

Card. My Liege, his raying is intolerable.
If thoes that care to keepe your Royall Perfons
From Trefons secret Kniffe, and Trators Rages,
Be thus vpbrayed, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender grunted spoce of speech,
'Twill make them comple in zale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Habi he not trowt our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely couth?
As if he had fubborned fome to fare
Falle allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qne. But I can give the lofer lease to chide.

Gloft. Farre truer (fike then my fay'd):
I lofe indeede,
Behrow the winners, for they play'd me falle,
And well fuch losers may haue lease to speake.

Buck. Hee'll wret the fonce, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloft. Ah,thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepherbe beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnauling, who shall gnow thee firft.
Ah that my fere were falle, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloft.

King. My Lords, what to your wildeome feemeth beft,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our fere were here.

Quen. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliament?

King. I Margaret is my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose fould begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round enyght with miferie:
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

For what's more miserable than Discontent?
Ah Wrickle Humfrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good Humfrey, is the hour to come,
That ere I prou'd thee faile, or fear'd thy faith.

What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
That thee great Lords, and Margaret our Queene, Doe feake subversion of thy harmelesse Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straues,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houle;
Euen so remorselesse hau'e they borne him hence:
And as the Dummie runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one vp,
And can doe naught but waile her Darlings losse;
Euen so my selfe bewayles good Glofiers cafe
With fad vnhelpful trares, and with dim'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So which are his vowed Enemies.

His fortunes I will wepe, and twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traitor? Glofier is he none. Exit.

Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs.
Too full of foolish pittie: and Glofiers thew
Beguiles him, as the mornenfull Crocodile
With fawre fnares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowering Banke,
With fihing chroncker'd should doth fling a Child,
That for the beate he thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wife then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Glofier should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthlie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.
Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour to faile his Life,
The Common haply rife, to faue his Life;
And yet we haue but trivsall argument,
More then mistrust, that theves him worthy death.

Turke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah Turke, no man alio, fo faine as I.

Turke. 'Tis Turke that hath more reafon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
Wet't not all one, an empirle Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protectors.

Queene. So the poor Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame 'tis true i and wen't not madneffe then,
To make the Fox Surueroy of the Fold?
Who being accou'd a crafifie Murtherer,
His guilt shou'd be but idly pouted ouer,
Because his purpofe is not executed.
No let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be flay'n with Crimon blood,
As Humfrey prou'd by Reafons to my Queene.
And doe not stand on Quiflers how to flay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snare, by Subtlete,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deciet,
Which mates him ftrike, that ftrike inten'd deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke,
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often speaked, and feldome meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preferre my Suveraigne from his Poe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieff.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Em you can take due Orders for a Prieff:
Say you confent, and cenfure well the deed,
And Ie provide his Executioner,
I tend to the fafttie of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And fo say I.

Turke. And I: and now we three hau'e spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours(Lords)and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vcurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that caues a quick expedient flope.
What counfaile you in this weightie cause?

Turke. That Somerfit be fent as Regent thither:
'Tis meeet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Sum. If Turke, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neuer would have fayd in France fo long.

Turke. No, not to lose it all, as thou haft done.
I rather would have loft my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By flaying there fo long, till all were loft.
Shew me one scarre, charafter'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh prefer'd to whole, doe feldome winne.
Oh. Nay then, this sparkle will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Turke, this Somerfit be fll.
Thy fortune, Turke, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might haply have prou'd farre worfe then his.

Turke. What, worfe then naught? nay, then a flame take all.

Somerfit. And in the number, thee, that without flame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vncluil Keernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Contie fome,
And trie your hap againft the Iriſhmen?

Turke. I will, my Lord; fo pleaſe his Maieſtie.
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his content,
And what we doe eſtablifh, he confirmes:
Then, Noble Turke, take thou this ſtate in hand.

Turke. I am content: Prudeine me Soulidrs, Lords,
While I take order for mine Owne affaires.
Suff. A charge, Lord Turke, that I will fee perform'd.
But now returne we to the faile Duke Humfrey.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And fo brake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talke of that event.

Turke, My
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

York. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteen and three dayes At Bristow I expect my Souldiers, For there Ile ship them all for Ireland. Exit. Enter York.

York. Now York, or yeare, thee thy fearful thoughts, And change misfortune to resolution; Be that thou hop'st it be, or what thou art; Refuse to death, it is not worth thy enjoying: Let pale-fac'te fear keepes with the mean-estate man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. Faster the Spring-time flowres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitate. My Bayney, more bufe then the laboring Spider, Woues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies. Well Nobles, well 'tis politickly done, To send me packing with an Host of men: I feare me, you but warme the starred Snake, Who cherisht in your breaths, will sting your hearts. Two men I lack't, and you will giue them me; I take it kindly; yet be well affur'd, You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty Band, I wil three vp in England some black Storme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell: And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage, Untill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames, Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe. And for a minister of my intent, I have found'd a head-Strong Kentishman, John Cad of Ashford, To make Commination, as well full he can, Vnder the Title of John Mortimer. In Ireland haue I seene this rubborne Cad, Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kentes, And fought so long, till that his thighs with Darts Were almoast like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine: And in the end being refuced, I haue seene Him capre vright, like a wilde Morico, Shackling the bloody Darts, as he his Bees. Full of teen, like a dag-hay'ld craftye Korne, Hath he counteued with the Enemy, And vindicuer'd, come to me again, And giuen me notice of their Villanies. This Deuill here shall be my subsitute: For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speech he doth resembel. By this, I shall percieve the Commons minde, How they affeft the Houfe and Clayme of York. Say he be taken, ract, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict upon him, Will make him say, I moutd him to these Armes. Say that he throug, as 'tis great like he will, Why then from Ireland come I with my strength, And reape the Harrett which that Rackall fow'd. For Humphrey; being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart: the next for me. Exit. Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humphrey.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing? 1. I, my good Lord, he's dead. Suff. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venoustous deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand, Have you laid faire the Bed? Is all things well, According as I gave directions? 1. 'Tis, my good Lord. Suff. Away, be gone. Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinali, Suffolke, Someret, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our Vnckle to our preffence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published. Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit. King. Lords take your places; and I pray you all Proceed no further joiniff our Vnckle Glister, Then from true evidence, of good edeme, He be approu'd in proufible culpable. Queen. God forbid any Malice shou'd preuyle, That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may acquitt him of fution. King. I thanke thee Neil, these words content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.


King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me? Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note, Whose dimmell tune bereft my Vtill powres: And chinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breast, Can chafe away the first-concied found? Hide not thy poyson with such fuged words, Lay not thy hands on me: for beare I say, Theirch affright me as a Serpents fling. Thou halfefull Meffinger, out of my fight, Vpon thy eye-balls, murtherous Tyranie Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World. Lookes not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding; Yet doe not goe away: come Balsike, And kill the innocent gazers with thy fight: For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy; In life, but double death, now Glister's dead. Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus? Although the Duke was enemy to him, Yet he moit Christen-like laments his death: And for my selfe, For as he was to me, Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes, Or blood-consuming fighes recall his Life;
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with groines, Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes, And all to have the Noble Duke alive. What know I how the world may deeme of me? For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends: It may be judg'd I made the Duke away, So fhal my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach! This get I by his death! Aye me vnhappy, To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie. 

King. Ah woe is me for Goflter, wretched man. Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is. What, Doff thou turne away, and hide thy face? I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me. What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe? Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene. Is all thy comfort shut in Glottern Tombe? Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy love. Erst fadly and mournfully, And make my Image but an Ale-house signe. Was this for your wrack'd upon the Sea, And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke Drowne backe againe vnto my Native Clime. What boyled this? but well fore-warning winde Did fume to lay, feke not a Scorpions Neiz, Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore. What did I then? But curst the gentle guts, And he that loo'd them forth their Brazen Caus, And bid them blow towards Englands bleffed shore, Or turne our Steare vpon a dreadfull Rocke: Yet Aelous would not be a murtherer, But left that hateful office vnto thee. 

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me, Knowing that thou would haue me drown'd on shore With teares as fall as Sea, through thy vntimelie. The splitting Rockes cowrd in the finking lands, And would not dash me with their ragged fides, Because thy flinte heart more hard then they, Might in th' Pallace, perif Elianor. 

As faire as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffeis, 
When from thy Shore, the Tempett beate vs backe, I ftood vpon the Hatches in the fhorne: 
And when the duskie sky, began to rob 
My earnest-gaping-light of thy Lands view, 
I tooke a cottle Lewell from my necke, 
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds, 
And the Lion, then I receiv'd it, 
And fo I wish'd thy body might my Heart: 
And even with this, I loft faire Englands view, 
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart, 
And call'd them blinde and duske Specktlees, 
For looking ken of Lillions withidh Coak. 
How often have I tempted Suffolkes tongue (The agent of thy foul incontenance) 
To fit and watch me as Ascanius did, 
When he to madding Dido would unfold 
His false Heart, and wonder'd it, 
Am I not wish't like her? Or thou not falle like him? 
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Elianor, 
For Henry weeps, that thou doft liue so long.

Noys within. Enter Warwickes, and many Commons. 

A Ass to hate ye Noble Leaper 
That good Duke Humfrey Traitiously is murdred

By Suffolke, and the Cardinal Beauford means: 
The Commons like an angry Hue of Bees That want their Leader, flatter vp and downe, 
And care not who they fling in his renuage. 
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie, 
Vntill they heare the order of his death. 

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'ts too true, 
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry: Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corps, 
And comment then vpon his fodiesne death. 

War. That shal I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie With the rude multitude, till I returne. 

King.O thou that judggest all things, stay my thoughts: 
My thoughts, that labour to perwade my soul, 
Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life: 
If my suspic pe be false, forgive me God, 
For judgement onely doth belong to thee: 
Faint would I go to chafe his pale lips, 
With twenty thousand liftes, and to drain 
Upon his face an Ocean of falt teares, 
To tell my loue vnto his dunme deafe truncke, 
And with my fingers feel his hand, vanfeeling: 
But all in vaine are thefe meane Obsequies, 

Bed foc forth. 

And to furvey his dead and earthly Image: 
What were it but to make my sorrow greater? 

War. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body. 

King. That is to see how deepe my graze is made, 
For with his foule fled all my worldly falace: 
For seeing him, I see my life in death. 

War. As surely as my foule intends to live 
With that dread King that tooke our flate vpon him, 
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull corfe, 
I do beleue that violent hands were laid 
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke. 

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, fware with a solemn tongue: 
What infance gives Lord Warwick for his vow. 

War. See how the blood is feted in his face. 

Oh haue I fene a timely-parted Ghost, 
Of shfy femeance, meager, pale, and bloodlefe, 
Being all defendd to the labouring heart, 
Who in the Confift that it holds with death, 
Attraft the fame for ayance gaind the enemy, 
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 
To bluife and beautifie the Cheefe apaine. 

But fce, his fides are blacke, and fce especially. 

His eye-balles furuey'd, 
His blacke, and fce especially. 

With the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 
To bluife and beautifie the Cheefe apaine. 
With the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 
To bluife and beautifie the Cheefe apaine. 
With the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth, 
To bluife and beautifie the Cheefe apaine.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Warm. Who finds the Hefter dead, and bleeding fresh, And feaft-bys, a Butcher with an Axe, But will fufepe't, twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttovx Neft, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte foare with vbadooded Beake? Euen fo fupilious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Saffolk? where is your Knife? Is Blanfard team'd to a Kyte? where are his Yalloys? Saff. I ware no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men, But here's a vengeful Sword, ratted with cafe, That shall be fowred in his rancorous heart, That flanders me with Murther's Crimfon Badge. Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faultle in Duke Humfrey's death,

Warm. What dares not Warwicks, if falle Saffolk dare him? Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor ceafe to be an arrogat Controller, Though Saffolk dare him twente thousand times. Warm. Madame be still! who reverence may I fay, For every word you fpake in his behalf, Is flander to your Royall Dignite.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor, If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord fo much, Thy Mother tooke into her hand this blade, That thou thy felfe want borne in Battardie; And after all this fearfull Homage done, Give thee thy hyre, and fend thy Soule to Hell, Pernicious blood-fucker of fleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I fhed thy blood, If from this prefence thou dar'st goe with me. Warm. Away eu'en now, or I will drag thee hence: Vnworthy though thou art, lie cope with thee, And doe some fervice to Duke Humfrey's Ghof. "Exeunt."

King. What stronger Breath-plate then a heart vntaintled? Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell luft; And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele, Whole Conience with Injuftice is corrupted. *A noyfe within.*

Queen. What noyfe is this?

Enter Saffolk and Warwicks, with their Weapons drawn.

King. Why how now Lords? Your wrathfull Weapons drawne, Here in our prefence? Dare you be fo bold? Why what tumultuous clamor have we here? Saff. The tray'trous Warwicks, with the men of Bury, Set all vpon me, myghtie Soueraigne.

Enter Salibury.

Salib. Sirs fstand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, Vnleeffe Lord Saffolk fraught is to be done to death, Or banifhed faire Englands Territories, They will by violence teare him from your Palace, And torture him with grievous lingering death. They fay, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'd: They fay, in him they feare your Highneffe death; And moree infinct of Loue and Loyallie, Free from a fubborne oppofite Intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Makes them thus forward in his Banifhment. They fay, in care of your moft Royall Person, That if your Highneffe fhould intend to fleepe, And charge, that no man fhould disturbe your reft, In paine of your diflikes, or paine of death; Yet notwithstanding fuch a strait Edict, Were there a Serpent fene, with forked Tongue, That flily gyled towards your Maieffie, It were but neceffarie you were wake't: Leafe being fuffer'd in that harrefull fomber, The mortal Worme might make the deep eternal. And therefore doe they cry, though you forbide, That they will guard you, where you will, or no, From fuch fell Serpents as falle Saffolk is; With whole fummoned and falfal trilling, Your loungfull Vackle, twente times his worth, They fay is fumefull benef of life.

Commons within. An anfwre from the King, my Lord of Salibury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolift Hinde, Could fend fuch Melfage to their Soueraigne: But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd, To fhew how quieft an Orator you are. But all the Honor Salibury hath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embaffador, Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King. Within. An anfwre from the King, or we will all brake in.

King. Goe Salibury, and tell them all from me, I thanke them for their tender louing care; And had I not beene cled fo by them, Yet did I pursufe as they do entreat. For fie, my thoughts doe hourly prophets, Mischance vnto my State by Saffolk's meanes. And therefore by his Maieffe I flawe, Whole farre-vnworthie Depute I am, He fhall not breathe infection in this syre, But three days longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Saffolk.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Saffolk. No more I fay: if thou do't please for him, Thou wilt but adde encreafe unto my Wrath, Had I but fayd, I would have kept my Word; But when I fware, it is irreucable: If after three days fpace thou here be't found, On any ground that I am Ruler of, The World fhall not be Ranfome for thy Life. Come Warwicks, come gentle Warwicks, goe with mee, I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Discontent, and fowre Affiliation, Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie: There's two of you, the Deuill make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your fresh. Suff. Ceafe, gentle Queene, thefe Execrations, And let thy Saffolk take his heneul leave.

Queene. Fye.
Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft hearted wretch, Haft thou not spirit to curfe thine enemy, 
Suf. A plague vpon them wherefore should I curfie them? Would curfes kill, as doth the Mandrakes groane, I would invent as bitter fearching termes, As curf, as harf, and horrible to heare, Deliuer'd strongly through my ffixed teeth, With full as many fignes of deadly hate, As Jeane-fa'd enuy in her loathfome cue. My tongue fhould fhumble in mine earneft words, Mine eyes fhould sparkle like the beaten Flint, Mine haire be fixt an end, as one driatraf; I, every loynt fhould feeme to curfe and ban, And even now my burch'en heart would breake Should I not curf them. Pay fon be their drinke. Gall, worfe then Gall, the dainfiet that they tale: Their sweetefl fhaie, a groue of Cyprife Trees: Their cheefeplef soft, mured ring Baffiilkes: Their foffet Touch, as fmart as Lyzards ftings: Their Muficke, brighten from the fonets hiffe, And hoading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full. All the foule teffors in darke feated hall——
Q. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment't thy felfe, And thofe dread curfes like the Sunne 'gainf glaffe, Or like an ouer-charg'd Gun, recoile, And turns the force of them vpon thy felif. 
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue? Now by the ground that I am bani'd from, Well could I curfe away a Winters night, Though fanding naked on a Mountaine top, Where byting cold would never let graffe grow, And think it but a minute spent in fport. Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee ceafe, give me thy hand, That I may diew it with my mountfull teares: Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place, To wafh away my wofull Monuments. Oh, could this knief be printed in thy hand, That thou might'f think vpon thee thefe by the Seale, Through whom a thousand fighes are breath'd for thee. So get thee gone, that I may know my griefe, "Thou art munifl'd, while thou art fanding by, As one that furtiffs, thinking on a want: I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd, Adventure to be banifhed my felfe: And banifhed I am, if but from thee. Go, Speake not to me; even now be gone. Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd, Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thoufand leaves, Loath'er a hundred times to part then dye; Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee. 
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banifhed, Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. "Thou not the Land I care for, were't thou thence, A Wilderneffe is populous enough, So Suffolk had thy heavenly company: For where thou art, there is the World it felfe, With every fearefull pleafure in the World: And where thou art not, Deaf't Son. I can no more: Lie thou to loy thy life; My felfe no loy in noth, but that thou liu't. Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whether goes Vaux fo faft? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To figuerie vnto his Maiefty, That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death: For הודantly a greoue ficknelfe tooke him, That makes him gape, and flare, and catch the arie, Blafpheming God, and curfing men on earth. Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humphrie Ghost Were by his fide: Sometime, he calleth the King, And whispers to his pillow, as to him, The fecrets of his ouer-charg'd foule, And I am fent to tell his Maieftie, That even now he cries aloud for him.

Qu. Go tell this heay Meffige to the King. Exit Aye me! What is this World? What newes are there? But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore Ioffe, Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foules Treafure? Why ouely Suffolke mourne I not for thee? And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares? Theirs for the earths encreafe, mine for my forrowes. Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ft it comings, If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot fee, And in thy fight to dye, what were it elfe, But like a peefant flumber in thy lap? Here could I breath my soule into the ayre, As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe, Dying with mothers dudge betweene it's lips. Where from thy fights, I fhould be raging mad, And cry out for thee to clofe vp mine eyes: To have thee with thy lippe to flop my mouth: So fhould't thou cyther turne my flying foule, Or I fhould breathe it fo into thy body, And then it liu'd in swete Elizium. To dye by thee, were but to dye in left, From thee to dye, were torture more then death: Oh let me flay, befall what may befal. Queen. Away! Though parting be a fretfull coroife, It is applid to a deathfull wound. To France I sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee: For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe, He have an Iris that shall finde thee out. Suf. I go. Qu. And take my heart with thee. Suf. A lewoll locket into the wofull Cask, That euer did containe a thing of worth, Euen as a splifted Barke, fo funder we: This way fall I to death. Qu. This way for me. Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwickc, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy Soueraigne.

Suff. If thou beeft death, lie glue thee Englands Treafure, Enough to purchase fuch another Island, So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine. King. Ah, what a figne it is of cuill life, Where death's approach is feene fo terrible. Warwick. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee. Beauf. Bring me vnto my Trall when you will. Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye? Can I make men liue where they will or no? Oh torture me no more, I will confefse. Allue again! Then flew me where he is, He glue a thousand pound to looke vpon thee. He hath no eyes, the duft hath blinded them.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it flands vpright,
Like Lime-twigis fet to catch my winged soule:
Glee me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the thronge poftion that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall mauer of the heavens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buse medling Fiend,
That lays strong fege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his boforme purge this blacke dispaire,
War. See how the ganges of death do make him grin.
Suf. Disthurbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think it on heauens bliffe,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monstours life.
King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.
Clofe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine clofe,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Orduance gott off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolkes, and others.

Lieut. The gaudy blabbing and remorreful day,
Is crept into the bofore of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Ladys
That drage the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowse, flow, andflagging wings
Cleape dead-men graces, and from their milly lawes,
Breath foule contagious darghe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Soulinders of our prize,
For whilt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heree shal they make their ranfome on the fand,
Or with their blood flaine this dicoloured shore.
Matter, this Prifoner frely gie I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boome of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thare.
1. Gent. What is my ranfome Mater, let me know.
2. Mat. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.
Matter. And fo much shall you gine, or off goes yours.
Lieut. What thinks you much to pay 1000.Crownes.
And bears the name and part of Gentlemen.
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
The lives of thohe which we have left in flight,
Be counter-poy'd with such a pettie summe.
2. Gent. He gie it ir, and therefore spare my life.
3. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to renowne it, shal be dye,
And fo shoulde thef, if I might have my will.
Lieut. Be not fo rash, take ranfom, let him live.
Suf. Lookc on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
Whit. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Warne I shoulde dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly fowned.
Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blare our name,
But with our sword we wilt away the hot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell renowne,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prifoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, mufled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but thefe ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieut. But Ioue was neuer flaine as thou hailest be,
Ofbicure and lowlif Swaine, King Henries blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancater
Must not be shied by fuch a laided Grome:
Haft thou not kilt thy hand, and held my fhirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I fchooke my head.
How often haft thou waitd at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneeld downe at the board,
When I haue feated with Queene Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee Cret-calne,
I, and alay this abrupte Pride:
How in our vvoyding Labby haft thou ftood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath write in thy behalfe,
And therefore fhall all our rythous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, fhall I flab the fottorn Swain.
Lieut. Firft let my words flab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Bafe blae, thy words are blunt, and do art thou.
Suf. Convey him hence, and on our long boats fide,
Strike off his head. Sus. Thou darst not for thy owne.
Lieut. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord, I kennell, puddle, finke, whole fith and dirt
Troubles the flower Spring, where England drinks:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For fwallo wing the Trefoure of the Realme.
They lips that kift the Queene, fhall swepe the ground:
And thou that fmal'd at good Duke Hume's death,
Against the fefeleffe windes fall grain in vaine,
Who in contemp placiff heffe at thee againe.
And wedde be thou to the Haggles of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthifule King,
Hauing neyther Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By dulceoif policy art thou groue great,
And like ambifous Sylla ouer-gord, its
With goblets of thy Mother-bleding heart.
By thee Antioch and Maine were fold to France,
The faile rrouting Normans thorough thee,
Difdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardes
Hath flaine their Gouernours, surprif'd our Fords,
And fent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwickes, and the Nevils all,
Whole dreafull swords were never drawne in vaine,
as hating thee, and rifying vp in armes.
And now the Houfe of Yorke thruth from the Crowne,
By flamefull murther of a guiltleffe King,
And loftly proud Increasheing tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, flauing to flaine;
Vnder the which is wrat, Justinus nubibus.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggare,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to fhoot forth Thunder
Vpon thee paltry, feule, abloft Drudges:
Small things make base men prou'd.
This Villaine heere, Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargas the ftrong Hyfrian Praye,
Drones fucce not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impoffible that I shoulde dye

By
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lovely VaSall as thyself.  
Thy words make Rage, and not remorse in me:  
I go of Meflague from the Queene to France:  
I charge thee waft me freely croffe the Channell.  
Lies.  Water; W. Come Suffolke, I meet waft thee to thy death.  
Suff.  Fine gellidius timor occupat arus, it is thee I fear.  
Wals. Thou haft have caufe to fear before I leave thee.  
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye flooipe.  
T. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.  
Suff.  Suffolke Imperial tongue is feme, and rough:  
Va'd to command, vntaught to please for fauour.  
Fare be it, we should honor such as thefe  
With humble fulte: no, rather let my head  
Stoope to the blocke, then thefe knives bow to any,  
Sayne to the God of haueuen, and to my King:  
And fooneer dance upon a bloody pole.  
Then fland vancouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.  
True Nobility, is exempt from fere:  
More can I bearn, then you dare execute.  
Lies.  Take him away, and let him talk no more:  
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.  
Suff.  That this my death may neuer be forgot.  
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.  
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto flawe  
Murder'd fweet Tally.  Brunn Baffard hand  
Stab'd Bakin Caffar.  Sauge flanders  
Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dye by Pyrats.  
Exit Water with Suffolke.  
Lies.  And as for thefe whole ranfome we haue fet,  
It is our pleasure one of them depart:  
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.  
Exit Lieutenant, and the refp.  
Cllane the fefp Gent.  Enter Water with the body.  
Wals.  There let his head, and bluefele bodie lye,  
Vnfill the Queene his Milfris bury it.  Exit Water.  
1. Gent.  O barbarous and bloody fpectacle,  
His body will I bearce vnto the King:  
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,  
So will the Queene, that luing, held him deere.

Enter Beauly, and Iom Holland.  
Beauly.  Come and get thee a sword, though made of a  
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.  
Hol.  They haue the more neede to fleape now then.  
Beauly.  I tell thee, Jacke Cade the Cloather, meanes to  
affe the Common wealth and tune it, and let a new nap vp it.  
Hol.  So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare.  Well, I fay,  
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentleman came vp.  
Beauly.  O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in  
Handy-crafts-men.  
Hol.  The Nobilitie thinke forne to goe in Leather Aprons.  
Beauly.  Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good  
Workemen.  
Hol.  True: and yet it is faid. Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to fay, as let the Magiftrates be labouring men, and therefore shou'd we be Magiftrates.  
Beauly.  Thou haft hit it: for there's no better figne of a braue mindes, than a hard hand.  
Hol.  I fee them, I fee them: There's Bay's Sonne, the  
Tanner of Wingham.  
Beauly.  Hee fhall have the skines of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.  
Hol.  And Dicke the Butcher.  
Beauly.  Then is flin fruicke downe like an Oxe, and ini-

quities throte cut like a Calfe.  
Hol.  And Smith the Weaver.  
Beauly.  Argo, their thred of life is fpun.  
Hol.  Come, come, let's fall in with them.  

Drumm.  Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,  
and a Sawyer, with infinate numbers.  
Cade.  Wee Iohn Cade, fo tearm'd of our fuppofed Fa-

ther.  
But.  Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.  
Cade.  For our enemies fhall falle before vs, inspired  
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-

mand flence.  
But.  Silence.  
Cade.  My Father was a Mortimer.  
But.  He was an honneft man, and a good Bricklayer.  
Cade.  My mother a Plantagenet.  
Beauly.  I knew her well, she was a Midwife.  
Cade.  My wife defcended of the Lacies.  
But.  She was indeed a Pediers daughter, & fold many  
Laces.  
Weauer.  But now of late, not able to trauell with her  
but't Packe, the wishes buckes here at home.  
Exit.  Therefore am I of an honorable houfe.  
But.  I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there  
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a  
houfe but the Cage.  
Cade.  Valiant am I.  
Weauer.  A muft needs, for beggary is valiant.  
Cade.  I am able to endure much.  
But.  No queftion of that: for I have feene him whipt  
three Market dayes together.  
Cade.  I feare neither sword, nor fire.  
Weauer.  He neede not fear the sword, for his Coate is of  
proofe.  
But.  But me thinks he should fland in feare of fire, be-

ing burn't 'tis hand for fealing of Sheep.  
Cade.  Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and  
Vows Reformation.  There fhall be in England, fuen  
hafe prey Louaces fold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,  
shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink  
small Beer, All the Realme fhall be in Common, and in  
Cheapfide fhall my Palfrey goe to graffe: and when I am  
King, as King I will be.  
All.  God lave your Malefty.  
Cade.  I thanke you good people. There fhall bee no  
mony, all fhall eate and drinke on my fcorce, and I wil  
apparel them all in one Liture, that they may agree like  
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.  
But.  The firft thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.  
Cade.  Nay, that I mean'te to do. Is not this a lamenta-

ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe  
should be made Parchment; that Parchment being fcrib'd  
over, shou'd vnde a man. Some fay the Bee flings, but I fay,  
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but feale once to a thing, and  
I was neuer mine owne man fince. How now? Who's  
there?  

Enter a Clerke.  
Weauer.  The Clerke of Chartam: hee can write and  
reade, and call accompt.  
Cade.  O monftrous.  
Wea.  We took him fetteing of boyes Copies.

Cade.
Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Exeunt and They forfake

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurier.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am forry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleffe I finde him guilty, he shal not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Cleark. Emanuell.

But. They vfe to writy it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vfe to writy thy name? Or haft thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honet plain dealing man?

Cleark. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confett; away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horne about his necke. Exit one with the Clearky

Enter Sir Michael.

Mcb. Where's our General?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mcb. Fly, by, by, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or I'll fell thee downe: he shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mcb. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently: Rife vp Sir John Mortimer. Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Seaf. Relishus Hindes, the fith and foum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forfake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you requite.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeelds, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated flaues I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Seaf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playfer, And thou thy felfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Seaf. I thinke.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falce.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to surfe, Was by a begger-woman founde away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His fonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King. Why, Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Seaf. And will you credit this base Druges Wores, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. I dy Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I incendied it my selfe: Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers like Henr'y the fift, (in whole time, boys went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'll have the Lord Sayes head, for falling the Duke drome of Maist.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faigne to go with a flaffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelled the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Seaf. O groffe and miferable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prestyle, Affiale them with the Army of the King.

Seaf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade., That those which byre before the battell ends, May euin in their Wifes and Childrens fight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: Now flye your felth es men, 'tis for Liberty, We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted hooen, For they are thrifty honet men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moft out of order. Come, march forward.

Allarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the raft.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aftford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shal bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I defire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou defers't no leffe. This Monument of the victorie will I beare, and the bodies shal be dragg'd at my hors heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gates, and let out the Prieners.


Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Saft-folke head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft hace I heard that greefe softens the mind, And
And makes it fearfull and degenerate,
Thynke therefore on reuenge, and ceafe to weep.
But who can ceafe to weep, and looke on this.
Here be his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrasse?

The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

_Scales._ How now? Is Jacky Cade slaine?

_Enter Jacky Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London stone._

_Cade._ Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And here he sitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cott
The pilling Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treson for any,
That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

_Enter a Soldier running._

_Soul._ Jacky Cade, Jacky Cade.

_Cade._ Knocks him downe there. _They kill him._

_But._ If this Fellow be wife, hee'le neuer call ye Jacky
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

_Die._ My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
In Smithfield.

_Cade._ Come, then let's goe fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

_Alarums. _

_mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest._

_Then enter Jacky Cade, with his Company._

_Cade._ So first: now goe some and pull down the Saucy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

_Her._ I have a suite vnto your Lordship.

_Cade._ Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that word.

_But._ Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

_John._ Maffe twill be fore Law then, for he was thrift
in the mouth with a Sperre, and his not whole yet.

_Smith._ Nay John, it will be stinking Law, for his breath
flinkes with eating toasted cheese.

_Cade._ I have thought upon it, it shall bee fo. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be

_Then._ We are like to have bitting Statutes
Vuliffe his teeth he pull'd out.

_Cade._ And hence-forward all things shall be in Comon.

_Enter a Messenger._

_Meff._ My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,
which hold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one flailing to the pound,
the laft Subsidue.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, may thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maitsey, for givng vp of Normandie unto Mounfieur Bajnoeu, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these preffence, even the prefence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Bedfome that muft sweepe the Court clene of such filth as thou art: Thou haft most traierously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haft caufed prining to be w'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haft built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haft men about thee, that visuallely take of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as no Chriftian ear can endure to heare. Thou haft appoyned Lucifers of Peace, to call porre men before them, a-bout matters they were not able to anfwer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prifon, and because they could not reade, thou haft hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that caufe they have beene most worthy to live. Thou doft ride in a foot-cloth, doft thou not? Say. What of that? Cade. Marry, thou outh'rt not to let thy horfe weare a Cloake, when honefter men then thou goe in them Hone and Doubles. Dick. And works in their shir to, as myfelfe for example, that am a butcher. Say. You men of Kent. Dick. What say you of Kent. Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens. Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speakes Latin. Say. Heare me but speake, and heare mee where you will: Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is terni' the chief'lt place of all this life: Sweet is the Countrie, because full of Riches, The People Liberal, Valiant, Adlue, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I fold not Maine, I lofot not Normandie, Yet to recover them would looze my life: Lucifte with favour haue I always done, Prayse and Teares haue mould me, Gifts could never. When haue I ought excited at your hands? Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts haue I belowe'd on learned Clearkes, Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King. And being Ignorance is the curfe of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen. Vnleffe you be poiffed with diuellish spirites, You cannot but forbeare to murther me: This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings. For your behoove. Cade. Tut, when fruck't thou one blow in the field? Say. Great men haue reaching handsoff haue I fruck Thofe that I never saw, and frucke them dead. Geo. O moniftrous Coward! What to come behinde FOLKES? Say. These checkes are pale for watching for your good Cade. Gie him a box o'th' ears, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long fitting to determine poore mens caufes, Hath made me full of fickneffe and diffeafe. Cade. Ye shall haue a hemen Candle then, & the help of hatchet. Dick. Why doft thou quier man? Say. The Palfie, and not faire prouokes me. Cade. Nay, he nodded at vs, as who should fay, Ile be even with you. Ile fee if his head will fland fudder on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him. Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moft? Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake. Are my Chefts full'd vp with extorted Gold? Is my Apparel fumptuous to behold? Whom haue I injur'd, that ye feek my death? These hands are free from guiltleffe bloodheding, This break from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts. O let me live. Cade. I feele remorfe in my felfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading fo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn- der his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I fay, and strike off his head prefently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two pales hither. All. It shall be done. Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's, God should be fo obdurate as your felves: How would it fare with your departed foules, And therefore yet relent, and faue my life. Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proueft Peere in the Realme, haue not weare a head on his shoulders, vnleffe he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but the shall pay to me her Mayden- head ere they haue it: Men shall hold mee of Capte. And we charge and command, that their wifes be as free as heart can wil, or tongue can tell. Dick. My Lord, When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodi- ties vpon our billes? Cade. Marry prefently. All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braue: Let them kiffe one another: For they lou'd well When they were alue. Now put them againe, Least they confront about the givng vp Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Defere the spoile of the Gite vntil night: For with thel borne before vs, in need of Maces, Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner Huae them kiffe. Away. Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rablement.

Cade. Vp Fift-streetes, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare? Dare any be so bold to found Retreat or Parley When I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Bow. I hear they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou haft milled,
And hear pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forskate thee, and goe home in peace.

Cliff. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God faue his Maiesty.

Those that hate him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paffe by.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke,
I thought ye would never have given out thefe Armes till you had recovered your ancient Freedom. But you are all Recrants and Daftards, and delight to live in blazier
To the Nobility. Let them brake your backes with hur-
then, take your houses ouer your heads, raiseth your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Curfe light vpon you all.

All. We'll follow Cade,
We'll follow Cade.

Cliff. Is Cade the fonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanes of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fte too;
Nor knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
Vnifie by robbing of your Friends, and vs.

Wer't not a shame, that whilft you live at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquifhed
Should make a fhort one-fas, and vanquifh you?
Me thinkes you are in this chirche broyle,
I fee them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Village vnto all they meete.
Better ten thoufand base-borne Cade's mifcarry,
Then you should roope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you haue loft:
Spare England, for it is your Natifie Coats.

Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our fide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather fo lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
to an hundred michiefs, and makes them leave mee de-
folate. I fee them lay their heads together to surprize
me. My fword make way for me, for here is no flyings;
in dight of the diuels and hell, have through the very mifdeft of you, and heauens and honor be witness, that
no want of revolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious trefafions, makes me betake mee to
my heele.

Bow. What, is he flid? Go fome and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall have a thoufand Crownes for his reward.


Follow me fouldiers, we'll deuife a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.


Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and
Somerjft on the Terras.

King. Was euer King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then it?
No founer was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine moneths olde.
Was neuer SubieCt long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wil to be a SubieCt.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Bow. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but refir'd to make him ftrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Cliff. He is flid my Lord, and all his powers do yeed,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneffe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen fet ope thy everlafting gates,
To entertaine my voyes of thankes and praise.

Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your liues,
And I fay how well you love your Prince & Countrrey:
Continue fill in this fo good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Affire your felues will never be vnkinde :
And fo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do defignifie to your feuerrorall Countrys.

All. God faue the King, God faue the King.

Enter a Mifinger.

Mifs. Pleafe it your Grace to be advertized,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puiflant and a mighty power
Of Gallon-glaife and stout Kernes,
Is marching httward in proud array.
And still proclameth as he comes along,
His Armes are oneiy to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerfet, whom he termeas a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my flate, **twixt Cade and Yorke
Like to a Ship, that haueing fap'd a Tempeft,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.

But now is Cade driven backe, his men difpier'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to fecond him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And make him what's the reafon of thefe Armes:
Tell him, Ile fende Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerfet we will commit thee thether,
Vntill his Army be difmiffed from him.

Somerfet. My Lord,
He yeelds my felle to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrrey good.

King. In any cafe, be not to rough in terme,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
Bow. I will my Lord, and doubt not fo to deale,
As all things hall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England cure my wretched raigne.

Flourifh. Exeunt.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my sole, that have a
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies have
I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peep out, for all
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might have a Leaf of my life for a thousand yeares,
I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brisk walk have
I climbed into this Garden, to see if I can exte Graffe, or
pike a Sallet another while, which is not amiss to coole
a mans fromake 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-paine had beene cleft with a brown Bill,
and many a time when I haue beene dry, & bravely mar-
ching, it hath ferue'd me indede of a quart pot to drinke in
and now the word Sallet must ferue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live tyrannoyed in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I feeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my fame,
And finds the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the folle come to feixe me
for a tray, for entering his Fee-simpyle without leave. A
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
of the King by carrying my head to him, but he make
thee exte Iron like an Ofbridge, and swallow my Sword
like a great pin er thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoever thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
It's not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to robb my gronds:
Climbing my walles infight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with thefe sawcie terrmes?

Cade. Braue thee I by the bett blood that euer was
broach'd, and beare thee to. Looke on mee well, I have
eate no meate these five daies, yet come thou and thy
five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may never eate graffe more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to comote a poore famish man.
Oppose thy steedshat gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou cant out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art fair the leffer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a stike compared with this Truncheon,
My body shall fight with all the strength thou holp,
And if mine arme be heaut in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse anfwer's words,
Let this my fword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moft complicate Champion
that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,
erou sleepe in thy Sheathe, I befech Toue on my knees
thou mayt be turn'd to Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flaine me, let ten
thousand diuelles come against me, and give me but the
ten meales I have loof, and I'de defie them all. Wither
Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the unconquered foule of
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue flain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shal this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a Herald coat,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, the hath loft her beft man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dyes.

Id. How much thou wrong'th me, heauen be my fudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curfe of her that bare thee:
As I thruft thy body in with my fword,
So with I, I might thruft thy foule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the helles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy moft vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon.

Exit.

Enter York, and his Army of Iribe, with
Drum and Colours.

Tor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henrie head.
Ring Belles allowed, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawful King.
Ah Sane Maifeilas! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle sough but Gold.
I cannot glue due aition to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter balance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a foule,
On which Ie toffe the Fleur-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturb me?
The king hath sent him fure: I must difmelfe.

Buc. Tor,you, if thou meanest weel, I greet thee well.

Tor. Hamfry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Buc. A Meffenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reafon of thefe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subie, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Aileance sworne,
Should raife fo great a power without his leaua?
Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court?

Tor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is fo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am fo angry at these abieft tearmes.

And now like Aias Telamonus,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie,
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I have gien no anfwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deep melancholy.
The caufe why I haue brought this Armie hither,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Is to remove proud Somerfet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Bac. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priitioner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Priitioner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismiss my Powres,
Soulers, I thank you all; deliver your stages:
Meet me to morrow in S. George Field,
You shall have pay, and euerthing you will.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, dought Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Yorke. In all submiffion and humility.

Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Tor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King;
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitor head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat flew.
King. The head of Cade?Great God, how inuft arthou?
Oh let me view his Vifage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such excelling trouble.
Tell me my Friend, arthou the man that flew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majestie.

King. How arthou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves his King.

Bac. So pleafe it you my Lord, twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel downe, rise vp a Knight:
Wold'ft thou be rewarded for thine service?
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a boonne,
And never live but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Quene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerfet comes with th'Quene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Tor. How now? Is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorkes whoold thy long imprisioned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart,
Shall I endure the fight of Somerset?
Falfe King, why haft thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? Not thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'nt not, no nor can't not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awfeull Princeley Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whole Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Here's a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the fame to stde controlling Lawes:
Glue place by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O'ri him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrovs Traitor! I arrest thee Yorkes
Of Capitol Treason, gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Yorke. Wold'ft have me kneele?First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my fonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will have me goe to Ward,
They'll paven their swords of my infranchifement.

Qu. Call thereto Clifford, bid him come amanely,
To say, if that the Buffard boyes of Yorke,
Shall be the Surity for their Traitor Father.

Yorke. O blood-befpotted Neapolitan,
Out-catt of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The fones of Yorke, thy better's in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers bale, and bare to those
That for my Sivery will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richmond.

See where they come, ile warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their bale.
Cliff. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
Qu. I thank thee Clifford, Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fрай vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soveraigne Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy misfaking fo, We pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my King Yorke, I do not mislake,
But thou misfakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man groome mad.

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.
Cliff. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that felonious pate of his.

Qu. He is atrefled, but will not obey:
His fones (his fayre)shall glue their words to his.
Yor. Will you not Sones?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ferue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.
Cliff. Why! why shall we waste our time in vacuity?
Yorke. Lookie in a Glashe, and call thy Image fo.

I am thy King, and thou a full-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the flake my two brave Beares,
That with the very flaking of their Chains,
They may annihil these full-luking Curres,
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy Beares? We'll bate thy Beares to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chains,
If thou dar'ft bring them to the baying place.

Rich. Oft hau e I feene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being falter'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his tale, between his legges and cride,
And such a piece of feruice will you do,
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

If you oppose your sides to match Lord Warwick.

Cif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigited lump, As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Tor. Nay we shall heaste you thorowly anon.

Cif. Take heedle leaf by your head ye burne your selves.

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow? Old Salisbury, shame to thy siluer hair, Thou mad misleader of thy braine-fcke sonne, What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian? And fekke for forrow with thy Spectacles? Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyality? If it be banish't from the froutie head, Where shall it finde a harbour in the eart? Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre, And shame thine honourable Age with blood? Why art thou old, and want'rf experience? Or wherefore does abuse it, if thou haft it? For shame in pulit bend thy knee to me, That bowes vnto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have confidered with my selfe The Title of this most renowned Duke, And in my confidence, do repite his grace The rightfull heere to Englands Royall seate.


Ks. Canft thou dispence with heauen for such an oath? Sal. It is great sinne, to swearne vnto a sinne: But greater sinne to keepe a fullin oath: Who can be bound by any solemn Vow To do a mur'dous deedle, to rob a man, To force a spotliffe Virgins Charity, To rease the Orphan of his Patrimoine, To wring the Widdow from her custome right, And haue no other reason for this wrong, But that he was bound by a solemn Oath? By. A subtle Traitor needs no Soffister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haft, I am resolu'd for death and dignite.

Old Cliff. The first I warrant thee, if dreams proue true War. You were belte to go to bed, and dreame againe, To keepe thee from the Temperl of the field.

Old Cliff. I am resolu'd to beare a greater florme, Then any thou canst confine vp to day: And that I write vpon thy Burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy houled Badge. War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neville Creft, The rampant Bearie chaine'd to the ragged stiffe, This day ile weare sloft my Burgonet, As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar fhewes, That keeps his leues Infight of any florme, Euen to aftight thee with the view thereof.

Old Cliff. And from thy Burgonet ile rend thy Bearie, And treat it vnder foot with all contempt, Deflight the Bearard, that protects the Bearie.

To Cif. And fo to Armes victorious Father, To quell the Rebels, and their Complices. Rich. Ple, Chatrillie for thame, speake not in spight, For you shall sup with lefu Chrift to night. To Cif. Foule flygmatiche that's more then thou canst tell.

Ric. If not in heauen, you'll sorely sup in hell. Exeunt

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles: And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare, Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum, And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aye, Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me, Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwicke is haerte with calling thee to armes. Enter Warwicke. 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 prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes Euen of the bonne beast he loued fo well, Enter Torke. War. Of one or both of vs the time is come. Tor. Hold Warwicke:seek thee out some other chace For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death. War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst: As I intend Clifford to thrise to day, It greeues me foule to leave thee vnsall'd. Exit Warwicke. Cif. What feeth thou in me Yorke? Why doft thou paufe? Torke. With thy brave hearing should I be in love, But that thou art to suit mine enimie. Cif. Nor should thy provewe want praiSE & efteme, But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treafon. Torke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword, As I in justice, and true right express ite.

Cif. My soule and body on the altion both. Tor. A dreasfully lay, addresse thee infantilly.

Cif. La fa Corsou les cumeines. Tor. Thus Warre hath gien thee peace, for y art still, Peace with his foule, heauen if it be thy will. Enter York. Cif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout. Fears frames disorder, and disorder wounds Where It should guard. O Warre, thou soleme of hell, Whom angry heauens do make their minifer, Throw in the frozen doomes of our part, Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye. He that is truly dedicate to Warre, Hath no soleme-love: nor he that loses himselfe, Hath not eftentially, but by circumstance The name of Valour. O let the vile world end, And the premied Flumes of the Laff day, Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the general Trumpet blow his blast, Particularities, and pettie sounds To cessa. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) To load thy youth in peace, and to achieve The Silver Lissey of adulfted Age, And in thy Restere, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this fight, My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine, It shall be storie. Yorke, not our old men faire: No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginall, Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire, And Beattie, that the Tyrant oft claimes, Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax: Henceforth, I will not hae to do with pitty. Meet I an infant of the House of Yorke, Into as many gobbles will I cut it As wyde Medea yong Aphiris did. In cruelly, will I feeke out my Fame. Come thou new raine of olde Cliffsords house: Extra did ene His old Atte had beare.

So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulder: But then, Exeunt bare a living loade;
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fights. Excursions.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qd. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

Qd. What are you made of? You'II not fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wifedom, and defence,
To gue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

If you be tame, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your negligence)
We shal to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be flopt.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischief set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncurable difcomitfe
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune glu
Away my Lord, away.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorks, Richard, Warwicke,
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorkes. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contumous, and all bruit of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it felicitous, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loft.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horfe,
Three times befired him: Thrice I led him off,
Perfwaded him from any further act:
But all where danger was, fill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feele body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haft thou fought to day:
By th' Maiile I do we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoitures of such repaying Nature.

Yorkes. I know our facety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursuie him ere the Writ go forth,
What faies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them: say before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a gloriou day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorkes,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt, 
with the death of the Duke of 
Yorke.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenets, Edward, Richard, Northumberland, Mountague, Warwick, and Souliers.

Warwick. 

Wondre how the King escap'd our hands? 

P./While we purs'd the Horfmen of North, 

He fly'd broke away, and left his men: 

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, 

Whoe Warlike eares could never broke retreat, 

Cheat'd vp the drooping Army, and himselfe, 

Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brist, 

Charg'd our maine Battales Front: and breaking in, 

Were by the Swords of common Souliers flaine. 

Edw. Lord Stafords Father, Duke of Buckingham, 

Is either flaine or wounded dangerous. 

I clef my Beauer with a down-right blow: 

That this is true (Father) behold his blood. 

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltsfires 

Whom I encountered as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood, 

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did. 

Plan. Richard hath left defatre'd of all my fownes: 

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? 

Nor. Such hope have all the line of Idon of Count. 

Rich. Thus do I hope to haue King Henrys head. 

Warw. And fo doe I, victorous Prince of York. 

Before I fee thee fated in that Throne, 

Which now the Houfe of Lancaster vlupes, 

I vow by Heauen, thefe eyes fhall never clofe. 

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King, 

And this the Regall Seat: poiffeile it York. 

For this is thine, and not King Henrys Heires. 

Plant. Affhit me then, sweet Warwick, and I will, 

For hither we haue broke in by force. 

Nor. Wee'l all affhit you he that flyes, hell dye: 

Plant. Thanks gentle Norfolk, fay by me my Lords, 

And Souliers fay and lodge by me this Night. 

They go vp. 

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, 

Vnleffe he fecke to thruff you out perfore. 

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, 

But little thinkes we shall be of her confide, 

By words or blows here let vs winne our right. 

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's fay within this House. 

Warm. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd, 

Vnleffe Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King, 

And bathfull Henry depo't, whose Cowardize 

Hath made vs by-words to our enemies. 

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be refolute, 

I meane to take poiffeilion of my Right. 

Warm. Neither the King, nor he that loyes him beft, 

The prowdefte he that holds vp Lancaster, 

Dares flire a Wing, if Warwick flake his Bells. 

Ie plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares: 

Refolute thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne. 

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the fturdie Rebell fits, 

Even in the Chayre of State: befaile he meanes, 

Bac't by the power of Warwick, that fatlfe Peere, 

To affirve vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King. 

Earle of Northumberland, he faw thy Father, 

And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge 

On him, his fownes, his faurites, and his friends. 

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me. 

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford moune in Steele. 

Westm. What, fhall we fuffer this? lets pluck him down, 

My heart for anger burnes, I cannot broke it. 

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmorland. 

Clifford. Patience is for Poultrones, fuch as he: 

He dare not fit there, had your Father li'd. 

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament 

Let vs affyle the Family of York. 

North. Well haft thou spoken, Cousin be it fo. 

Henry. Ah, know you not the Cite fauvres them, 

And they have troupe of Souliers at their beck? 

Westm. But when the Duke is thine, they'll quickly flye. 

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henrys heart, 

To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houfe. 

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats, 

Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vfe. 

Thou fadious Duke of Yorke defend my Throne, 

And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet, 

I am thy Soueraigne. 

York. I am thine. 

Exct. For shame come downe, he made this Duke of Yorke. 

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.
Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crowne.  

Warr. Exe. There thou art a Traitor to the Crowne, 
In following this vifipring Henry.  

Cliff. What need he see follow, but his natural King?  

Warr. True Cliff, that's Richard Duke of York,  
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?  
York. It must and shall be so, content thy felfe.  
Warr. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.  
Wife. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster, 
And that the Lord of Welfmerland fhall maintaine.  

Warr. And Warrick fhall difprove it. You forget, 
That we are thofe which chat'sd you from the field, 
And fiew your Fathers, and with Colours spread  
March through the City to the Palace Gates.  

Northb. Yes Warrick, I remember it to my griefe, 
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houfe fhall rue it.  

Wife. Plantagenets, of thee and thee thy Sonnes,  
Thy Kinmen, and thy Friends. He hath more lyes  
The Wife and Blood were in my Father Wenef.  
Cliff. Vrge it no more, left that in stead of words,  
I fend thee, Warrick, fuch a Meffenger,  
As fhall revenge his death, before I firre.  

Warr. Poor Warrick, how I forne his worthlefe Threats.  

Plant. Will you we fiew our Title to the Crowne?  
If not, our Swords fhall prove it in the field.  

Henry. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne?  

My Father was as thou art, Duke of York,  
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.  
I am the Sonne of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe,  
And feiz'd upon their Townes and Prouinces.  

Warr. Taleke nor of France, fith thou haft loft it all.  
Henry. The Lord Protector loft it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.  

Rich. You are old enough now,  
And yet me thinkes you lofe:  
Father treare the Crowne from the Vfurerps Head.  

Edward. Sweet Father doe fo, fet it on your Head.  

Mount. Good Brother,  
As thou lookeft and honord Armes,  
Let's fight it out, and not fland caufing thus.  

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpers, and the  
King will fte.  
Plant. Sonnes peace.  

Henry. Peace thou, and gue King Henry leave to speake.  

Warr. Plantagenet thal speake fift: Hear him Lords,  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.  

Henry. Think't thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,  

to my Grandire and my Father fit?  
Noftir fhall Warre vpeople this my Realme:  
I, and their Colours ofien borne in France,  
And now in England, to our hearts great forrow,  
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why finit you Lords?  

My Title's good, and better farre then his.  

Warr. Prone it Henry, and thou shalt be King.  

Henry. The Fourth by Conquet got the Crowne.  

Plant. Twas by Rebellion againft his King.  
Henry. I know not what to lay, my Titles weake:  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?  
Plant. What then?  
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:  
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,
To honor me as thy King, and souveraigne:
And neithyr be Treson nor Hoolitlie,
To seeke to put me downe, and regne thy selfe.
**Plant.** This Oath I willingly take, and wilt performe.
**Warw.** Long live King Henry! Plantagenet embrace him.

**Henry.** And long liue thou, and thee thy forward Sonses.

**Plant.** Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

**Exe.** Accurst be he that seeke to make them foes.

**Sonn.** Here they come downe.

**Plant.** Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caffle.

**Warw.** And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

**Norf.** And I to Norfolk with my followers.

**Mount.** And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

**Henry.** And with gifte and forrow to the Court.

**Enter the Queen.**

**Exe.** Heere comes the Queene, Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile flie away.

**Henry.** Exeunt so will I.

**Queene.** Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

**Henry.** Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

**Queene.** Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah! wretched man, would I had dy'd a Maid? And never seen thee, never borne thee Sonne, Seeing thou haft proud'd fo vnaturall a Father.

Hath he derer'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but loul'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourrith him, as I did with my blood;
Thou woul'd hast haue left thy deard heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that sause Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

**Prince.** Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succession?

**Henry.** Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforce me.

**Queene.** Enforce thee! Art thou King, and wilt be for't?
I shewe to heare thee speake: at timedous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n vnto the Houfe of Torly such head,
As thou haft raigne but by their Sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sequelcher,
And creepes into it farre before thy time?
**Warwick.** I charge, and the Lord Guiffards,
Sterne Falconsbridge commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme, And yet thall thou be fale? Such fasttie finds
The trembling Lambe, imprison'd with Wolves.
Had I beene there, which am a filly Woman, The Souldiers shoule haue told'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Aft.
But thou preferf' thy Life, before thine Honor.
And licing thou do'th, I here diuorce my felfe,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Aft of Parliament be replac'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they fee them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vnter rume of the Houfe of Torly.
Thus doe I leaue thee; Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee're after them.

**Henry.** Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

**Queene.** Thou haft spooke too much already, get thee gone.

**Henry.** Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?

**Queene.** I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

**Prince.** When I returne with victorie to the field, Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

**Queene.** Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

**Henry.** Poore Queene, How love me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her brake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with defire,
Will ciff my Crowne, and like an empte Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne,
The loffe of thofe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Meffenger.

**Exe.** And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

**Flourish.** Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

**Richard.** Brother, though I bee younge, glue mee 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.** About what?

**Rich.** About that which concerns your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

**York.** Mine Boy? 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 givng the Houfe of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

**York.** I tooke an Oath, that hee should quitely reigne.

**Edward.** But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thoufand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

**Richard.** No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.

**York.** I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

**Richard.** He prome the contrary, if you're heare mee speake.

**York.** Thou canst not, Sonne; it is imposible.

**Richard.** An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie over him that sweares.

**Henry.** I had none, but did purifie the place.
Then feeling t'was he that made you to depofe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and fruitleous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but think,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elenium,
And all that Poets faine of Bliffe and Loy.

**York.** Why doe we linger thus? I cannot ref.

**Edward.** Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de Even in the luke-warme blood of Henrys heart.

**York.** Richard, Richard young; I will be King, or dye.

**Edward.** Brother, thou shalt to London presently.

Whet on Warwick to this Enterprisie.
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,  
And tell him priuily of our intent.  
You Edward shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.  
In them I trust: for they are Souldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus imploy'd, what refretch more?  
But that I fecke occasion how to rife,  
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,  
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But fly, what Newes? Why comm'th thou in such poeste?  
Gabriel. The Queene,  
With all the Northern Earles and Lords,  
Intend here to besiege you in your Caste.  
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:  
And therefore forfiche you your Hold, my Lord.  
York. I, with my Sword.  
What? think'st thou, that we fear them?  
Edward and Richard, you shall flay with me,  
My Brother Montague shall poeste to London.  
Let Noble Warwicke Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left Proctor's of the King,  
With powerfull Policie strengthen themselves,  
And trust not impule Henry, nor his Oathes.  
Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, fare it not.  
And thus much humbly I doe take my leave.  
Exit Montague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,  
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.  
The Armie of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.  
John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meete her in the field.  
York. What, with fiewe thousand men?  
Richard. I, with fiewe hundred, Father, for a neede.  
A Woman's generall! what should we fare?  
Edward. I heare their Drummes:  
Let's fet our men in order,  
And ilue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.  
York. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,  
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.  
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,  
When as the Enemy hath bene tenne to one;  
Why should I not now haue the like successe?  
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I fye, to scape their hands?  
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, the Priuiehood frame thys life.  
As for the Breach of this accursed Duke,  
Whose Father flew my Father, he shall dye.  
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.  
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.  
Tutor. Ah Clifford, mother not this innocent Child,  
Least thou be hated both of God and Man.

Rutland. What now is he dead alreadie?  
Or is it faire, that makes him close his eyes?  
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,  
That trembles under his deouering Vp:"  
And so he walks, infallt o're his Prey;  
And fo he comes, to rend his Limbes sunder.  
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,  
And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.  
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:  
I am too meanes a Subject for thy Wreath,  
Be thou requeng'd on men, and let me liue.  
Clifford. In vaine thou speake'st, poor Boy:  
My Fathers blood hath hopt the passege  
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,  
He is a man that Clifford can not have.  
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine  
Were not requengue sufficient for me:  
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graves,  
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,  
It could not make mine ire, nor exalte my heart.  
The fight of any of the House of York,  
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:  
And till I root out their accrufed Line,  
And leave not one alue, I live in Hell.

Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me praye, before I take my death:  
To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pitty me.  
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.  
Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou flay me?  
Clifford. Thy Father hath.  
Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.  
Thou haue one Sonne, for his fake pitty me,  
Leaft in reuenge thereof, fith God is luff,  
He be as miserably flame as I.  
Ah, let me liue in Prision all my dayes,  
And when I giue occasion of offence,  
Then let me dye, for now thou haue no caufe.  
Clifford. No caufe? thy Father flew my Father:therefore dye.  
Rutland. Di familiand lande summa fit iha tuo.  
Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet:  
And this thy Sonnes blood bleeding euery day,  
Shall ruft vpon my Weapon, till thy blood  
Conges'ld with this, doe make me wipe off both.  
Exit.


York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:  
My Vnckles both are flame, in refcuing me;  
And all my followers, to the eager foe  
Turne back, and fye, like Ships before the Winde,  
Or in a manuport'd by hunger-drawn Wolves.  
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath beeachanted them:  
But this I know, they haue demaned themselues  
Like men borne to Renonne, by Life or Death.  
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,  
And thrice cry'd, Courage Father, fight it out:  
And all as oft came Edward to my side,  
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,  
In blood of thofe that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardye Warriors did retvre,  
Richard cry'd, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,  
And cry'd, A Crowne, or elle a glorious Tombe,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

A Sceptre, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ower-matching Waves.

A Short Alarum within.
Ah heare, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am fain, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numberd, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I flay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queens, 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. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. 1, to such mercy, as his ruthleffe Arme
With downe-right payment, the God, vnto my Father.
Now Pharon hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noone-side Prick.

Torke. My ahes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scouring what ere you can afflct me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Talons,
So desperat Theues, all hopefull of their Llues,
Breath out Inexhous'd gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for bluffling, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand caues
I would prolong a while the Tryators Life:
Wretch makes him deafe: speake thou Northumberland.

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him fo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour was it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrull his Hand betwixte his Teeth,
When he might spurren him with his Foot away?
It is a Woman, that weare his Vantage.
And tenne to offe, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, go striues the Woodcocke, with the
Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie Struggle in the Net.
Torke. So triumph Theues upon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.

Northumb. What would your Grace have done vnto him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That rauht at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet past but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it that you would be Englands King?
Was't you that recall'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Dectent?
Where are your Meffe of Sones, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luffie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutines?
Or with the red, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Torke, I say'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Raplers point,
Made issue from the Bofome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I glue thee this to drie thy Cheeckes withall.
Alas poore Torke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable fate.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, Torke.
What, hath thy fierce heart so parcht thine entryales,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shoul'dst be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, rauce, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be see'd, I see, to make me sport:
Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Torke: and Lords, how lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, while I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this he that tooke King Henries Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crownd fo foome, and broke his folemnne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you shoul'd not be King,
Till our King Henry had tooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unparagonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whileft we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's heart the Orozins hee makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worfe then Wolues of France,
Whole Tongue more poylons then the Addens Tooth:
How ill-befeeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with vfe of eull deedes.
I would affay, proud Queene, to make thee blushe.
To tell thee whence thou canst, of whom deri'd,
Were fame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerufalem,
Yet not fo wealtie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taugh thee to inuflit?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifie'd.
That Beggars mounted,runne their Horle to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth off make Women proude,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moft admir'd
The contrary,doth make thee wondered at.
'Tis Governement that makes them feeme Diuine,
The want thereof,makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are to us,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres Heart,wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

How couldst thou dry the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be seene to beare a Womans face? Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible; Thou, &c., obdurate, fierce, rough, remorseless. Bidst thou me rage? why now thou haft thy wish. Wouldst haue me wheepe? why now thou haft thy will. For raging Wind blowes vp insectful flowers, And when the Rage alayn, the Raine begins, These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies, And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, 'Gainft thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman, Northumb. Behew me, but his passion mounes me to, That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares, York. That Face of his, The hungry Caniballs would not haue touched, Would not haue Staynd with blood: But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hycraus. Scothistlequeene, Queenes, This Cloth thou dippst in blood of my sweet Boy, And I with Teares doe wash the blood away. Keepst thou the Napkin, and goe boatt of this, And if thou tellst the haue the florie right, Vpon my Soule, the hearers will bid Teares: Yes, even my Foes will shed fall-falling Teares, And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed. There, take the Crown, and with the Crowne, my curse, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy too cruel hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads. Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but wepe with him, To see how inly Sorrow grieues his Soule. Queene. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland? Thinkst but vpon the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly dri he melting Teares. Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers Death. Queene. And here's to right our gentle-hearted Kings. York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flyes through these wounds, to feeke out thee. Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates, So York may ouer-look the Towne of Yorke. flourishes. Ext. A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't: Or whether he be scap't away, or no, From Clifford and Northumberlands pursuit? Had he been ta'n, we should haue heard the newes; Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes: Or had he scap't, me thinks we should haue heard: The happy thing of a hapless fathers Teares: How fares my Brother? why is he so sad? Richard. I cannot joy, vntill I be releau'd Where our right valiant Father is become, I saw him in the Battale range about, And watcht him how he fangled Clifford forth, Me thought he bore him in the thicket troopse, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neac, Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry, The reft stand all aloofe, and batke at him. So far'd our Father with his Enemies, So fliold his Enemies my Warlike Father: Me thinks 'tis pride enough to be his Sonne. See how the Morning open her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne. How well reemblies it the prime of Youth, Trimm'd like a Yonger, prancing to his Loue? Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes? Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But feuer'd in a pale clear-shining Sky. See, see, they lowne, embrace, and seeme to kisse, As if they would some League intolable. Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heauen figures some event. Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange, The like yet never heard of. I think it cites vs (his Brother) to the field, That wee, the Sonnes of brave Plantagenet, Each one alreadie blaying by our meedcs, Should notwithstanding joynne our Lights together, And over-shine the Earth, as this the World. What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I barea Vpon my Tartaght three faire shining Sunnes. Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters: By your leaue, I speake it, You lose the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heacie Lookes fore-tell Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? Meff. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on, When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine, Your Princely Father, and my lousing Lord. Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much. Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will hear it all. Meff. Environed he was with many foes, And fliold against them, at the hope of Troy Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy, But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes: And many stroakes, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fells the hardt-tymberd Oake. By many hands your Father was fliold, But only fliold'd by the infall Arme Of vn-re relenting Clifford, and the Queene: Who crownd the gracious Duke in high defpight, Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, The ruthleffe Queene gave him, to dry his Cheeokes, A Napkin, dippd in the hemerelle blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford Baine: And after many scornes, many foule taunts, They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They fet the fame, and there it doth remaine, The fadde spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leaue vpon, Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay. Oh Clifford, boy'trous Clifford, thou haft slaine The floure of Europe, for his Cheaelrie, And trecherously haft thou vanquish'd him, For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee. Now my Soules Palace Is become a Prifon: Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body Might

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Might in the ground be clofed vp in reft:
For never henceforth shall I joy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I fee more ioy.

RICH. I cannot wepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarce ferues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vndole my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-free winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my beef,
And burns me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To wepe, is to make lefte the depth of greefe;
Tears then for Babes, Blowses, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I hearbe thy name, Ie venge thy Death,
Or dye renouned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Duke-horne, and his Chaire with me is left.

RICH. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy defcent by gazing' gainst the Sunne
For Chaire and Duke-horne, Throne and Kingsdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marygell Mountague,
and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What
news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recompt
Our latefull newes, and at each wounde deliverance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorks be Iaffe.

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,
is by the terme Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days agoe, I drown'd these newes in tears,
And now to add more mesure to your woes,
I come to tell you things firt then before.
After the bloody Frye at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mutter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albans, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:
Shall we distract, or will we make one:
Our Batallies joyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether twas the coldnes of the King,
Who lookd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That rob'd my Soldiers of their hente Steele.
Or whether twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of Clifford's Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captuere, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Soldiers like the Night-Owle lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threthore with a Flalle,
Fell gently downe, as if they drucke their Friends.
I chear'd them vp with iuflice of our Caufe,
With promife of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolkke, and my Selfe,
In haue, poft haue, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolkke, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With aye of Soulardis to this needfull Warre.
Rich. Twas odden beleke, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft hafe I heard his prifons in Parfaufe,
But ne're till now, his Scandal of Retire.
War. Nor now my Scandal Richard, doth thou heare:
For thou hast know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Pity,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mileneffe, Peace, and Prayer.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I bare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with the valiant Armes.
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud intufing Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He fwore confernt to your Succetion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what before
May make against the boufe of Lancateser.
Their power (I thinkes) is thirty thoufand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolkke, and my felie,
With all the Friends that thou brase Earle of March,
Amongst the louing Welkmens can't procure,
Will but amount to fwe and twenty thoufand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, befire our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and fye.

Rich. I now me faire Lords, the great Warwick speake,
Ne're he may be life to fee a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwick bids him fay.

Ed. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou liflet (as God forbid the houre)
Muft Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend,
War. No longer Earle of March; but Duke of Yorkes:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclam'd
In ebery Borough as we paffe along,
And he that throughs not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renounne,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Taskes.

RICH. Then Clifford, were they heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast thron'd it little by thy deedes,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, and God and S. George for vs.

War.
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news there? Myl. The Duke of Norfolk fends you word by me, That the Queene is comming with a piffant Hoaft, And chauls your company, for speedy counsell. War. Why then it forts, braue Warriors, let's away. 

Exit Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Tadg Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incommpl with your Crowne. Doth not the oldest chare your heart, my Lord. K. I, as the rocks chere them that fear their wrack, To see this sight, it tires my very soule: With-hold reuenge [deere God] 'tis not my fault, Nor willingly have I infring'd my Vow. Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmfull pity must be laid aside: To whom do Lyons caft their gentle Lookes? Not to the Bealt, that would viupee their Den. Whole hand is that the Forrest Bearre doth lick? Nor his that spoylest her yong before her face. Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortal fling? Not he that fets his foot upon her backe. The smalllest Worme will turne, being troden on, And Doves will pecke in safeguard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knitts his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raife his iflue like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Did't yeeld content to disinherit him: Which argued thee a moit valuing Father. Unreasonable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not feene them even with those wings, Which sometime they haue vs'd with saucfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd it through their nest, Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence? For thame, my Liege, make them your President: Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should looke his Birth--right by his Fathers failts, And long heereafter so into his childe, What my great Grandfather, and Grandifre got, My carelesse Father fondly gave away. Ah, what a shame were this! Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promith Successeful Fortune feele thy melting heart, To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him. King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clifford tell me, did't thou neuer heare, That things ill got, had euer bad succeffe. And happy always was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell: Ile leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behind, 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 to keep, The newe Preffure may haue no more pleure. Ah Cofin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know, How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere. Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye, And this fruit courage makes your Followers faint: You promitt Knighthood to our forward fonne, Vnpethe your fword, and dub him prefently. Edward, kneele downe. King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And learne this Leffon; Draw thy Sword in right. Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And in that quarrell, vfe it to the death. Cliff. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Myl. Royall Commanders, be in readiness, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Prouctames him King, and many flye to him, Derraigne your battells, for they are at hand. Cliff. I would your Highmeffie would depart the field, The Queene hath been occuppe when you are abfent. Qu. I good my Lord, and leave vs to our Fortune. King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile fly. North. Be it with reolution then to fight. Prince. My Royall Father, cheere thes Noble Lords, And heerthen thofe that fight in your defence: Vnpeace your Sword, good Father: Cry S.George.


Edw. Now perish'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace? And fet thy Diadem vpon my head? Or hide the mortal Fortune of the field. Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms, Before thou Soveraigne, and thy lawfull King? Ed. I am his King, and he shoule bow his kne: I was adopted Heire by his content. Clare. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare, You that are King, though he doe the Crowne, Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in. Cliff. And reafon too, Who shoule succeede the Father, but the Sonne. Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake. Cliff. I crooke-back, here I stand to anwser thee, Or he ye, the proudeft of thy fort. Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not? Cliff. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfeito. Rich. For Gods fake firs Lord guie fingall to the fight. War. What fay'st thou Henry, Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speake) Qu. Why how now long-tongued Warwicke, dare When you and I, met at S.Ahons laft, Your legges did better feruice then your hands. War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine: Cliff. You faid fo much before, and yet you fled. War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford drove me thence: Nor No, nor your manhood that durft make you flay. Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently, Breakce off the parley for Scarfe I can reftraine The execution of my big-twinne heart. Vpon that Clifford, that crueell Child-killer. Cliff. I swel thy Father, cal'lt thou him a Child? Rich.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. I like a Daftard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunlet, I lie make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee give me no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and prilugu'd to speake.

Cif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnheath thy word:
By him that made us all, I am refolu'd,
That Clifford's Manhood, lies upon his tongue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their Pacts to day,
That ne'er shall dine, vnlesse thou yeild the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head,
For Yorke in justice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick faies is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
War. Who ever got then, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou haft thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miishapen Stigmatuce,
Mark'd by the Deformities to be auolud,
As venom Toades, or Lizards dreadfulst wings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, bid with English gilt,
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Channel should be call'd the Sea)
Shall thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detest thy base-born heart.

Ed. A wiife of flour were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this flameleffe Callet know her selfe:

Helen of Greece was fayer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon Brother wrong'd
By that falle Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father renueld in the heart of France,
And tam'd the Kings, and made the Dolphin floue:

And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Brildall day,
Euen then that Sun-shine brevd a fhower for him,
That waft his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And hear'd felidion on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had't thou bene meeker, as thou hadst kept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had flipt our Claime, vntill another Age.

Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer brevd vs no increas,
We set the Axe to thy flowing Root:
And though the edge hath something hit our felues,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'l neuer loose, till we haue wone thee downe,
Or batt'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edm. And in this resolution, I define thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle King to speake.

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waeue,
And either Victories, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer lay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Exeunt ames.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For Arokes receu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my ftrong knit finewes of their strength,
And fpight of fpight, needs muft I reft a while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smite gentle heauen, or ftrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and Edwars Sunne is clouded.

War. How now my Lord, what happes? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loffe, our hope but fad dispaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs,
What counfalle giue you? whether fhall we flye?

Ed. Bootlefyle is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot fhowe poffufe.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why haft thou withdrawn thy felfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirty earth hath drunk,
Braoch'd with the Steele point of Clifford's Launces:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryes,
Like to a diffmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwickie, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That flain'd their Fetlockes in his fmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why fland we like foft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loffes, whiles the foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in lefe, by counterfetting Actors.
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile neuer pawfe againe, neuer fland still,
Till either death hath clo'd thee eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giue me mesure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my foule to thine:
And ere my knee rife from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou fetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings,
Befeeching thee (if with thy will it flands)
That to my Foes this body muft be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue sweet paffage to my fìnfull foule,
Now Lords, take leave vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen,or in earth.

Rich. Brother,

Glue me thy hand, and gentle Warwickie,
Let me embrase thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer wepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time to.

War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leave to flye, that will not flay:
And call them Pillars that will fland to vs:
And if we thrive, promiue them fuch rewards
As Victors werae at the Olympian Games,
This may plant courage in their quailing breathes,
For yet is hope of Life and Victories:

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Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. Exeunt.

Excusants. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I have fangled thee alone,
Savage this arms is for the Duke of Yorks,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
We're thou without a with a Brest wall.

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that shud thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their deitifs,
And cheers these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy felfe,
And so have at thee. They fight, Warwick kents, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwick, single out some other Chace,
For I my felfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. Exeunt.

Allarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell a farts like to the morning Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Sheppheard blowing of his nipes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now fwytes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
could by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now fwytes it that way, like the fide-time Sea,
For'd to retreype by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuails, and than the Winde:
Now, one the better; then, another bell;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equal poife of this fell Warre.
Here on this Mole-hill will I fit me dowe,
To whom God will, there be the Victories:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
Hauf chid me from the Battell; Swareing both,
They proper belt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good well were fo;
For what is in this world, but Griffe and Woe.
Oh God if me thinke it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine.
So is the world; for to be a Fel卿.
To carue out Dialis quenity, point by point,
Thereby to fee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many Hours brings about the Day,
How many Days will make up the Year,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may live.
When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
So many Hours, must I tend my Flocke; So many Hours, must I take my Rest:
So many Hours, must I Contemplate;
So many Hours, must I sport my felfe:
So many Days, my Ewees have bene with yong:
So many weeke, ere the poore Fowles will Eate:
So many yeares, ere I shall shere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Hours, Days, Months, and Yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, into a Quiet grave.
Ahl what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?
Glues not the Hawthorne bush a Sweeter shade
To Shepherds, looking on their Silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopic.
To Kings, that are the Subjects treacherie?
Oh ye, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curdis,

His cold thince drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wontedLeepe, under a fresh trees shade
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Vlans sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miftruf, and Trefon waits on him.

Allarum. Enter a Sonne that hath Kill'd his Father, at one door: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another door.

Son. Ill blows the winde that profit no body,
This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight,
May be poffed with some feet of Crownes,
And I that (happly) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeild both my Life and them.
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict (I vowes) have kill'd;
Oh heavy times! begettimg such Events.
From London, by the King was I prif forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorkes, prefet by his Matter:
And I, who at his hands receiued my life,
Haued by my hands, of Life bereaved him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Tearres shall wipe away these bloody marke:
And no more words, till they have fowld their fill.
King. O piteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battle for their Dennes,
Poore harmallie Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile aye thoe Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Cuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.
Enter Father, hearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so floutly hath refiued me,
Gie me thy Gold, if thou haft any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vpon thine eye: see,fee,what thowres arife,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart.
Vpon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miferable Age!
What Stragems? how fell?how Butchery?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,
This deadly quarell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gueue thee life too foone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo abo waygreen, more then common greefe
O that my death would flye these ruthless deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle houen pitty:
The Red Rofe and the White are on his face,
The fallat Colours of our friuling Haues:
The one, his purple Blood right well reflectes,
The other his palte Checkers (me thinkes) pretenth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourih:
If you contend, a thousand lines mutt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and we're to be faifid?

Fa. How will my Wife, for Daughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're to be faifid?

King. How will the Country, for thefe woful chances,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Mil-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever sone, so row'd a Fathers death?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoana his Sonne?

Men. Was ever King so green for Subject's woe?

Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Son. Ile bare thee hence, where I may wepe my fill.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy wending sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne' shall go.
My fighting breath, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Pria was for all his Vantall Sonnes,
Ile bare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I hawe murdered where I should not kill.

Exit

Men. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;
Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prim. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.

And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuit.

Gus. Mount you my Lord, towards Warwicke poit a-
name me.

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in fiught,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody fle′de graft in their eyrfull hands.
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exe. Away for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expollute, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile awe before.

Hen. Nay take with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

Exeunt

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Cliff. Heere burns my Canse out: I, heere it dies,
Which whilst it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Fear, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melo,
Impairing Henry, strengthning milproud Yorke;
And then ther flye the Greats, to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but Henrys Enemies?
O Phaeton! had't thou neuer gien content,
That Phaeton should check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had struck the earth.
And Henry, had'ft thou way'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Guing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
They never then had sprung like Sommer Flies:
I, and ten thousand in this lackliffe Realme,
Fled left no mourning Widowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ft kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleffe are Plaints, and Cureleffe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercifull, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have defera'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:
Come York, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
I flas'd your Fathers bolemes, Split my brest.


Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peaceful lookes:
Some Troopes purre the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
As doth a Sall, fill'd with a fretting Grief
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.
But thinkes you(Lords)that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis Impossibale he should escappe:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue,
And wherefore he is, hee's furry dead. Clifford groans.
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes his heavy leave?
A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battales ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vid.
Rich. Resouke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murthering knife vnto the Roots,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Menefor for menefare, must be anwered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreecheelowe to our house,
That nothing fang but death, to vs and qur:
Now death shall flipp his didmall threatening found,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is understandning is bereft:
Speake Clifford, doth thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death over-shades his bames of life,
And he nor fees, nor heares vs, what we say.
Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeet,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.

Cla. If so thou thinke'st,
Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repere to he, and not bootleffe penitence.
War. Clifford, defile excuses for thy faults.

War. While we defile fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst loove Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pidd't Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret the words?
War. They mocke thee Clifford?

Swears as thou was't wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two horeses life,
That I(in all despit'g) might royale at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the issue Blood
Stiffe the Villaine, whose unmanched shirt
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not fastifie
War. I, but he's dead. Of what with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands Royall King.
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladle Bone for thy Queene:
So shalt thou finde both thee Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The fattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly flie to hurt,
Yet looke to have them baze to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britain Ile croffe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweate Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shouder do I bulde my Sceat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy couraffe and commoditie is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucefter,
And George of Clarence; Warwicke as our Selve,
Shall do, and vnde as he pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Goffier,
For Goffiers Duke-dome is too onerous.
War. Tut, that’s a foolish obsturcation:
Richard, be Duke of Goffier; Now to Lodon,
To see thefe Honors in posfession.

Enter Sinklo, and Humphrey, with Croffe-bones in their hands.

Sink. Vnder this thicke growe brake, we’ll throw
For through this Land anon the Deere will come,
And in this courset we will make our Stand,
Calling the principal of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile flay about the hill, for both may flout.
Sink. That cannot be, the noife of thy Croffe-bow
Will scare the Haed, and fo my flout is loft:
Heere fland we both, and syme we at the belft:
And for the tyme shall not feeme tedious,
He shall tell what befell me on a day,
In this felfe-place, where now we meane to fland.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let’s flay till he be paft:
Enter the King with a Prayer bode.

Hen. From Scotland am I holne euene of pure loure,
To greet mine owne Land with my willfull flight:
No Harry, Harry, ‘ts no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill’d, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Bame waht off, wherewith thou was Annotated:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble fitters presie to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my felfe?
Sink. I, here’s a Deere, whose skin’s a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let’s feize vpon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the fower Adercaries,
For Wife men fay, it is the wiffeft curfe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbearce a-while, we’ll hear 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 craue the French Kings Sifter
To wide for Edward. If this news be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but loft:
For Warwicke is a subtile Orator:
And Lewis a Prince foone wonne with mowing words:
By this account then, Margaret may winne him,
For she’s a woman to be pierted much:
Herfighes will make a batt’ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth mourne;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse.
To heare and for her plaintis, her Britisch Teares.
I, but here’s come to begge, Warwicke to give:
Shoe on his left fide, causinge aye for Henrie;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shee Weetes, and fayes, his Henrie is depo’d:
He Smiles, and fayes, his Edward is intaile’d:
That the (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tellis his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sifter, and what else,
To strenthen and support King Edward’s place.
O Margaret, thus ’twill be, and thou (poore foule)
Art then forsaken, as thou wen’t forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk’t of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I teeme, and leffe then I was born to:
A man at leaft, for leffe I should not be:
And men may tale of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk’st, as if thou wert a King,
King. Why I lo I am (in Minde) and that’s enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck’d with Diamonds, and Indian fione:
Nor to be feme: my Crowne, is call’d Content,
A Crowne it is, that fildeone Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown’d with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the King King Edward hath depo’d:
And we his subiects, wrone in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you neuer swear, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, neuer fuch an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine moneths old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were fwayne true Subiects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sir, No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah fimple men, you know not what you fware:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gift:
Such is the lightneffe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that finne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King Edward.
King. So would you be againe to Henries,
If he were stated as king Edward is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyed,
And what God will, that let your King perfome,
And what he will, I humbly yield vnto.

Enters K.Edward, Glofter, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Glofter, at S. Albons field.

Exeunt.
Rich. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dinnor to deny it her.
King. It were no lefe, but yet Ile make a pawne.
Rich. Yes, is it so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble suit.
Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keeps the winde.
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit, And come some other time to know our minde.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: May it please your Highness to refuse me now, And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands, And if what pleases him, shall please you:
Fight clofer, or good faith youll catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare not him, vnlesse hee the chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'll take vantages.
King. How many Children haile thou, Widow? tell me.
Clarence. I thinke he meannes to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'll rather glue her two.
Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.
Rich. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
King. Twere pitie they should lose their Fathers Lands.
Wid. Be plittfull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
King. Lords give vs leave, Ile trye this Widowes wit.
Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you shall haue leave, Till Youth take leaue, and leave you to the Crutch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you lose your Children?
Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my felie.
Rich. And would you not doe much to doe them good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would sufwayne some harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.
Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.
King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highness feruice.
King. What feruice wilt thou doe me, if I give them?
Wid. What you command, that refus in me to doe.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to ask.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax mucf melt.
Wid. Why stopples my Lord? shal I not heare my
Tasker?
Rich. An eafe Tasker, 'tis but to lose a King.
Wid. That's foonie perform'd, because I am a Subjects.
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.

Rich. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Rich. The Match is made, thee seales it with a Cure.
King. But say thee, 'ts the fruits of loue I meane.
Rich. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.
King. I, but I feare me in another fence.
What Loue, think't thou, I fse so much to get?
Wid. My lone till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue besses, and Vertue graunt.
King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did,
King. But now you partly may perceive my minde.
Wid. My minde will never graunt what I percieue
Your Highness aymes at, if I yeong aright.
King. To tell thee plainly, I syne to lyce with thee.
Wid. To tell you plainly, I had rather lye in Prifon.
King. Why then thou shalt not hauie thy Husbands Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that lofe, I will not purchase them.
King. Those thy wrong, 's thy Children mightly.
Wid. Herein your Highness wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the fadness of my fuit:
Please you dismisse me, eyther with Yor no.
King. If thou wilt say I to my requit:
No, if thou do't say No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my fuit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, thee knits her Browes,
Clarence. Hee is the blunterd Woer in Chriftendome,
King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,
Her Words doth fweer her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraignty,
One way, or other, thee is for a King,
And thee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better faid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subiect fit to leaff withall,
But faire vnft to be a Soueraigne.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intris,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Loue.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You caull, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sonnes shoule call you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haft some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-some, why, til a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Anfwer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Rich. The Ghastly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Clarence. When hee was made a Shriner, 'twas for shift.
King. Brothers, you mufe what Chatt wee two hauie had.
Rich. The Widow likes it not, for thee lookest very sad.
King. You'd think it strange, if I should marrie her,
Clarence. To who, my Lord?
King. Why Clarence, to my felie.

Rich. That
Rich. That would be tenne days wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder Lifts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well,leaf on Brothers I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Neb. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords vfe her honourable.

Mamet Richard.

Rich. I, Edward will vfe Women honourably:
Would he were wait'd,Marrow, Bonces, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The luflfull Edwards Title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnook'd-for Iffue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my felf:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then do I but dreame on Souerraigne,
Like one that flands upon a Promontorie,
And fyres a farre-off thore, where hee would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that fenders him from thence,
Saying, hee'll lace it dry, to have his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being so farre off,
And fo I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And fo (I fay) I lie cut the Caufes off,
Flattering me with Impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Valeffe my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, fay there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And which sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplifh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forfower me in my Mothers Wombe:
And doe with my Body in gay Ornaments,
And which sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplifh twentie Golden Crownes.

Flourish.
Enter Loue the French King, bés Sitter Bona, bés
Admirall, call'd Bourbon : Prince Edward,
Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.

Leue, Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs : it ill befit thy State,
And Birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Loue doth fit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret
Mufte frikke her fayle, and learne a while to ferue,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden days:
But now mischance hath trode my Title downe,
And with dif-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conform me felfe.
Leue. Why fay, faire Queene, whence springs this
deepe defpair?
Marg. From such a caufe, as fills mine eyes with tears,
And drops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Leue. What ere it be, be thou fliell like thy felfe,
And fit thee by our fide.
Queens. See her by him.
Leue. Yeal not thy necke to Fortune's yoke;
But let thy dauntleffe mind till ride in triumph,
Ouer all mischance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It fhall be ear'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thofe gracious words
Resuie my drooping thoughts,
And glue my tongue-tv'd forrowes leave to speake,
Now therefore be it knowe to Noble Leue,
That Henry, fole poiffeer of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a banilift man,
And for'd to live in Scotland a forlorn:
While proud ambitious Edward,Duke of Yorke,
Vfures the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the caufe that I, poore Margaret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward,Henries Heire,
Am come to craye thy laft and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our
Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure flewe, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our felues in huele plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queen,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethink us a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger grows our Foot.

Lewis. 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 Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?


Lewis. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?

Warwick. From worthy Edward, King of Allion,
My Lord and Soveraigne, and thy vowed friend.
I come (in Kindness, and unwary Love)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confirme that Amity
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou wouldest grant
That vれtuous Lady, thy faire Sifer,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henries hope is done.

Warwick. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bona.
In our Kings behalfs,
I am commandred, with your laue and favor,
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soveraigne Heart;
Where Fate, late entering at his headfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speake,
Before you anwser Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meanient honor Lour,
But from Decceit, bred by Necessiti:
For how can Tyrants safely governe home,
Valefie abroad they purchace great alliance?
To prose him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry I Ethan Bill: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henries Sonne.
Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor;
For though Vifarers Iwaye the rule a while,
Yet Heau'n are iuud, and Time supplieth Wrongs.
Warwick. Inurious eMargaret.
Edw. And why not Queene?

Warwick. Because thy Father Henry did visuper,
And thou no more art Prince, then fere is Queene.

Oxf. Then Warwick dilliculles great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greaste part of Spaine;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wildsome was a Mirror to the wifte:
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fift,
Who by his Proweffe conquered all France:
From thence, our Henry liuely defends.

Warwick. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath lost
All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten:

Me thinks thes Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threee and two yeares, a fillie time
To make preffcription for a Kingdome worth.

Oxf. Why Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyed thirtie and six yeere,
And not bewray thy Treatien with a Blush?

Warwick. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler Fallswold with a Pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose inuurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Pere
Was done to death? and more then fo, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No Warwick, no: while Life upholdeth this Arme,
This Arme upholdeth the House of Lancaster.

Warwick. And I the House of York.

Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our requit, to fland atide.
While I vie further conference with Warwick.

They fland atide.

Marg. Heauens grant, that Wallackes wordes be
With him not.

Lewis. Now Warwick, tell me even upon thy confidence
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull choane.

Warwick. Thereon I payne my Credit, and mine Honor.

Lewis. But is hee gracius in the Peoples eye?

Warwick. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all diffembling let aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Lose
Vnto our Sifer Bona.

Warwick. Such it seemes,
As may becom a Monarch like himselfe.
My felte haue oftentimes heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an external Plant,
Wereof the Root was first in Vertues ground,
The Leanes and Fruit maintai'n'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Difdaime,
Valefie the Lady Bona quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sifer, let vs hear your firme resolute.

Bona. Your grant, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day,
Speak to War.
When I have heard your Kings defect recounted,
Mine care hath tempered judgment to defere.

Lewis. Then Warwick, thus:
Our Sifer shall be Edwards.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the joynture that your King mutt make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poy'd:
Draw neere, Queen Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edwards, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitful Wallacke, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my futt:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by Edwards good fucceffe:
Then let the reason, that I be releas'd:
From giuing aye, which late I promis'd.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Efteate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warwick. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his ease:

Where
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lofe.  

And as for you your life (our quondam Queene)  
You have a Father able to maintaine you,  
And better where, you troubled him, then France.  

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamefullle Warwick,  

Proud fetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,  
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares  
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold  
Thy belye,conveynance, and thy Lords late loue,  

Poh blowing a horne Within.  

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.  

Lewe. Warwick, this is some pote to vs, or thee.  

Enter the Poft.  

Poft. My Lord Ambaffador,  
Thefe Letters are for you.  

Speakes to Warwick,  

Sent from your Brother Marqueffe Montague,  
Thefe from our King, vnto your Malefle.  

To Lewis.  

And Madam, thele for you:  

To Margaret.  

From whom, I know not.  

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miftris  
Smiles at her neues, while Warrick proveth to his.  

Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lew's lampes as he were netted.  

I hope, all's for the beft.  

Lew. Warwick, what are thy Newes?  

And yours, faire Queene.  

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnshop'd lustes.  

War. Mine full of sorow, and hearts discontent.  

Lew. What! has your King married the Lady Gry?  

And now to ftooth your Foyrgerie, and his,  

Sends me a Paper to perfwade me Patience?  

Is thi th'Alliance that he feakes with France?  

Dare he preufe to forne vs in this manner?  

Mar. I told your Malefle as much before:  

This proue Edwards Lose, and Warrickes honesty.  

War. King Lewis, I heare protief in light of heauen,  

And by the hope I hau of heavenly bliss,  

That I am cleere from this middefel of Edwards;  

No more my King, for he dothonor me.  

But mort biffeffle, if he could fee his flame.  

Did I forget, that by the Houfe of Yorke  

My Father came vntimely to his death?  

Did I let paffe th'abufe done to my Neece?  

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?  

Did I put Henry from his Natufe Right?  

And am I guerdon'd at the left, with Shame?  

Shame on himfelle, for my Defert is Honor.  

And to reparaue my Honor loft for him,  

I heare renounce him, and returne to Henry.  

My Noble Queene, let former grudges paffe,  

And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:  

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  

And replant Henry in his former rate.  

War. Warwick,  

Thefe words hau turn'd my Hate, to Looe,  

And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,  

And joy that thou becom'ft King Henry's Friend.  

So much this Friend, his unfamed Friend,  

That if King Lew's vouchsafe to furnih vs  

With some few Bands of choften Solidours,  

Ile undertake to Land them on our Coaft,  

And force the Tyrant from his feat by Warre.  

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.  

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,  

He's very likely now to fall from him,  

For matching more for wanton Luft,then Honor,  

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.  

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be return'd,  

But by thy helpe to this diffireed Queene?  

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poor Henry live,  

Vallfe thou refcute him from foule difpair?  

Bona. My queare, and this Englifh Queens are one.  

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, lynes with yours.  

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaretts.  

Therefore, at left, I firmed am refolu'd  

You shall have ayde.  

Mar. Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once.  

Lew. Then Englands Meffenger, returne in Pofte,  

And tell falle Edward, thy fuppofed King,  

That Lew's of France, is fending ouer Maskers  

To renoufle it with him, and his new Bride.  

Thou feft what's paft, go feare thy King withall.  

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  

I weare the Willow Garland for his fake.  

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde afide,  

And I am ready to put Armor on.  

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  

And therefore Ie vn-Crowne him, eu't be long.  

There's thy reward, be gone.  

Exit Poft.  

Lew. But Warwick,  

Thou and Oxford, with five thoufand men  

Shall e reaff the Seas, and bid falle Edward battell:  

And as occasion feres, this Noble Queen  

And Prince, shall fowll with a freff Supply.  

Yet ere thou go, but anfwer me one doubt:  

What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?  

War. This fhall affure my confant Loyalty,  

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,  

Ile loyne mine eldeft daughter, and my Ioy,  

To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.  

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.  

Sonne Edward, the is Faire and Vertuous,  

Thereforedelay not, give thy hand to Warricke,  

And with thy hand, thy faith irreucable,  

That onely Warrickes defance fhall be thine.  

Prix.Ed. Yes, I accept her, for the well deferves it,  

And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.  

Mar. Solemnly to my doth, He gies his hand to Warw.  

Lew. Why stay we now? Thesefoldiers fhalbe leue'd,  

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral!  

Shall waft them over with our Royall Fleece.  

I long till Edward fall by Warres mishance,  

For mocking Marriage with a Fame of France.  

Exit.  

Manet Warwick.  

War. I came from Edward as Ambaffador,  

But I returne his swarene and mortall Foe:  

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,  

But dreadfull Warre falle anfwere his demand.  

Had he none elle to make a fale but me?  

Then none but I, fall turne his left to Sorrow.  

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,  

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:  

Not that I pitty Henries misery,  

But feke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.  

Exit.  

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerjef, and Montague.  

Rick. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you  

Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray?  

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?  

Cla. Alas, you know, its farre from hence to France,  

How
How could he stay till Warwick made returne?
Som. My Lord, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish.
Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side,
and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chozen Bride.
Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now Brother of Clarence, How like you our Choyce,
That you stand peniuous, as halfe malecontent?
Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,
Or the Earle of Warwick,
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they take no offence at our abode.
King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwickes, and must have my will.
Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hattle Marriage feldome proueth well.
King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I should with them feuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyned together:
I land twere pittie, to funder them,
That yoke fo well together.
King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reafon, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, Somerset, and Mountague,
Speak freely what you thinke.
Clarence. Thien this is mine opinion:
That King Lewis becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Bona.
Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By fuch iunction as I can defire?
Mount. Yet, to have ioyned with France in fuch alliance,
Would more haue strenthned this our Commonwealth
'Gainft foreigne formers, then any home-bred Marriage.
Half. Why, knowne not Mountague, that of it felle,
England is safe, if true within it felle?
Mount. But the fafere, when 'tis back'd with France.
Half. 'Tis better ving France, then trufting France: Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Sest,
Which he hath giv'n for France Impregnable,
And with their helpe, onely defend our fueles:
In them, and in our fueles, our fafete eyes.
Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings: well deferves
To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will fhall fand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinkes, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales
Vnto the Brother of your loving Bride;
Shee better would have fittted mee, as Clarence:
But in your Bride you burtie Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elle you would not have bellow'd the Heire
Of the Lord Besswift on your new Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe ipeede elsewhere.
King. Alas, poor Clarence: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chufing for your felfe,
You shew'd your judgement:
Which being shallow, you fhall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaque you.
King. Leaue me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Malefie
To rayfe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confefs,
That I was not ignoble of Delcenc,
And meaner then my felle have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diflikes, to whom I would be pleafing,
Doth cloud my loydes with danger, and with forrow.
King. My Love, forbear to fawne vpon their f ownes: What danger, or what forrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy confant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Valeffe they feek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keep thee fafe,
And they shall fee the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet fay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Psalme.

King. Now Meffenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?
Psalme. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But fuch, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefes, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst gueffe them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our Letters?
Psalme. At my depart, thefe were his very words:
Goe tell falle Edward, the fuppofed King,
That Lewis of France is fending ouer Maskers,
To reell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is Lewis fo brave? belike he thinke me Henry.
But what faid Lady Bona to my Marriage?
Psalme. Thife were her words, v't red with mild diflaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'll proue a Widower shortly,
Ie weare the Widgeon Garland for his fake.
King. I blame not her; she could fay little leffe:
She had the wrong. But what faid Henries Queene?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.
Psalme. Tell him (withoath the)
My mourning Wedes are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.
King. Belike he minds to play the Amazon.
But what faid Warwick to thefe injuries?
Psalme. He, more incens'd against your Malefie,
Then all the robb, dicharg'd me with thefe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ie vncrownme him, er't be long.
King. Ha? durft the Traytor breath out fo proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They fhall have Warres, and pay for their preufumption.
But fay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Psalme. Gracious Soueraigne,
They are so join'd in friendship,
That yong Prince Edward marryes Warwick's Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your felles.
You that love me, and Warwick, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the Crowne.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I arm'd against the world can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desip rate cafe.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfs
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My felles in personal will straight follow you.
Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Haffings and Montague
Refoul my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwick, by bloud, and by allianse:
Tell me, if you loue Warwick, then me then;
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,
That I may never have you in suspeckt.

Enter Warwick, and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Speake suddeynly, my Lords, are wee all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warwick,
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistruthfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what refts? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelesely following you:
His Soulard lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may furprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts have found the adventure very eafe:
That as a Fyft, and stout Dissembler,
With height and manhood flote to Riches Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal Steeds;
So wee, weil cour'd with the Nightes black Mantle,
At vnsawes may beate downe Edwards Guard,
And selue himselle: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but tolye to furprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of Edward, with your Leader.
The yl cry, Henry,
Why then, let's on our way in silent fort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is let 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 lye and take his natural Rest,
Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suppreft.
2. Watch. To Morrow then, beke shall be 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 resteth in his Tent?
1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Haffings, the Kings chiefest friend.
3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?
2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangereous.
3. Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietneffe,
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. Vnlese our Halberds did flut vp his palfage.
2. Watch. I wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiers, flent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters; Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1. Watch. Who goes there?
2. Watch. Stay, or thou diest.
Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,
and set open the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard and Haffings flyes over the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?
Warw. Richard and Haffings: let them goe, here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?
Why Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'd me King.
Warw. I, but the cafe is alter'd.
When you diigrac'd me in my Embaflade,
Then I degraced you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Also, how should you govern any Kingdome,
That know not how to vse Embaffadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studye for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to throw your Felle from Enemies?

K: Edw. Yes,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt. 167

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence, Art thou here too? Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe. Yet Warwick, in despite of all mishance, Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices, Edward will always bear him selfe as King: Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State, My minde excedes the compass of her Wheel. Warm. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall ware the English Crowne, And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow. My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey’d Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: When I have fought with Pembroke, and his fellows, Ille follow you, and tell what answer Lewis and the Lady Bona tend to him. Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke, They lead him out forlornly.

K. Ed. What Fates impofe, that men must needs abide; It boots not to refit both wind and tide, Execut. Of what now remains your Lords for to do, But march to London with our Soldiers.

War. I, that’s the first thing that we have to do, To free King Henry from imprisonment, And see him feated in the Regall Throne. exit.

Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this foddain change? Gray. Why Brother Riuers, are you yet to learn What late misfortune is befalne King Edward? Riu. What loffe of some pichet battall Against Warwick? Gray. No, but the loffe of his owne Royall perfon. Riu. Then is my Soueraine faine? Gray. I almoft faine, for he is taken prisoner, Either betrayed by falfhood of his Guard, Or by his Foe fuiprized at vntaure: And as I further haue to vnderfand, Is now committed to the Bishop of Yorke, Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe. Riu. Thafe Newes I muft confede are full of greefe, Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, Warwick may looke, that now hath wonne the day. Gray. Till then, faire hope muft hinder biles, decay: And I the rather waine me from difpare For looke of Edwards Off-springs in my wombe: This is that which makes me bridle paffion, And beare with Mildenfe my misfortunes crosse: I, I, for this I draw in many a tearre, And stop the rifting of blood-fucking fighes, Leafe with my fighes or tearres, I lafte or drowne King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th’Englifh Crowne. Riu. But Madam, Where is Warwick then become? Gray. I am inform’d that he comes towards London, To fet the Crowne once more on Henrys head, Gueffe thou the reft, King Edwards Friends melt downe, But to prevent the Tyrants violence, (For truitf nor him that hath once broken Faith) He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary, To faue (at leaft) the heire of Edwards right: There shall I rest fecure from force and fraud: Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye, If Warwick take vs, we are fure to dye, execut. Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this cheefeft Thicket of the Parke. Thus fland the cafe: you know our King, my Brother, Is prifoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands He hath good vifique, and great liberty, And often but attended with weake guard, Come hunting this way to difport himselfe. I have advertis’d him by secret meanes, That if about this houre he make this way, Under the colour of his vifual game, He shall here finde his Friends with Horfe and Men, To fet him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord, For this way lies the Game.


Flourish. Enter King Henry the fext, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, yorke, Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends Have taken Edward from the Regall feate, And turn’d my captaine flate to libertie, My fear to hope, my forrowes vnto loyces, At our enlargement what are thy due Fees? Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou’rains But, if an humble prayer may preuail, I then crave pardon of your Maietie. K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vning me? Nay, be thou sure, Ile well require thy kindneffe. For that it made my imprisonment, a pleufe: I, fuch a pleufe, as incaged Birds Conceal when after many moody Thoughts, At laft, by Notes of Houfhold harmonic, They quite forget their loffe of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes flight,
By lying low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punit with my thwarting starrs,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crowne,
I here renounce my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wife as vertuous,
By fying and avoiding Fortunes mallice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natu'life,
Aduide's an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As like to be blest in Peace and Warre :
And therefore I chuse thine, my free content.
War. And I chuse Clarence only for Protecor.
King.Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands:
Now Joyce your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no difference hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in deviation spend my latter days,
To finnes rebuke, and my Creators praye.
War. What answeres Clarence to his Souveraignes will? 
Clar. That he conents, if Warwickly consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content: 
We'll yeake together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his safe.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needful,
Forwith that Edward be pronounce'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.
War. What else? and that Succession be determined.
War. In thein Clarence shall not want his part.
King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed :
For till I see them here, by doubtfull fear,
My joy of libertie is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall bee done, my Souveraigne, with all speede.
King. My Lord of Somerfet, what Youth is that,
Of whose my selfe, or tending care is?
Somer. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Rich-

War. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my dialing thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prowe our Countries bliss.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Malefice,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Sceptre, and himselfe
Likely in time to bliefe a Regall Throne :
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poete.

War. What news, my friend? 
Poete. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee fairely fince) to Burgundie.
War. Vnfaucior newes: but how made he escape? 
Poete. He was consuyc'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Haflings who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntmen refuc'd him:
For Hunting was his daly Exercife.
War. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Souveraigne, to prouide
A false for any fore, that may betide.

Enter Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Somon. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubletice, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall have more Warres before long.
As Henrie late prefiging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mil-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harms and ours,
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forwith we'll send him hence to Brittanie,
Till formeys be past of Cluill Enmitie.
Oxsf. Is it for Edward re-pollifie the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.
Somon. It shall be so; he shall to Brittanie,
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.


Edow. Now Brother Richard, Lord Haflings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune makest vs amends,
And fayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained fate, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we past, and now re-past the Seas,
And brought defined helpe from Burgundie.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Rauenpurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made fall?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that flummble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edow. Tuft man, abodements must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair vs.
Haff. My Liege, Ie knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lord, 
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And that the Gates, for faile of our forces;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
Edow. But, Mayor Maior, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the leaft, is Duke of Yorke.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.
Edow. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noze, He'll foone finde means to make the Body follow.

Haf. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the Gates, we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. I, say you fo? the Gates shall then be opened.

He defends.

Rich. A wife flout Captaine, and foone perfwaded.

Haf. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not 1, but we shall foone perfwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reafon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Mayor: thefe Gates muft not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, fear not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Taketh bi Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deene to follow mee.

March. Enter Montegomerie, with Drumme and Sedde.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montegomerie,
Our truflie friend, vnleffe I be decea'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of florme,
As every loyall Subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Montegomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God pleafe to fend the ref.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to fervue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John; a whyle, and we'll debate
By what foneynes the Crowne may be recover'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you're not here proclaime your felfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keppe them back, that come to fuccour you.

Why shal we ftracte, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore fland you on nice points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Clayme:
Till then, be wise to conceale our meaning.

Haf. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes muft rule.

Rich. And fearlesse minds clayme foone vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but vfurpe the Diadem.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speakeh like himfelfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Haf. Sound Trumpet, Edward thal be here proclaimed:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thon proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whomoe're gainsayes King Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to hingle ftrike.

Then downe bi Gauntlets.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes brave Montgomery,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ferue me, Ile requite this kindness.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayfe his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his Mate;
For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.
Ah froward Clarence, how euill it befometh thee,
To flatter Henry, and forfake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee're meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on brave Soulerion: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counfaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haffe Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pafs'd in fafetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupez doth march amaine to London,
And many goodlie people flock towards him.

King. Let's leafe men, and beat him backe againe.

Clare. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suftter'd, Riuers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thofe will I murther vp: and thou Sonne Clarence
Shalt firle vp in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.

Thou Brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicetfhire, hault find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ft.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondroues well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire hault murther vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Lke to his hand, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest Dyane, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reft in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and fland not to reply.

Farewell my Soueraigne.

Kings. Farewell my Helte, and my Troyes true hope.

Clare. In figne of truth, I kiffe your HighnefTe Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and fo I take my leaue.

Oxf. And thus I fale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell. sweet Lords, let's meet at Counetry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I reft a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinke you your Lordship?
Me thinke, the Power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt it, that he will reduce the ref.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not flipt mine ears to their demands,
Nor pofted off their fuites with flow delayes,
My pitte hath beene balme to heare their wounds,
My myndfeffe hath aljoyd their fulwilling griefes,
My mercle dryd their water-flowing tears.
I have not beene defuous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreft them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenue, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love Edward more then me?

No Exeuter, thefe Grace's challenge Graze:
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And when the Lyon fawne upon the Lambe,  
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.  
Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.  

Exit. Hearke, hearke, my Lord; what Shouts are thefe?  
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.  

Edw. Seize on the flamefac’d Henry, beare him hence,  
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.  
You are the Foure, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now flops thy Spring, my Sea shall fwell them dry,  
And swell fo much the higher, by their ebe,  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.  

Exit with King Henry.  

And Lords, towards Countray bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwick now remains;  
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vfe delay,  
Cold bittong Winter marres our hop’d-for Hay.  
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces lone,  
And take the great-growne Traitor vnware:  
Braue Warriors, марc’h amaine towards Countray.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Warwick, the Maior of Countray, two  
Majfters, and others upon the Walls.  

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?  
Mess’r By this at Dunmore, marching hitherward.  
War. How farre off is our Brother Montague?  
Where is the Post that came from Montague?  
Mess’r By this at Dartney, with a plentiful troope.  
Enter Somerulce.  
War. Say Somerulce, what fayes my louing Sunne?  
And by thy gueffe, how nigh is Clarence now?  
Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,  
And doe expect him here fome two howres hence.  
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his Drumme.  
Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:  
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.  
War. Who shoulde that be belike vnlook’d for friends.  
Someru. They are at hand, and you shall knowe quickly.  

March. Flearife. Enter Edward, Richard,  
and Souldiers.  

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and found a Parle.  
Rich. See how the furly Warwick mazs the Wall.  
War. Oh vnbid light, is sportfull Edward come?  
Where leapt our Scout, or how are they fpeduc’d,  
That we could heare no noyes of his repareye.  
Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the Cite Gates,  
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,  
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee thes Outrages.  
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confefe who fet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,  
Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt full remaine the Duke of York.  
Rich. I thought at leaft he would have fald the King,  
Or did he make the leaft again[t his will?  
War. Is not a Duke,dom, Sir, a goodly gift?  
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,  
Ile doe thee fervice for fo good a gift.  
War. Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.  
Edw. Why then’tis mine, if but by Warwick’s gift.  

War. Thou art no Atlas for fo great a weight:  
And Weakling, Warwick takes his gift agaie,  
And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subiect.  

Edw. But Warwicks King is Edward Prifoner:  
And gallant Warwick, doe but answer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is off?  
Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-caff,  
But whiles he thought to stale the fingle Ten.  
The King was flyly finger’d from the Deck:  
You left poot Henry at the Bishops Palace,  
And trewe to one you’ll meet him in the Tower.  
Edw. ’Tis enuio, yet you are Warwick’s fll.  

Rich. Come Warwick,  
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:  
Nay when? I flrike now, or elze the Iron cooles.  
War. I had rather chof this Hand off at a blow,  
And with the other, fling it at thy face,  
Then beare fo low a fayle, to flrike to thee.  
Edw. Sayle how thou canft,  
Houfe Wincle and Tyde thy friend,  
This Hand, full wound about thy coile-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 vs enter too.  
Edw. So other foes may fet upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt  
Williffe out againe, and bid vs battle;  
If not, the Cite being but of small defence,  
We’ll quickly rowze the Traitors in the fame.  
War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.  

Enter Montague, with Drumme and Colours.  

Mount. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treafon.  
Even with the dearft blood your bodies borre.  
Edw. The harder match, the greater Victorie,  
My minde prefageth happy gains, and Conquest.  

Enter Somerulce, with Drumme and Colours.  

Som. Somerulce, Somerulce, for Lancaster.  
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Duke of Somerulce,  
Haue fold their Lives into the House of York,  
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.  

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.  

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepe along,  
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaine:  
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuails  
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.  
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call,  
Clor. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:  
I will not ruine my Fathers Houfe,  
Who gaue his blood to lyme the Bones together,  
And let vp Lancaster. Why, trouweth thou, Warwick,  
That Clarence is fo hard, fo blunt, unnaturall,  
To bend the fatal Infruments of Warre.
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.  
Perhaps thou wilt objecft my holy Oath:  
To keep that Oath, were more impietie,  
Then Iphakel, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.  
I am so sorry for my Treafus made,  
That to deferve well at my Brothers hands,  
I here proclayme my felfe thy mortal foe:  
With refolution, wherefo're I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou firft abroad.)  
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.  
And fo, proud-hearted Warwick, I defe thee,  
And to my Brother turning my blushing Cheeks.  
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:  
And Richard, do not fhrowne vpon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more vncovant.  
Edward, now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,  
Then if thou never hadft defir'd our hate.  
Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.  
Warw. Oh paffing Traytor, perjur'd and vnfaithful.  
Edward. What Warwick?  
Who thou, to meet the Towne, and fight?  
Or fhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?  
Warw. Alas, I am not coo'd here for defence:  
I will away towards Barnet prefently,  
And bid thee Battale, Edward, if thou darft.  
Edward. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:  
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victor.  
Edward. Warwick and his company followes.  
Alarum, and Excucfions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.  
Edward. So lyce thou there: dye thou, and dye our feares,  
For Warwick was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.  
Now Montague is fiift, I fecke for thee,  
That Warwick's Bones may keep thine company.  
Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,  
And tell me who is Vicfor, York, or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body fwees,  
My blood, my want of strength, my fickle heart fwees,  
That I might yield my body to the Earth,  
And by my fall, the conquett to my foe.  
Thus yealds the Cedar to the Axes edge,  
Whofe Armes gave defter to the Princes Eagle,  
Vnder whole flame the rading Lyon fept,  
Whofe top-branch ouer-pearl'd Jove spreading Tree,  
And kept low Shrubs from Winters nowfull Winde.  
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,  
Hau beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,  
To fearch the fecret Trefions of the World:  
The Wrinkles in my Browe, now fill'd with blood,  
Were lik'd oft to Kingly Sepulchers:  
For who lin'd King, but I could digge his Graue?  
And who durft fmile, when Warwick bent his Brow?  
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.  
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,  
Even now forfake me; and of all my Lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.  
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Death?  
And lyce we how we can, yet dye we mutt.  

Enter Oxford and Somerset.  
Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,  
We might recouer all our Loffe againe:  
The Queene from France hath brought a puiffant power.  
Even now we heard the newes: ah, cou'd it thou fay.  
Warw. Why then I would not fay. Ah Montague,  
If thou be there, fweet Brother, take my Hand,  
And with thy Lippes keep in my Soule a while.  
Thou lou'ft me not: for, Brother, if thou didft,  
Thy teares would wash this cold conceale blood,  
That gleues my Lippes, and will not lea me fpeak.  
Come quickly Montague, or I am dea'd.  
Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his laft,  
And to the latest grofe, cry'd out for Warwick:  
And fayd, Commend me to my valiant Brother.  
And more he would have faid, and more he fpoke,  
Which founded like a Cannon in a Vault,  
That mought not be diftinguifh'd: but at laft,  
I well might heare, delivered with a groan,  
Oh farewell Warwick.  
Warw. Sweet reft his Soule:  
Flye Lords, and faue your felues,  
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven.  
Off. Away, away, to all the Queens great power.  
Here they hearre away his Body.  

Flourifb. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the refi.  
King. Thus fure our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreathes of Victoria:  
But in the midft of this bright-Shining Day,  
I fpy a black fucipious threatening Cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,  
Ere he attaine his cafefull Wetherne Bed:  
I meanes, my Lords, thefe powers that the Queene  
Hath ray'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,  
And, as we hearre, march on to fight with vs.  
Clar. A little gale will foon eiperfe that Cloud,  
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,  
Thy very Beames will drye those Vapours vp,  
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.  
Rich. The Queene is valued thirte thound strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, flied to her:  
If he have time to breathe, be well affurd  
Her fation will be as strong as ours.  
King. We are aduerfit'd by our losing frends,  
That they doe hold their coures toward Tewksbury.  
We haung now the beft at Barnet field,  
Will thither fraught, for willingneffe rides way,  
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:  
In every Countrie we goe along, we will  
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.  


Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne're fit and waile their loffe,  
But cheareouly feek to how to redrefs their harms.  
What though the Maift be now blowne ouer-board,  
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchore loft,  
And halfe our Sayers swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet lilies our Pilot fill. It's meet, that hee  
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,  
With tearefull Eyes add Water to the Sea,  
And glue more strength to that which hath too much,  
While in his moone, the Ship flp'ets on the Rock,  
Which Induftrie and Courage might have faid?  
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.  
Say Warwick was our Anchore: what of that?  

q 3

And
And Montague our Top-Mast what of him?  
Our fraught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these?  
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?  
And Somerset, another goodly Main?  
The friends of France our Showrods and Tacklings?  
And though vnskillful, why not Ned and I,  
For once allow'd the skilful Pilots Charge?  
We will not from the Helme, to fit and weeps,  
But keepe our Course (though the rough Windes say no)  
From Shelles and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.  
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.  
And what is Edward, but a ruthlef Sea?  
What Clarence, but a Quick-fand of Deceit?  
And Richard, but a raged fatall Rocke  
All thefe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.  
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:  
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly fanke,  
Belrifice the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,  
Or else you famifie, that's a three-fold Death.  
This speake I (Lords) to you Werryherd,  
If cafe some one of you would flye from vs,  
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothe'n,  
More then with ruthlefse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.  
Why courage then, what cannot be auido'd,  
'Twere childifh weakenesse to lament, or feare.  
Prince. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these wordes,  
Infuile his Breast with Magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
I speake not this, as doub'in any here:  
For did I but suspect a fearfull man,  
He should haue leave to goe away be'then,  
Leaft in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.  
If any such be here, as God forbid,  
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.  
Oxf. Women and Children of fo highe a courage,  
And Warriors faint, why 'tware perpetuall flame.  
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather  
Doth line againe in thee; long may't thou live,  
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.  
Son. And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
If he arife, he mock'd and wonder'd at.  
Qo. Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes.  
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.  


Enter a Maffinger.  

Maff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Readie to fight: therefore be refolute.  
Oxf. I thought no lefte: it is his Policie,  
To hide thus falt, to finde vs vnproou'd.  
SOM. But he's deceu'd, we are in readinesse.  
Qo. This cheares my heart, to fee your forwardnesse.  
Oxf. Here pitch our Battale, hence we will not budge.  

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Soultiers.  

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,  
Which by the Heauens affifiance, and your strength,  
May the Root be hewne vp yet ere Night.  
I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:  
Give fignall to the fight, and to it Lords,  

Qu.Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,  
My teares gainse-fay: for every word I speake,  
Ye fe I drink the water of my eye.  
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Souersigne  
Is Prifoner to the Foe, his State vntow'd,  
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects flaine,  
His Statutes candel'd, and his Treasure spent:  
And yonder is the Wolves, that makes this toyple.  
You fight in Justice then in Gods Name, Lords,  
Be valiant, and give fignall to the fight.  

Alarum, Retreat, Exeunt.  


Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Caftle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guill'ne Head.  
Goe beare them hence, I will not hear them speake.  
Oxf. For my part, I lefs not trouble thee with words,  
So'm. Nor I, but sloope with patience to my fortune.  

Exeunt.  

Qo. So part we sadly in this troublous World,  
To meete with joy in sweete Jerusalem.  

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,  
Shall haue a high Reward, and be his Life?  
Rich. It is, and howe youthfull Edward comes.  

Enter the Prince.  

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs hear him speake.  
What? can so young a Thorne begin to pricks?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For bearing Armes, for flouring vp my Subiects,  
And all the trouble thou haft turn'd me to?  
Prince. Speake like a Subiect, proud ambitious York.  
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
Reignif thy Chayre, and where I fland, kneеле thou,  
Whill'ft I propoole the false-fame words to thee,  
Which (Traytor) thou wouldst haue me anow to.  
Qo. Ah, that thy Father had bene fo refolv'd.  
Rich. That you might flill have wore the Petticoat,  
And ne're have rolne the Breech from Lancaifter.  

Prince. Let a Ep'le fable in a Winters Night,  
His Currifl Riddles forts not with this place.  
Rich. By Hemen, Brat, ille plague ye for that word.  
Qo. I, thou waft boone to be a plague to men.  
Rich. For Gods fake, take away this Captive Scold.  
Prince. Nay, take away this fcoolding Crooke-backe, rather.  

Edw. Peace willfull Boy, or I will charge your tongue.  
Clar. Vnturon'd Lad, thou art too malapert.  
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vn dutifull:  
Lafculious Edward, and thou periur'd George,  
And thou mis-flapen Dicty, I tell ye all,  
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,  
And thou usurp't my Father right and mine.  
Edw. Take that, the likeoffe of this Rayler here.  
Stabs him.  

Rich. Sprawl'ft thou? take that, to end thy agone.  
Rich. fhab's him.  
Clar. And ther's for twittinge me with periurie.  
Clar. fhab's him.  

Qo. Oh, kill me too.  
Rich. Marry, and shall.  

Offers to kill her.  
Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.  

Rich. Why
Rich. Why should thee live, to fill the World with
words.
Edw. What? doth thee sowe? vse means for her
recoverie.
Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ie hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some newes.
Cla. What? what?
Rich. Tower, the Tower. Exit.
Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy Mother Boy.
Canst thou not speake? O Traitsors, Murthers?
They that Rabbs Cafer, flied no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childre.
And Men, are euer their fury on a Childre.
What's worfe then Murthers, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will lorde, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that fo my heart may burnt.
Butchers and Viliaines, bloody Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant have you vertuely croot:
You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd vp remorke,
But if you euer chance to have a Childre,
Looke in his youth to have him cut off.
As deathsmen you have riot this sweet young Prince.
King. Away with her, go bear her hence perfecce.
Qu. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ie pardon thee my death:
What wilt thou now? Then Clarence do it thou.
Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much eafe.
Qu. Good Clarence do! sweet Clarence do thou do it.
Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?
Qu. I, but thou wouldest to forswear thy selfe.
"I was Sin before, but now tis Charity.
What wilt y no? Where is that disdes butcher Richard?
Hard favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not heere; Mother is thy Almeft-dead:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put't backe.
Ed. Away I say, I chuse ye bear heere hence.
Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. 
Exit Rorene.
Ed. Where's Richard gone.
Cla. To London all in poft, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.
Ed. He's fodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, difcharge the common fort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And fee our gentle Rorene how well he fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. Exit.

Enter Henry the first, and Richard,with the Lieutenant
on the Wallis.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
hard?
Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I shoule lay rather,
Tis faire to flatter, Good was little better:
'Good Olofer, and good Deuil,' were alike.
And both propositous: therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sirra, leave vs to our felues, we must conforme.
Hen. So flies the wreakleshe shepher'd from y Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throats, vnto the Butchers Kniffe.
What Scene of death hath Robert now to Acte?
Rich. Sufficion always haunts the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each buth an Officer,
Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buft,
With trembling wings mildsoutchey every buft;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
Hauie now the fatal Obiect in my eyes,
Where my poor yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Rich. Why what a peenith Fools was that of Greet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foolc was drown'd.
Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy knowes,
Thy Father Minos, that doni'de our coure.
The Sunne that bear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfes, the Sea
Whose enious Guife did swallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my cares that Fragile life.
But wherefore doft thou come? It's for my Life?
Rich. Think'it thou I am an Executioner?
Hen. A Perforcutor I am sure thou art,
If murthering Innocens be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I know'd for his gufsumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst proume,
Thou hadst not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I profeffe, that many a thousand,
Which now misfratt no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans figure, and many a Widdowe,
And many an Orphans water-bending-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timesless death,
Shall rie the houre that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thry birth, an euill signe,
The Night-Crow cry'ye, aboding luckclese time,
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempst fhook down Trees:
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatter'ing Pies in dimmall Difcordes fong:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hopes,
To wit, an Indiggeted and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of fuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had.thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To fignifie, thou cam't to bite the world:
And if the reft be tru, which I have heard,
Thou cam't—
Rich. Ie hear no more.

Dye Prophet in thy speach,
Stbab the him.
For this (among the reft) was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee.
Dye. Rich. What will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my fword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may fuch purple teares be alway shed
From thofe that with the downfall of our houfe.
If any sparkes of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and fay I fent thee thither.
Sals him again.

I that have neyther pitty, love, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
For I have ofteen heard my Mother fay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reafe (think ye) to make haft,
And feake their Ruines, that furpr'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women crie'd
O Irius bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,
And
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snare, and bite, and play the dogges:
Then since the Heauens haue stopp'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such Prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearfull 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 is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
He throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we ft in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valorous Foe-men, like to Autumnnes Come,
Hauke we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerfield, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two braue men,
Ne're fpar'd their Couriers at the Trumpets found.
With them, the two braue Beares, Warwick & Montague,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspiion from our Seate,
And made our Footboole of Security.
Come hither Biffe, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnuckles, and my selfe,
Hauie in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might't repoffe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blis his Hanef, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd fo thicke, to heave,
And heave it fmall some weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. Clarence and Gloffer, loue my losely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Maiesty,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fr6 whence y sprang't:
Witness the louing kiffe I glue the Fruite,
To lay the truth, fo Judas kift his matter,
And cried all hale, when at he meant all harme.

King. Now am I feated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace have done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what refts, but that we spend the time
With flately Triumphs, mirthfull Comicke fheves,
Such as beftis the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and, Trumpets, farewell fowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lafiting joy.

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 Gloucester.

Ow is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorkes: And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deepes boosome of the Ocean buried. Now are our brows bound with Vicious Wreathes, Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments; Our serne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings; Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds, To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries, He capers nimblly in a Ladies Chamber, To the lafciuous pleasong of a Lute. But I, that am not flap'd for sportive tricke, Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glafe: I, that am Rudely lamp't, and want loose Mainely, To frout before a wonton ambling Nymph: I, that am curtill'd of this faire Proportion, Cheared of Feature by dillambling Nature, Deform'd, vn-fit'll'd, bent before my time Into this breathing World,earfe halfe made vp, And that so lamely and un-fashionalbe, That dogges barke at me, as I halte by them. Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace) Have no delight to sifle away the time, Vnleafe tofee my Shadow in the Sunne, And decent on mine owne Deformity. And therefore, since I cannot prove a Luer, To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes, I am determined to prove a Villaine, And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes. Plots hue I laide, Indiglous dangerous, By drunken Prophefies, Libels, and Dreames, To fet my Brother Clarence and the King In deadly hate, the one againft the other: And if King Edward be as true and fuff, As I am Subtle, Falfe, and Treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp: About a Prophefie, which fayes that G, Of Edwards heyres the murtherer shall be, Dye thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brother guard'd.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard That waites upon your Grace?

Cla. His Maietey tendering his perfons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduelt, to convey me to th'Tower
Rich. Vpon what caufe?

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 Maiete hath some intent, That you should 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 learne, He heatkens after Prophefies and Dreames, And from the Cross-rowe plackes the letter G: And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, His liffe diſhinerled should be,

And for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought, that I am he. Thefe (as I learne) and such like toys as thefts, Hath moou'd his Highneffe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:

'Tis not the King that lends you to the Tower,
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence 'tis fure. That tempes him to this harsh Extremity. Was it not fhee, and that good man of Worship,

Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him fend Lord Haftings to the Tower? From whence this pretent day he is delivered? We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man secure But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds, That trudge betwixt the King, and Miftres Shore. Heard you not what an humble Suppliant

Lord Haftings was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deltie, Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie. Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way, If we will keep in fauour with the King, To be her men, and wear her Livery. The leaful ore-worne Widdow, and her fcel, Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlemen, Are mighty Godfips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Grace both to pardon me, His Maiete hath Straightly given in charge, That no man shall have private Conference (Of what degree soever) with your Brother.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treason man; We say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queen
Well strooke in years, faire, and not jeallous.
We say, that Shoes Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pasing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queens Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you first? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to
do.
Rich. Naught to do with Mittris Shoe?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Kraus, would’st thou betray me?
Bra. I do befeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cia. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queens aibechs, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe’re you will impoy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow,Sister,
I will performe it to infranchize you,
Meane time, this deepie dfigrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cia. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, have patience.
Cia. I must perfore: Farewell. 
Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne’re return:
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loute thee fo,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new delivered Haflings?

Enter Lord Haflings.

Haf. Good time of day vnfo my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Charneller.
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brooke’d imprisonment?
Haf. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall luye (my Lord) to give them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have preuail’d as much on him, as you.
Haf. More pitty, that the Eagles shoulde be mew’d,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.
Rich. What new abroad?
Haf. No news fo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholish,
And his Phyfition fear him mightily.
Rich. Now by S.John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euyll Diet long,
And ouer-much confum’d his Royall Person:
'Tis very greenous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Haf. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack’d with poft-horfe vp to Heauen.

Ile in to vrg his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well felt’d with weighty Argumentes,
And if I fale not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercie,
And leave the world for me to buflie in.
For then, Ie marry Warwickes yongeft daughter.
What though I kill’d her Husband, and her Father,
The readieft way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all fo much for love,
As for another secret clofe intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horfe to Market:
Clarence fill breathes, Edward fill lies andaignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Cours of Henrie the fiet with Hallerds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mournar.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be throwed in a Herfe;
Whilft I a while obsequiously lament
Th’untimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athes of the House of Lancater;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I innocate thy Ghoff,
To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
Stab’d by the falsefame hand that made these wounds.
Lose, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpless Balme of my poore eyes.
O curfed be the hand that made these holes:
Curfed the Heart, that had the heart to do it: Curfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More dirfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can with vs to Wolves, to Spiders,Toades,
Or any creeping venom’d thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childes, Abortive be he,
Prodigious, and vntriumph’d brought to light,
Whole vgy and vanstural Aspeet
May frite the hopeful Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhapniffe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertfey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And till as you are weary of this weight,
Reft you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarfe.

Enter Richard Duke of Glofier.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarfe, & set it down.
As. What blackes Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop denoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarfe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarfe of him that disobeys.

Gen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Gen. My Lord stand backs, and let the Coffin passe.

Rick. Vansmann'd Dogge, Stand'st thou when I command'd:

Advanche thy Halbert higher then my breit,

Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,

And I'purne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anon. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,

And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Anunt thou dreadfulfull minifer of Hell;

Thou hadst but power over his Mortall body,

His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.

Rick. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Diuell,

For Gods fake hence, and trouble vs not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims:

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.

O Gentlemen, see, see dead Henry wounds,

Open their congeald mouthes, and bleed arie.

Blith, blith, thou lumpe of foule Deformite:

For thy prefence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwells.

Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,

Provokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his death.

Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murtherer dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.

As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell-gourn'd armes hath butchered.

Rick. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

Which renders good for bad, Bleffings for Curfes.

An. Villaines, thou know'rt no law of God nor Man,

No Beast do flourish, but knowes some touch of pity.

Rick. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rick. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)

Of these suppo'd Crimes, to give me leue

By circumstance, but to acquire my felie.

An. Vouchsafe (defauld' infection of man)

Of these knowne rules, but to give me leue

By circumstance, to curfe thy curfed Selfe.

Rick. Failer then tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leyfure to excuse my felie.

An. Fouler then heart can think thee,

Thou canst not make no excuse currant,

But to hang thy felie.

Rick. By such difaire, I should accuse my felie.

An. And by disparing that thou stand excused,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy felie,

That didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rick. Say that I flew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish flawe by thee.

Rick. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is alive.

Rick. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou ly'st,

Queene Margaret saw

Thy mur'drous Faulchion smocking in his blood:

The which, thou once didst bend against her breft,

But that thy Brothers beate afide the point.

Rick. I was prowseck by her Iand'rous tongue,
Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops: These eyes, which never shed remorcellfull teare, No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept, To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made When black-fac'd Clifford broke his sword at him. Nor when thy wrakke Father like a Child, Told the sad storie of my Fathers death, And twenty times, made pause to sob and weep That all the flanders by had wet their cheeks Like Trees bedeck'd with raine. In that sad time, My manly eyes did foorne an humble tearre: And what these forrowes could not thence exhale, Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping. I neuer feed to Friend, nor Enemy: My Tongue could never leare sweete smoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propound my Fee, My proud heart fues, and promp't my tongue to speake. She looks forsonfully at him. Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made For kissting Lady, not for such contempt, If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive, Look here I lend thee this sparce-pointed Sword, Which if thou please to hide in this true brest, And let the Soule forth that adore thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, And humbly begge the death vpon my knee. Nay do not paue: For I did kill King Henrie, But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me. Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that thabb'd yong Edward, But 'twas thy Heavenly face that fet me on. She falls the Sword. Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me. Arise Diffemblers, though I with thy death, I will not be thy Executioner. Rich. Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will do it. Arise. I have already. Rich. That was in thy rage: Speake it againe, and even with the word, This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Loue, Shall for thy love, kill a faire truer Loue, To both their deaths shall thou be accesseary. Arise. I would I knew thy heart. Rich. 'Tis figure'd in my tongue. Arise. I feare me, both are falle. Rich. Then never Man was true. Arise. Well, well, put vp your Sword. Rich. Say then my Peace be made. Arise. That shalt thou know hereafter. Rich. But shall I live in hope. Arise. All men I hope live fo. Vouchsafe to weare this Ring. Rich. Looke how my Ring incompaßeth thy Finger, Even fo thy Breit incloseth my poore heart: Wear both of them, for both of them are thine: And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may But beg one favoure at thy gracieus hand, Thou dost conforme his happinesse for ever. Arise. What is it? Rich. That it may pleaseth you leve these fide defignes, To him that hath mostcause to be a Mournar, And prefently repayre to Crobbie Houfe: Where (after I have solemnly inter'd At Chertsey Monalfy this Noble King, And set his Graue with my Repentant Teares) I will with all expedient duty fee you,
Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

Der. God make your Maleity joyful, as you have bin.

Qu. The Countefle Richmond, good my Lof Derby.

To your good prayer, will fearfully say, Amen.

Yet Derby, notwithstanding, thee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord affir'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do believe you, either not beleue
The enuious flanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Bears with her weakknee, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward fickneffe, 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 Maleity.

Qua. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Buck. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buck. I Madam, he defires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glosuter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall preence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not induce it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
By holy Paul, they lose his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such diffentous Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and coge,
Ducke with French nod, and Apifi curtfee,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With filken, fye, infamating Lackes?

Gray. To who in all this preence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
When haue I inured thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preferre better then you would with)
Cannot be quiet stare a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glosuter, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not proue'd by any Sutor else)
Ayiming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes is selle
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to fend, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Lacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enu'e my aduancement, and my friends:
(Glosuter)
God grant we never may have neede of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is imprision'd by your meane,
My selle disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily gien to ennable those
That Earle some days since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inloy'd,
I never did incence his Maleifie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin
An earene advocate to plead for him,
My Lord you do me shameful injustice,
Falsely to draw me in thefe vile suspechts.

Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord Haffings late imprisionment.

Riu. She may my Lord, for--

Rich. She may Lord Rivers, why who knowes not so?
She may do more frin then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayling hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high defert.
What may the not, the may, I marrie may the.

Riu. What marrie may the?

Rich. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handlime stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worfer match.

Qu. My Lord of Glosuter, I have too long borne
Your blunt vpbuildings, and your bitter Scoffes:
By haue, I will acquit his Maleifie
Of those groffe taunts that of haue endur'd,
I had rather be a Courtie feruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and flamed at,
Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leafe he that small, God I befeech him,
Thy honor, state, and state, is due to me.

Rich. What threat you me with telling of the King?
I will awaunc't in preence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be fent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to speake,
My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dt my Husband Horfes in the Tower,
And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great afferiares:
A weeder out of his proud Adveneries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalis his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.
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Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey Were fictions, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, to were you: Was not your Husband,
In Margaret's Battle, at Saint Alkmene?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.
Q. M. A marthrous Villaine, and so still thou art, Ric. Poore Clarence did forfake his Father Warwick,
I, and forswore himselfe (which I efeu pardon.)
Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Ric. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childifh foolish for this World.
Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & lease this World
Thou Cademoner, there thy Kingdome is.
Ric. My Lord of Oloffor: in those bure days,
Which were my wayes, to do vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Q. M. As little joy (my Lord) as you supposse
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may supposse in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am thee, and altogether loyellfe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharring that which you have pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depor'd, you quake like Rebels.
A gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.
(fight) Rich. Foulre wrinkleth Witch, what make'th thou in my
Q. M. But repetition of what thou haft marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Ric. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?
Q. M. I was; but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeild me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Souene thou ow'tto me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaunts, that thou canst take mine.
Rich. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou diest Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy fornes drewt Riviers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau't the Duke a Cloath,
Slew'd in the battlefle blood of prettie Rutland:
He Curfeles then, from bittellere of Soule,
Denouc'd against thee, are all faine vpone thee:
And God, not we, hath plag'd thy bloody deed.
Q. M. So iust is God, to right the innocent.
Hoff. O, twas the foullc deed to flay that Babe,
And the most merell, that ere was heard of.
Ric. Tyrans themselues wept when it was reported.
Dorf. No man but profecious reuenge for it.
Back. Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it.
Q. M. What? were you flattering all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread Curfe preaule so much with Heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes loffe, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but anfwer for that penuell Bruet?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now in Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy felle a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched felle:
Long may't thou live, to waye thy Children death,
And fee another, as I fee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Righteous, as thou art tall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happy days, before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rivers and Dorset, you were flanders by,
And fo waft thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne
Was fau'd in the Clouds, by God, I prays him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some vanlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have done thy Charmes, ye bafeful wither'd Hagge.
Q. M. And leave out thee! thy Doge for thy haft hear me.
If Heauen have any gracious plague in store,
Exceeding thoe that I can with vs, and thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy finnes be repes,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conscience still begnaws thy Soule,
Thy Friends lufped for Trayers while thou liv'st,
And take deeps Trayers for thy dearest Friends?
No sleepe clofe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleefe it be while some tormenting Drame
Affrights thee, with a Hell of ougly Deuils.
Thou cluth mark'd, abortue rooting Hogge,
Thou that wait feald in thy Nadidade,
The flave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou flander of thy honeste Mothers Wombes,
Thou loathed Iffue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Kagge of Honor, thou deteled--
Q. M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then; for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names,
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd I for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to thy Curfe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Q. M. Thus have you breath'd thy Curfe against your self.
Q. M. Pooro painted Queene, vain flourifh of my fortune,
Why draw'd thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enflav'reth thee about?
Fool, fools, thou wheet'st a Knife to kill thy felle:
The day will come, that thou shalt with for me,
To helpe thee curfe this poynous Bunch-backt Toade.
Hoff. False bounding Woman, end thy frantick Curfe,
Leadst to thy shame, thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foulre flame upon you, you have all moued mine.
Ric. Were you well seru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ferue me well, you all shou'd do me duty,
Teach me to be thy Queene, and you my Subiects;
O ferue me well, and teach your felves that duty.
Dorf. Diligent not with her, thee is lunaticke.
Q. M. Pesce Marther Marquelle, you are malapert,
Your fire-new flambe of Honor is fcarce currant.

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Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Ry. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Ry. We wait upon your Grace.

Enter Catesby.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischeefes that I fett abroad,
I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

Clarence. Who I IDEHIDE have caft in darkneffe,
I do bewepe to many simple Guiles,
And to Derby, Hafings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies,
That firit the King againft the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleue it, and withall whet me
To bee reneg'd on by you, Dorian, and I.
But then I figh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for cuill: And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With oode old ends, flone forth of holy Writ,
And feme a Saint, when mort play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy flout refolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

U1. We are your Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Ric. Well thought vpon, I have it heare about me:
When you have done, repaire to Crosby place;
But firs be fodaime in the execution,
Withall obfcurate, do not heare him pleade;
For Clarence is well fpoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.

U1. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not fland to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be affurd:
We go to vfe our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-dones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straightly.
Go, go, dilpatch.

U1. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Kesper.

Kesp. Why looks your Grace fo heauily to day.

Cl. O, I have paft a miserable night,
So full of fearfull Dreams, of ugly fights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another foule a night
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of daffmall terror was the time.

Kesp. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
Cl. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloucefier,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we lookd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heavy times,

Enter Catesby.

Rich. Good counfaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueffe.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne fo high:
Our ayerie bulideth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and formes the Sunne.

Mar. And turns the Sun to flade; alas, alas,
Witneffe my Sonne, now in the flade of death,
Whole bright out-flining beams, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneffe folded vp.
Your ayer buildeth in our ayeries Neft:
O God that feelt it, do not fuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loft be it fo.

Buc. Peace, peace for thame of God for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor fhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefullly my hopes (by you) are buther'd.

My Charity is outrage, Life my fhame,
And in that fhame, full live my forrowes rage.

Buc. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Iheiffe thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houfe:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaff of my curfe.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curfes never paife.
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinkte but theye ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle fleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will ranke to the death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue fett their markes on him,
And all their Minifters attend on him.

Rich. What doth the fay, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I refpect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What doft thou fume me
For my gentle counfell?

And thoth the dillel that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he fhall fplitt thy very heart with forrow:
And fay (poore Margaret) was a Profeffesse:
Lye euery of you the subiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

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 hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayd:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the caufe thereof.

Ri1. A vertuous, and a Chrifian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done death to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduerd.

Speakes to himfelfe.

For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe.
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatchets,
Me thought that Gloafter fumbled, and in falling
 Strokeo me (that thought to slay him) out of bound,
Into the tumbling billows of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noife of water in mine ears,
What fights of vgy death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand feerfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fifthes gnan'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineflimable Stones, vnvalued Jewels,
All scatred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As the dimm'd eyes of refringent Gemmes,
That wou'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatred by.
Kep. Had you such ye脑海 in the time of death?
To gaze upon these secrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I truie
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuisful Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaft, and wand'reing ayre:
But smoother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoft burn'd, to betch it in the Sea.
Kep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?
Clar. No, no, my Dreme was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempue to my Soule.
I paft (me thought) the Melancolly Flood,
With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdom of perpetuall Night.
The firft that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who flake alowed: What fcourge for Perierie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord faille Clarence?
And fo he vanifh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shirk'd out alowe
Clarence is come, falfe, fleeting, perfur'd Clarence,
That flabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noife,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a feacon after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Imprefion made my Dreme.
Kep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinks) to heare you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards fake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepely prayes cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O Ipare my guiltleffe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee fit by me a while,
My soule is heavy, if I tyme would sleepe.
Kep. I will my Lord, God gue your Grace good reft.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seafoons, and repofing houres,
Makes the Night morning, and the Noon-tide night
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reflicifie Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?
Bra. What wouldst thou Fellow? And how committ'st thou hither.
2. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
Bra. What do breede?
1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be told then.
Let him fee our Commination, and take no more. Reads
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltie from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aleepee, and there the Keyes.
Ine to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I have refign'd to you my charge.
Exit.
1. You may fie, 'tis a point of wifedome:
Far you well.
2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepe.
No: he'll fay was done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he shall never wake, vntill the great judgement day.
1. Why then hee'll fay, we stab'd him fleeing.
2. The vripping of that word Judgement, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1. What? art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damned for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had'ft bin resolve.
2. So I am, to let him live.
1. I cle backe to the Duke of Gloafter, and tell him fo.
2. Nay, I prythee flay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
I was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.
1. How doth thou feele thy felfe now?
2. Some certaine dregges of confidence are yet within mee.
1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy confidence now.
1. When hee opens his purfe to guie vs our Reward,
thy Confidence flies out.
2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.
1. What if it come to thee again?
2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot feale, but it accufeth him: A man cannot Swaree, but it Checkes him:
A man cannot lyie with his Neighbours Wife, but it detectes him. 'Tis a blushing shamefull spirit, that mutinies in a mans bodome: It fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once refore a Purifie 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 truft to himselfe, and live with out it.

'Tis
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1 'Tis even now at my elbow, perfwading me not to
kill the Duke.
2 Take the dissel in thy minde,and belceue him not:
He would inmutate with thee but to make thee figh:
3 I am strong fram'd,he cannot preualie with me.
4 Spoke like a tall man,that refpeets thy reputation.

Come,shall we fall to worke?
1 Take him on the Cofhard, with the hiltes of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeufey-Butte in
the next roome.
2 O excellent deuice; and make a hop of him.
3 Soft, he wakes.
4 Strike.
5 No, we'll reafon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Glue me a cup of wine.
2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord alon.
Cla. In Gods name,what art thou?
1 A man, as you are.
Cla. But not as I am Royall.
1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 My voice is loud as the Kings, my looks mine owne.
Cla. How darkely,and how deadly doth thou speake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who fent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
2 To, to, to--
Cla. To murther me?
"Bath, I.
Cla. You scarely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Cla. Are you drawnne forth among a world of men
To play the innocens? What is my offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful Quoet haue gien their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter fentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict'd by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is moft vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneffe,
That you depart, and lay no hands on this,
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 What will we do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cla. Erroneous Vafals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou that do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fuffill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpnon their heads that breake his Law.
And that fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For falfe Forfwearing, and for murther too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fght
In quarrel of the Houfe of Lancater,
1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnfold the Bowels of thy Sou'reign Sonne.
2 Whom thou was't fwearne to cherish and defend.
How canst thou vrgge Gods dreadful Law to vs,
When thou haft brake it in fuch deere degree?
Cla. Alas! for whafe fake did I that ill deede?
For Edward, for my Brother, for his fake.
He fends you not to murther me for this:
For in that finne, he is as depe as I.
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrel from his powrefull armes:
He needs no indirect, or lawflefe courfe,
To cut of those that have offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minifter,
When gallant ftringing brave Plantagenets,
That王子ly Nourice was strucke dead by thee?
Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.
1 Thy Brothers loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prrouke vs hither now, to flaughter thee.
Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hyrd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will lend you to my Brother Gloufter:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for trydings of my death.
2 You are decreau'd,
Your Brother Gloufter hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.
1 I fo we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princey Father Yorke,
Bliet his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this duided Friendfhip:
Bid Gloufter think on this, and he will weep.
1 I Milhones, as he leffoned vs to weep.
Cla. O do not fandler him, for he is kinde.
1 Right, as Snow in Harceft:
Come, you deceuie your felfe,
'Tis he that fends vs to defroy you here.
Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and fware with fobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
1 Why fo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earths thralldome, to the loyes of heauen,
2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your soules,
To conuail thee to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne foules fo blinde,
That you will warne with God,by murfing me.
O fir's confider, they that let you on
To do this deede, they hate you for the deede.
2 What shall we do?
Clæ. Relent, and faue your foules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you,
Would not intreate for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diftreffe.
1 Relent; not: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaffeely, fauage,diuellish:
My Friend, I fyfe some pity in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my fide, and intrete for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.
1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stab him.
Ile drowne you in the Malmeufey-But within.
Cla. A bloody deed, and desperatly dispach't:
How faire (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greevous murther.
Enter 1.Murtherer.
1 How now? what mean't it thou that thou help'd it me not?
By Hauen the Duke shall know how flacke you have borne.

r 3
2 1
| 2.3. Mar. I would he knew that I had faw'd his brother, Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say, For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. Exit. | Enter Rutcliffes, and Gloyler. 

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen And Princeely Peere, a happy time of day. 

King. Happy indeed; as we have spent the day: Glofter, we have done deeds of Charity, Make peace of enmity, false love of hate, Between thee dwelling wrong incensed Peere. 

Rich. A blest labour my most Soueraigne Lord: Among this Princeely heape, if any here By fals intelligence, or wrong furmise Hold me a Foe: If I knothing willingly, Have ought committed that is hardly borne, To any in this prescence, I defire To reconcile me to his Friendly peace: 
'Tis death to me to be at enmity: I hate it, and defire all good mens love, First Madam, I intreate true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my dutifull service. Of you my Noble Cofin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodg’d betwixt vs. Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset, That all without defer have frown’d on me: Of you Lord Woudall, and Lord Scales of you, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all. I do not know that Englishman alive, With whom my foile is any jot at oddes, More then the Infant that is borne to night: I thanke my God for my Humility. 

Qu. A holy day shal this be kept hereafter: I would to God all errors were well compounded. My Soueraigne Lord, I do beeche your Highnedfe To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace. Rich. Why Madam, have I offered love for this, To be fo flowerd in this Royall prescence? Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? They You do him injurie to force his Coarfe. all start. 

King. Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is? 

Qu. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this? 

Bur. Lookke I to pale Lord Dorset, as the rest? 

Der. I my good Lord, and no man in the preffence, But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes. 

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was receiv’d. 

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed, And that a winged Mercurie did beeare: Some tardie Cipple bare the Countermand, That came noe taffe to see him buried. 

God grant, that some leffe Noble, and leffe Loyall, Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, Deforme not worse then wretched Clarence did, And yet go currant from Suffititon. 

Enter Earle of Derby. 

Der. A boonie my Soueraigne for my servite done. 

King. I prethee peace, my foile is full of forrow. 

Der. I will not rife, uncliffe your Highnes hear me. 

King. Then fay at once, what is it thou requestis. 

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my feruants life, Who flew to day a Rioutous Gentleman, 

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfoke. 

King. Have I a tongue to doome my Brothers death? And shal that tongue glue pardon to a flaine? 

My Brother kill’d no man, his fault was Thought, And yet his punishement was bitter death. 

Who
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Who said to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel’d and my feet, and bid me be aduis’d?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loulie?
Who told me how the poor soule did forake
The mighty Warwicke, did and fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkebury,
When Oxford had me downe, he relieved me:
And said deare Brother Luc, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen(ailmoit)to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your walking Vassalls
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and deafe’d
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You rightfull are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniustly too) must grant it you.
But for my brother, not a man would speake
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my fede
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would oone begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy Juflice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come Hapings helpes me to my Cloffe.
Ah poore Clarence. *Exeunt some with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look’d pale, when they did hear of Clarence death.
O they did wepe it fill unto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company.
Be it. We wait vpon your Grace.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the old Dutchefl of York, with the two children of Clarence.*

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy,
*Daugh.* Why do wepe so oof? And heate your Brech?
And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and thake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Calwawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alue?
*Daught. My pretty Cofna, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickenefle of the King,
As loath to looke him, not your Fathers death:
It were loft forrow to walle one that’s loft.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will imporne
With earneft prayers, all to that effect,
*Daugh.* And so will I.
*Daught.* Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapable, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who curd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Glofier
Told me, the King provok’d to it by the Queene,
Deuis’d impeachments to imprinon him;
And when my Vnkle told me fo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kff my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deere as a child.
*Daught.* Ah! that Deceit should stalle fuch gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my fonne, I, and therein my thame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did difsemble Grandam?
Dutch. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noble is this?
*Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,*
*Rivera & Dorset after her.*

Say! Ah! who shall hinder me to walle and wepe?
To childe my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile loyne with blacke difpare against my Soule,
And to my felle, become an enemy.
*Daught.* What means this Scene they rude impietie?
Boy. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
*Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.*
*Boy.* How grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
*Boy.* Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament if dye, be breefe,
That our (twift-winged Soules may catch the King,
Or like obedient Subjectes follow him,
To his new Kingsome of nere-changing night.
*Daught.* Ah fo much interef haue in thy forrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue beept a worthy Husbandes death,
And liued with looking on his Images
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack’d in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falle Glaffe,
That greues me, when I fee my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow yet thou art a Mother,
And haft the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath finch’d my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Cruches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O what caufe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cryes.
*Boy.* Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
*Daught.* How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
*Daugh.* Our fatherlesse differefe was left vnmoan’d,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise he vnwept.
*Qu.* Glue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barre to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern’d by the waterie Moone,
May fend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.
*Clare.* Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.
*Daught.* Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
*Qu.* What lay had I but Edward, and hee’s gone?
*Clare.* What lay had we but Clarence? and he’s gone.
*Daught.* What layes had I, but they’re gone.
*Qu.* Was never widdow had fo deere a loffe.
*Clare.* Were neuer Orphans had fo deere a loffe.
*Daught.* Was never Mother had fo deere a loffe.
*Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcull’d, mine is general.
She for an Edward weepes, and fo do I.*
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee:
That Babes for Clarence weepes, so doe not they.
Ais! you three, on me theeifold distribut:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurfe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
For comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngrateful,
With dull vnwillingsence to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
More much to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your fons fend special for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lies.
Drowne desperat sorrow in dead Edwards graue,
And plant your joys in living Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Ha-
flings, and Rutcliffe.

Rich. Siter haue comfort, all of vs haue caufe
To wail the dimmig of our shining Starre :
But none can helpe our hartes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not fee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Dor. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breaf,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blissing
I maruell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forrowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we have spent our Harneft of this King,
We are to reape the Harneft of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high,swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knaft, and lown'd together,
May gently be prefer'd,cherifht, and kept :
Me feemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leave by a multitude,
The new-heald wound of Malice should brake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the effect is greene, and yet vaguern'd.
Where every Horfe bears his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as pleafe himselfe,
As well the faire of harme, as harme apperant,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Ris. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of break,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is mete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hoft. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who shall be that braine shall passe to London.
Madam, and you my Siter, will you go
To glue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer journeyes to the Prince,
For God fake let not vs two flay at home:
For by the way, Ie fort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other felle, my Counfailes Confistory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cohn,
As a child, will go by thy diirection,
Toward London then, for we'll not flay behind.


Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at
the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
fast?

2.Cit. I promitt you, I scarlely know my felle :
Hearre you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.
2. Ill newes bylady, felome comes the better:
Ifere, I feare, 'twill prove a giadly world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Give you good morrow sir.
2. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

1. I fay, it is too true, God helpe the white.
3. Then Mafter lookes to fee a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.
2. Woe to that Land that goes Govern'd by a Child.
3. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his monage, crounfe under him,
And in his full and ripened years, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

1. So flood the State, when Henry the fixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
2. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd:
With politike graue Counfelf, then the King
Had vertuous Vnklies to proftect his Grace.

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
2. Better it were they all came by his Father :
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be neere,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud :
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This fickly Land, might folace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worse; all will be well.
3. When Clouds are fteen, wifemen put on their cloackes:
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;
When the Sunnes heat, who doth not look for night?
Untimelie torments, makes men expect a Death:
All may be well, but if God fort it fo,
'Tis more then we defere, or I expeckt.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That looks not heauly, and full of dread.
3. Before the days of Change, till it is fo,
By a diuine intinct, mens minds mistrut

Enuuing
The Life and Death of Richard the Third. 185

Puruing danger: as by proocrce we fee
The Water swell before a boy'dous forme:
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
Marry we were fent for to the luffices.
And fo was I: Ile beare you company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queene, and the Dutchy.

Arch. Laft night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford, And at Northampton they do rett to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to fee the Prince:
I hope he is much gowne since laft I saw him.
Qu. But I hear no, they say my Sonne of York
He's almost overtane him in his growth.
York. I Mother, but I would not have it so.
Dut. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.
Ter. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper, My Ynkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I quoth my Ynkle Gloffuer, Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace, And since, me thinke I would not grow fo fast, Because Sweet Flowers are frow, and Weeds make haft.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the faying did not hold In him that did obflef the fame to thee.
He was the wretched thing when he was yong, So long a growinge, and fo leyfurely, That if his rule were true, he fhould be gracious.
Ter. And fo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet I Mother doubts my son.
Ter. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembered, I could have gien my Ynkle Grace, a flout, To touch his growth, nearer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How your yong Yorke, I prythee let me hear it.
Ter. Marry (they fay) my Ynkle grew fo faft, That he could grue a cruff at two hours old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have beene a bying lef.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Ter. Grandam, his Nurfie.
Dut. His Nurfie? why the was dead, ere I was born.
Ter. If'twere not fhe, I could not tell who told me.
Qu. A parious Boyrogo too,you are too shedd'w.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue cares. 

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newses?
Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Mef. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newses?
Mef. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are fent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Usshagam, Prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Mef. The mighty Dukes, Gloffuer and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?
Mef. The sumne of all I can, I haue disclo'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I fee the ruine of my Houfe:
The Tyger now hath fift'd the gentle Hinde,
Infulting Tiranny beginnes to Jatt
Upon the innocent and awfeleffe Throne:
Welcome Deftruftion,Blood, and Mafiacre,
I fee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling days,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loth his life, to get the Crowne, And often vp and downe my fones were tolt For me to ly, and weep, their gaine and loffe.
And being feate, and Domeffeke broyles
Cleanse over-blowne, themfelves the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themfelves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, felfe against felfe: O preffourous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned fpiele,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Go, come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Malam,farwell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You have no caufe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, I ile refigne vnto your Grace.
The Scale I keepe, and fo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. 

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloffuer, and Buckingham,
Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melaucholly.

Prin. No Ynkle, but our croffes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and haueful.
I want more Ynkleles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares
Hath not yet di'd into the Worlds deciet:
No more can you diluinguifh of a man,
Then of his outward fhe, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never lumpeth with the heart.
Thofe Ynkleles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sagred words,
But look'd not on the poyon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all: I
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,  
Would long ere this, have met vs on the way.  
For, what a Slug is Hafings, that he comes not  
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.  

Enter Lord Hafings.

But. And in good time, here comes the Sweating Lord.  
Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?  
Haf. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;  
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother York,  
Have taken Sandtuarie: The tender Prince  
Would faire have come with me, to meet your Grace,  
But by his Mother was perfere with-held.  
But. Fig, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace  
Perforce the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke  
Vnto his Princely Brother prefently?  
If the denie, Lord Hafings goe with him,  
And from her lealous Armes pluck him perfere.  
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie  
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,  
Ammon expect him here: but if she be obdurate  
To milde entreaties, God forbid  
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge  
Of bleffed Sandtuarie: not for all this Land,  
Would I be guiltie of so great a finne.  
But. You are too fencelfe obtinate, my Lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.  
Weigh it but with the groffeneffe of this Age,  
You breake not Sandtuarie, in feizing him:  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To thofe, whose dealsings have deferu'd the place,  
And thofe who have the wit to clayme the place:  
This Prince hath neyther cloymist it, nor deferu'd it,  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it,  
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:  
Off haue I heard of Sandtuarie men,  
But Sandtuarie children, ne're till now.  
Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.  
Come on, Lord Hafings, will you goe with me?  
Haf. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and Hafings.  
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speeche haft you may.  
Say, Vnckle Glocefter, if our Brother come,  
Where shall we worne, till our Coronation?  
Glo. Where it think't beft vnto your Royall felle,  
If I may confaule you, some day or two  
Your Highnes all repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you pleafet, and shall be thought moft fit  
For your beft health, and recreation.  
Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:  
Did Iulius Cesar build that place, my Lord?  
But. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,  
Which fince, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.  
Prince. Is it vpon record? or els reported  
Succesfively from age to age, he built it?  
But. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.  
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not regifterd,  
Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age,  
As 'twere retay'd to all posteritie,  
Even to the generall ending day.  
Glo. So wife, so young, they faie doe never liue long.  
Prince. What faie you, Vnckle?  
Glo. I say, without Charters, Fame liues long.  
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquitie,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.  
Prince. That Iulius Cesar was a famous man,  
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,  
His Wit fet downe, to make his Valour liue:  
Death makes no Conquett of his Conqueror,  
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.  
Ittell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.  
But. What, my gracious Lord?  
Prince. And if I live untill I be a man,  
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,  
Or dye a Soullier, as I liu'd a King.  
Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.  

Enter young Yorks, Hafings, and Cardinall.  
But. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.  
Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?  
Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so mutt I call you now.  
Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:  
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,  
Which by his death hath loft much Maiestie.  
Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?  
Yorke. I thank you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,  
You faid, that idle Weeds are faft in growth:  
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-grownne me farre.  
Glo. He hath, my Lord.  
Yorke. And therefore is he idle?  
Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I mutt not say fo.  
Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.  
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereigne,  
But you have power in me, as in a Kinfman.  
Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger.  
Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin, with all my heart.  
Prince. A Beggar, Brother?  
Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,  
And being but a Toy, which is no grief to giue.  
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.  
Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.  
Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.  
Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,  
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar nay.  
Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.  
Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it beauteous.  
Glo. What, would you have my Wespon, little Lord?  
Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you  
call me.  
Glo. How?  
Yorke. Little.  
Prince. My Lord of Yorke will filf be croffe in talke:  
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.  
Yorke. You mean to beare me, not to beare with me:  
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,  
Because that I am little, like an Ape,  
He thinkes that you shou'd bear me on your shoulders.  
But. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:  
To mitigatte the scorn he giues his Vnckle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.  
Glo. My Lord, wilt please you pacifie along?  
My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,  
Will to your Mother, to entreate of her  
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.  
Yorke. What,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

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York. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?  
Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.  
York. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.  
Glo. Why, what should you feare?  
York. Marry, my Vackle Clarence angry Ghost:  
My Grandam told me he was mother'd there.  
Prin. I feare no Vackles dead.  
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.  
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.  
But come my Lord: and with a hauie heart,  
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.  
A Senet. Exeunt Prince, York, Haftings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.  

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating York  
Was not incensed by his fubbte Mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?  
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,  
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:  
Hes is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.  

Buck. Well, let them reth: Come hither Catesby,  
Thou art sworn as deeplye to effect what we intend,  
As clofeely to conceale what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons vy'g'd upon the way.  
What think'th thou? is it not an easie matter,  
To make William Lord Haftings of our minde,  
For the Infallimtal of this Noble Duke  
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?  

cates. He for his fathers fake fo loves the Prince,  
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.  

Buck. What think'th thou then of Stanley? Will not hee?  
cates. Hee will doe all in all as Haftings doth.  
Buck. Well then, no more but this:  
Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off,  
Sound thou Lord Haftings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpofes,  
And fummon him to morrow to the Tower,  
To fit about the Coronation.  
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reafons:  
If he be leaden, yeie, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou fo too, and fo breake of the talke,  
And give vs notice of his inclination:  
For we to morrow hold divident Counsels,  
Wherein thy felle shalt highly be employ'd.  
Rich. Commend me to Lord Williames tell him Catesby,  
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adverfaries  
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caftle,  
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,  
Glue Miiftreffe Shore one gentle Kiffe the more.  

Buck. Good Catesby, goe effect this buifiefe foundely.  
cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.  
Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?  
cates. You shall, my Lord.  
Rich. At Cresby Houfe, there shall you find vs both.  
Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now my Lord,  
What shall we doe, if wee perceue  
Lord Haftings will not yeeld to our Complots?  
Rich. Chop off his Head:  
Something wee will determine:  
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me  
The Barlome of Hereford, and all the movables  
Whereof the King, my Brother, was poiffeft.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see 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 Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,

Your Honor hath no diminishing works in hand.

Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of, came into my mind.

What goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Haft. Nay like enough, for I lay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although you know't it not.

Come, will you goe?

Haft. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,

To day that thou beheld a Subject die,

For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyalitie.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you.

A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers.

Laugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers:

Within the guilty Closture of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hatch'd to death:

And for more fander to thy dismall Seat,

Woe glue to thee our guillciffe blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's Curfe is fallne upon our Heads,

When thee exclaim'st on Hatlings,you, and I,

For standing by, when Richard ftab'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then curs'd thee Richard,

Then curs'd thee Buckingham,

Then cursed thee this day:

Oh remember God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:

And for my Sifer, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt:

Rat. Make haste, the hours of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace,

Farewell, until we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena
Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hallings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Haft. Now Noble Peers, the caufe why we are met, is to determine of the Coronation:
In God Name speaks, when is the Royal day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Haft. I do. He is most inoward with the Noble Duke.
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should sooneft know his mind.
Buck. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts, He knows no more of mine, than I of yours,
Or of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Hallings, you and he are nere in love.
Haft. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile give my Voice,
Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow;
I have beene long a Sleeper: but I truft,
My absence doth neglect no great deffign,
Which by my presence might have beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord Hallings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meaned your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord Hallings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was left in Holborne,
I faw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, fende for some of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catechly hath sounded Hallings in our bulfinh,
And finds the teftle Gentleman fo hot,
That he will lofe his Head, ere glue confeit
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he teames it,
Shall lose the Royalty of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your felle a while, Ile goo with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We have not yet fet downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgemen, is too fudden,
For I my felle am not fo well prouded,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Glofiter?
I have fent for these Strawberries.
Haft. His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning,
There's fame conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with fuch spirit.
I think there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can leffer hide his love, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face ftraight shall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he fhow'd to day?
Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they defend,
That doe confpire my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Heillih Charmes.
Haft. The tender Grief of my Lord, my Lord,
Makes me moft forward, in this Princely prefence,
To doome th'Offendors, whofe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deferved death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneffe of their euill,
Looke how I am bewitch'd I behold, mine Arme
Is like a blazed Sapling, wither'd'st:
And this is Edwards Wife, that monftrous Witch,
Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Store,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If thou know'st Protector of this damm'd Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of it; thou art a Traitor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, until I fee the fame.
Louell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done:

Exeunt.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haftings.

Haft. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have presented this;
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scarce it, and daifaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horfe did stumble,
And flarted, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the daughter-house,
O now I need the Prieft, that speake to me:
I now repent I told the Purfuuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodylie were butcher'd,
And I my felle secure, in grace and favour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy beaute Curfe
Is lighted on poore Hallings wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to fee your Head.
Haft. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Luies like a drunken Sayler on a Maff,
Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fallil Bowels of the Depe.
Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis too late to exclaine.
Haft. O bloody Richards, miserable England,
I prophecie the ferrefull it time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon,
Come, lead me to the Block, bear me my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in roven Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin, and change thy colour, and then again begin, and drop again, As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror.

Buck. So was I, but the deeps of Tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and prit on every side, Tremble and flent at wagging of a Straw:

Intending deepes of sight, gallowe Lookes Are at my service, like enforced Smiles; And both are readie in their Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagems. But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Rich. Look to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Heare, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-look the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue fent.

Rich. Looke backe, defend thee, here are Enemies. God and our Innocency defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliff, with Hastings' Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliffe, and Louell.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, The dangerous and vnuspected Hastings.

Rich. So deare I lov'd the man, that I must wepe:

That he is, for the plainest harmefull Creature,

That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian.

Made him my Bookes, wherein my Soule recorded The History of all her secret thoughts.

So smooth he daw'd his Vice with new of Vertue,

That his apparent open Guilt omitted,

I meane, his Conversation with Shores Wife,

He liv'd from all attander of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the coereft Sheltred Traytor That euer liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleue,

That not, that great pretenfion

We live to tell it, that the subtil Traytor

This day had plotted, in the Counsell-House,

To murther me, and my good Lord of Glothor.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?

Or that we would, against the forme of Law,

Proceed thither in the Villaines death,

But that the extreme peril of the cafe,

The Peace of England, and our Persons safete,

Enable vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he decler'd his death,

And your good Graces both have well proceeded,

To warne false Traytors from the like Attempes.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Miftriple Shores:

Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,

Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,

Which now the louing hafe of thee our friends,

Something against our meanings, haue presented;

Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard

The Traytor speake, and timorouslly confesse

The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto the Citizens, who haply may

Misdistrust vs in him, and wayte his death.

But, my good Lord, your Graces words that ferue,

As well as I had feene, and heard him speake:

And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,

But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens

With all your last proceedings in this cafe.

Rich. And to that end we will'd your Lordship here,

To view the Cenctures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:

And fo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.


The Maior towards Guild-Hall byes him in all poete:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Inferre the Baltharie of Edwards Children:

Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,

Onely for saying he would make his Sonne

Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,

Which, by the Signe thereof, was tarmed fo.

Moreover, vrg his hatefull Luxurie,

And beastfull appetite in change of Luft,

Which rectified vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wifes.

Even where his raging eye, or favage heart,

Without controll, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perfon:

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

Of that infatiate Edward, Noble Torke.

My Princely Father, then had Warses in France,

And by true computation of the time,

Found, that the Iffue was not his begot:

Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:

Yet touch this sparingly, as were farre off,

Because, my Lord, you know my Mother bluses.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,

As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my felie: and fo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynardes Castle,

Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With renowned Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke

Looke for the Neuves that the Guild-Hall afforda.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speede to Doctor Shaw,

Goe thou to Fryer Peake, bid them prepare

Meet me within this hour at Baynardes Castle.

Exit. Now will I goe to take some priuie order,

To draw the Brats of Clarence out of fight,

And to glue order, that no manner person

Have any time recourse vnto the Princes.

Exit. Enter a Scriuener.

Sr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,

Which in a cert Hand fairely is engros'd,

That it may be to day red o're in Poules.

And marke how well theujet hang together:

Eleuen houre I have spent to write it ouer,

For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me,

The Precedent was full as long a doing,

And yet within these fewe hhoures Hastings liue'd,

Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while.

Who is so gross, that cannot see this palpable deuice?

Yet
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Now Catesby, what fayes your Lord to my request?

Enter Buckingham and a fewe all.

Rich. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens?

Catesby. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, the Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Touch you the Battarde of Edwards Children?

Catesby. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, and his Contract by Depist in France, Th'enviats greedinesse of his desire, and his enforcement of the City Wises, His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Battarde, As being got, your Father then in France, and his resemblance, being not like the Duke. Whatall, I did inferre your Lineaments, Being the right Idea of your Father, Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde: Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, Your Discipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace, Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie: Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose, Vntouch't, or fleightly handled in discourse. And when my Oratour drew toward end, I bai them that did lose their Countries good, Cry, God faue Richard, Englands Royall King. Rich. And did they so?

Catesby. No, fo God helpe me, they spake not a word, But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale: Which when I faw, I reprehended them, and ask'd the Malor, what meant this wilfull silence? His anfwer was, the people were not vfed To be spooke to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe: Thus fyrth the Duke, thus hath the Duke infrer'd, But nothing spooke, in warrant from himselfe. When he had done, fome folowers of mine owne, At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps, And fome tenne voyces cry'd, God faue King Richard: And thus I take the vantage of thofe few. Thaknes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, This generaall applaufe, and chearefull thowt, Argues your widome, and your loue to Richard: And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leffe Blockes were they, Would they not speake? Will not the Malor then, and his Brethren, come?

Catesby. The Malor is here at hand: Intend fome fear, Be not you spooke with, but by mightie fuit: And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, And fand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord, For on that ground Ie make a holy Defcendant: And be not easie wonne to our requites, Play the Maids part, filli anfwer naye, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them, As I can fay nay to thee for my felle, No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Catesby. Go, go vp to the Leids, the Lord Malor knocks.

Enter the Malors, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here, I thinke the Duke will not be spooke withall.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.


Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you renigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majestically,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancellors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Hous,
To the corruption of a blestfull Stock ;
Whiles in the mildeffe of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ie doth want his proper Limes :
His Face defc'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock graffit with ignoble Plants,
And almost fouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deepe Oblition.
Which to recue, we heartly sollicitte
Your graciuos felle to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land :
Not as Protec'ton, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gaine ;
But as successufully, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyre, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Wurthifull and loving friends,
And by their vehement infligation,
In this iuft Caufe come I to moue your Grace.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in flence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs,
Beft fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to anwer you, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoke of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impoze on me.
If to reprooue you for this falt of yours,
So foun'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other fide I check'd my friends,
Therefore to speake, and to avoide the fift,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the laft,
Definitely thus I anwer you.
Your loue deferves my thankes, but my defert
Unmeritables, fhanneis your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crowne,
As the ripe Renueence, and due of Birth :
Yet so much is my pouretie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea ;
Then in my Greatneffe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need :n
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the fealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Malefie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Confidence in your Grace,
But the regrets thereof are nice, and triall,
All circumstances well confrimed.
You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne,
So fay we too, but not by Edwards Wife :-
For first was he contract to Lady Lucie,
Your Mother lies a Witniffe to his Vow ;
And afterward by Subtitutte betroth'd
To Bosia, Siffer to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-crod Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and diftref'de Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her belt days,
Made prize and purchafe of his wanton Eye,
Seduced the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declenfion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in her unlawful Bed, he got
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expofulate,
Save that for reverence to some alius,
I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall mife
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie :
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancefrrie
From the corruption of abusive times,
Vnto a Lineall true derived course.

Mater. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refute not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.

Cater. O make them joyfull, grant their lawful fuit.

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me ?
I am viftt for State, and Malefie :
I doe beseech you take it not amiffe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoie the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As weel we know your tenderneffe of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remarke,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And ealley indecide to all Estates :
Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your Housе :
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt.

Cater. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their fuit :
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Care.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Confcience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and fage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must have patience to endure the Lord :
But if buck Scandal, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the fequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and flaynes thereof ;
For God doth know, and you may partly fee,
How farre I am from the defire of this.

Mater. God blesse your Grace, wee fee it, and will say it.

Rich. In faying fo, you shall but fay the truth.

Buck. Then I falute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King Richard, Englands worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Even when you please, for you will have it fo.

Buck. To
Enter the Queen. Anne Duchoffe of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquess Dorset.

Duch. York. Who meetest vs here? My Neice Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloucester? Now, for my Life, she's wandering to the Tower, On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince. Daughter, well met. Anne. God give your Graces both, a happy And a joyful time of day. Qu. As much as you, good Sisters whither away? Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guess'd, Upon the like devour as your foes, To gratulate the gentle Princes there. Qu. Kind Sister thanke's, we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Maister Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York? Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them, The King hath fridly charg'd the contrary. Qu. The King! who's that? Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector. Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he yet bounds between their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them? Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them. Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in lose their Mother: Then bring me to their fights, Ie beare thy blame, And take thy Office from thee, on my peril. Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by Oaths, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ie salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother, And reuerend looker on of two faire Queennes. Come Madame, you must straight to Wemminster, There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene. Qu. Ah, cut my Lice alunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I suffoe with this dead-killing nèwes. Anne. Despitfulst full tidings, O vnspleasing newes. Dorf. Be of good cheare; Mother, how fares your Grace? Qu. O Dorf, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Desolation doggeth thee at thy heele, Thy MOTHER Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-stript Death, goe croffe the Seas, And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-houfe, Left thou encreafe the number of the dead, And make me dye the thill of Margarets Curfe, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counte Queene. Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counteiane, Madame: Take all the wisd advantage of the howres: You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalfe, to meet you on the way: Be not to tane tardle by your wife delay.

Duch. York. O ill dispersing Winde of Miferie, O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death: A Cockatrice haft thou hatcht to the World, Whole vnauodied Eye is murtherous. Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all hafe was fent. Anne. And I with all vnwillingneffe wil goe. O would to God, that the inclufue Verge Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow, Were red hot Steele, to fearre me to the Brains, Anonyted let me be with deadly Venome, And dyes ere men can fay, God loose the Queene. Qu. Goe, goe, poor foule, I enui not thy glory, To feed thy humor, with thy felfe no harme.

Anne. No why? When he that is my Husband now, Came to me, I follow'd Harrer Curfe, When scarce the blood was well waft from his hands, Which liift from my other Angell Husband, And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I fay I look'd on Richards Face, This was my Wifhe: Be thon (quoth I) ancurt, For making me, fo young, fo old a Widow: And when thou wed'ft, let forrow haunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be fo mad, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou halfe made me, by my deare Lords death. Lo, ere I can repeat this Curfe againe, Within fo fmall a time, my Womans heart Groftely grew captue to his honey words, And prou'd the subjece of mine owne Soules Curfe, Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reit: For never yet one howre in his Bed Did I enjoy the golden dewe of sleep, But with his timorous Dreams was flll awak'd. Besides, he hates me for my Father Warricks, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me. Qu. Poor heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining. Anne. No more, then with my foule I mourn for your. Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory. Anne. Adieu, poor foule, that tak't thy leave of it. Dorst. Go thon to Richmond, good fortune guide thee, Go thou to Richards, and good Angels tend thee, Go thou to Sancharia, and good thoughts posiffe thee, I to my Graue, where peace and reit lye with me. Eighte odd yeares of forrow have I seene, And each howres joy wrackt with a weeke of teene. Qu. Stay, yet looke hauke with me vnto the Tower. Pitty, you ancient Stoones,those tender Babes, Whom Enui hath immur'd within your Walls, Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, Rude ragged Nurfe, old fallen Play-fellow, For tender Princes: vfe my Babes well; So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stoones farewell.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Buckingham and Catesby.

Catesby. The life and death of Richard the Third.

Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.


Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why do you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha! am I King! 'tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter conference!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou want not to be so dull.

Shall I be plane? I wish the Baftards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'th thou now? speak freely, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy confent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pawfe, dear Lord,

Before I poyntely speake in this:

I will refuse you herein presently.

Exit Buck. Catesby. The King is angry, fee he gnaues his Lippe.

Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fooloes,

And unrepealue Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with confiderate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumfpeckt.


Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a clofe exploit of Death?

Page. I know a diligent Genteman,

Whose humbe manners match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Oratons,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquess Dorjet

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicknes,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and Forreft, who I did suborne
To do this piece of ruthless Butchery,
Albeit they were fleit Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
Went like to Children, in their deaths (id Story).
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth Forreft) girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kift each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Forreft) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Dueil, there the Villaine foipt:
When Dighton thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished fruit worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere the framed.

Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and fo I left them both,
To beare this tyrings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde Tirisell, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gau in charge,
Crest your Happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'th thou fee them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle Tisrell.
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me Tisrell soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the proccese of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take my leave.
Rich. The Sonne of Clarence hauie I sent vp clofe,
His daughter meanly hauie I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahames bolome,
And done my wife hath bid this world good night,
Now for I know the Britaine Richard syrnes
At yong Elisabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a lolly thriuing woore.

Enter Ratchiff.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'lt in so blynde?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, o'Nourton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welfmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rath Jeiled Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden feruitor to dull delay.
Delay lets impotent and Snaille-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Joues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go mother men: My counselle is my Sheeld,
We must be brefe, while Traitors brace the Field.
Exeunt.

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 Illiy have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire indufusion, am I witneffe to,
And will to France, hoping the confluence
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragedcall.
Withdraw the wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter Ducheiff and Queen.

Qu. Ah my poore Prince! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowers, new appeaing sweet:
If yet your gentle foules eye in the Ayre,
And be not flat in doome perpetually,
Houre about me with your ayery wings,
And hearre your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hower about her, lay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant mome, to Aged night.

Dus. So many militaries have cra'd my voyce,
That my wo-wareid tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edwards, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, fye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the Wolfe?!
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dus. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortal fying ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life viurpt,
Brefe abstraf'd and record of tedious dayes,
Reft thy vnrefl on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunkne with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou wouldst sifone affoord a Graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feate:
Then would I hide my bone, yet not them here,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Gie me mine benefit of signeurie,
And let my greeues frowne on the vpper hand
If sorrow can admit societie.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dus. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou hopst to kill him.

Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound 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 foule defacer of Gods sandy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let loofe to chafe vs to our graues.
O virginit, thu, and true-defizing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes
Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,  
And makes her Pue-fellow with others none.  

Rich. Oh Harris wife, triumph not in my woes:  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.  

Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill’d my Edward,  
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edwards:  
Yong Yorke, he is but boots, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my love.  
Thy Clarence he is dead, that fiab’d my Edward,  
And the beholders of this franticke play,  
Th’adulterate Hassings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,  
Unnearly another’d in their dusky Graues.  
Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligence,  
Onely refer’d their Factor, to buy foules,  
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand  
Infus his pitious and vnpitied end.  
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Friends roar, Saints pray,  
To haue his Goddesse, without a warning:  
Canceall his bond of life, deere God I pray,  
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.  

Qu. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,  
That I should with thee to helpe me curfe  
That botted’dd Spider, that foule bane’d Toad.  
Mar. I call’d thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:  
I call’d thee then, poor Shadow, painted Quean,  
The prestation of but what I was;  
The flattering Index of a direfulle Pageant;  
One head’d a high, to be hurl’d downe belowe:  
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;  
A dreaome of what thou waft, a garish Flagge  
To be the byme of every dangerous Shot:  
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;  
A Queene in leafs, onely to fill the Scene.  
Where is thy Hueland now? Where be thy Brothers?  
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doth thou Joy?  
Who sees, and kneelles, and fayes, God faue the Queene?  
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?  
Where be the thronging Troopers that followed thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
For happy Wife, a molt disgraced Widow:  
For joyful Mother, one that wailes the name:  
For one being fus’d too, one that humbly fues:  
For Queens, a very Caytiffe, crown’d with care:  
For shee that iorn’d at me, now iorn’d of me:  
For shee that feared of her, now fearing one:  
For the commanding all, they’d of none.  
Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl’d about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time,  
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou waft.  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,  
Thou diidst wraye my heart, and dotl thou not  
Vтурpe the last proportion of my Sorrow?  
Now thy proud Nekke, beares halfe my hurchen’d yoke,  
From which, euem heare I cry my wearied head,  
And leasse the burthen of it all, on thee.  
Farwell Yorke’s wife, and Queene of fad miscience,  
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.  

Qu. O thou well skill’d in Curfes, say a-while,  
And teach me how to curfe mine enemies.  

Mar. Forbear to speepe the night, and faft the day:  
Compare dead hapinesse, with living woe:  
Thank that thy Babes were (weep the time they were,  
And that he flew them fowler then he is:  
Bettring thy loffe, makes the bad cauer worfe,  

Resolving this, will teach thee how to Curfe.  
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.  
Mar. Thy woes will make them harpe,  
And pierce like mine.  

Exit Margaret.  

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?  
Qu. Windy Attrioues to their Clients Woes,  
Ayery succeeders of intifline lyes,  
Poor breathing Graters of miseries,  
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,  
Helpes nothing els, yet do they eathe the hart.  

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty’d: go with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, let’s (mother  
My damson Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes (mother’d.  
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.  

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.  
Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?  
Dut. O the, that might have intercept thee  
By strangling thee in her accurst wombe,  
From all the laughter (Wretch) that thou haft done.  
Qu. Had’t thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne  
Where’t should be branded, if that right were right?  
The laughter of the Prince that ow’d that Crowne,  
And the dyre death of my poor Sonnes, and Brothers.  
Tell me thou Villaine-flawe, where are my Children?  
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,  
Where is thy Brother Clarence?  

And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?  
Qu. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?  
Dut. Where is kinge Hassings?  
Rich. A foule Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:  
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women  
Raile on the Lords Annotated. Strike I say.  

Flourish.  

Alarums.  

Either he patient, and intreat me fayre,  
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,  
Thus will I drowne your exclames.  

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?  
Rich. 1, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.  
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.  
Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brooke the accent of reprooke.  

Dut. O let me speake.  
Rich. Do then, but Ie not heare.  
Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.  
Rich. And breese (good Mother) for I am in haft.  
Dut. Be thou so halfe? I have said for thee  
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.  
Rich. And came I not at laft to comfort you?  
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know’ft it well,  
Thou can’t on earth, to make the earth my Hell.  

A greecous burden was thy Birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infance.  
Thy School-daies frightfull, desp’rate, wilde, and furious,  
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:  
Thy Age confirm’d, proud, subtile, fye, and bloody,  
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That euer grac’d me with thy company?  
Rich. Faith none, but Humfrey Hawer,  
That call’d your Grace  
To Breakefast once, forth of my company.  
If I be fo digracious in your eye,  
Let me march with thee, and not offend you Madam.  
Strike vp the Drumme.  

Dut. I pythhee heare me speake.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Dut. Hear a word: For I shall never speak to thee again.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods just ordaince
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greese and exteme Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moult greuous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell thyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the audeace party fight,
And there the little foules of Edwards Children,
Whiper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And prome they Suceceffe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ferues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.
Qu. Though far more caufe, yet much less spirit to curfe
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Qu. I have no more fonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praying Nunn's, not weeping Queens:
And therefore leuell not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elisabeth,
Vernous and Pale, Royall and Gracious? Qu.
And must she dye for this? O let her live,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, flaine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as false to Edwards bed:
Throw ouer her the valie of Infamy,
So the may live with'rd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse,
Qu. To fase her life, Ile say she is not so.
Rich. Her life is fett only in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that fatisfeyd her Brothers.
Rich. Loce at their Birth, good farres were opposte.
Qu. No, to their ilues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnsoundedy is the doome of Definny,
Qu. True: when ouyed grace makes Definny.
My Babes were defin'd to a fatal death,
If grace had bled thee with a faire life.
Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?
Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,
Whole hand fouer lane'd th'ir tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirecly) gane direction.
Now was the murderous dazall and blunt,
Till it was whettet on thine hard-heart,
To recull in the Intrails of my Lambes,
But that still vfe of greese, makes wilde greese tame,
My tongue shold to th' ears not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a deep' rate Bay of death,
Like a poor Barke, of failes and tackling reft,
Rufh all to peeces on th' Rocky bosome.
Rich. Madam, thro' thine in my enterprise
And dangerous fouctee of bloody warre,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heavan,
To be dificovered, that can do me good.
Rich. T'h'advancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Ye to some Scaffold was thy nurse, and lofte their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demine to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I have, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall inow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposteft I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breve, leaft that the proesse of thy kindness
Laff longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soulues lode didst thou love her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doest meane thallke her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen for How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canst thou love her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best 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 new her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts; thereon ingraue
Edward and York, then happily will the wepe:
Therefore preffent to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy Father, deep't in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which fry to her did dreyne
The purple fappe from her sweet Brothren body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Rivers, I (and for her fake)
Mad'dt quicke consesyance with her good Aunt Anne.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnklese thou could'lt put on some other shape,
And not be RIchard, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choosse but hate thee
Hauling bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.
Rich. Lookke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnjudiciously sometimes,
Which after-hours glues levyre to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile guee it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd th'life of your wimble,
To quicken your encreafe, I will begge
Mine yffe of your blood, upon your Daughters:
A Grandams name is little leffe in love,
Then is the doing Title of a Mother:
They are as Children but one fleppe below,
Euen of your metall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, faue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like forrow,
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The lofe you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that lofe,your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindneffe as I can.
Darf your Sonne, that with a fearfull foule
Leads discontented steps in Foraine foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions,and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy "Darfe, Brother :"
Againe shall you be Mother to a King :
And all the Ruines of diftressed Times,
Repar'd with double Riches of Content.
What? have we many good days to see :
The liquid drops of Yeares that you have shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Loue, with interest
Oftentimes double gaine of happiness.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bathfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her cares to heare a Woens Tale.
Put in her tender heart, the spiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent hours of Marriage joys:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastified
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conquerors bed :
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And the shame feole Vindorese, Cejars Cejars.
Qu. What were I then to beat, her Fathers Brother
Would she her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkle?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make feeme pleasing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which the shall purchase with all lathing ware?
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intents.
Qu. That at her hands,which the kings King forbids.
Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
Rich. Say. I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
Qu. But she your Subiect,lothes fuch Soueraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Qu. That againe I not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your Reafons are too hallow, and too quick.
Qu. O no, my Reafons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants) in their graves,
Harpe on it till shall I, till heart-brings brake.
Rich. Harpe not on that firing Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne,
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vfurp.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath :
Thy George prophan'd, hath loft his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blenmish'd, a pawn'd his Knightly Vertue ;

Thy Crowne vfurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou wouldest Iware to be beleu'd.
Rich. Then by my Sefie.
Qu. Thy Sefie, is fellese-mifv'd.
Qu. "Ia full of thy foule wrongs.
Qu. Thy life hath it disonor'd.
Rich. Why then by Heauen.
Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all ;
If thou didst not care to break a Oath with him,
The unly the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, or my Brothers died.
If thou hadst not care to break an Oath by him,
The Imparrell mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duft,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can't thou fware by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou haft wronged in the time ere-past:
For I my felse have many teares to waff.
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children lie, whose Fathers thou haft slaughter'd,
Vnguerm't youth, to waile it with their age :-
The Parents line, whose Children thou haft butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sware not by time to come, for that thou haft
Mifv'd ere va'd, by times ill-va'd repaft.
Rich. As I intend to proffer, and repent :-
So thrice I in my dangerous Affayres
Of boﬂile Armes: My felse, my felse confound.
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy hours.
Day,yeild me not thy light, nor Night, thy reft.
Be oppofite all Planes of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, confuits my Happineffe, and thine:
Without her, follows to my felse, and thee ;
Her felse, the Land, and many a Christian foule,
Death, Defolation, Ruines, and Decay ;
It cannot be auuned, but by this:
It will not be auoved, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so) Be the Attorney of my love to her:
Please what I will be, not what I have bene ;
Not my defires, but what I will defire ;
Vrge the Necessity and fate of times,
And be not peocull found, in great Defignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich. If, the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my felse, to be my felse.
Rich. If, your felles rememberance wrong your felse.
Qu. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wome I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Spicery they will bleed
Scheues of themfelues, to your reconfort.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the dead.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall vnderland from me her mind.

Rich. Bear her my true loues kiffe, and so farewell.
Relenting Foele, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a pestilent Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doublfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and warifolu'd to heat them backe.
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expeccing but the aide
Of Buckingham, to welcome them afofe.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy felte, or Catesby, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Rich. Catesby come hither, poorte to Salisbury:
What thou gavest thither: Doll vnnimidfull Villaine,
Why they trust here, and go't not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leale straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenny at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poorte before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

S. None, my good Liege, to pleaze you with hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoiday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him finde, and be the Seas on him,
White-lier'd Runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueffe.
Rich. Well, as you gueffe.
Stan. Stir'd vp by Darfor, Buckingham, and Morten,
He makes for England, here to clayne the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre empie? is the Sword vnfay'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vpoffett?
What Heire of York is there alio, but wee?
And who is England King, but great Yorks Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

Stan. Vnleefe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe.
Rich. Vnleefe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueffe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt resolute, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting 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 serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Plaifie your Maiestie to give me leave,
Ie muffer vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou wouldst be gone, to joyne with Richmond:
But Ie not trust thee.
Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Goe then, and muffer menbut leave behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads aflurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well assured,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many mee Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. In Kent, my Liege, the Guiiffords are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.
Rich. Out of ye Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He provyght hem.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
Meff. The newes I have to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is diuerse'd and scatterd,
And he himself wanderd away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my Furye, to cure that Blowe of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?
Meff. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Meff. Sir Thomas Lucy, and Lord Marqueff Dorset,
'Tis saide, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Britaine Naue is diuerse'd by Tempeft.
Richmond in Dorsetshire lent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to ake thoe on the Banks,
If they were his Affiffants, yes, or no?
Who answ'rd him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie he mistrustfull them,
Hoye's fayle, and made his course againe for Britaine.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with foraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe the Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battle might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. Florib. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the eye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I resolt, off goes young Gerger head,
The fear of that, holds off my present syde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily confessed
He should espouse Elizabeth his daughter.
But tell me, where is Princeley Richmond now?
Cori. At Penbrooke, or at Hertford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name refer to him.
Cori. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownd Souliver,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice up Thomas, with a valliant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will relieve him of his minde.
Farewell. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Riguer,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Daughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foule incivility,
If that your moody discontented foules,
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-foules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.

Buc. Whay then Al-foules day, is my bodies doomfay
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Fathe to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the falfe Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-foules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determined refpite of my fate.
That high All-fer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And gien in earneft, what I begg'd in ief.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their tone points in their Masters boomes.
Thus Margarets curse felts heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall spilt thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetsse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of flame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others; with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Brut'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyrants,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receuie we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and wruping Boars,
(That spoyld you Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waft, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boomes: This foule Swine
Is now cune in the Centry of this life,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we leaue:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name chereely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueet of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of Harpe Warre.
Osef. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his decrete neede will fflye from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Officers.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bofworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Here be most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolkes, we must haue knockes:
Ha, muet we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take my lousing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath desir'd the number of the Tractes?
Nor. Six or euens thousand is their utmost power.
Rich. Why our Batalia troubles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the audefe Fadion want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemens,
Let us furinate the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buie day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Rich. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goody day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:
Gue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battale,
Limit each Leader to his feuernall Charge,
And part in iut proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Walter Herbert stay with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captain, Blunt, his Sonny goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Defire the Earl to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Capitaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanely quarter'd, do you know?
My Vilde I have mislaine his Colours much,
(Which well I am affraid I have not done)
His Regiment lies half a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him
And guide him from me, this moft needfull Note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, Ie vndertake it,
And fo God gue you quiet reft to night.

Rich. Good night good Capitaine Blunt:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult upon to morrowes Buonefle
Into my Tent, the Dew is rare and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Rich., Ratcliff, Norfolke, & Catenby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

King. I will not fup to night,
Gue me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
Rich. And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Lijge : and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolke,hy thee to thy charge,
Vfe carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow,gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit. Ratcliff.


Rich. Send out a Purfuiuant at Armes
To Stanely Regiment : bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leafe his fubordination fall
Into the blinded Case of eternall night.
Fill me a Boule of Wine : Glue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staves be found, & not too heavy. Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'th the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and him elfe,
Much about Cockflut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, cheering up the Souliders.

King. So, I am satisfied : Glue me a Boule of Wine,
I have not that Alcrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me,
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And heipe to arme me. Leave me I fay. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Perfon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. 1 by Attournay, bleffe thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent hours steale on,
And Galcke darknes, & mortall falling Warre
In brecce, for so the foafon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody stroakes, & mortall staring Warre
1, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With best advantage will deceife the time,
And syde thee in this doubfull hocke of Armes.
But on thy fide I may not be too forward,
Least being feenes, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fght.
Farewell: the leyefire, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchance of sweet Discourfe,
Which fo long fundred Friends should dwell upon:
God gue vs leyefire for their rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile frue with troubled noife, to take a Nap,
Left leade flumber peace me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. M.ear Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my felfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruifing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruft downe with a heavy fall,
The worping Helmes of our Aderuaries:
Make vs thy minifters of Chaftement,
That we may praife thee in thy victoary:
To thee I do commend my watchfull foule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me fyll.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sane to
Henry the fast.

Gh. to Ri. Let me fit heavy on thy foule to morrow:
Think how thou flab'ft me in my prime of youth
At Yorkesbury: difpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoft to Rich. Be earefull Rich mond,
For the wronged Souls
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalf:
King Henries idle Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the fast.

Ghoft. When I was mortal, my Annointed body
By thee was puncted full of holes:
Think to the Tower, and me: difpaire, and dye,

Harry the fast, bids thee difpaire, and dye.

To Rich. -Vrrous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Dyes comfort thee in Depe: Lieve, and Bournth.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow. I that wass'd to death with Falshome Wine; Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death; To morrow in the battell thinkes on me, And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancastor The wronged heyes of Yorke do pray for thee, Good Angels guard thy battell, Luue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow, Rivers, that dye'd at Pomfret; dispaine, and dye. Gray. Thinkes vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire. Vaughan. Thinkes vpon Vaughan, and with guilty fear Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake, And thinke on our wrongs in Richards Bofome, Will conuer him. Awake, and win the day. Enter the Ghost of Lord Haftings.


Armes, fight, and conuer, for faire Englands sake. Enter the Ghosts of the two long Princes.

Ghofts. Dreame on thy Coouns.


Enter the Ghost of Anne, the Wife.

Ghoft to Rich. Richard, thy Wife, That wretched Anne thy Wife, That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee, Now fille thy sleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battell, thinke on me, And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye: Ghoft to Richm. Thou quiet soule, Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe: Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory, Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghoft to Rich. The first was I That help'd thee to the Crowne: The last was I that felt thy Tyranny. O, in the Battell thinke on Buckingham, And dye in terror of thy gullinesse, Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death, Fainting dispaire; dispairing yield thy breath. Ghoft to Richm. I dyed for hope Ere I could lend thee Ayle;

But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayd: God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side, And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard startts out of his dreame.


What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none eles eby, Richard loves Richard, that is, I am 1. Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am: Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reafon: why? Left I Runcenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe? Alaske, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good That I my Selfe, hauue done vnto my Selfe? O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe, For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe. I am a villain: yet I lye, I am not. Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter. My Confeience hath a thousand feuereall Tongues, And euery Tongue brings in a feauereall Tale, And euerie Tale condemnes me for a villain; Periuris, in the highes Degree, Murtherer, ferne murtherer, in the dyer degree, All feuereall finnes, all vs'd in each degree, Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty. I shal dispaire, there is no Creature loues me; And if I die, no soule shall pitte me. Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe, Findes in my Selfe, no pitie to my Selfe. Me thought the Soules of all that I had murther'd Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffes.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffs my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock Hath twice done falutation to the Morne, Your Friends are vp, and buckler on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffs, I feare, I feare. Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows. King. By the Apoftle Paul, shadows to night Have stroke more terror to the soul of Richard, Then can the Subtance of ten thousand Souldiers Armed in profe, and led by shallow Richmond. 'Tis not yet necer day. Come go with me, Vnder our Tents lie play the Cafe-dropper, To heare if any means to shrine from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffs.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you have tane a tardie slaggard heere & Lords. How have you flept my Lord? Rich. The streaked sleepe, And faireit loading Dreames, That euers entred in a drowfie head, Haue I fince your departure had my Lords. Me thought their Soules, whole bodies Rich.murther'd, Came to my Tent, and cried on vs: I promife you my Heart is very locond, In the remembrance of to faire a dreame, How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direccion. His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I hauue faid, loving Countrmen, The leyfure and inforcement of the time Forbidden to dwell vpou: yet remember this,
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 rear'd Bulwarke, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle.
Of En gland Chaires, where he is falsely set:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in justice warde you as his Soldiers.
If you do fwear to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being faire:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Far shall pay your paines the byre.
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaf of you shall have his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldely, and cheerfullly,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victoria.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond? Rat. That he was never trained in Armes.
King. He faid the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He fmit'd and faid, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. Clock strikes.
Give me a Kalender: Who faw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he fignifies to shew: for by the Book
He fould have brau'd the Eft and unhore ago,
A blacke day will be to somebody. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be fene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowe vpon our Army.
I would thee dewy teares were from the ground.
Not fline to day? Why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond? For the felfe-time Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes fadely vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, battle, battle. Capitifon my horfe.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn in length,
Consifting equally of Horfe and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'lt;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horfe. They thus directed, we will flow

In the maine Battell, whole puifance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheereft Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think't thou Norfolk.
Nor. A good direfion warlike Soueralgne,
This fould I on my Tent this morning.
Lucy of Norfolk, he not fo bold,
For Dickyn thy mater is bought and feld.
King. A thing defeul'd by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euer man to his Charge,
Let not our babbling Dreams affright our Soules:
For Confeience is a word that Cowards vfe,
Deuil'd at firft to keep the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Confeience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bravely, let vs too'p bell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What fhall I fay more then I have Infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Rascal's, and Run-awayes,
A fcaum of Britaines, and base Lackey Peants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To defperate Adventures, and affurd Deftruction.
You fleeping fable, they bring you to vntref.
You having Lands, and brib'd with beaureous wives,
They would reftraine the one, diftaince the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paify Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cift,
A Milke-top, one that neuer in his life
Felt fo much cold, as over foakes in Snow;
Let's whipe thofe ftraglers o'the Seas againe,
Leath hence-theffe ouer-weening Raggis of France,
Thefe famb'ds Beggers, weary of their lies,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themfelves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not thefe barfard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of flame.
Shall thefe enjoy our Landes? Iye with our Wives?
Rath all our daughters? Drum affare off
Hearke, I hear thee Drummce,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken fnaues.
Enter a Meflenger.
What fayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his fonne George's head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is fett the March:
After the batelle, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thoufand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, fet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Infpire vs with the fpine of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victoria fits on our helps.

Alarum, precoursons. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Refcue my Lord of Norfolk,
Nor. Refuce, Refuce:
The King en/server'd more wonders then a man,
Daring in oppofite to every danger:
His horfe isflaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Refuce faire Lord, or elfe the day is loft.

Alarums. t 2 Enter
Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Cost. Withdraw my Lord, I cleave you to a Horse

Rich. Slay, I have let my life upon a cait,

And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:

I thinke there be fixe Richmondes in the field,

Flie haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Retreat, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain.

Rich. God, and your Armes

Be prais'd Victorious Friends;

The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,

Well haft thou acquit thee: Loe,

Here stand long vifurped Royalties,

From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,

Hauie I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.

Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.

But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,

Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,


Rich. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,

Proclame a pardon to the Soldiers fled,

That in submision will returne to us,

And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,

We will withe the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heaven vpon this faire Conivction,

That long haue from'd vpon their Enmity:

What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scarred her felse;

The Brother blindly shied the Brothers blood;

The Father rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;

The Sonne compot'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;

All this diuided Yorke and Lancyler;

Divided, in their dire Diision.

Onow, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true Succeeders of each Royall House,

By Gods faire ordinance, conyone together:

And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-face'd Peace,

With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.

Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,

And make poore England wepe in Streams of Blood;

Let them not live to talle this Lands increase,

That would with Trefason, wound this faire Landes peace.

Now Ciull wounds are flop'd, Peace liues azen;

That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen.

Exeunt
The Famous History of the Life of
King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Aunguaynry.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank ye Grace:
Since last I saw in France, I haue
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Thofe Sunnes of Glory, thofe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them face to face on Horsebacke,
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they charg'd
In their Embracemest, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the while
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say
Till this time Pompe was singe, but now married
To one above it felle. Each following day
Became the next days matter, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the England ; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India : Every man that side,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gillt : the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, 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'nfing night
Made it a Poole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equal in lusire, were now beli, now worl.
As presence did presende them : Him in eye,
Still him in praine, and being pretendent both,
'Twas said they faw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when thefe Sunnes
(For so they phrase'em) by their Heralds challenge'd
The Noble Spirits to Arms, they did performe

3

Beyond
Beyond thoughts Compare, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That such was believed.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discouer looke some life,
Which Actions felt, was tongue too,

Buc. All was Royall,
To the dispoping of it sought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Difinelly his full Function: who did guide,
I meant who set the Body, and the Limbs
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guest!
One certe, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of York.

Buc. The duell feed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious figure. What had he
To do in those fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keene can with his very bulkle
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficial Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stufle, that put's him to these ends:
For being not prop by Auncelly, whose grace
Chalkes Suceesion their way; nor call'd vppon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne: neither Allied
To eminent Affilnants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O glues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guilt that heauen glues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Nor. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's given all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vp him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moSt part fuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay upon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councell, out
Muff fetch him in; he Papers.

Nor. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the leaf, that have
By this, fo ficken'd their Eftates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Have broke their backes with laying Manners on'tem
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But minifter communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greeningly I thinkes,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coft that did conclude it.
Buc. Euerie man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
A thing Infipr'd, and not confulting, broke
Into a generall Prophesie; That this Tempeft
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, abounded
The fadine breach on't.

Nor. Which is badded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.

Alor. Is it therefore
Th'ambassador is flenc'd?

Nor. Marry it's.

Alor. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfious rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentiful safety) that you readie
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and 't is not to be 
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bofome vp my counsell,
You'll finde it wholeforme. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your cunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinal in his passidge, fixed his eye on Buckingsham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdaire.

Car. The Duke of Buckingham Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Ser. Heere fo pleafe you.
Car. Is he in person, ready?
Ser. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall leffen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore belt
Not wake him in his fumer. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temperance, that's th'appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye requir'd
Me as his ables obiect, at this instant
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ie follow, and out-fare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reafon with your Choller question
What 'dis you go about: to climb steepè hills
Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horfe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your felloe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

This I suppose fellows intolerance; or proclaim, There's difference in no perfon.

Nor. Be adult'd; Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot That it do finge your felfe. We may out-runne Ben by violent twirls that which we run at; And loco by outer-running: know you not, The fire that mounts the liquor till run ore, In feeming to augment it, wafis it: be adult'd; I lay againe there is no English Soul More stronger to direct you then your felfe; If with the tap of reafon you would quench, Or but allay the fire of paflion.

Back. Sir, I am thankfull to you, and Hee along By your precept: but this top-proud fellow, Whom I did from the fnows of France, you not, But from fincere motions, by Intelligence, And profees as exclam'd as Founts in July, when Wee fee each grainge of grauelle: I doe know To be corrupt and trefonous.

Mr. Let my Count trefonous.

Back. Too bold King: He fay'd, & make my vouch as strong As shore of Rockes attend, This holy Foxe, Or Wolf- or both (for he is equall rauous As he is subtle, and as prone to milchiefs, As c - to perform') his minde, and place Intelling one another, yea reciprocally, Only to fhew his pompe, as well in France, As here at home, fuggets the King our Mafter To this laft couftly Treaty: Th'enterview, That swallowing fo much treafeie, and like a glaffe Did break the f'rench-wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and fo it did. Buck. Pray giue me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinal.

The Articles o'th Combination drew As himfelf pleads'pand they were ratified As he cride thus let be, to much end, As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinal Has done this, and tis well for worthy Wolsey (Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this follows, (Which as I take it, is a kind of Puppie To th'old dam Trefon) Charles the Emperor, Vnder pretence to fee the Queene his Aunt, (For twice indeed his colour, but he came To whiliper Wolsey)here makes visitation, His fears were that the Interview betwixt England and France, might through their amity Breed him fome prejudice; for from this League, Peep'd him that men'd him. Prifon Deale with our Cardinal, and as I troa Which I doe well; for I am furc the Emporeur Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made And pau'd with gold of the Emperor thus defir'd, Tha. he would pleafe to alter the Kings coure, And break the forefai'd peace. Let the King know (As foone he fhall by me) that thus the Cardinal Does buy and fell his Honour as he pleaeis, And for his owne advantage.

Nor. I am forry To hear this of him; and could wish he were Something miftaken in't.

Buck. No, not a fallable: I doe pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in prose.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir, My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle Of Harford, Stafford and Northampton, I Arreft thee of High Treafon, in the name Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord, The net has alane upon me, I shall perife Vnder deute, and prathlon: Bran. I am forry, To fee you tane from liberty, to looke on The buifines prefent. Tis his Highnes pleasure You hall to th'Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing To plead mine Innocence, for the dyes is on me Which makes my white part, black. The will of Heauen be done in this and all things: I obey. O my Lord Abargynge: Fare you well, Bran. Nay, he muft beare you company. The King is pleas'd you hall to th'Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke fai'd. The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleafure By me obey'd.

'Bran. Here is a warrant from The King, t'attach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies Of the Dukes Confeffor, John de la Car, One Gilbert Pecky, his Counseller.

Buck. So, fo: Thefe are the limbs o'th Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th Charterue.


Buck. My Surveyor is faffe: The ore-great Cardinal Hath fhew'd him gold; my life is fpand already: I am the shadow of poore Buckingham.

Whofe Figure even this Instant Clow'd was put on, By Darkning my clere Sunne,My Lords farewell. Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals fouldier, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Leeve: the Cardinal places himfelfe under the Kings fete on bis right fide.

King. My life it felfe, and the beft heart of it, Thanks you for this great care: I flood 'tbe'tellent Of a full-charg'd confideratie, and glue thanks To you that show'd it. Let be cold before vs That Gentleman of Buckingham, in perfon, I heare him his confessions lufitife, And point by point the Trefons of his Mafter, He hall againe relate. A noife within crying roones for the Queene, refu'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolk the kneale. King rifes from his Stand, takes her up, kifles and placetb her by him.

Queene. Nay, we muft longer kneale; I am a Suitor. King. Arise, and take place by vs; haife your Suit Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power :
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

The other moitly ere you aske is gluen,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Maiesty,
That you would loose your lesse, and in that loue
Not unconsidered loose your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynct
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And tho' of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as pouter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whole Honor Heauen shield from folle; even he escapes
Language vnamannerly, such which breaks the
Fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In lowd Rebellion.
Nef. Not almost appears,
It doth appears; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, have put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weaver, who
Vnfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'eeeth, are all in vprore,
And danger ferues among them.
King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blast'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Plesse you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholefome
To thofe which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraine would have note) they are
Most pelliment to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuid'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an explanation.
Nef. Still Excuses:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Excusion?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempering of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grope
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The fast part of his Subsistance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in Franccethis makes bold mouthes,
Tongues spit their dutes out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegience in them; their curfes now
Lie where their prayers did; and it's come to paffes,
This tractable obedience is a Slave
To each incendi Will: I would your Highness
Would give it quicker consideration; for
There is no primer bafenefe.
King. By my life,
This is against our pleasuere.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not paff me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: If I am
Traduce'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Drake
That Vertue must goe through: we muft not flint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenfurers, which ever,
As ra'non Fishes doe a Veffell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vaine longing. What we oft doe beft,
By ficke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, nor not allow'd; what worth, as oft
Hitting a groffer quality, is cride vp
For our beft Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we fit;
or fit State-Statues overly.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themsefles from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feard. Have you a Presidet
Of this Commissions? I believe, not any,
We must not read our Subiects from our Lawes,
And flicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From every Tree, lop, barke, and part o' th' timber:
And though we leave it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd the
The force of this Commissions: pray looke too;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings peace and pardon: the greewed Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be noist'd,
That through our Interceffion, this Resoueement
And pardon comes: I shall amon aduise you
Further in the proceeding.
Enter Secret.
Queen. In my forry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
King. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learnde, and a moit rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his traying fuch,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer fecke for ayd out of himselfe: yet fee,
When thefe so Noble benefices atall protes
Not well dilip'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more uygly
Then euer they were faire. This man fo compleat,
Who was enrold montefonders and when we
Almoft with raun'd lifting,could not finde
His hour of speech, a minute: He,(my Lady)
Hath into monfrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beem'd in hell. Sit by Vs,you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trufty) of him
Things to strike Honour fad. Bid him recount
The Forre-named prafifies, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Must like a careful Subject have collect
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was visuall with him; every day
It would infin'd his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; he'd carr it fo
To make the Sceptrer his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aubergary, to whom by oath he menac'd
Reuenge upon the Cardinal.

Card. Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High perfon;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Dehier all with Charity.

Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Upon our faile; to this point halft thou heard him,
At any time speake ought.

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophesie of Nicholas Hentes.

Kin. What was that Hentes?

Sur. Sir, a Charetrav Fryer,
His Confeffion, who fed him every minute
With words of Souverainity,

Kin. How know'ft thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rofe, within the Parifh
Saint Laurence Pouling, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men feare the French would prove paffidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the fafe indeed; and that he doubted
I would prove the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, fayes he,
Hath fent to me, warning me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce bowre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,
He folemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creatur living, but
To me, should vter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly esfu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him thrive
To the love of the Commonalty, the Duke
Shall governe England.

Queer. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surcuror, and loft your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your fpicene a Noble perfon,
And fpoke your nobler Soules, I fay, take heed;
Yes, heartily befecch you.

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soul, He speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diels illufions
The Monke might be deceu'd, and that twas dangerous
For this to ruminante on this fo faire, vainill
It forg'd him fome defect, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anfw'er'd, Tuft,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his haff Sicknefe fuld,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Lowell heads
Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, fo rancke! Ah, ha,
There's mischiefe in this man; can't choy fay further?

Sur. I can my Lidge.

Kin. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer. (unt,

Kin. I remember of cluch a time, being my swor fer-
The Duke retel'n'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this has beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaids
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th'Bwper Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made fit to come in's prefence; which if granted,
(As he made feemance of his duty) would
Hawe put his knife into him.

Kin. A Great Tryal.

Card. Now Madam, may your Highnes lieue in freedome,
And this man out of Prifon.

Queem. God mend all. (fay't?)

Kin. Ther's somethings more would out of thee, what

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breath, mounting his eye's,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill y'd, he would oustge
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreproachable

Kin. There's his period,
To heath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to prefent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none
Let him not feek't of vs: By day and night
Hec's Trayer to th' height. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poftible the speel of Francie should luggle
Men into fuch strange myriferyes?

L. Sand. New cuflome, line
Though they be neuer fo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I fee, all the good our English
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th face, (but they are thewed ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would fware direclty
Their very notes had been Councillours
To Popin or Clotherius, they keepe State fo.

L. Sand. They haue all new legis,
And lame ones; one would take it
That never fee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their clothes are after fuch a Pagan cut too;
That sure th'hau'e worne out Ch. fendemehow now?
What newes, Sir Thomas Lowell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lowell.

Lowell. Faith my Lord,
I hear of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Scena Quarta.

Hobeys, A small Table under a State for the Cardinals, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests at one Door, at another Door enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Gulif. Ladies, A general welcome from his Grace Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes In all this Noble Beay, he hath brought with her One care abroad: hee would have all as merry: As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaines L. Sands, and Louell. O my Lord, y'are tardy; The very thought of this faire Company, Clap wings to me. Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford. Sir Thomas Lousell, had the Cardinal But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should finde a running Banket, ere they refert, I thinkke would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of faire ones. Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confeffor, To one or two of them. San. I would I were, They should finde eafe penance. Lou. Faith how eafe? San. As eafe as a downe bed would affoord it. Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you Sir Harry Place you that fide, Ie take the charge of this His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze, Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking: Pray fit betweene those Ladies. San. By my faith, And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies, If I chance to talke a little wide, forgive me: I had it from my Father. An. Balf. Was he mad Sir? San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too; But he would bite none, if I as I doe now, He would Kifle you Twenty with a breath. Cham. Well fald my Lord: So now y'are fairely feated: Gentlemen, The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies Paffe away Browning. San. For my little Care, Let me alone.

Hobeys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and take his State. Card. Y'are welome my faire Guest, that noble Lady Or Gentleman that is not freely merry Is not my Friend. This to conforme my welcome, And to you all good health. San. Your Grace is Noble, Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thankes, And once Ie to much talking. Card. My Lord Sands,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoe fault is this?
Sun. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheeks my Lord, then wee shall have 'em,
Talkie vs to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Camifer
My Lord Sainds.
Sun. Yes, if I make my play:
Heere's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For vs to fuch a thing.
An. B. You cannot throw me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers disband'd.
Sun. I told your Grace, they would take anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the lawes of Warre y're prouided.

Enter a Servant.
Cham. How now, what's that?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From foreigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Goe, 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.
All rise, and Tables remov'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee ll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shoue a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Haynes. Enter King and others at Masters, habited like
Sheepboards, efted by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
paffe directly before the Cardinall, and graciefully falute him.
A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speake no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they heare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view thse Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They have done my poore houfe grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.
Cham. Lady's, King and An Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Mufick. Dance.

Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his perfon
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke deift'd
To him brought what voice to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor
Sir Gilbert Pech, his Chancellor, and John Care,
Confessor to him, with that Dieul Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2. That was he
That fed him with his Prophedies.
1. The same,
All these accord'd him strongly, which he fain'd
Would have fhung from him but indeed he could not;
And so his Peers upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treffion. Much
He fpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pitted in, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he bear him felfe? 1. When he was brought apon to ch' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was flr'd
With fuch an Agony, he fweat extremely,
And fomthing fpoke in choller, ill, and hafty:
But he fell to his fafety, and was
In all the reftr frow'd a moft Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he fears death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was fo womanish, the caufe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly.
The Cardinall is the end of this,
1. Thus likely,
By all confecraters: First Kildares Attendance;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remond'd
Earle Surrey, was fent thither, and in hait too,
Least he should helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enonious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will require it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King favours,
The Cardinall infantly will finde imployment,
And fare enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him periconically, and o' my Confeience
With him ten foldom deep: This Duke as much
They loue and doute on: call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtefe.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tieflanes before him, in a Liver clothe and the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sants, and common people, C.f.
1. Stay there Sir,
And fee the noble ruin'd man you speake of.
2. Let's fland clote and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre have come to pitty me;
Heare what I fay, and then goe home and lofe me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traitors Judgement,
And by that name muft die; yet Heaven beare witnes,
And if I have a Confeience, let it finche me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
This done upon the premises, but Jutice: But thofe that fought it, I could with more Christian
(For what they will) I heartly forgive them;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their euils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guilitlefe blood muft cry again't'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I fie, although the King hauue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to wepe for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long disuerse of Steele fits on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.
Lovell. I doe beforeth your Grace, for charity
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgien: I forgive all.
There cannot be thofe numberlefe offences
Gainft me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue,
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he speake of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forfaile,
Shall cry for blifes on him. May he liue
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodneffe and he, fill vp one Monument.
Leau. To th' water fide I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who vnderfakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with fuch furniture as fuites
The Greatneffe of his Perfom.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conftable,
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poor Edward Bosom.
Yet I am richer then my late Accufers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now feale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against Viorping Richard,
Flying for his life to his Seuenthe Llanfer,
Being defir'd, was by that wretch betrail'd,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seuenthe succeeding, truly pitying
My Father loffe, like a moft Royall Prince
Refor'd me to my Honours; and out of ruins
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muff needs fay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Servants, by thofe Men we lou'd moft:
A moft vnnatural and fadifie Service.
Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are left, be liberal of your loves and Counsels,
Be faire you be no loofe; for thofe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to finke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me;
Farewell, and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak as how I fell.
I have done, and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traines.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cal's
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can glue you inckling
Of an ensigning guilt, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keep it from vs:
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is too weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
1. Let me hate it:
I doe not talle much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and Katherine?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay thofe tongues
That durft interfe it.
2. But that flander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows aen
Fretten then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him neere, hauе out of malice
To the good Queene, poppet him with a fcape
That will yndoe her: To conforme this too,
Cardinal Campaine is arriu'd, and latelie,
As all think for this busines.
1. Tis the Cardinal;
And mercely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not betowing on him his asking,
The Archibishopricke of Toledo, this is purpose'd.
2. I thinke
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruelly,
That the should feele the smar of this: the Cardinal
Will have his will, and the mutt fall.
1. 'Tis wofully.
Wee are too open here to argue this:
let thinke in private more. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Herfes your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I jaw well chooеn, riddien, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsone, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinall, by Companion, and maue power soke'em from me, with this reason; if a master but jaw'd be-
fore a Subject, if not before the King, which flop'd our mouthe Sir.
I feare he will indeede; well, let him hauе them; hee
will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folk and Suffolk.

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Good day to both your Grace.
Suff. How is the King imploied?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the caufe?
Cham. It seems the Marriage with his Brother Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.
Suff. No, his Conscience.
Ha's crept too neere another Lady.
Norf. Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priet, like the eldeft Sonne of Fortune,
Turs what he lift. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe.
Hae I never known himselfe else.
Norf. How holly he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diuies into the Kings Soule, and there flatters
Dangers, doubts, wringer of the Conscience,
Fears, and defpaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to reforfe the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a loffe of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet never left her life;
Of her that loues him with that excellency,
That Angels lose good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greatt stroake of Fortune falls
Will bleffe the King: and is not this course piuous ?
Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speakes 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Look into these affaires, fee this maine end,
The French Kings Sifter. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that fo long hauе slept vp
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his flauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuers;
Or this impenious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honour
Lie like one lump before him, to be fasion'd
Into what pitch he pleafe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so Ie stand,
If the Kings pleafe: his Curues and his blearings
Touch me alike; there breath I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud: the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excufe me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhare: Besides
You'll finde a moat vfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.
Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Glue me your hands: much joy & favour to you; You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand he's radd'me.
Kin. Come hither Gardiner.
Walkes and whisperers.
Camp. My Lord of Torke, was not one Doctor Pace
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, so freely.
Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of your self Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not flitke to say, you enuise him;
And fearing he would rite (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraging man ill, which he gree'd him,
That he ran the stage, and side.
Wol. Heau'n peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for lying Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment,
I will have none to enuer els. Learne this Brother,
We lue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queene.
Exit Gardiner.
The most convenient place, that I can think of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryer's;
There ye shal meete about this weighty business.
My Wolfg, see it furnisht, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Confidence, Confidence;
O 's a tender place, and I muft leaue her. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullein, and an old Lady.
An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highness, having liued so long with her, and the
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun entrooneed,
Still growing in a Maiety and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first 'tacquire. After this Proceede.
To give her the auuait, it is a pitty
Would move a Monfer.
Old La. Hearts of moft hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
An. Oh God, God, will slide.
She'se we'd have knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, do divert
It from the bearer, 'tis a suffarence, panging
As soule and bodies feuering.
Old L. Ails pover Lady,
She'se a stranguer now again.
An. So much the more
Muff pityy drop ys her; verily
I swere, 'tis better to be lowly borne,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And range with humble liers in Content, Then to be perk’d vp in a glifting griefe, And weare a golden fowrow.  
Old L. Our content Is our bet hauing.  
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead, I would not be a Queene.  
Old L. Before me, I would, And venture Maidenhead for’t, and fo would you For all this fpice of your Hippocrifie: You that have fo faire parts of Woman on you, Haue (too) A Womans heart, which euer yet Affected Eminence, Wealth, Souerainty; Which, to fay troth, are Bluftings; and which guifts (Saining your mincing) the capacity Of your soft Chiorreell Conffience, would receiue, If you might pleafe to stretch it.  
Anne. Nay, good troth.  
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen.  
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.  
Old L. It is strange; a threepence bow’d would hire me Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you, What think you of a Dutchefse? Haue you limbs To bear that load of Title?  
An. No in truth.  
Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little, I would not be a young Count in your way; For more then blufhing comes to: If your backe Cannot vouchsaf’t this burden, its too weak Euer to get a Boy.  
An. How you doe talk; I fwear againe, I would not be a Queene, For all the world:  
Old L. In faith, for little England You’d venture an embailling: I my felfe Would for Carnarowshire, although there long’d No more to th’ Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?  

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.  

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wret’t worthy The fecret of your conference?  
An. My good Lord, Not your demand; it values not your ask: Our Mifris Sorrows we were pittying.  
Cham. It was a gentle bafheffe, and becoming The action of good women, there is hope All will be well.  
Cham. You bare a gentle minde, & heav’nly blessings Follow fuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady Perceive I fpake fincerely, and high notes  
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Malefty Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and Doe’s purpofe honour to you no leffe bowing, Then Marchioniffe of Pembroke; to which Title, A Thoufand pound a yeare, Annually fupport, Out of his Grace, he addes.  
An. I doe not know What kind of my obedience, I fhou’d tender; More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers Are not words ducly hallowed, nor my Wifhes More worth, then empty vanities; yet Prayers & Wifhes Are all I can returne. ’Befeech your Lordship, Vouchsafe to fpake my thankes, and my obedience, As from a blunt ng Handmaid, to his Highneffe; Whole health and Royalty I pray for.  
Cham. Lady;  
I fhall not faie fuppoure the faire conceit The King hath of you. I haue perdu’d her well, Beauty and Honour in her are fo mingled, That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet But from this Lady, may proceed a femme, To lighten all this Ile. ‘Tis to the King, And fay I fpoke with you.  
An. My honour’d Lord.  
Old L. Why this it is: See, fee, I haue beene begging fixteen yeares in Court (Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could Come pat betwixt too early, and too late For any fuit of poundes: and you, (oh fate) A very frefh fife heere; fye, fye upon This compell’d fortune: have your mouth fild vp, Before you open it.  
An. This is strange to me.  
Old L. How talks it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no: There was a Lady once (in an old story) That would not be a Queene, that would be not For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?  
An. Come you are pefiant.  
Old L. With your Theme, I could O’re-mount the Larke: The Marchioniffe of Pembroke? A thoufand pound a yeare, for pure refpect? No other obligation? by my Life, That promifes mo thoufands: Honour trained Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time I know your backe will bare a Dutchefse. Say, Are you not stronger then you were?  
An. Good Lady, Make your felfe mirth with your particular fancy, And leaue me out on’t. Would I had no being If this falute my blood a lot; it faints me To think what follows. The Queene is comfortleffe, and wee forgetfull In our long abfence: pray doe not deliver, What heere y’haue heard to her.  
Old L. What doe you think me — Execut.  

Scena Quarta.  

Trumpets, Sirets, and Cornets.  

Enter two Percors, with fhort filver wandes; next them two Scribes in the habites of Doctors; after them, the Bishops of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and S. Afphe: Next them, with some fmall diſante, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purfe, with the great Scare, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Crofe: Then a Gentleman filver bare-footed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: After them, fide by fide, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen,with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals fit under him as Judges. The Queene takes place fome diſtance from the King. The Bishops place themfelves on each fide the Court in manner of a Confitory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords fit next the Bishops. The reft of the Attendants fand in convenient order about the Stage.
Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath publicly but been read,
And on all sides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.
Car. Be't so, proceed.
Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.
King. Heere.
Scri. Say, Katherine Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet. Then speaks.
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to beflow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Burne out of your Dominions: having here
No place indifferent, or equal assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Als Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure.
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnisse,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in fear to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subjeckt to your Countenance: Glad, or sorrow,
As I faw it inclin'd? When was the hour
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not frowne to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him devo'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence dicharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleft
With many Children by you. If in the course
And procee of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Love and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'f Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and so give me vp
To the th' rude kinds of Justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinand
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiffe Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife Counsell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Buftineffe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine; and'd; whose Counsile
I will implore. If not, th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) thefe Reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Intelligence, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'the Land, who are assembled
To please your Caufe. It shall be therefore bootleffe,
That longer you deffe the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to reftifie
What is vndetlet in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and luftly: Therefore Madam,
It's this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qs. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.
Qs. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to spakces of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qs. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleue
(Induce'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you,
Hauie blowne this Coale, between my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore I fay againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do proffe
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Hauie flood to Charity, and display'd th'effects
Of diffipation gentle, and of wifedom,
Tre-topping woomans powre. Madam, you do me wrong.
I have no Spelle against you, nor Inuifue
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yes, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preservt: if it be knowne to him,
That I gainfay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthilie my Falshood, ye, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove the Thoughtes from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do bee speake
You (gracius Madam) to vntinke your speaking,
And to speak no more. 
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake
Toppoze your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full feeming,
With Meeknesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cram'md with Arrogance, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse favor,
Gone flightly o're lowe stepspe, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeflcik to you) ferue your will, as pleafe.
Your felke pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your perfons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That aget
I do refute you for my Judge, and heere
Before you all, Appelate vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Caufe vnto his Holineffe,
And to be judg'd by him.
She Certifies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp.

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Comp. The Queene is obsolete,
Stubbborne to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdained to be tride by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

Kim. Call her again.
Cler. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gen. Wh. Madam, you are cold backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They were me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kim. Goe thy ways Kate,
That man I'th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife; let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false to certaine Speeches
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleman,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble born;
And like her true Nobility, her's ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these carefull for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be valu'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfie whether euer I
Did broach this busines to your Highnesse, or
Laid any struple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on'tour ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, speake one, the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kim. My Lord Cardinal,
I doe excuse you; yes, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't; You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but like to Village Curses,
Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; they are exced'd:
But will you be too iustifie? So you euer
Have with'd the sleeping of this businesse, never desir'd
It to be stir'd; but off have hindred,of't
The passages made toward it; on your Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus farre cleere him.

Now, what mo'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
(too't)
Then marke this indicencement. Thus it came; glue heede
My Conscience first receiued a tanderess,
Scratch'd incredible to certaine Speeches utter'd
By th'Bishop of Baye, then French Embassador,
Who had beene bither fent on the debating
And Marriage twist the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter Mary: I th'Progrese of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, her
(Imeaned the Bishop) did require a refpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord adjure him,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Keeping this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This refpite hooke

The bofore of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yes, with a spitting power, and made me to tremble
The region of my Breast, which forc'd fuch way,
That many ma'd considerations, did throng
And preft in with this Caution. First, me thought
I flood not in the simile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wonde
If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iftue,
Or di'd where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the eft Heyre o'th World) should not
Be gladdin't in by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes flood in
By this my Iftue fail'd, and that gave to me
Many a groaning that I would thinke in:
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did there
Towards this remedie, whereupon we are
Now preftent heere togethers that's to say,
I meant to refolve my Conscience, which
I then did feel full ficks, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend men here of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How vnder my oppreffion I did reke
When I first mo'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Lidge.
Kim. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
How farre you satisfie me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in's,
And conquence of dread, that I committed
The daring Courtfaye which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running here.

Kim. I then mo'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present Summons vainfolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perfon in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike I'th' world, against the person
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my allcased reasons, drivres this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortal State to come with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Comp. So please your Highness,
The Queene being a blest, 'ts a needfull lineffe,
That we adonrue this Court till further day;
Meant while, must be an earnest hollering in
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeal
She intends vnto his Hollienesse.

Kim. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory foth, and tricks of Rome.
My learned and wellbeloved Servant Cranmer,
Prethee returne, with thy approche: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, fet on.

Excut, in manner as they enter'd.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women as at workes.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench, my Soule grows fad with troubles,
Sing, and dierfe 'em if thou canst: leave working:

SONG.

O Roebus with thy Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaines tops that freeze,
Bom themselues when he did fong,
To be Mufick, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring: as Sune and Showers,
There had made a lodging Spring,
Every thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billows of the Sea,
Hung their beads, and then lay by.
In storm Muficke in fuch Art,
Killing care, and griefes of heart,
Fall alfeipe, or hearing dyes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And pleafe thy Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the prefence.

Queen. Would they fpeak with me?

Gent. They'll bid me fay to Madam.

Queen. Pray their Grace

To come here: what can be their bufines
With me, a poore weake woman, fake from favour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They fhould bee good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinall, Wifhey & Campian.

Wif. Peace to your Highneffe.

Queen. Your Grace finds me heree part of a Hearffe
(I would be all) againft the worft may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords?

Wel. May it pleafe you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall glue you
The full cufe of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heree.

There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conience
Deferves a Corner; would all other Women
Could fpeak this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (fo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by euery tongue, euery eye faw'em,
Envy and bafe opinion feat againit'em,
I know my life to beeu. If your bufines
Seke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Card. Tanta eft erga te mentis integritas Regina refulissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latn;
I am forry my integrity shoul breed,
(And fervice to his Maiety and you)
So deepie fufpicion, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accufation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue bleffe
Nor to betray you any way to forrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you fand minded in the weighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honeft men) our luft opinions,
And comforts to your caufe.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forfeeting (like a good man) your late Cenfure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a figne of peace,
His Service, and his Counfell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye fpeak like honeft mens (pray God ye prove fo)
But how to make ye folidly an Answere
In fuch a point of weight, fo neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to fuch men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was fet at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for fuch men, or fuch bufineses
For her fake that I have beene, for I feele
The left fit of my Greatneffe; good your Graces
Let me have time and Counsell for my Caufe:
Alas, I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.
Wif. Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with these fears,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare give me Counsell?
Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne fo deliberate to be honeft)
And лиe a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that muft weigh out my affilictions,
They that my truth muft grow to, live not heree,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leave your greefs, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine caufe into the Kings protection,
He's longing and moft gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retakke ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wif. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye with for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Counsell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is above all yet; there fits a Judge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more flame for ye, holy men I thought ye.
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feere ye:
Mend 'em for fame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loth among ye, laugh't at, forgot?
I will not with ye halfe my mileties,
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heaven's fake take heed, lest at once The burthen of my forrowes, fall upon ye. Carr. Madam, this is a meere distraction, You turne the good we offer, into enuy. Que. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye, And all fuch fals Profefiron. Would you have me (If you have any Juxtie, any Pitty, If ye be any thing but Churchmen's habits) Put my ficke case into his hands, that hates me? Alas, he's banish'd me his Bed already, His Loose, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is onely my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchedneffe? All your Studies Make me a Curfe, like this. Camp. Your fears are worfe. Que. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my felfe, Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare fay without Vainglory) Ne yet branded with Sufferion? Haue I, with all my full Affections Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n?Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondneffe) superfluous to him? Almoft forgot my Prayres to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords. Bring me a confant woman to her Husband, One that ne're dream'd a joy, beyond his pleafure; And to that Woman (when she haue done moft) Yet will I add an Honor; a great Patience. Carr. Madam, you wander from the good We ayme at. Que. My Lord, I dare not make my felfe go guiltie, To glu vp willingly that Noble Title Your Mafter wed me to: nothing but death Shall e're diuorce my Dignities. Carr. Pray heare me. Que. Would I had never trod this English Earth, Or felt the Flatteries that grow vp on it: Ye haue Angles Faces, but Heauen knowes your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched Lady? I am the moft vnhappy Woman living, Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwrack'd vp on a Kingdome, where no Pitty, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weeps for me? Almoft no Grace allow'd me? Like the Lilly That once was Mistress of the Field, and flourish'd, Ie hang my head, and perfine. Carr. If your Grace Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest, You'd feele more comfort. Why hold we(good Lady) Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profeflion is against it; We are to Cure fuch forrowes, not to we're'em. For Goodneffe fake, confider what you do, How you may hurt your felfe: I vyterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes lie in Obedience, So much they loue it. But to flaburse Spirits, They dwell' and grow, as terrible as flormes. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinke vs, Those we profefle, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants. Carr. Madam, you'll finde it fo: You wrong your Vertues With thefe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit As yours was, put into you, ever caufs Such doubts as falle Comne from it. The King loveus you, Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please) To true vs in your bufineffe) we are ready To vfe our vtmoff Studies, in your fervice. Que. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgive me; If I haue vs'd my felfe vnmannere, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a feemely anwer to fuch persons, Pray do my fervice to his Maieftie, He ha's my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers, Behoy your Counsellors on me. She now begges That little thought when the fet footed hear, She shold haue bought her Dignities fo dear. Exuen Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlainge.

Nor. If you will now vntie in your Complaints, And force them with a Confinacy, the Cardinal Cannot fland vnder them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall fillaine moe new disgraces, With these you base already.

Sur. I am joyfull To meete the leaft occasion, that may glue me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke, To be resuing'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres Haue vncontemned gone by him, or at leaft Strangely neigched? When did he regard The flame of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe? Chur. My Lords, you speake your pleasures: What he deferues of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Gues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot Barre his acces to th'King, neuer attempt Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not, His spill in that is out: the King hath found Matter against him, that for euer marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's fetled (Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to heare fuch Newes as this Once every houre.

Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares, As I would with mine Enemy.

Sur. How came His prattles to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarrier,
And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To lay the judgement o'th'Diocese; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangle in affliction.

A Creature of the Queens, Lady Anne Bullen,

Srf. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Srf. Will this worke

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Srf. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I profess ye have it.

Srf. Now all my joy
Trace the Conunfion.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order gueen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To fome eares unaccounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and complete
In minde and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall fome bleffing to this Land, which shall
In it be memor'ed.

Srf. But will the King

Digeth this Letter of the Cardinals?

The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Wafpes that buzz about his Nofe,
Will make this fling the noone. Cardinal Campeis,
Is ftoone away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave,
Ha's left the caufe o'th'King unhandled, and
Is pofted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To fecod all his plot. I do affure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incence him,
And let him cry Ha,lawder.

Norf. But my Lord

When returnes Cammer?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Have fatisified the King for his Diocese,
Together with all famous Colleges
And in Chriftendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publifhed, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeffe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This fame Cammer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings buenefife.

Suf. He ha's, and we dilfear him
For it, an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis fo.

Enter Wolfsy and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Obfereue, obfereue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell.

Gan't ye the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Car. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Prefently.

He did viueale them, and the firft he view'd,
He did it with a Serius minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him herehe this Morning.

Car. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thynke by this he is.

Car. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sifter; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No I le no Anne Bullen for him,
There's more in't then faire Vifage. Bullen?
No, wee'l no Bullen: Speedily I fith
To hear from Rome. The Marchionelle of Penbroke?

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King

Does whet his Anger to him.

Srf. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Juflice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlemewom?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Moitria Moitria? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muff thufhcf,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And welldefering? yet I know her for
A fpieene Lutherane, and not whatfome to
Our caufe, that the fheould ly i' th'bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Again, ther's fpung vp
An Herelique, an Arch-one; Cammer, one
Hath chaw'd into the favoure of the King,
And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at fomething.

Enter King, reading of a Sefdiale.

Srf. I would twer fomthing y would frett the firinge,
The Mafter-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What pife of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'thoure
Seemes to flow from him? How, I'th'name of Thift
Does he rate this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we hauwe
Stood heere obferving him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and flarfs,
Steps on a foflane, lookes vpon the ground,
Then laves his finger on his Temple: bright
Springs out into fait gate, then flops againe,
Strikes his brefh hard, and anon, he cafits
His eye againft the Moone: in moft ftrange Poitures
We have leene him fet himfelfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he fent me, to perufe
As I required: and wot you what I found
There (on my Confience put unwrittingly)
Forthofh an Invenrory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treafure,
Riche Stuffes and Ornaments of Houblon, which
I finde at fuch proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Poffefion of a Subiekt.

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleepe your eye withall, King.

If we did thynke

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His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spiritual obieQt, he should fill
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whistles Louell, who goes
to the Cardinal.

Car. Heauen forgive me,
Euer God blefe your Highneffe.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly trufe, and bear the Invenutory
Of your belt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're; you have faile time
To fleale from Spiritual levyre, a breife fpnan
To keepe your earthly Audits, fire in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gaed
To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To think that the buniffe, which
I bear the 1b State: and Nature does require
Her times of perufuation, which perfource
I her fraile fones, among'tl my Brethren mortall,
Muff give my tendance to.

King. You have faid well,
Car. And euer may your Highneffe yoake together,
(As I will lend you caufe) my doing well,
With my well faying.

King. 'Tis well faid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to fay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He faid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Haungs, to bellow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increafe this buniffe.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true: And
If you may confedere it, fay withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What fay you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confedere your Royall graces
Shower'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My fliued purpoife requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeavour. My endeavors,
Haue euer come too short of my Defires,
Yet ill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine fof, that euermore they pointed
To' th good of your moff Sacred Perfon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Hap'd vpon me (poore Vnderfauer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayers to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer fhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly anfwer'd: I
A Loyall, and obedient Subject is
Therin illuftrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Aft of it, as it's contrary
The fowleneffe is the punishment. I proune,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounties to you,
My heart drop'd Lone, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As tw'er in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,
That for your Highneffe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Souls, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againft the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Rifeer breake,
And hand unfaaken yours.

King. "'Tis Nobly fpoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breth,
For you haue feene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Exit King, showing upon the Cardinal, the Nobles
strong after him jufling, and whispering.

Car. What should this mean?

What fadaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the fhauf Lyon
Upon the daring Huntman that has gaff'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
I fear the Story of his Anger. 'Tis fo:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis' Accent
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawnne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by; What croffe Dicell
Made me put this maene Secret in the Packet
I fent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deece to beste this from his Braines?
I know'll flirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in fight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?
The Letter (as I faw) with all the Bowniffe
I witt too's Holineffe. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatneffe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haile now to my Setting. I hall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man fee me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Duke of Norfale and Suffolk, the
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Hear ye the Kings pleafure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale prefently
Into our hands, and to Confine your felues
To Ather-houfe, my Lord of Wincheltefs,
Till you heare further from his Highneffe.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiffion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority fo weighty.

Syl. Who dare croffe em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreffely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Oflidious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Envy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diffgraces.
As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enious courses; men of Malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You sake with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneffe,
T'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It must be himselfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priet.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:
Within these fortie hours, Surrey durft better
Hauie burnt that Tongue, then faide fo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet finne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy bold parts bound together)
With'd not a halfe of his. Plague of your policie,
You feat me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his fuccour; from the King, from all
That might have merced on the fault, thou gavst him:
Whilest your great Goodneffe, out of holy pitty,
Abolish'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elfe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anfwer, is moft falle. The Duke by Law
Found his defects. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Juris, and foute Caufe can witneffe,
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I fhould tell you,
You have as little Honiffe, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Rollall Mafter,
Dare make a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priet) protects you,
Thou should'ft feele
My Sword the life blood of thee elfe. My Lords,
Can you endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus iade by a pedee of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Caft, like Larkes.
Car. All Goodneffe
Is poyson to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneffe
Of gleazing all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nal) by Extortion:
The goodneffe of your intercepted Packets
You write to the Pope, againft the King: your goodneffe
Since you proue me, shall be moft notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke,as you are truly Noble,
As you refpeet the common good, the State
Of our defpair Nobilitie, our Liffes,
(Whom if he liue, will feeare be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand fumme of his finnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ie fliarte you
Worke then the Sacrific Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay killing in your Armes, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could defpife this man,
But that I am bound in Charite against it.
His Greatness is a ripening, nippes his rootes,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But fare beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
Weary, and old with Servuce, to the mercy  
Of a rude fireame, that muff for euer hide me.  
Vaine pompes, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aferpe too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
More pangs, and fears then warres, or women haue;  
And when he falleth, he falleth like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe. **Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.**  
Why how now Cromwell?  
Crom. I have no power to speake Sir.  
Car. What, amazed at my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder  
A great man shoul decline. Nay, and you weep  
I am faine indeed. **Crom.**  
Crom. How does your Grace.  
Card. Why well?  
Never to truly happy, my good Cromwell,  
I know my felle now, and I fleele within me,  
A peace above all earthly Dignities,  
A fill, and quiet Confidence. The King ha's cur'd me,  
I humbly thanke his Grace; and from these shoulders  
These ruin'd Pillars, out of pitty, taken  
A losde, would finke a Navie, (too much Honor.)  
O 'tis a burden Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.  
Crom. I am glad your Grace,  
Ha's made that right vie of it.  
Card. I hope I haue:  
I am able now (me thinks)  
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)  
To endure more Miseries, and greater fare  
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.  
What Newes abroad?  
Crom. The beaueft, and the worft,  
is your displeasure with the King.  
Card. God bleffe him.  
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor, in your place.  
Card. That's some what fadain.  
But he's a Learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highneffe favour, and do Iuflice  
For Truths-fake, and his Confidence; that his bones,  
When he ha's run his courfe, and fleepes in Blessings,  
May have a Tombe of Orphants tears wept on him.  
What more?  
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;  
Intill'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.  
Card. That's Newes indeed.  
Crom. Lath, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the King hath in fecrete long married,  
This day was view'd in open, at his Queene,  
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now  
Onely about her Coronation.  
Card. There was the weight that pull'd me done.  
O Cromwell,  
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories  
In that one woman, I have loif for euer.  
No Sun, hall euer vher forth mine Honors,  
Or glide againe the Noble Troopes that weighted  
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwell,  
I am a poore faine man, unworthy now  
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King  
(That Sun, I pray may never set) I haue told him,  
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me, will fillre him  
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let  
Thy hopefull feruice perfiff too. Good Cromwell  
Neglect him not; make vfe now, and prouide  
For thine owne future safety.  
Crom. O my Lord,  
Muft I then leau? Muft I needses forgo  
So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?  
Bear witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,  
With what a forrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.  
The King shall have my feruice; but my prayers  
For euer, and for euer shall be yours.  
Card. Cromwell, I did not thinke to shed a teare  
In all my Miferies: But thou haft forc'd me  
(Out of thy honett truth) to play the Woman.  
Let's drye our eyes; And thus farre hearre me Cromwell,  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And fleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention  
Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee,  
Say Wofly, that once trod the wavesc of Glory,  
And found all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,  
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riie in:  
A fure, and safe one, though thy Master mit it.  
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:  
Cromwell, I charge thee, ring away Ambition,  
By that finne fel thee Angels: how can man then  
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?  
Louve thy felfe laft, cherifh those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more then Honesty,  
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace  
To silence enuious Tongues. Be iuft, and feare not;  
Let all the ends thou aymt at, be thy Countries,  
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fail? (O Cromwell)  
Thou fallit a bleffed Martyr.  
Serve the King: And praythee leade me in:  
There take an Inventory of all I haue,  
To the laft peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,  
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,  
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but fera'd my God, with halfe the Zeale  
I fera'd my King: it would not in mine Age  
Haue left me nacked to mine Enemies.  
Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.  
Card. So I haue. Farewell  
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.  
**Exeunt.**

**Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 'Tis well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your hand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, paffe from her Coronation.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter, The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall. 
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd forrow, This generall joy.

2 'Tis well: The Citizens I am sure have thewne at full their Royall minds, As let 'em haue their rights, they are ever forward In Celebration of this day with Shewes, Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Neuer greater, Nor I affure you better taken Sir, 
2 May I be bold to take what that contains, That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the Lift Of those that claime their Offices this day, By Custom of the Coronation. This Duke of Suffolk is the first and claims To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolk, He to be Earle Marcell: you may read the rest.

1 I thank you Sir: Had I not known those custums, I shou'd have beene beholding to your Paper: But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order, Held a late Court at Dunstable: five miles off From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which She was often cytied by them, but appear'd not: And to be short, for not Appearance, and The Kings late Scruple, by the maine affent Of all these Learned men, she was diuorced, And the late Marriage made of none effect: Since which, she was removed to Kymmalton, Where the remaines now sickle.

2 Alas good Lady, The Trumpets found: Stand clace, The Queene is comming. 

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.
2 Then, two Judges.
3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
4 Quhirriter finginge. Musick.
5 Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.
6 Marquess Dorset, bearing a scepter of Gold, on his head, a Dancy Coronel of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Duke, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Effic.
7 Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Essex, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Effic.
8 A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her biree, richly adorned with Pearles, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchett.
9 The Olde Dutcheffe of Norfolk, in a Coronell of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Train.
10 Certaine Ladies or Countesse, with plain Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.
Excute, first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleevue me: These I know: Who's that that bears the Seeueter?
1 Marquess Dorset, And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee The Duke of Suffolk.
1 'Tis the same: high Steward. 
2 And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1 Yes.
2 Heaven blefe thee, Thou haft the sweetest face I ever look'd on. Sir, as I have a Soule, she is an Angell; Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when he steaines that Lady, I cannot blame his Conscienice.
1 They that bear the Cloath of Honour ouer her, are four Barons of the Cinque-Ports.
2 Thofe men are happy, And fo are all, are nere her. I take it, she that carries vp the Traine, Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheffe of Norfolk.
1 It is, and all the rest are Countesse.
2 Their Coronets say fo. These are Starses indeed, And sometimes falling ones.
3 No more of that, Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God fave you Sir. Where have you bin brouling? 
3 Among the crow'd I'th'Abbey, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am futilised With the meere rankness of their joy.
2 You faw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the being. 
2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3 As well as I am able. The rich freamne Of Lords, and Ladies, haung brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off A diatance from her, while her Grace fate downe To reft a while, some halfe an houre, or fo, In a rich Chaire of State, oppining freely The Beauty of her Perfon to the People. 
Believe me Sir, she is the goodwill Woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noyse arose, As the frowdes make at Sea, in a fiffle Tempeft, As low'd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes, (Doubles, I thinke) fwer vp, and had their Faces Bin loofe, this day they had beene loft. Such joy I never faw before. Great belly'd women, That had not halfe a wekeke to go, like Rammes In the old time of Warre, would chake the preffe And make 'em reele before 'em. No man luing Could fay this is my wife there, all were wuen So strangly in one piece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace rofe, and with modell paces Came to the Altar, where the kneel'd, and Saint-like Call her faire eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly. Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people: When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, She had all the Royall makings of a Queene; As holy Oyle, Edward Conclors Crowne, The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblemes Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
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With all the choysest Musick of the Kingdome, Together sung Te Deum. So he parted, And with the fame full State pac’d backe againe To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held. 

Sir, You must no more call it Yorke-place, that’s past: For since the Cardinal fell, that Titles loft, ‘Tis now the Kings, and call’d White-Hall.

3 I know it: But ‘tis so lately alter’d, that the old name Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byfhopes Were those that went on each side of the Queenes? 

3 Stoneley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester, Newly prefer’d from the Kings Secretary: The other London.

2 He of Winchester Is hold no great good lover of the Archbishops, The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes that: How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 Thomas Cranmer, A man in much efteeme with th’King, and truly

A worthy Friend. The King ha’s made him Master o’th’Jewell House, And one already of the Privy Council.

2 He will defire more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentemans, ye shall go my way, Which is to th’Court, and there ye shall be my Guefts: Anything I can command. As I walk thither, Ile tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Demager, sick, lead betweene Griffith, her Gentleman Viser, and Patience her Waman.

Grif. How do’s your Grace? 

Kath. O Griffith, t’ckle to death: My Legges like loaden Branches bow’th’Earth, Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire, So now (me thinkes) I feel a little eafe. 

Did’t thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead’t mee, That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinal Wolsey Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace Out of the paine you suffer’d, gave no care too’t. 

Kath. Pre’thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy’d. If well, he depp before me happli 

For my example. 

Grif. Well, the voyage goes Madam, For after the floute Earle Northumberland Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward As a man fairely tainted, to his Anfwere, He fell tike sodainly, and grew so ill He could not fit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poor man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leiceseter, 

Lodg’d in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot With all his Coutent, honourably receiued him: To whom he gave theft words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the storms of State, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: Give him a little earth for Charity, So went to bed; where eagerly his sickneffe Purf’d him still, and three nights after this, About the houre of eight, which he himselfe Foretold should be his laft, full of Repentance, Continuall Meditations, Tears, and Sorrowes, He gave his Honors to the world agen, His blesst part to Heauen, and depp in peace. 

Kath. So may he rest, His Faults yee gently on him: Yet thus farre Griffith, give me leave to speake him, And yet with Charite, he was a man. 

Of an unbounded thomacke, euer ranking Himselfe with Princes. One that byiggeltion Ty’d all the Kingdome, Symonole, was faire pla, 

His owne Opinion was his Law. I’th’prefence He would lay vartrh, and be ever double, Both in his words, and meaning. He was newer (But where he meant to Ruine jittfull.) 

His Promis, were as he then was, Mighty: But his performance, as he is now, Nothing: Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue 

The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam: 

Mens eull manners, live in Brasse, their Vertues 

We write in Water. May it pleafe your Highneffe To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith, I were malicious elfe. 

Grif. This Cardinal, Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly 

Was fashion’d to much Honor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a Piepe, and good one: Excedding wife, Elte spoked, and perfwading: Lofty, and fowre to them that lou’d him not: But to those men that fought him, sweet as Summer. 

And though he were unfatisfied in getting, (Which was a ftinne) yet in beftowing, Madam, He was most Princely: Esuer witnesse for him Those twinne of Learning, that he rais’d in you, Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him, Vnwillling to out-lie the good that did it. The other (though vnfin’d) yet so Famous, So excellent in Art, and fll fo rifting. That Christfridone shall ever speake his Vertue. 

His Overthrow, heep’d Happineffe vpon him: For then, and not till then, he felchimfelle, 

And found the Bleffedneffe of being little. 

And to adde greater Honors to his Age: 

Then man could give him; he dy’d meaing God. 

Kath. After my death, I with no other Herald, No other speake of my living Actions, To kepe mine Honor, from Corruption, But such an honfeet Chronicler as Griffith. 

Whom I moff hated Liuing, thou haft made mee 


Patience, be neere me flill, and let me lower, I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith, 

Caufe the Musftans playe me that fae note I nam’d my Kneel; whilf I sit meditating
On that Caelifalll Harmony I go too.
    Sad and solemn Musest.
Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Uffion.
Enter solemnly tripping one after another, five Personages, clad
in white Robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of
Bayre, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayre
or Palme in their hands. They first prostrate unto her, then
Dance and at certain Places, the first two hold a faire
Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverent
Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver
the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order
in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head.
Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two:
who likewise obserue the same Order. At which
(as it were by inspiration) the male (in their face) signs of
 rejoicing, and boldeth up their hands to heaven. And so,
in their Dancing warne, carrying the Garland with them.
The Musicke continues.

Katb. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Katb. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None Madam.
Katb. No! Saw you not even now a blest Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Call thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happiness,
And brought me Garlands (Griffis) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assurely.
Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Poffible your Fancy.
Katb. Bid the Madick leaue,
They are harsh and heavy to me. Musick ceaseth.
Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale the lookes,
And of an earthly cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heauen comfort her.
    Enter a Meflanger.
Mef. And't like your Grace——
Katb. You are a fawcey Fellow,
Defence who more Reverence?
Grif. You are too blame.
Knowing she will not looke her wonted Greatnesse
To vfe so rude behauour. Go too, kneele.
Mef. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hart made me vnnaturally. There is hyling
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.
Katb. Admit him entrance Griffis. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see agane.
    Enter Lord Capucius.
If my sight falle not,
You would be Lord Ambaffador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam the fame. Your Servant.
Katb. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleazure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requell, that I would visit you,
Who graces much for your weakeflie, and by me
Sends you his Princeuely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Katb. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
"Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentile Physick 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.
Katb. So may he euer do, and euer flourisht,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I cant' you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Katb. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Mott willing Madam.
Katb. In which I have commended to his highnesse
The Modell of our chafe louses: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thickke in Blessings on her,
Befeeching him to glue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deferve well; and a little
To love her for her Mothers sake, that lovd him,
Heauen knows how dearly.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare asow.
(And now I should not lye) but will deferve
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honnestie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure thofe men are happy that shall haue'em.
The lat is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poorety 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 pleased to have givn me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deereft in this world,
As you with Chriftian peace to foules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vge the King
To do me this laft right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me looke the fasion of a man.
Katb. I thank you honett Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is pifing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. Griffis farewell. Nay Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead,good Wench,
Let me be well with Honor; drew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalm me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena 562.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath frappeke.
Gard. Thefe should be hours for necessadies,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature.
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waite these times. Good hour of night Sir Thomas:
Whether so late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lou. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. Ite me take my leave.
Sir (may not you Sir Thomas Lovell? what's the matter?
It seems you are in haft: and if there be
No great offence belongs too, give your Friend
Some touch of your late bufineffe: Affairs that walkes (As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the bufineffe
That seekes dispatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your care
Much weightier then this worke. The Queens In Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
She'll with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruites she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and lufe: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Confidence fayes
She's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Defere our better wifhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Hear me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
"Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and thee
Sleepe in their Graves.
Louel. Now Sir, you speake of two
The moft remark'd i'th'Kingtome: as for Cromwel,
Beside that of the Jewell-Houfe, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretarie. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of mee Preferments,
With which the Lime will load him. Th'Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One fellable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe have ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinkke I have
Incedt the Lords o'th'Council, that he is
(For to I know he is, they know he is)
A moft Arch-Heretique, a Peffilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they mowed
Have broken with the King, who hath fo farre
Glenr care to our Complaints, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing thofe fell Mischiefes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Counsell Board
He be commendt. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I left your seruant.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My minde not on, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little Charles,
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now Louell, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great't hemblenesse, and defir'd your Highnese
Molt heartily to pray for her.

King. What say't thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What is the crying out?
Lou. So faid her woman, and that her suffran ce made
Almoft each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Tranquility, to the Gladding of
Your Highnese with an Heire.

King. "Tis midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'extate of my poor Queene. Leue me alone,
For I muft thinkte of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suff. I wish your Highnese
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayrs.

King. Charles good night.

Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha' Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. "Tis true: where is he Denny?
Den. He attends your Highnese pleasure.
King. Bring him to vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery.
Louel seems to fay.
Ha? I have faid. Be gone,
What?

Exeunt Louell and Denny.

Cran. I am fairefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
"Tis his Aspecft of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?
You do define to know wherefore
I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutt
T'attend your Highnese pleasure.

King. Pray you attie
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together,
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I speake,
And I right fortes to repeat what follows.
I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

Heard
Heard many greeneous. I do say my Lord
Greewsous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have moor'd V's, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your fylfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to, and be well contented
To make your house, our Toure: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank thee Highnessse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Mocht throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shal be seuer: for I know
There's none stands vnder more calamous tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Glue me thy hand, flame vp,
Pythee let's walke. Now by my Holyame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have giv'n me your Petition, that
I shou'd have tane some paines, to bring together
Your fylfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without insurance further.

Cran. Moft dread Liãge,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie.
If they shall fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o'ver my perfon, which I weigh not,
Being of thofe Virtues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be faid against me.

King. Knowe you not
How your estate stands th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their pratiles
Mocht beare the fame proportion, and not ever
The Iudice and the Truth o'th'question carries
The dew o'th'Versedict with it; at what eafe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knowes as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppo'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Sire. Witness you of better lucke,
I meane in perier'd Witnesse, then your Mafter,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne defection.

Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preassile, then we glue way too:
Keep comfort to you, and this Morning fee
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The belt perfections to the contrary
Faile not to vs, and with what vehemencie
Th'occafion shall inculfe you. If intentions
Will render you no remedy, this King
Deliver them, and your Appeal to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods bleeft Mother,
I sweare he is true-heard, and a foule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. 

Exit Cranmer.
He ha's strangel his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent.within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ie come not backe, the ytynings that I bring
Will make my bolderize, manneres. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and glade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy looks
I gife thy Messagge. Is the Queenes deliver'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, by my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heaven
Both now, and euer bleffe her: 'Tis a Gyrl
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Defires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.
Lou. Sir.

King. Gine her an hundred Markes.
Ie to the Queen. 
Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ie ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or faile it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrl was like to him? Ie
Hauue more, or else uyfay't: and now, whiles it hot,
Ie put it to the issue. Exit Lady.

Scena Secunda.


Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haft. All fit? What means this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waft wight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Batts.

Cran. So.

Batts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently.

Cran. 'Tis Batts.

The Kings Phyſitian, as he paff alon
How earnefly he ca∫ his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace for certaine
This is of purpofe laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait eile at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes,
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Batts, at a Windowe above.

Batts. He shew your Grace the strangest fight.

King. What's that Batts?

Batts.
Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

Kim. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dores 'mongst Purveyors,
Pages, and Foot-boys.

Kim. Ha? 'Tis he indeed?
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honestly among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to fuller
A man of his Place, and so neere our faour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dores too, like a Pult with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knavery,
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtain close:
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chayres and Stools, and
placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellor, places
himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A
State being left void about him, as for Canterbury's State.
Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
erlaine, Gardiner, set themselves in Order on each side.
Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.
Chan. Spake to the bufineffe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Council?

Cham. Please your Honours,
The chiefe caufe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Cham. Yes.

Nort. Who waits there?

Keyp. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keyp. My Lord Archbishop:
And he's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Cham. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Crom. Approaches the Council Table.

Cham. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To fit here at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures frail and capable.
Of our fleth, few are Angelic out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that beft should teach vs,
Have midsmeand'd your selves, and not a little:
Towards the King frill, then his Laves, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplains
(For fo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Heretickes:
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be fodeine too
My Noble Lords; for thofe that tame wild Horfes,
Fare 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But flop their mouths with stubborn Bits & fpirre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we fuffer
Out of our cainiff and childifh pity
To one mans Honour, this contagious fickneffe;
Farewell all Phyfick: and what follows then?
Commotions, vrens, with a general Tant.
Of the whole State, as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper Germany can dearly winneffe:
Yet feffion pitted in our memories.

Cham. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreffe
Both of my Life and Office, I have laboured,
And with no little studie, that my teaching
And the strong courfe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speake it with a fingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more flirees againft,
Both in his private Conience, and his place,
Defcarers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With laffe Alleegance in it. Men that make
Enjoy, and crooked malice, nourishment:
Dare bite the belt. I doe benethe your Lordships,
That in this cafe of Iuflices, my Accufers,
Be what they will, may hand forth face to face,
And freely vrg against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be, you are a Counsellor,
And by that vntile no man dare accuse you.

Cham. My Lord, because we have busines of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highneffe pleasure
And our content, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man againe,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More then (I fear) you are procured for.

Gard. Ah my good Lord of Winchesfier: I thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if your will paffe,
I shall both finde your Lordship, Judge and Juror,
You are fo mercifull. I fee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meckenefse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Caf none away: That I shall cleere my felfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could fay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me meafe."t.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sechary,
That's the plaite truth; your painted gloffe difcours
To men that vnderfand you, words and weakneffe.

Cham. My Lord of Winchesfier, 'tis fo little,
By your good faour, too sharp: Men fo Noble,
How euer fuccy, yet fhould finde refpect,
For what they have bene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie, you may worfe.
Of all this Table fay fo.

Gard. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sech? ye are not found.

Gard. Not found?

Gard. Not found I fay.

Cham. Would you were haile: fo hones:

Mens prayers then would feeke you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Cham. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forwarme for shame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Cham. And I.

Gard. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be confaiud to th' Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaffe
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.
All. We are.

 Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower-my Lords? Gard. What other, Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome. Let some o'th' Guard be ready there. Enter the Guard. Cran. For me? Muft I goe like a Traytor thither? Gard. Recede him, And see him safe i'th' Tower. Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords, By vertue of that RIng, I take my caufe Out of the grises of cruel men, and glue it To a most Noble Judge, the King my Maifer. Cham. This is the Kings Ring. Surr. 'Tis no counterfeite. Suff. 'Tis the right Ring; by Heau'n: I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous hone a rowling, 'Twill fall vpon our felues. Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords The King will fuffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd? Cran. 'Tis now too certaine; How much more is his Life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on't. Cran. My mind gave me, In seeking tales and Informations Against this man, whole honestly the Diuell And his Disciples only enuy at, Ye blee the fire that burns ye; now have at ye. Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate. Gard. Dread Soueraigne, How much are we bound to Heauen, In dayly thankes; that gave us fuch a Prince; Not onely good and wife, but moft religious; One that in all obedience, makes the Church The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthens That holy duty out of deare respect, His Royall felfe in judgement comes to hear The caufe betwixt her, and this great offender. Kin. You were euer good at fadaine Compendations, Bishop of Winchefter. But know I come not To heare fuch flattery now, and in my presence They are too thin, andafe to hide offences, To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me. But whatfoere thou tak'ft me for; I'm fure Thou haft a cruel Nature and a bloody. Gard. Good man fit downe: Now let me fee the proudest Bee, that dares moft, but wag his finger at thee. By all that's holy, he had better flame, Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not. Surr. May it pleafe your Grace; ——— Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleafe me, I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, And wifedom of my Counsell; but I finde none: Was it difcretion Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you deferve that Title) This honeft man, wait like a lowfie Foot-boy At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are? Why, what a fame was this? Did my Commination Bid ye fo farre forget your felues? I gave ye Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him, Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I fee, More out of Malice then Integrity, Would trye him to the vmoft, had ye meane, Which ye shall neuer have while I live. Cham. Thus farre My moft dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace, To let my tongue excufe all. What was purpofd Concerning his Imprifonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world then malice, I'm fure in me. Kin. Well, well my Lords reufe him, Take him, and vite him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a Prince May be heolding to a Subiect; I Am for his loue and fervice, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury I have a Suite which you muft not deny me. That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptifme, You muft be Godfather, and a Knofler for her. Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory In fuch an honour: how may I defende it, That am a poore and humble Subiect to you? Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd scape your spoones; You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old Duchsfeffe of Norfak, and Lady Margareffe Darfor? will thefe pleafe you? Once more my Lord of Winchefter, I charge you Embrace, and loue this man. Gard. With a true heart, And Brothers; loove I doe it. Cran. And let Heauen Witness how darre, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts, Kin. Good Man, thofe joyfull teares shew thy true The common voyce I fee is verified Of thee, which fayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury A frownd tune, and hee's your friend for euer: Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long To have this yong one made a Chriftian, As I have made ye one Lords,one remaine: So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Novye and Tamuli within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your novye anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parilh Garden: ye rude Slaues, leave your gaping to a Subiect: I

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder. Port. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree flaues, and strong ones; thefe are but folettes to 'em: He scratch your heads; you muft be feeling Chriftenings? Do you looke for Alis, and Cakes heere, you rude Rasckalla?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much imposible, Vnleffe we wee'pe 'em from the dore with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em fiepe

On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:

We may as well push against Powles as firre 'em.

Tor. How got they in, and he hang'd?

Man.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgel of four foot, 
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute, I made no spare Sir.
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Cbrand, 
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spair'd any 
That had a head to hit, either young or old, 
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker: 
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe, 
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.
Within. Do you hear M. Porter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Pappy,
Kepe the dore clofe Sirha.
Man. What would you have me doe?
Por. What should you doe, 
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muffer in? 
Or haue wee some strange Indian with the great Tools, come to Court, the women to beafe vs? Bless me, what a fyry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriftine, this one Chriftening will beget a thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all togethер.
Man. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Braffer by his face, for o'my confidence twenty of the Dogs 
dayes now reigne in't Nova; all that stand about him are 
under the Line, they need no other penance: that Fire-Drake did I hitt three times on the head, and three times 
was his Nole discharged against mee; hee stands there 
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There is a Habberda-thers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vs, 
till her pinch'd porreger fell off her head, for kindling 
such a combustion in the State. I miff the Meteor once, 
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I 
might see from farre, some forty Trunchoners draw to 
her succour, which were the hope o'th Strond where she 
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at 
length they came to th'brooms staffe to mee, I defide 'em 
full, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind'em, loud shot, 
deluell'd such a flourre of Pibbles, that I was faie to 
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the 
Duell was amongst 'em I think fully.
Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhoufe, 
and fight for bitter Apples, that no Audience but the 
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehoufe, 
their desire Brothers are able to endure. I haue some 
of 'em Army cannot rule, and there they are like to dance 
these three dayes besides the running Banquet of two 
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are here? 
They grow fill too; from all Parts they are comming, 
As if we kept a Faire here? Where are thefe Porters? 
These lazy knaves? Y'haue made a fine hand followers? 
Therea trim rable let in: are all thefe 
Your faithfull friends o'th Suburbs? We shall have 
Great flore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies, 
When they paffe backe from the Chriftening?
Por. And't please your Honour, 
We are but menzag what so many may doe, 
Not being tore a pieces, we haue done: 
A Nation cannot rule 'em. 
Cham. As I lye, 
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all 
By th'heele, and foadilyhand on your heads 
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves, 
And here ye lye bating of Bombards, when 
Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets found, 
Th'are come already from the Chriftening, 
Go breake among the præffe, and finde away out 
To let the Troope pace fairly, or Ile finde 
A Marchallay, shall hold ye play these two Monthes. 
Por. Make way there, for the Princesse.
Man. You great fellow 
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake.
Por. You 'tch'Chamblet, get vp o'th'raile, 
Ile pecke you o're the pales elfe. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor, 
Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshalls 
Staffs, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great 
standing Bowsis for the Chriftening Gifftis: Then fure 
Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutchiffs of 
Norfolk, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in 
a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follows 
the Marchioneffe Dorjet, the other Godmother, and La- 
dies. The Troope paffe once about the Stage, and Gar- 
ter Speakes.

Garti. Heauen 
From thy enendlefe goodnesse, send profertous life, 
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty 
Princesse of England Elizabeb.

Flouribh. Enter King and Guard.
Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen, 
My Noble Partners, and my felte thus pray 
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady, 
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy, 
May hourely fall vp ye.
Kin. Thankye you good Lord Archifhop: 
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeb.
Kin. Stand vp Lord, 
With this Kifke, take my Bleffing: God protect thee, 
Into whole hand, I glue thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
Kin. My Noble Gofips, y'haue bene too Prodigall; 
I thanke ye heartily: So Shall this Lady, 
When she ha's to much English.
Cran. Let me speake Sir, 
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I ytter, 
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'j finde 'em Truth. 
This Royall Infant, Heauen still cute about her; 
Though in her Cradle yet now promis 
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Bleffings, 
Which Time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be, 
(But few now living can behold that goodnesse) 
A Patterne to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was neuer 
More courous of Wifedom, and faire Vertue 
Then this rare Soule shall be. All Princely Graces 
That would vp fuch 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 Heauenly thoughts flill Counsell her:
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall bleffe her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Every Man shall eate in safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truely knowne, and thole about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claim their greatnesse;not by Blood.
Nor shal this peace fleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of wonder dies, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Athes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her felke.
So shal she leave her Blefledneffe to One,
(When Heauen thall call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the sacred Athes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rife, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Servants to this choisen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourishe,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Planes about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and bleffe Heauen.

Kin. Thou speakeft wonders.
Can. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Princess; many dayes shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But the muft dye,
She muft, the Saints muft have her; yet a Virgin,
A moft vnprouched Lilly shall the paffe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourn her.

Kin. O Lord Archbishop
Thou haff made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's fo pleau'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Major,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiued much Honour by your presence.
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muft all see the Queene, and the muft thanke ye,
She will be ficke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buynnele at his house; for all shall say:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day,

FINIS.

THE EPILOGVE.

Is ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And flape an Act or two; but those we fcare
W'd have frighted with our Tumpets: fo 'tis clear
They'll fay its naught. Others to hear the City
Mud'd extremly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither; that I fcare

All the expreffed good we're like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is very fit
The mercifull congratulation of good women,
For such a one we shou'd'em: If they smile,
And fay twill do: I know within a while,
All the old men are ours, for 'tis ill bate,
If they bide, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgilous, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixty and nine that were
Their Crowns Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepe, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan Plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenondus with maffie Staples
And corresponfiue and fulfilling bolts
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hereby 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 are the vaunt and firelings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Crefsida.

Actus Primus.  Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

Pand. All here my Varlet, I'll unarmed againe.

Why should I warre without the walls of Troy 
That finde such cruell battell here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart, 
Let him to field, Troylus alse hath none.

Pan. Will this greeke, her be medled ?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant : 
But I am weaker then a woman's teare ;
Tamer then fiepe, fonder then ignorance ;
Leffe valiant then the Virgin in the night, 
And skilfull as vnpractis'd Infamce.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, 
Ie not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troy. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. I the boulding; but you must tarry the leauing.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening! but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must lay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddeffe ere she be, 
Doth leffer blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At Primus Royal Table doe I sit ;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts, So (Trator) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yeernight fairer, then ever I saw her looke, 
Or any woman eie.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a fish, would rise in twaine, 
Leaff Helen, or my Father should perceiue me : 
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-corne) 
Buried this fish, in wrinkle of a smile : 
But forrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse, 
is like that mirth, Fate turns to sudden fadenesse.

Pan. And her hair was not somewhat darker then Helen's, well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinfwoman, I would not (as they terme it) praise it, but I would some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your Father Cressida's wit, but —

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd ;
Reply not in how many Fame's deep.
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answert's fhe is Faire,
Powe'r in the open Vicer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeks, her Gate, her Voice, 
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whom selfe Faire,
The Cignets Downe is harth, and spirit of Senfe
Hard as the palmes of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me; 
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I love her:

But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai't in every galt that love hath gien me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ie not meddle in't: Let her be as she is, 
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, the 
ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my travell, I'll thought on of her, and I'll thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kenne to me, therefore shee'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? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Fool to flay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and to Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ie meddle nor make no more l'th matter.

Troy. Pandarus? 

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweet Pandarus.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pand. 

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngroossious Clamors, peace rude sounds, 
Fooles on both sides, Helen must needs be faire, 
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

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The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

It's too damn'd a fobbeft for my Sword,
But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Creiffid but by Pandar.
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborn, chaff, against all fault,
Tell me Apollo for the Dephnes Lawe
What Creffid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is Indis, there she lies a Peerle,
Between our Illum, and where thee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood;
Our fulfil the Merchant, and this faying Pandar,
Our doublfull hope, our conuoy and our Bark.
A Luram. Enter £Enas.
£Enas. How now Prince Troylus?
Wherefore not a field?
Troy. Because not there; this woman's answer forts.
For who is there, but a saucy Peaare?
What news £Enas from the field to day?
£Enas. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Troy. By whom £Enas?
£Enas. Troylus by Menelaus.
Paris is got with Menelaus home.
£Enas. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?
£Enas. In all Swift haste.
Troy. Come gos wee then together.
Excuse.

£Enas. Who were those went by?
Man. Queen Hecuba, and Hellen.
£Enas. And whether go they?
Man. Up to the Enteraine Tower,
Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: Heitor whose pacience,
Is as a Vertue fix't, to day was mou'd: he
Chaltes Ambro, and frooke his Armeron,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, he was harnette lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet wepe what it forsw,
In Heitor's wrath.
£Enas. What was his cause of anger?
Man. The note£s goe's this:
There is among the Grecies,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Heitor,
They call him A Sea.
£Enas. Good: and what of him?
Man. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.
£Enas. So do all men, valente they are drunken, sike, or
have no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaute of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, curlih as
the Bear, fwoe as the Elephant: a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humor's, that his valour is cruft
into folly, his folly fouced with difcretion: there is no
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpe of; nor a
ny man an attain, but he carries some flaine of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,
hath the loyntes of every thing, but every thing fo
out of loynt, that he is a gostle Briarenus, many hands
and no vie; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no light.
£Enas. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make Heitor angry?
Man. They say he yester day cop'd, Heitor in the bat
tell and strooke him downe, the disdain'd & flame where-
of, hath euer once kept Heitor fazing and waking.
Enter Pandarus.
£Enas. Who comes here?
Man. Madam your Nephew Pandarus.
£Enas. Heitor a gallant man.
Man. As may he be in the world Lady,
£Enas. What's that? that's what?
£Enas. Good morrow Nephew Pandarus,
£Enas. Good morrow Cozen Creiffid what do you talke
of? good morrow Alexandart how do you Cozen? when
were you at Illium?
£Enas. This morning Nephew.
£Enas. What were you talkeing when I came? Was
Heitor arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? Hellen
was not vp? was she?
£Enas. Heitor was gone but Hellen was not vp?
£Enas. 'Ene wel Heitor was fliring early.
£Enas. That were we talkeing of, and of his anger.
£Enas. Was he angry?
£Enas. So he fales here.
£Enas. True he was for I know the caufe too, heele lay
about him to day I can tell thee that, and there's Troylus
will not come fare behind him, let them take heed of
Troylus; I can tell them that too.
£Enas. What is he angry too?
£Enas. Who Troylus?
£Enas. Troylus is the better man of the two.
£Enas. Oh Lapin there's no comparision.
£Enas. What not betweene Troylus and Heitor? do you
know a man if you see him?
£Enas. If I, if I euer saw him before and knew him?
£Enas. Well I say Troylus is Troylus.
£Enas. Then you say as I say,
For I am sure he is not Heitor.
£Enas. No not Heitor is not Troylus in some degrees.
£Enas. 'Tis iuft, to each of them he is himselfe.
£Enas. Himselfe alas poor Troylus I would he were.
£Enas. So he is.
£Enas. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.
£Enas. He is not Heitor.
£Enas. Himselfe? no he's not himselfe: would a were
himselfe: well, the Gods are about, time must friend or
end: well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her bo-
dy: no, Heitor is a better man then Troylus.
£Enas. Excuse me.
£Enas. He is elder.
£Enas. Pardon me, pardon me.
£Enas. Th'others not come too, you shall tell me an-
other tale when th'others come too: Heitor shall not
have his will this year.
£Enas. He shall not neede it if he have his owne.
£Enas. Nor his qualities.
£Enas. No matter.
£Enas. Nor his beautie.
£Enas. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
£Enas. You have no judgement Neece; Hellen her selfe
 swore th'other day that Troylus for a browne favour (for
so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.
£Enas. No, but browne.
£Enas. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.
£Enas. To say the truth, true and not true.
£Enas. She prai'd his complexion aboue Paris.
£Enas. Why Paris hath colour enough.
£Enas. So, he has.
£Enas. Then Troylus should have too much, if the prai'd
him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Pan. So I do.

Pan. He be sworne 'tis true, he will wepe you an'twere a man borne in April. Sound a retreat.

Cref. And I'llspring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are coming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece Cressida.

Cref. At your pleasure.

Pan. Hear, hear, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, I'll tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke Troylus about the rest.

Enter oEmus.

Cref. Speak not so low'd.

Pan. That's oEmus, is not that a brave man, he's one of the signers of Troy I can you, but marke Troylus, you shall see anon.

Cref. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enow, he's one o' th' best judgment in Troy whofeouers and a proper man of person: when comes Troylus? I see new you Troylus anon, if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cref. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cref. If he do, the rich shall have, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, looke you, that's a fellow. Goe thy way Hector, there's a brave man Neece, O braue Hector! Looka how hee looke there's a coun-
tenance, it's not a brave man?

Cref. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no leisfing, laying on, talk't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cref. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the dissell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris; looke yee yonder Neece, it's not a gallant man to, it's not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Here's not hurt, why this will do Hellens heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troylus now, you shal Troy-

Pan. Who's that?

Enter Hellens.

Pan. That's Hellens, I maruell where Troylus is, that's Hellens, I think he went not forth to day; that's Hel-

Pan. Can Hellens fight Uncle?

Pan. Hellens no: yet hee fight indifferent well, I maruell where Troylus is; harke, do you not haere the people cry Troylus? Hellens is a Prief.

Cref. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.


Cref. Peace, for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, not him: O braue Troylus: looke well vp on him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blouded, and his Helmet more hackt then Hector, and how he looks,
Troylus and Cresseida.

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! be ne're few three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a father were a Graces, a daughter a Goddesse, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cref. Here come more.

Pan. After, Fools, doles, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye 'theyes of Troylus. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as Troylus, then Agammenon, and all Greece.

Cref. There is among the Greekes Achilles, a better man then Troylus.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cref. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well. Why haue you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, born good shape, acquaintance, manhood, learning, gen., tennet, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth? the Spices, and fait that seaons a man?

Cref. If a, man'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, then for the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not what ward you lye.

Cref: Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all thee; and at all thee wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Nay IIE watch you for that, and that's one of the cheekest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleffe it swall palt huding, and then it's past watch.

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. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cref. Adieu Vakle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cref. To bring Vakle.

Pan. I, a token from Troylus.

Cref. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand. Words, vowes, gifts, tears, and loues full sacrifice, He offen in another enterprize:

But more in Troylus thousand fold I see,

Then in the glasse of Pandor's praire may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Anges wooing,

Things won are done, loues soleue lyes in the doing:

That the belon'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;

Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew

Lowe got fo sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;

"Archeiamentum, & command; vngain'd, beleeve."

That though my hearts Contentis firme lose doth bare,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. "Exit."
And thou most rueful for thy stretcht-out life,
I give to both your speeches: which were such:
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in Brasile: and such again
As venerable Myr (batch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks eares
To his experienced tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to hearst Vlyfes speake.
Agamemnon. Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of free expext:
That matter needleffe of importunsel lurthen
Divide thy lips; then are we confident
When ranke Toriltes ope his Masckike laves,
We shall hear Masckke, Wit, and Oracle.
Ulyf. Troy yet upon his bafs had bene bottom,
And the great Heurs sword had lack'd a Matter
But for these instances.
The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected.
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Iliote,
To whom the Forragers shall all repair,
What Hony is expected! Degree being zwarded,
Th'vnrworthie flues as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obferve degree, priority, and place,
Inffhure, courtes, proportion, feafon, forme,
Office, and cuftome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and fpheard
Amaid the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euffl,
And poates like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checkke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euffl mixture to diforder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? haking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes! Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and cracke, rend and dercinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deignes)
The enterprize is fike. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diliudable shores,
The primogenius, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, en'tune that flirng,
And heare what Difcord followes: such thing meetes
In meerse oppugnance. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bofomes higher then the Shores,
And make a foppe of all this foldi Globe:
Strength shoulde be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne shoulde flrike his Father dead:
Force shoulde be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betwenee whose endelefe iarre, Juflice recides)
Should boole her names, and fo Juflice too.
Then evry thing includes it felle in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite(an vnieuerfall Wolfe,
So doublly feconded with Will, and Power)
Muft make perforce an vnieuerfall prey,
And laft, eate vp himfelfe.
Great Agamemnon.
This Chaos, when Degree is sufficcate,
Followes the chasking:
And this negligence of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climeble. The Generall's affain'd
By him one ftep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him benef: to every ftep
Exampted by the firft pace that is fickke
Of his Superior, growes to an emulous Feauer
Of pails, and bloodlefe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of lengthy,
Troy in our无奈 leffe blus, not in her strength.
Neff. Most wifely hath Vlyfes heere difcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is fickke.
Vlyfes. The Nature of the lickneffe found (Vlyfes)
What is the remedie?
Vlyfes. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hoft,
Hauing his earle full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deignes. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazie Bed, the il-ong day
Breakes fourrill lefs,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call'd?)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great Agamemnon,
This toplefed deputation he puts on;
And like a frutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-ftring, and doth thinkke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and found
Twift his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pitied, and ouer-refted feastynge
He acts thy Greatneffe in; and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnfiguer'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would feemes Hyperboles. At this fufly fuffe,
The large Achilles (on his pret-bed lolliing)
From his derpe Chefs, laughs out a loud applaufe,
Cries excellent, 'ts Agamemnon iuft.
Now play me Neff; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being dref't to some Oration:
That's done, as more as the extreamefl ends
Of paralle: as like, as Vulcan and his wife,
Yet god Achilles fill cries excellent,
'Tis Neff right. Now play him (me) Patroclus,
Arming to answyr in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint dejects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cool, and fipit,
And with a pflege fumbling on his Goget,
Shake in and out the Ricet: and at this fport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Patroclus,
Or, give me ribe of Steele, I shall fillit all
In puerus of my Speene. And in this fasion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generalls of grace exaft,
Atchauements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, fernes
As fufle for these two, to make patience.
Neff. And in the imitation of thefe twaine,
Who (as Vlyfes faies) Opinion crownes
With an Imparalll voye, many are infect:
Aiax is growne (fhe'll will'd), and bearers his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As brothe Achilles, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes fathiful Feafts, railes on ourflate of Warr
Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and sets Thersites:
A laze, whose Gall coins flander like a Mint,
To match vs in comparisions with durt,
To weaken and dislike our exposure,
How ranke former round in with danger.

仿. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedom as no member of the Warre,
Fore-fall preidence, and eseeme no fte.
But that of hand: The Hill and manfull parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When finestfe call them on, and know by measure
Of their obferuant toyle, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignify:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'y Cloflet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great fwing and trumfle of his poife,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thofe with that the finnefe of their foules,
By Reafon guide his execution.

仿. Let this be granted, and Achilles horfe
Makes many Troy fones. 

仿. What Trumpet? Lookke Memelus,
Men. From Troy. Enter eEnas.

仿. What would you 'fore our Tent?
仿. Is this great Agamemnon Tent, I pray you?

仿. Even this.
仿. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire meffage to his Kingly ears?

仿. With furety stronger then Achilles armes,
'Fore all the Greekifh heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon Head and General.
仿. Faire leues, and large fecurity. How may
A franger to them moft Imperial looke,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

仿. How?
仿. 1: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a blufh
Model as morning, when the coldy eyes
The youthful: Phoebus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

仿. This Troyan fones vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonies Courtiers.

仿. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnar'md,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would feeme Souldiers, they have galles,
Good armes, strong lyonts, true fwords; & loues accord,
Nothing fo full of heart. But peace eEnas,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthineffe of praffe defaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praffe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praffe folc pure transcended.

仿. Sir, you of Troy, call you your fells eEnas?
仿. I Greekes, that is my name.

仿. What is your affayre I pray you?
仿. Sir pardon, 'ts for Agamemnon cares.

仿. He heares notht priuely
That comes from Troy.

仿. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To fet his fence on the attentue bent,
And then to speake.

仿. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not Agamemnon sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tells thee so himselfe.

仿. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brallfe voyce through all thee laze Tents,
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy menes fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

仿. We have great Agamemnon heere in Troy,
A Prince callled Hecedy, Brim is his Father:
Who in this dell and long-continu'd Truce
Is ruly growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpofe speake: Kings,Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'th the fay'r't of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eafe,
That feeks his pralfe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare.
That loues his Mifirs more then in confefion,
(With truant vowels to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.

仿. In view of Troyans, and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his belt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wifer, faireer, truer,
Then euery Greek did compaffe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowse a Grecaian that is true in love.

仿. No, none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Even fo much.

仿. This shall be told our Louers Lord eEnas,
If none of them have foule in fuch a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meerce recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hecedy: If none else, I'll he he.

仿. Tell him of Nefor, one that was a man
When Hecedy Grandfire suct: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecaian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To anfwer for his Loue; tell him from me,
I fende my Silver heald in a Gold Buyes,
And in my Vanbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chafe
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ie powne this truth with my three drops of blood.

仿. Now heuens forbid fuch fcarfede of youth.

仿. Amen.

仿. Faire Lord eEnas,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Paullion flall I leade you firft:
Achilles flall have word of this intenfe,
So flall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your felle flall Feift with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe,
Exeunt.

仿. Nefor.

仿. What fayes Viffys?

仿. I have a young concepcion in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to fome fhape.

仿. What is't?

仿. This is 'ts:
Blunt wedges rue hard knots: the feeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke Achilus, must or now be cropt,
Or fledding breed a Nursey of like eul
To ouer-bulke vs all.

Neft. Well, and how?

Uffy. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
How euer it is sped in general name,
Relates in purpole onely to Achilus.

Neft. The purpole is perfipiscious even as substance,
Whole grovynetive little charactars summe vp,
And in the publication make no chaine,
But that Achilus, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lyibia, though (Apollo knows)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde Hector purpole
Painting on him.

Uffy. And wake him to the anwer, thinke you?

Neft. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you elle oppoef
That can from Hector bring his Honor off,
If not Achilus; though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For here the Troyans take our due reput
With their finit Palleate: and truft to me Pityes,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wilde action. For the facceupe
(Although particular) shall give a fintandling
Of good or bad, unto the Generall:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subfquent Volumes, there is seece
The body figure of the Gyant-maffe
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector, iusses from our choye;
And choye being mutuaall ache of all our foules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth Boyle
As twere, from forth vs all: a man diffild
Out of our Vertues who mifcarrying,
What heart from hence receyves the conquing part
To steale a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbs are in his instruments,
In no leeff working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directlye by the Limbes.

Plyf. Gie pardon to my speach:
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilus meet not Hector:
Let vs (like Merchants) throw our foulid Wares,
And thinke perchance they'ell fell: If not,
The luber of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not contend,
That euer Hector and Achilus meete:
For both our Honour, and the Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two flarage Followers.

Neft. I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

Plyf. What glory our Achilus shares from Hector,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too infolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and falt fcone of his eyes
Should he scape Hector faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our malne opinion crush
In taint of our beld man. No, make a Lottir,
And by druce let blockish Atlas draw,
The fort to fight with Hector: Among our foulces,
Gie him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyfick the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applaude, and make him fall
His Crefle, that pronder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brained Achilus, now fall out,
We'll dreffe him vp in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion fill,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our projecls life this shape of fence affomes,
Achil implo'd, pluckes downe Achilles Plumes.

Neft. Now Pityes, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will giue a taife of it withforth
To Agamemnon, go we to him straight:
Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone
Mutter the Matches on, as 'twere their bone. Exeunt
Enter Alkes, and Therfeus.

Aia. Therfeus?

Thor. Agamemnon, how if he had Blies (ful) all over generally.

Aia. Therfeus?

Thor. And thofe Byles did runne, say fo; did not the General run, were not that a botchey core?

Aia. Dogge.

Thor. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aia. Thou pitch-Wolfe-Sonne, canst y' not heare?
Feele then.

Scrips hic. Ther. The plague of Greece vpone thee thou Mungrel bee-witted Lord.

Aia. Speake then you whining't leaue speake, I will beate thee into handomneete.

Thor. I shall sooner raiye thee into wit and holifnee:
but I thinke thy Horf wil soone con an Oration, then y' learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst not, canst thou? A red Murren o'th Iades trickes.

Aia. To adioofoles, leare me the Proclamation.

Thor. Doest thou thinke I have no fence thou artke? Aia. The Proclamation.

Thor. Thou art proclaim'd a foolo, I thinke.

Aia. Do not Porentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Thor. I would not itch from head to foot, and
I had the firatcheing of thee, I would make thee the lothfom't faith in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Thor. Thou grumbleft & rail'd every hour on Achilus, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatness, as Ceres is at Proserpina's beauty. I, that thou barkit at him.

Aia. Midwifre Therfeus.

Thor. Therfeus should I rike him.

Aia. Cobolf.

Thor. He would pun thee into flauers with his fift, as a Sailor breaks a bisket.

Aia. Thou hollar Curre.

Thor. Do, do.

Aia. Thou foole for a Witch.

Thor. I, do, do, thou foddent-witted Lord: thou haft no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes: An Afinfo may tutor thee. Thou fcurvy valiant Aife, thou art heere but to threth Troyans, and thou art bought and folde a-among thoefe of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou wie to bowt me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aia. Thou dogge.

Thor. Thou fcurvy Lord.

Aia. Thou Curre.

Thor. Mars his Idiot; do rude, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilus, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Alax? wherefore do you this?

How now Therfeus? what's the matter man?

Thor. You fee him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Thor. That looke upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Thor.
Troylus and Cressida.

Tber. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Tber. Nay but yet you looke not well upon him: for who some euer you take him to be, he is Achil.

Achil. I know that fool.

Tber. I, but that fool knowes not himself.

Achil. Therefor I beate thee.

Tber. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medlum of wit he vters: his eusions haue rues thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his Phiamater is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Achil, who weares his wit in his belly, and his gutses in his head, Ie tell you what I lay of him.

Achil. What?

Tber. I lay this Achil

Achil. Nay good Achil.

Tber. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Achil. Will you stop the ey of Helenes Needle, for whom becomes to fight.

Achil. Peace fool.

Tber. I would have peace and quietnes, but the fool will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Achil. O thou damn'd Curie, I shall

Achil. Will you let your wit to a Foolies.

Tber. No I warrant you, for a foolies will flame it.

Paw. Good words Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Achil. I bad thee vide Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles upon me.

Achil. I ferue thee noth.

Achil. Well, goe too, goe too.

Achil. I ferue here voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferrance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: Achil was here the voluntary, and you aunder an Impriple.

Tber. Enenoe, a great deale of your wit too lies in your finnes, or clef there be Liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a foole not with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to Therfites?

Tber. There's Flusses, and old Neber, whole Wit was mouldy cre their Grandifires had nayls on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you pougly vp the warre.

Achil. What what?

Tber. You go good footh, to Achilles, to Achil, to Achil.

Achil. I shall cut out you tongue.

Tber. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

Far. No more words Therfites.

Tber. I will hold my peace when Achilles Brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. Ther's for you Patroclus.

Tber. I will fey you hang'd like Clotoples ere I come any more to your Tents: I will keepe where there is wit flirring, and leave the faction of foolies.

Exit. Patroclus.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoft,

That Hector by the fift houre of the Sunne,

Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy

To morrow morning call fome Knight to Armes,

That hath a thomanke, and fuch a one that dare

Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traff. Farewell.

Achil. Farewell? who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottery: otherwife

Hecknew his man.

Achil. O meaning you, I wil goe learnne more of it. Exit.

Enter Priss, Hector, Troylus, Parh and Helenus.

Pri. After fo many hours, wives, speeches spent,

Thou once againe fayes Neber from the Greekes,

Deliluer Helen, and all damage cle.

(As honour, love, of time, trauaille, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd

In hot digellion of this comorant Warre)

Shall be brooke off. Hector, what say you too't.

Hec. Though no man letter feares the Greekes then I,

As farre as touches my particular: yet dread Priss,

There is no Lady of more forter bowels,

More pungie, to fucke in the fenfe of Ieare,

More ready to cry out, who known what follows

Then Hector is: the wound of peace is forety,

Surely feure: but modest Doubt is cal'd

The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searches

To th' bottome of the warre. Let Helen go,

Since the firft sword was digellig about this querron,

Every tythe foule 'mongst many thousand disnes,

Hath bin as deere as Helen: I meane of ours:

If we haue loft so many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs

(Has it our name) the valeu of one te;-

What meritt's in that reafon which denies

The yeeling of her vp.

Troy. Fle,fe, my Brother;

Welbe you the worth and honour of a King

(5o great as our dread Father) in a Scale

(5f common Ounces) Wil you with Counters summe

The pant proportion of his infinte,

And buckel in a waife moft fathomless,

With spannes and inches fo diminutive,

As feares and reafons? Fle for godly flame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite fo sharp at reafons,

You are fo empty of them, should not our Father

Bear the great iawy of his affayres with reafons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him fo.

Troy. You are for dreames & f punched brother Prieff

You furre your glouses with reafon here are your reafons

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous,

And reafon flyes the Objett of all harme.

Who maruels then when Helenus beholds

A Greclan and his fword, if he do fet

The very wings of reafon to his heels.

Or like a Stare disfob'd. Nay, if we talke of Reafon,

And flye like children Mercurie from Ioue,

Let's shut our gates and fleep: Manhood and Honor

Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts

With this crom'd reafon: reafon and respect,

Makes Liers pale, and lady-hood diec.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth

What the deoth call the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valeu'd?

Hec. But value dwels not in particular will,

It holds his estimate in dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,

To make the ferenue greater then the God,

And the will dates that is inclinable

To what infediously it fells affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
Troylus and Crefiida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traided Pylons 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I assyde
(Although my will dilate what it electeth).
The Wife I chose, there can be no euation
To blesch from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue feyle'd them; nor the remainder Vniand
We do not throw in vnrepechine fame,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full content belted his Sallies,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the Ports defin'd,
And for an old Woman whom the Greeks held Captive,
He brought a Crecian Queen, whofe youth & frethnesse
Wrinkles Apolloes, and makes flate the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Crecians keepe our Aunt;
Is the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And turn'd a Crown'd Kings to Merchants,
If you'auouch, 'twas wifdomd Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go!)
If you confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clape your hands,
And cride Ineludable; why do you now
The ilufe of your proper Wifesomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Beggare the effimation which you pried,
Richer then Sea and Land! O Tho'ght molt base!
That we have fHONE what we do feare to keepe.
But Theuues vnworthy of a thing fo fHONE,
That in their Country deed them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natique place.

Enter Caffandra with her baire about her ears.
Caft. CRY Troyans, cry.
Priam. What noyle? what shreecce is this?
Troy. Tis our mad fitter, I do know her voice.
Caft. CRY Troyans.
Hec. It is Caffanded.
Caft. CRY Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eares,
And I will fill them with Prophetike teares.
Hec. Peace fitter, peace.
Caft. Virginis, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Seigneurs, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamoure: let vs pay betimes
A moty of that maffe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, prate your eyes with teares,
Troy muft not be, nor goodly Iliion find,
Our fire-brand Brother Paris burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe.
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let Helen goe.
Exit. Hec. Now youthfull Troylus, do not thee of fhreines
Of diuination in our Sitter worke
Some touches of remorfe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that it confume the act?
Nor fear of bad fviceffe in a bad caufe,
Can qualifie the fame?
Troy. Why Brother Hec.,
We may not thinke the uilnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,
Nor once defire the courage of our minde.
Because Caffanded's mad, her brainfike raptures
Cannot dilate the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our feuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my prirate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all Priams fonnes,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakeft fpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Elle might the world conuince of leuite,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attred the gods, your full contenent
Gave wings to my propofition, and cut off
All feares attending on fo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can thefe my fingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ftand the path and enmity of tho'
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to paffe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne're retrafe what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purfuite.
Par. Paris, thou speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweete delights;
You haue the Hony still, and thefe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praffe at all.
Par. Sir, I propofe not meerely to my felfe,
The pleasures fuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her,
What Trefon were it to the ranfack'd Queene,
Difgrace to your great worths, and fame to me,
Now to delivere her paffion vp
On termes of base complicacion? Can it be,
That fo degenerate a ftraine as this,
Should once fet footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meaneft spirit on our partes,
Without a heart to dare, or fword to draw,
When Helen is defended: nor none fo Noble,
Whose life were ill behou'd, or death vnaft'm'd,
Where Helen is the fubjeft. Then (I fay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large fpaces cannot paralllel.
Hec. Paris and Troylus, you have both faid well:
Helen defend'd: nor none fo Noble,
Whose life were ill behou'd, or death vnaft'm'd,
Where Helen is the fubjeft. Then (I fay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
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Helen defend'd: nor none fo Noble,
Whose life were ill behou'd, or death vnaft'm'd,
Where Helen is the fubjeft. Then (I fay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large fpaces cannot paralllel.
Enter Therfites foul.

How now Therfites? what loft in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thou? he beats me, and I raile at him: O worthy farfaclion, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst he raile at me: Sfoote, he learns to confume and raffe Fueus, but he fea some little of my pious full executions. Then ther's Achilles, a rare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the wall will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art true the King of gods; and Mercury, looke at all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if I take not that little little lefe then little wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumstancion delier a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maffe Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather Lonne-ach, for that mine thinkes is the curve dependant on those that ware for a packet. I have said my prayers and diuell, enue, say Amen: What ho? my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou wouldst have flipp out of my contemplation, but it is no manner, thy felpe vpon thy felpe. The common curse of mankinde, folly and Ignorance be thine in great reuenue; heauen bleffe thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if thee that laies thee out fayes thou art a faine coach, Ie be fawme and fawme vpon't thee never throughed any but Luxars, Amen. What's Achilles?

Patr. What art thou douent? wait thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not sante's thy felle into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Patr. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. He declin the whole question.Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus known, and Patroclus is a foole.

Patro. You rafcall.

Ther. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceed Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole, Achilles is a foole, Therfites is a foole, and as aforefaid, Patroclus is a foole.

Achil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a foole to be commanded of Agamemnon, Therfites is a foole to servc such a foole: and Patroclus is a foole postife.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliffes, Neftor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcis.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it fuffices me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, he speake with no body: come in with me Therfites.

Ther. Here is such patercherie, such lugling, and such knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppege on the Subiech, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his Tent, but I'll dispo'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by our apparentments, visiting of him:

Let him be told off, so perchance he thinke

We dare not more the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so far say to him.

Vliff. We law him at the opening of his Tent, He is not fickle.

Ala. Yes, Lyon fickle, fickle of proud heart; you may call it Melancholy if it favour the man, but by my head, it's pride; but why, why, let him show us the cause

A word my Lord.

Vliff. Who moves Ajax thus to buy at him?

Vliff. Achilles hath incogled his Foole from him.

Vliff. Who, Therfites?

Vliff. He.

Vliff. Then will Ajax lacke matter, if he haue loft his Argument.

Vliff. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles.

Vliff. All the better, their faction is more our with then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could difunct.

Vliff. The amide that wisedome knits, not folly may easily vnte.

Enter Patroclus.

Here
Troylus and Cressida.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nef. No Achilles with him?

Vij. The Elephant hath hoynes, but none for curtefie:
His legge are legs for necesse, not for flight.
Patro. Achilles bids me say he is much forry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleafure,
Did move your greatneffe, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion fake;
An after Dinners breath.

Agag. Hear ye Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these anfwers:
But his euanion winged thus fwift with fcorne,
Cannot outfye our apprehenions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we afcribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to lique their glosfe;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdome dith,
Are like to rot vnthalte: goe and tell him,
We came to fpeake with him; and you fhall not finne,
If you doe fay, we think him other prouyd,
And vnder honett; in felfe-affumption greater.
Then in the note of judgemen: & worthier then himfelfe.
Here tends the launge strangeffe he puts on,
Disguife the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obfcuring kinde.
His humourous predominance, yea watch
His petit lines, his eea, his fowes, as if
The paffage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ourhold his price fo much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lyce vnnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A fhrillng Dwarfe, we doe allowance glue,
Before a feaping Gyant: tell him fo.

Put. I fay, and bring his anfwere prefently,
We come to fpeake with him, Vifulis enter you.

Exit Vifilis.

Alac. What is he more then another?

Agag. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Agag. If he be much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes
himfelfe a better man then I am?

Agag. No quefion.

Alac. Will you fubfcribe his thought, and fay he is?

Agag. No, Noble Alac, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wife, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more trauable.

Agag. Why fould a man be proud? How doe pride grow?
I know not what it is.

Agag. Your minde is the cleerer Alac, and your vertues
the fairest; he that is proud, eates vp himfelfe, Pride is his owne Glaffe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praieth it felle but in the deede, dooeours the deede in the praffe.

Enter Vifulis.

Alac. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingending
of Toades.

Nef. Yet he loves himfelfe not strange?

Vifil. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Agag. What is his excufe?

Vifil. He doth relye on none,
But carres on the fame of his difpofe,
Without obedience or refpect of any,

In will peculiur, and in felle admifion.

Agag. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeft,
Vntent his perfon, and share the ayre with vs?

Vifil. Things small as nothing, for requefts fake onely
He makes impertant; pooffht he is with greatneffe,
And fpeakes not to himfelfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at felle-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his blood fuch frowne and hot difcouer.
That twixt his mentall and his afcute parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters gainft it felle; what fhould I fay?
He is fo plaguoy proud,that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recoverie.

Agag. Let Alac goe to him,

Sure Lord, goe you and greate him in his Tent;
'Tis fad he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeft a little from himfelfe.

Vifil. O Agammman, let it not be fo.

Weele confecrate the steps that Alac makes,
When they goe from Achilles shall the proud Lord,
That baffes his arrogancc with his owne feame,
And neuer fuffer matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: faue fuch as doe revoule
And ruminate himfelfe. Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrive worthy and right valiant Lord,
Muff not fo flaue his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will affuliugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is: by going to Achilles,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And able more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hiperion.
This L. goe to him? Jupiter forbid,
And fay in thunder, Achilles goe to him.

Nef. O this is well, he rube the veine of him.

Dif. And how his silence drinkers vp this applaufe.

Alac. If I goe to him, with my armed fuit, Ite pith him ore the face.

Agag. O no,you shall not goe.

Alac. And a be proud with me, Ite pith his pride: let me goe to him.

Vifil. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Alac. A paity infortunat fellow.

Vifil. If he be not fobioule.

Vifil. The Rauen chides blackneffe.

Alac. Ile lie his humour volue.

Agag. He will be the Phyfitian that fould be the patient.

Alac. And all men were a my minde.

Vifil. Wilt would be out of fasion.

Alac. A fhould not bear it fo, a fhould cate Swords
first: flall pride carry it?

Nef. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Vifil. He would have ten shires.

Alac. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, hee's not yet through warme.

Nef. Force him with praieth, pource in, pource in this ambition is dry.

Vifil. My L. you fee too much on this dilike.

Nef. Our noble General, doe not doe fo.

Dion. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Vifil. Why, 'ts this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'ts before his face,
I will be filent.

Nef. Wherefore fhould you fo?
Troylus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
VII. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Alc. A horion dog, that shall palter thus with vs, would he were a Troian.
Nef. What a vice were it in Alcix now--
VII. If he were proud.
Dis. Or courteous of praise.
VII. 1, or furtly borne.
Dis. Or strange, or false affected.
Pl. Thank the heavens L, thou art of sweet composure; Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee fucumber: Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition; But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, Let Mers deuide Eternity in twaine, And give him half, and for thy vigour, Ball-bearing Mics; his addition yeelds To finnowe Alcix: I will not praife thy wildorne, Which like a bourn, a pale, a thre times Thy spacial and dilated parts; here's Nyfor Infidred by the Antiquare times: He must, he is, he cannot but be wife. But pardon Father Nyfor, were your dayes As greene as Alcix, and your braine so temper'd, You should not have the emince of him, But be as Alcix.
Alc. Shall I call you Father?
VII. I my good Sonne.
Dis. Be rul'd by him Lord Alcix.
VII. There is no tarrying here, the Hart Achilles Keeper thickest; please it our Generall, To call together all his state of warres, Frest Kings are come to Troy; to morrow We must with all our maine of power stand fast: And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West, And call their flower, Alcix shall cope the best.
Sig. Goe we to Counsellor, let Achilles sleepe.
Light Botes may falle swift, though greater bales take deepes. Exeunt. Muficke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.
Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris?
Ser. I fir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?
Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.
Ser. The Lord be praife.
Pan. You know me, doe you not?
Ser. Faith fir, superciliously.
Pan. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.
Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I doe defire it.
Ser. You are in the flate of Grace?
Pan. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Masque is this?
Ser. I doe but partly know fir: It is Muficke in parts.
Pan. Know you the Mufitians.
Ser. Wholly fir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Ser. To the hearen fir.
Pan. At whose pleasure friend?
Ser. At mine fir, and theirs that love Muficke.
Ser. Who shall I command fir?

Pa. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?
Ser. That's too indecent fir: marry fir, at the request of Paris my L, who's there in perfon; with him the mortall Venus, the heart blood of beauty, loves insuable soule.
Ser. No fir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes?
Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou haft not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Paris from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complimental assault vpon him, for my busieffe feeth.
Ser. Sodden busieffe, there's a flawed phrase indeece.

Enter Paris and Helena.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire defires in all faire measure fairely guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel. Deere L, you are full of faire words.
Pan. You speake your faire pleasure faire Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muficke.
Pan. You have brooke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peace it out with a piece of your performance. Nei, he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truely Lady no.
Hel. O fir.
Pan. Rude in ftoth, in good ftoth very rude.
Par. Well fayd my Lord: well, you fay fo in fits.
Pan. I have busieffe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay, this shall not hodge vs out, weele hear ye sing certainly.
Pan. Well faire Queene you are pleafant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moft effeemed friend your brother Troylus.
Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony faire Queene.
Pan. Go too faire Queene, goe to,
Commends himselfe moft affectionately to you.
Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vs your head.
Pan. Sweete Queene, faire Queene, that's a faire Queene I faith

Hel. And to make a faire Lady fad, is a fower offence.
Pan. Nay, that shall not serue your turns, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excufe.
Hel. My Lord Pandarus?
Pan. What fayes my faire Queene, my very, very sweet Queene?
Par. What exploit's in hand, where fups he to night?
Hel. Nay but my Lord?
Pan. What fayes my faire Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.
Hel. You must not know where he fups.
Par. With my dipofet Cressida.
Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come your dipofet is fecke.
Par. Well, lke make excufe.
Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say Cressida? no, your poor dipofet's fecke.
Par. I fpe.

Pan. You
Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.
Pan. How now, where's thy Maifer, at my Couzen Crefida?
Man. No sir, he flays for you to conduif him thither. Enter Troylus.
Pan. O heere he comes: How now, how now?
Troy. Sirra walke off.
Pan. Have you feeene my Cousin?
Troy. No Pandarus: I fhalke about her doore Like a ftrange foule vpone the Segian banke.
Staying for wafrage.O be thou my Charon,
And gue me swift transportance to thofe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds.
Propos'd for the defuerer. O gentile Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder plucked his painted wings,
And flye with me to Crefida.
Pan. Walke here ith his Orchard, Ile bring her ftraight.
Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy: expectation whirlies me round,
Th'imaginary reliis is so sweete.
That it inchantes my fence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taffe indeede
Loves thrice reputed Neчеr? Death I feare me
Sounding diftruction, or fome loy too fince,
Too fubtile, potent, and too farhge in fweetneffe,
For the capatily of my ruder powres:
I feare it much, and I doe fear eftaines,
That I fhall looke diftinflion in my lyjes,
As doth a baftalle, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. Enter Pandarus.
Pan. Shee's making her ready, fheele come ftraight; you
muft be witty now, fehe doo fo blu(h, & fetches her winde fo short,
as if he were fraid with a fprit: Ile fetch her; it
is the prettiell villainne, fhe fetches her breath fo short as a
newtane Sparrow.
Exit Pandarus.

Troy. Even much a falion doth imbrrace my bodome:
My heart beates thicker then a feuerous pulfe,
And all my powres doe their beftowing loofe,
Like vaifalage at vnwares encountering
The eye of Maietie.

Enter Pandarus and Crefida.
Pan. Come, come, what neede you blu(h?
Shames a babie; here fhe is now, fware the oaths now
to her,that you have fwworne to me. What are you gone a-gaine,
you muft be watccht ere you be made tame, muft
you 'fy come your ways, come your ways, and you draw
backward, fheele put you Ile fhalke: why doo you not fpeak
to her? Come draw this curtainne, & let's fee your picture.
Alaffe the day, how looth you are to offend day light and
'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, fo, rub on, and kiffe
the milfteere; how now, a kiffe in fee-farne? builfd there
Carpenter, the ayre is fweete. Nay, you fhall fgyour
hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Trecell, for
all the Ducks ith Riuer: go to, go to too.

Troy. You have bereft me of all my words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; glue her deedes: but fheele
bereau you 'oth deeds too, if thee call your activity in
question what killing againe? here's in witneffe whereof
of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go
get a fire?
Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O Crefida, how often have I wifht me thus?
Cref. Wifht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.
Troy. What fould they grant? what makes this pret-
yy abruption: what too curius dreg epiies my fweete La-
dy in the founatine of our love?
Cref. More

Troylus and Crefida.
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. More dregs then water, if my tears have eyes.
Troy. Fearers make diuels of Cherubins, they never see truly.
Cref. Blinde fear, that seeing resoun leads, findest safe footing, then blinde resoun, stumbling without feare to feare the word, oft cures the worse.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, in all Capitid Pageant there is prefented no moniter.
Cref. Not nothing monitrons neither.
Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe to wepe fear, live in fire, eate rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Mistriffes to deifie imposition enough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monitrousitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd that the desire is boundleffe, and the adt a flame to limit.
Cref. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet refuse an ability that they never perfome: vowing more then the perfection of man, and discharging leefe then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the adt of Hayes: are they not Monitours?
Troy. Are there such? Such are not we: Praife vs as we are tafeid, allow vs as we prove: our head shal goe bare till merit crown it; no perfection in reseration shal have a praife in present: wee will not name defert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troylus shal be such to Crefida, as what enue can say worth, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake trueth, not truer then Troylus.
Cref. Will you walke in my Lord? Enter Pandarous.
Pan. What blushing filʃ? have you not done taling yet?
Cref. Well Vnckles, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
Troy. You know now your hoftages your Vnckles word and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred though be long ere they are wood, they are constant being wonne: they are Burrens I can tell you, they'll flieke where they are thrownne.
Cref. Boldeneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troylus, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my Crefid then fo hard to win? Cref. Hard to feme won: but I was won my Lord With the firft glance; that euer pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now so much But I might mifer; in faith I lye: My thoughts were like unbridled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: fee we fooles, Why haue I blab'd who shall be true to vs When we are so vnfaire to our felues? But though I lou'd you well, I vowe you not, And yet good faith I wift my selfe a man: Or that we women had mens priviledge Of speaking firft, Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shal充分体现. The thing I fall repeat, fee, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse draws my foule of counſel from me. Stop my mouth.
Cref. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me, "Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiffe: I am abam'd; O Heuens, what have I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord.
Cref. Pray you content you. Troy. What offends you Lady? Cref. Sir, mine owne company. Troy. You cannot thin your felue. Cref. Let me goe and try: I have a kinde of felle recides with you: But an vnkind felle, that is felle will leave, To be another foole. Where is my wit? I would be gone: I fpeake I know not what. Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speaks so wildly.
Cref. Perverce my Lord, I flew more craft then loue, And fell fo roundly to a large conſſion, To Angle for your thoughts but you are wife, Or eſfe you loue not: for to be wise and loue, Exceedes mans might, that dwells with gods above. Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman: As if it can, I will prefume in you, To feeke for aye her lampe and flames of loue. To keepe her contancie in pliſt and youth, Out-luishing beauties outward, with a minde That doth renew wiſſer then blood deciſes: Or that perfuasion could but thus conuince me, That my integritie and truth to you, Might be afronded with the match and weight Of such a winnowed puritite in loue: How were I then vp-lifted but alas, I am as true, as truths simplicitie, And simpier then the infancie of truth. Cref. In that Ile warre with you.
Troy. O vertuous fight, When right with right wars who shall be molt right: True iwiſſe in loue, shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troylus, when their times, Full of proſec, of oath and big comparę; Wants familie, truth tir'd with iteration, As true as fleete, as plantage to the Moone: As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center: Yet after all comparions of truth, (As truths authenticie author to be cited as true as Troylus, shall crown vp the Verſe, And fanche the numbers. I Cref. Prophet may you be: If I be false, or swerne a haire from truth, When time is old and hath forgot it felle: When water drops have wonne the Stones of Troy; And blinde obliuion (ollow'd Cities vp: And mightie States characterifie are gratę To duffle nothing; yet let memory, From falle to falle, among falle Maids in loue, Vpbrayd my falsedome, when they'ae faid as falle, As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandie earth: As Foxe to Lambe: as Wolfe to Heiſen Café: Part to the Hinde, or Sten Dame to her Sonne: Yea, let them fay, to flieke the heart of falsedome,
Troylus and Crysilda.

As fall as Crysilda.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, Ile be the witness here I hold your hand: here my Cunions, if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goes between be call’d to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be Troylyffes, all fall women Crysilda, and all brokers betweene, Panders:

say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Crys. Amen.


Whereupon I will thow you a Chamber, which bed, be cause it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, preffe it to death: away.

And Crysild grant all long-tide Maidens here, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prooue this gear. Exeunt.

Enter Vlyffes, Diomedes, Nefor, Agamemnon, Meiheus and Chalces. Florib.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I have done you, Th’advantage of the time promps me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to lose, I have abandon’d Troy, left my my defension, Incur’d a Traitors name, exp’d my false, From currense and poffeft conueniences, To doubtfull fortunes, fequartering from me all That time, acquaintance, cuftome and condition, Made tame, and molt familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new into the world, strange, vnaquainted. I doe before you, as in way of taffe, To give me now a little benefice: Out of those many regiftred in profite, Which you fay, line to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would’t thou of vs Troyan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Troyan prifoner, call’d Anthenor, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Deird my Cruill in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath fill den’d: but this Anthenor, I know is such a weel in their affaires; That their negotiatiuns all must flake, Wanting his managge: and they will almoft, Give vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Priam, In change of him. Let him be fent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her profite, Shall quite strike off all seruice I have done, In molt accepted paine.

Agam. Let Diomed beare him, And bring vs Cruill bither: Calcas shal have What he requells of vs: good Diomed Furnish you fairly for this enterchange; Withall bring word, if Hector will to morrow Be answer’d in his challenge. Aiax is ready. Dis. This shall I vndertake, and ’tis a barthen Which I am proud to beare.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlyff. Achilles stand i’th entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to paffe strangety by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligence and loose upon him; I will come lat, ’tis like heele question me,

Why such vaplaufue eyes are bent? why turn’d on him? If so, I haue derision medicable, To vie betweene your estrangede and his pride, Which his owne will shall haue defire to shrinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Fleece arrogance, and are the proud mans feen.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of estrangenee as we paffe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else difinfinally, which shall shake him more, Then if not look on. I will lead the way. AGBil. What comes the Generall to speake with me?

You know my minde, Ile figh fight no more gainst Troy. AGBil. What fies Achilles, would he ought with vs?

Nef. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

AGbil. No.

Nef. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

AGBil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achill. What do, the Cuckold scorne me?

Aiax. How now Patroclus?

Achill. Good morrow Aiax?

Aiax. Ha.

Achill. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. Exeunt.

Achill. What meane thefe fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They paffe by strangety: they were vld to bend To fend their smoers before them to Achill: To come as humbly as they vld to creepe to holy Altars. Achill. What am I poore of late?

’Tis certaine, greatneffe once false out with fortune, Muft fall out with men too: what the declin’d is, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their maile wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being fimply man, Hath any honour; but honour’d for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and favour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:

Which where they fall, as being flippery flanders The loue that leand on them as flippary too, Doch one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But ’tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy At ample point, all that I did possif, Saue those mens looks: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they have often gluen. Here is Vlyffes, He interrupt his reading: how now Vlyffes?

Vlyff. Now great Thee’s Sonne.

Achill. What are you reading?

Vlyff. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted, How much in hauing, or without, or in,

Cannot make boasf to hauue that which he hath;

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflektion:

As when his vertues shineing upon others, Heate them, and they retort that heate againe

To the firft gierer.

Achill. This is not strange Vlyffes:

The beaute that is borne here in the face,

The beaute he knows not; but commands it felse,

Not going from it felse: but eye to eye oppo’d,

Salutes
Salutes each other with each others forme.  
For speculation turns not to it selue,  
Till it hath trauell'd, and is married there  
Where it may fee it selue: this is not strange at all.  
\textit{Vijf.} I doe not name it at the position,  
It is familiar; but at the Authors dict,  
Who in his circumstances, expressly proues  
That no may is the Lord of any thing,  
(Though in and of him there is much confifting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,  
Till he behold them formed in their applaude,  
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate  
The voyage againe; or like a gate of feele,  
Fronting the Sunne, receueth and renders backe  
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,  
And apprehended Mars immediately:  
The unknowne \textit{Alax}.  
Heauen's what a man is there? a very Horfe, (are)  
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there  
Most abiet in regard, and deare in vie.  
What things againe most hatred in the same,  
And poore in worth: now shall we fee to morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?  
\textit{Alax} renown'd? O heauen, what some men doe,  
While some men leave to doe!  
How some men creep in skilly fortune halls,  
Where others play the Idoles in her eyes:  
How one man eates into another pride,  
While pride is reafing in his wantonnesse:  
To fee thefe Grecian Lords; why, even already,  
They clap the lubber \textit{Alax} on the shoulder,  
As if his flute were on braue \textit{Hetters} breath,  
And great Troy thinkeing.  
\textit{Achil.} I doe beleue it:  
For they paft by me, as mylers doe by beggars,  
Neither gae to me good word, nor looke:  
What are my deedes forgot?  
\textit{Vijf.} Time hath(my Lord) a wallet at his backe,  
Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:  
A great \textit{Sia}d monster of ingratitude:  
Thofe errats are good deades paft,  
Which are deuast'd as fat as they are made,  
Forgot as fome as done: perfeuerance, dreare my Lord,  
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a ruttie male,  
In monimentall mockrie: take the infant way,  
For honour travelles in a straigt to narrow,  
Where one but goes a bracht, keepeth then the path:  
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,  
That one by one purfue; if you glue way,  
Or hedge aside from the directr forth right;  
Like to an entred Tyde,they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmoft:  
Or like a gallant Horfe falsie in first ranke,  
Lye there for pawnement to the abiet, neere  
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,  
Though leefe then yours in paft, must o're-top yours:  
For time is like a fashionable Horfe,  
That lightly flaks his passion 
\textit{Greed} by th'hand;  
And with his armes out-stretche'd,as he would flye,  
Graspe in the commer: the welcome euer smyles,  
And farewells goes out flyinge: O let not vertue seeke  
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone, defect in service,  
Luous, familiarity, and virtue all  
To envious and calumminating time:  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:  
That all with one consent prife new borne gaules,  
Though they are made and moulded of things paft,  
And goe to dust, that is a little gullie,  
More laud then guilt outwashed.  
The present eye praieth the pref at obiect:  
Then manuell not thou great and compleat man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship \textit{Alax};  
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,  
Then what not fies: the cry went out on thee,  
And all it might, and yet it may againe,  
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selue alleie,  
And cafe thy reputation in thy Tent;  
Whole glorious deeds, but in their fields of late,  
Made emulous millions mongst the gods themselfes,  
And drue great \textit{Mars} to passion.  
\textit{Achil.} Of this my priuacie,  
I have fome reaons.  
\textit{Vijf.} But 'gainst thy priuacie  
The reaons are more potent and heroycall:  
'Tis knowne \textit{Achilles} that you are in lone  
With one of \textit{Priams} daughters.  
\textit{Achil.} Ha! knowe?  
\textit{Vijf.} Is that a wonder?  
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,  
Knowes almost every graine of Platos gold;  
Findes botome in that uncomprehenfible deapes;  
Keepes place with thoughts: and almost like the gods,  
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:  
There is a myteryfe (with whom relation  
Dure neuer middle) in the soule of State;  
Which hath an operation more divine,  
Then breath or pen can glue exprueffion to:  
All the commerces that you have had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.  
And better would it fit \textit{Achilles} much,  
To throw downe \textit{Hetters} then \textit{Poxema}.  
But it must greene yong \textit{Virbut} now at home,  
When fame shall in her Iland found her trumpes;  
And all the Grecifh Girles shall tripping fing,  
Great \textit{Hetters} fitter did \textit{Achilles} winne;  
But our great \textit{Alax} bruely bate downe him,  
Farewell my Lord! I as your iouer speake;  
The foole flodes ore the Ice that you shuld breake.  
\textit{Patr.} To this effect \textit{Achilles} have I mou'd you;  
A woman impudent and mannifi growne,  
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,  
In time of action: I fland condemn'd for this;  
They thinke my little fomacke to the warre,  
And your great loue to me, refraines you thus:  
Sweete, roufe your felfes and the weake wanton,  
\textit{Capit} Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,  
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,  
Be shooke to arie ayre.  
\textit{Achil.} Shall \textit{Alax} fight with \textit{Hetters}?  
\textit{Patr.} I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.  
\textit{Achil.} I see my reputation is at flake,  
My name is thowly gored.  
\textit{Patr.} O then beware:  
Thofe wounds ease felle, that men doe glue themselfes:  
Omission to doe what is neceffary,  
Seals a comminacion to a blanke of danger,  
And danger like an auge subtilet taints  
Even then when we fit idey in the tunne.  
\textit{Achil.} Go call \textit{Theagthen} hither sweet \textit{Patroclus},  
\section*{Troylus and Cr\v{sida.}
Troylus and Cresseida.

He fend the fool to Aias, and defire him
'Twine the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To fee vs here vnaerm'd: I have a womans longing,
An appetite that I am fickle withal,
To fee great Hector in his weades of peace; Enter Thers.
To talke with him, and to behold his vifage,
Even to my full of view. A labour fau'd.
Thers. A wonder.
Achil. What?
Thers. Aias goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.
Achil. How can that be?
Thers. Hee must fight fingly to morrow with Hector,
And is fo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he rases in faying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Thers. Why he talkes vp and downe like a Peacock,
A frite and a rougher, to toke with him and two's out,
and if there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not fhew without knocking. The mans vndone
for ever for if Hector breake not his necke 'tis combat,
hit break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee:
I fay, good morrow Aias; And he replies, thankes Agamemnon.
What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall?
Hee's growne a very land-fith, languageffe, a monfter:
A plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both fides like a leather kerkin.
Achil. Thou muft be my Ambaffador to him Thers.
Thers. Who, I? why, hee defire no body: he pro-
ffes not anfwering; fpeaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: I will put on his prefence; let Par-
treclus make his demands to me, you fhall fee the Page-
ant of Aias.
Achil. To him Patureclus; tell him, I humbly defire the
valiant Aias, to inuite the moft valorous Hector, to come
vnaerm'd to my Tent, and to procure fafe conduct for his perfon,
of the magnanimos and moft iuftrious, fire or
teenen times honour'd Captain, Generall of the Grecian
Armie Agamemnon, &c. doe this.
Par. I know bleffe great Aias,
Thers. Hum.
Par. I come from the worthy Achil.
Thers. Ha?
Par. Who muft humbly defire you to inuite Hector
to his Tent.
Thers. Hum.
Par. And to procure fafe conduct from Agamemnon.
Thers. Agamemnon?
Par. I my Lord.
Thers. Ha?
Par. What fay you too?
Thers. God buy you with all my heart.
Par. Your anfwier fir.
Thers. If to morrow be a faire day, by eauen a cloche
it will goe one way or other; howfoever, he fhall pay for
me ere he hat me.
Par. Your anfwier fir.
Thers. Fare you well withall my heart.
Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Thers. No, but he's out a tune thus: what mufcike will be
in him when Hector has knocked out his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnleffe the Fider Apollo get his
finewes to make catlings on.
Achil. Come, thou fhalt bear a Letter to him
fright.
Thers. Let me carry another to his Horfe; for that's the
more capable creature.
Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine fir'd,
And I my felle fir not the bottome of it.
Thers. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere
againe, that I might water an Afe at it: I had rather be a
Tieke in a Sheep, then fuch a vallant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Eneas with a Torche, at another
Paris, Diomede, Antenor, Diomed the
Grecian, with Torches.
Par. See hoa, who is that there?
Diom. It is the Lord Eneas.
Eneas. Is the Prince there in perfon?
Had I to good occaion to lye long
As you Prince Paris, nothing but heauenly buineffe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Eneas.
Par. A valiant Greeke Eneas, take his hand,
Wimeffe the proceffe of your speeche within;
You told how Diomed in a whole weake by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.
Eneas. Health to you valiant fir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other Diomed embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and fo long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By Jove, Ie play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purfuite and pollicy.
Eneas. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentlineffe;
Welcome to Troy; now by Anchises life,
Welcome indeede: by Venus hand Ieware,
No man alleue can louse in fuch a fort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We sympathize: true let Anchises lye
(If to my fword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courfes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.
Eneas. We know each other well.
Diom. We doe, and long to know each other worfe.
Par. This is the mof, delightfull'ft gentle greeting;
The nobleft hatefull love, that ere I heard of.
What buineffe Lord so early?
Eneas. I was fent for to the Kingsbut why, I know not.
Par. His purpofe meets yougill was to bring this Greek
To Calchas's houfe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the faire Cressida.
Lers haue your company; or if you pleafe,
Haue there before vs. I confantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother Troylus lodgeth there to night.
Roufe him, and gue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We fhall be much yvameac.

Eneas. That I affure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were bore to Greece,
Then Cressida borne from Troy.
Par. There
Troylus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter diisoposition of the time will haue it to.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Cressida. Good morrow all.

Par. And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell me true,
Even in the foule of found good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts meritt faire Helen most?
My selfe, or Memenias?

Diomed. Both alike.
He merites well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her foyle,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not pallatting the taste of her diisounour,
With such a costly lofe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece:
You like a leatcher, out of whorholf loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poys'd, each weights no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heauler for a whore.

Par. You are too hard to your country-woman.

Dis. Shee's better to her countrey: heare me Parb,
For every falle drop in her bauldy veins,
A Grecians life hath funke; for every scrople
Of her contaminatid carion weight,
A Troyan hath beene flame. Since the could speake,
She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troyans suffered death.

Par. Faire Diomed, you doe as chapeau doe,
Dil praffle the thing that you defiere to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Wecie not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way.

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troylus. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Cressida. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Troylus. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy letense,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cressida. Good morrow then.

Troylus. I prittehe now to bed.

Cressida. Are you a weare of me?

Troylus. O Cressida! but that the bufe day
Walk'st by the Larke, hath rourd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cressida. Night hath beene too briefe.

Troylus. Befrewre the witch! with venemous wight she
tawdiously as hell: but flies the grapes of love,
With wings more momentary,swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cressida. Prithhee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O foolish Cressida, I might have full hold off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, then's one vp?
Pand, within. What's all the doores open here?

Troylus. It is your Vnckle.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Cressida. A peffilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Troylus. How now, how now? how doe maiden-heads?
Here you Madam, what's my cousin Cressida?

Cressida. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo----and then you floute me too.

Troylus. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

Cressida. Come,come, beshrew your heart: youe nere be
good, nor fauler others.

Troylus. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore Chipskele, haft
not flept to night? would he no (a naughty man) let it
sleepete a bug-beare take him.

Cressida. Did not I tell you? would he were knocked ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and fee.
My Lord, come you apace into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtly.

Troylus. Ha, ha.

Cressida. Come you are deceiued, I think of no such thing.
How earneitly they knocke: pray you come in.

Troylus. I would not for halfe Troy have youe fonce here.

Cressida. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beste
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Cressida. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Troylus. Who's there my Lord c.Emes? by my troth I
knew you not: what news with you so early?

Cressida. Is not Prince Troylus here?

Troylus. Here! what should he doe here?

Cressida. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be
faile to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him bithen goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. How now, what's the matter?

Cressida. My Lord, I scarce have leasure to falte you,
My matter is so rafh: there is at hand,
Parb your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Auctor
Delier'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must clue vp to Diomed hand
The Lady Cressida.

Troylus. Is it concluded so?

Cressida. By Priam, and the generall state of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troylus. How my atchievements mcke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord of.Emes,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Cressida. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in tacturnitie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pandarus. It's possible no sooner got but loft: the diuell
take Auctor; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon Auctor; I would they had brok's necke.

Cressida. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pandarus. Ah, ha!

Cressida. Why figh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pandarus. Would I were as depe vnder the earth as I am
above.

Cressida. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pandarus. Prythee get thee in: would thou hadt nere been
borne; I knew thou wouldt be his death. O poore Gentleman a plague vpon Auctor.

Cressida. Good
Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. Good Vacke! I befeech you, on my knees, I befeech you what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone wrest, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Allender: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from Troylus: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.
Cref. O you immortal gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou must.
Cref. I will not Vack: I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of contanguiitie: No kin, no love, no blood, no soule, no nere me, As the sweet Troylus: O you gods diuine!
Make Cressida name the very crowne of Fatnood! If ever the pleaue Troylus: time, once and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong safe and building of my loue, Is as the very Cressida of this earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weeps.
Pan. Doe, doe.
Cref. Tearre my bright heire, and scrath my prised cheekes,
Cracke my deereuyoce with fobs, and breake my heart
With founding Troylus. I will not goe from Troy.Exeunt.

Enter Pars, Troylus, Cressida, Delphina, Acton, and Damidea.

Pan. It is great morning, and the houre prefant
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Grecian
Comes faft vpon: good my brother Troylus,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haft her to the purpoe:
Troy. Walk into her house:
Ie bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinking it an Altar, and thy brother Troylus
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.
Pan. I know what 'ts to loue,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cref. Why tell you me of moderatyon?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a fene as strong
As that which cauleth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temperifie with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I glue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croffe; Enter Troylus.
No more my griefe, in fuche a precioso loose.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.
Cref. O Troylus, Troylus!
Pan. Why tell you me of moderatyon?
Cref. Why ask you of me of moderatyon?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a fene as strong
As that which cauleth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temperifie with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I glue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croffe; Enter Troylus.
No more my griefe, in fuche a precioso loose.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.
Cref. O Troylus, Troylus!
Pan. What? is there a part of Cressidas is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is: O heart, heauie heart, why fioght thou without breaking? where be answers againe? because thou canst not safely thine (smart by friendship; nor by speaking; there was nearer a truer rime; let us call away nothing, for we may like to have neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lamps? Troy. Cressida: I lose thee in so strange a puritie;
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.
Cref. Have the gods caue?
Pan. I, I, I, this is too plaine a cafe.
Cref. And is it true, that I muat goe from Troy?
Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cref. What, and from Troylus too?
Troy From Troy, and Troylus.
Cref. It is possible.
Troy. And sodainely, where inuile of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iuluses roughly by
All time of pauue; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndaunce: forcibly prevents
Our lockt embrasures; strangelles our desire vows,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with fo many thousand fighes
Did buy each other, muat poorly fell our selves,
With the rude breuitie and dischARGE of our
Inurious time; now with a robbers haste
Grans bruce with this ourweb vp, vp, he knows not how.
As many farwells as he fars in heauen,
With diswita breath, and confign'd kifles to them,
He fumbles vp in a loose adiew;
And scents vs with a finge famihit kiffe,
Difcharging with the falt of broken teares. Enter Cressida. Cressida within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some fay the genius fo
Cries, come to him that infantly muat dye.
Bid them haue patience: the shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares. Raine, to lay this winde,
or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.
Cref. I muat then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.
Cref. A wouf Troylus, a mong't it the merry Grecians.
Troy. When shall we fea age?
Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
Troy. Nay, we muat vfe expoluvalion kindely,
For it is parting from vs;
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glowe to death himselfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, say I, to fition in
My frquent protestation: be thou true,
And I will fee thee.
Cref. O you shall be espof'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ie be true.
Troy. And Ie grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeve.
Cref. And you this Glowe.
When shal I fee you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.
Cref. O heauen's: be true againe?
Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue;
The Grecian youths are full of quallity,
Their loving well compoud'd, with spirit of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercice:
How noiceties may move, and parts with perfon.
Alas, a kinde of godly icollousie;
Which I beleece you call a vertuous finne;
Makes me affraid.
Cref. O heauen's, you loue me not!
Troy. Dye I a villain then:
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit: I cannot ling,
Nor heale the high Laulow: nor sweeten tale;
Nor play at subtile games; faire vertues all;
Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb-difficult silence,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

c/£ne. Do you think I will:
Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are duteous to our felues,
When we will tempt the frailtude of our powers,
Prefuming on their changeful potentiae.

c/£ne within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kif, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother Troyes?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring c/£ne and the Grecian with you.

c/£ne. My Lord, will you be true?
Exeunt:

Enter the Greeks.
Fear not my truth; the mornall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome sir Diomed, here is the Lady
Which for Antenor, we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) ile glue her to thy hand,
And by the way posseffe thee what she is.
Entreate her faire; and by my foule, faire Greccke,
If ere thou fland at mercy of my Sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as sife
As Priam is in Illon?

Diomed. Faire Lady Cressid,
So please you fauete thanks this Prince expexts:
The luftre in your eyes, heaven in your cheeke,
Pleaseth your faire vilage, and to Diomed
You shall be milite, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou doft not vfe me curteoufly,
To shame the seal of my petition towards,
I praifiing her. I tell thee Lord of Greccke:
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praiies,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her fervant:
I change thine vfe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful Plote, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard)
Ile cut thy thraote.

Diomed. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troyes;
Let me be pruifled'd by myplace and meffage,
To be a teaker free; when I am hence,
Ile anfwere to my iuft: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She shall be pri't: but that you say, be't so:
Helpsake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. By tell thee Diomed,
This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, glue me your hand, and as we walk,
To our owne felues bend we our needfull talk.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, Hector Trumpet.
c/£ne. How hau'e we spent this morning
The Prince mutte think me tardy and remifse,
That I was to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troyes fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dis. Let us vs make ready straignt.
c/£ne. Yea, with a Bridgroomes fresh alacritie
Let vs addresse to tend on Heptor heele:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and angle Chialeria.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Vlij, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Ago. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Gue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appuiled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And halie him hither.

Nest. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purfe:
Now cracke thy luings, and spilt thy brauen pipe:
Blow vaille, till thy sphereed Bias cheeke.
Out-swell the collicke of puf Aquilon:
Come, draw thy cheef, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou bowesest for Heptor.

Vlij. No Trumpet anfwers.
Achill. 'Tis but early dayes.
Ago. Is not young Diomed with Calcas daughter?

Vlij. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rites on the toe: that spirit of his
In aperition lifts him from the earth.

Ago. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Nest. Even the.

Ago. Most dearly welcome to the Greckees, sweete Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kiffe.

Vlij. Yet is the kindenelle but particular: were better
The were kife in general.

Nest. And very courteoufly: Ile begin. So much for Nestor.

Achill. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kifing once.

Patroclus. But that's no argument for kifing now;
For thus pop't Paris in his hardiment.

Vlij. Oh deadly gall, and thame of all our scornes,
For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patroclus. The fift was Menelaus kiffe, this mine:

Patroclus kifhes you.

Men. Oh this is trim.

Patroclus. Paris and I kiffe euermore for him.
Men. Ile have my kiffe fir: I Lady by your leave.
Cref. In kifing doe you render, or receive.
Patroclus. Both take and give.

Cref. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiffe you take is better then you glie:
therefore no kiffe.

Men. Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.

Cref. You are an odde man, give euem, or give none.

Men. An odde man, Lady, evry man is odde.

Cref. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euem with you.

Men. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cref. No, Ile be fwayne.

Vlij. It were no match your naile against his horne:
May I sweete Lady beg a kiffe of you?

Cref. You may.

Vlij. I doe defire it.

Cref. Why begge then?

Vlij. Why then for Venus fake, give me a kiffe:
When Helen is a maide againe, and his.

Cref. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

¶ of 3

Vlij. Neuer's
Troylus and Cressida.

[Verse]

Of swim. Neuer's my day, and then a kiffe of you. 

Dium. Lady a word, He bring you to your Father. 

Nep. A woman of quicke fence. 

Pifi. Yete, fie, upon her : 

There's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip; 

Nay, her foote feakes, her wanton spirites looke out 

At every lyont, and motive of her body : 

Oh these encounters fo glib of tongue, 

That glue a coafting welcome ete it come t; 

And wide vnclape the tables of their thoughts, 

To every tickling reader: let them downe, 

For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie; 

And daughters of the game. 

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aenes, Helena, and Attendants. Floris. 

All. The Troians Trumpet. 

Ages. Yonder comes the troope. 

Exeunt. 

Hec. If not Achilles fir, what is your name? 

Ach. If not Achilles nothing. 

Hec. Stand by our Aias: as you and Lord Aeneas 

Convent upon the order of their fight, 

So be't: either to the vtermost, 

Or rile a breach: the Combatants being kin, 

Halfe hims their fitle, before their strokes begin. 

Pifi. They are oppred already. 

Ages. What Trojan is that fame that looke so heauy? 

Pifi. The youngef Sonne of Priam; 

A true Knight: they call him Troylus; 

Not yet mature, yet matchelfe, firme of word, 

Speaking in deelea, and dreeelefe in his tongue; 

Not soome proock'y: nor being proock't,loone calm'd; 

His heart and hand both open, and both free: 

For what he has, he glesse: what thinkes, he thewes; 

Yet glesse he nor till judigeament his bounty, 

Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath: 

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; 

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes 

To tender obiects; but he, in heat of action, 

Is more vindecuatie then leaual foule. 

They call him Troylus: and on him creft, 

A fecond hope, as fairly built as Hector. 

Thus faies Aeneas, one that knows the youth, 

Even to his inches: and with private fouls, 

Did in great Illion thus tranflate him to thee. 

Alarum. 

Ages. They are in action. 

Nep. Now Aias hold thinke owne. 

Troy. Hector, thou sleepe't, awake thee. 

Ages. His blowes are wel dispo'd there Aias. trupets 

Diam. You must no more. 

Exeunt. Princes enough, io pleaze you. 

Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe. 

Diam. As Hector pleases. 

Hec. Why then will I no more: 

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne; 

A coulen german to great Priams seade: 

The obligation of our blood forbids 

A gorie emulation: twixt vs twaine: 

Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan fio: 

That thou could fay, this hand is Grecian all, 

And this is Trojan: the finewes of this Legge, 

All Greekes, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud 

Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this finifter 

Bounds in my fathers: by love multipotent; 

Thou shoul'd not bare from me a Greeckish member 

Wherein my word had not imprefure made 

Of our ranke feud: but the iuft gods gainfay, 

That any drop thou borrow'd from thy mother, 

My fainted Aures, thou by my mortall Sword 

Be drained. Let me embrace thee Aias: 

By him that thunders, thou haft luftie Armes; 

Hector would have them fall upon him thus, 

Cosen, all honor to thee. 

Aia. I thanke thee Hector: 

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: 

I came to kill thee Cozen, and bare hence 

A great addition, earned in thy death. 

Hec. Not Neoptolemus fo mirable, 

On whose bright creft, fame with her low'd (O yes) 

Cries, This is he: could't promit to himselfe, 

A thought of added honor, torne from Hector? 

Exeunt. There is expectance here from both the fides, 

What further you will doe? 

Hec. Weele anwerre it: 

The life is embracement: Aias, farewell. 

Aia. If I might in entreaties finde fucceffe, 

As feld I have the chance: I would defire 

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents. 

Diam. Tho Agamemnon with, and great Achilles 

Both long to fee vnarm'd the valiant Hector. 

Hec. Aeneas, call my brother Troylus to me : 

And figure this losing interview 

To the etpeclers of our Trojan part: 

Defire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin: 

I will goe eate with thee, and fee your Knights. 

Enter Agamemnon and the rett. 

Aia. Great Agamemnon comes to mee vs here. 

Hec. The worthy of them, tell me name by name: 

But for Achilles, mine owne ferching eyes 

Shall finde him by his large and porty fize. 

Ages. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one: 

That would be rid of such an enemie. 

But no welcome: understand more cleere 

What's paft, and what's to come, is fire'd with huskes; 

And formeless ruine of obligation: 

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, 

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing: 

Bid thee with moft divine integritie. 

From heart of very heart, great Hector welcome. 

Hec. I thanke thee moft imperious Agamemnon. 

Ages. My
Ach. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay, I have done already.
Ach. Thou art to breathe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hec. O, like a Brock of sport thou'rt read in ore:
But there's more in me then thou understand'st.
Why doest thou so oppose me with thine eye?
Ach. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make difficult the very breach, where-out
Hec. great spirit flw. Answer me heauns.
Hec. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question; Stand again;
Think it thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice consider-
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Ach. I tell thee yea.
Hec. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For he not kill thee not there, nor there,
But by the forge that flythed Mars his helm,
Ille kill thee everywhere, yea, and ere.
You wildest Grecians, pardon me this bragg,
His infolence draws folly from my lips,
But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——
Ach. Do not chafe thee Cofs:
And you Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too's.
You may every day enough of Hec.
If you have flamacke. The general flate I fear,
Can Gareo intreat you to be oddle with him.
Hec. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We have had pelting Warres since you refud——
The Grecians caufe.
Ach. Doth thou intreat me Hec?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hec. Thy hand vpon that match.
Ag. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full coniuine you: Afterwards,
As Hector layre, and your bounties shall
Concorde together, severally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Exeunt
Troy. My Lord Ulysses, tell me I believe you,
In what place of the Field doth Calchas keeps?
Ulyss. At Mermalaus Tent, most Princely Troylus,
There Diomed doth seat with him to night,
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But guists all garr and bent of amorous view
On the fair Griss.
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord)be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This Grissins in Troy, had the no Lower there
That wailes her abscence?
Troy. O sir, to such as boastth shew their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, the lou'd; she is, and sooth;
But fill sweet Love's fire, for Fortune too.
Exeunt
Ach. Ile heat his blood with Greekishe wine to night,
Troylus and Crefsida.

Which with my Cmctor Ile coole to morrow:

Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Therites. Enter Therites.

Ther. How now, thou core of Envy?

Ther. Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?


Ther. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dill of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pat. Well faid aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talkes, thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Patroclus. Male Varlot you Rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, gat-gripping Rupites, Catarrhes, Loads a granuell I'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'th thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whoron indignant Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immaterial skiele of Sleep, fill'd thou green Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigious purle thouually the poore world is peirted with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Here is a Letter from Queene Ithaca,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greeces, falle Fame, Honor or go, or flay,

My maior voye yses here; this Ile obays:

Come,come Therites, help to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting muft all be spent,

Away Patroclus. Exit.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much Braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Here's a Argamennon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Quieties, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shifting-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, hold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Affe were nothing; hee is both Affe and Ox; to an Ox were nothing, hee is both Ox and Affe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitschew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be Memlant, I would confpire against Delphny. Ashe me not what I would be, if I were not Therites for I care not to bee the lowe of a Lazzar, so I were not Memlant. Hoy-day, spirits and fire.

Enter Heitor, Anea, Argamennon, Vlistes, Heior, Diomed, with Lights.

Anea. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Anea. No yonder his, there where we see the light.

Heior. I trouble you.

Anea. No, not a whit.

Enter Akelles.

Vlist. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Akelles. Welcome brave Heitor, welcome Princes all.

Again. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, Achilles commands the guard to tend on you.

Heitor. Thanks,and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Heitor. Goodnight sweet Lord Memlant.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinnke, sweet sure.

Akell Goodnight and welcome, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Anea. Goodnight.

Akell. Old Nefor tarries, and you too Diomed,

Keere Heitor company an houre, or two.

Diom. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse.

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Heitor.

Heitor. Giue me your hand.

Vlist. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chauel Tent, Ile keep you company.

Troy. Sweet rest, you honour me.

Heitor. And so good night.

Akell. Come,come, enter my Tent. Exeunt.

Ther. That fame Diomeds a false-hearted Rogue, a most vnfaith Knaue; I will no more truit him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when hee hisses; he will spend his mouth & promisses, like Brabier the Hound; but when he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leaue to fee Heitor, then not to dogge himthesly lay, he keepe a Troyan Drab, and vise the Traftour Chauel his Tent. Ile after—Nothing but Letherie? All inconvenant Varlets. Exeunt.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed, Chauel(I thinkes) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vlistes.

Vlist. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Crefsid.

Troy. Crefsid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cref. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yes, so familiar?

Vlist. She will sing any man at first sight.

Troy. And any man may finde him, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your mind hee be coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vlist. Litt?

Cref. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly,

Troy. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cref. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fa, fa, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.----

Cref. In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Troy. A lugging trickey, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would betroth on me?

Cref. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath.

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good
Troylus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Virg. How now Trojan?
Cref. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better must.
Cref. Harke one word in your ear.
Troy. O plague and madneffe! Vlif. You are mused Prince, let vs depart I pray you, Lest your displeasure should enlarge it else.
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vlif. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You now to great distraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee stay.
Vlif. You have not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you stay by hell and hell torments, I will not speake a word.
Dio. And so good night.
Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that griefe thee? O withered true! O
Virg. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By Jove I will be patient.
Cref. Guardian? why Grecke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adue, you pater.
Cref. In faith I doe not: come hither once again.
Vlif. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
You will break out.
Troy. She stakess his checke.
Vlif. Come, come.
Troy. May stay, by Jove I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience: flay a little while.
Tber. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles thee together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Cref. In faith I will lo; neuer truft me elfe.
Dio. Glue me some token for the surety of it.
Cref. Ile fetch you one.
Vlif. You have sworne patience,
Troy. Fear me not sweorde Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience.
Enter Crefid.
Tber. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Cref. Here Diomed, keep hee this Sleeue.
Troy. O beaute! where is thy Faith?
Cref. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwarde I will.
Cref. You looke upon that Sleeue? behold it yeild:
He lou'd me: O faire wench: giue me againe,
Dio. Whole was't?
Cref. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
pray thee Diomed vieste me no more.
Tber. Now the sharpens: well said Whetstone.
Dio. I shall haue it.
Cref. What is this?
Dio. I tate.
Cref. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maifer now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and fighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giuen memorall daintie kiffes to it;
As he kiffed thee.
Dio. Nav, doe not snatch it from me.
Cref. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troy. I did sweare patience.
Cref. You shall not haue it Diomed, faith youshall not:
I lea you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cref. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me wheife it was?
Cref. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whole was it?
Cref. By all Dianas waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you wheife.
Dio. To morrow will I ware it on my Helme,
And griue his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wett thou the diuell, and worth it on thy borne,
It should be challenge'd.
Cref. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
' Di in. Why then farewell,
Then neuer shalt mocke Diomed againe.
Cref. You shall not gooe: one cannot speake a word,
But it fruite flarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Tber. Nor I by Pluto: but that that likes not me, please me best.
Dio. What shall I come? the houre.
Cref. I, come: O Jove! doe, come: I shall be plag'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
'Exit.
Cref. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet looke on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee.
Ah poore our faxes: this fault in me finde:
The error of our eye,directs our minde.
What error leads, mutt erre: O then conclude,
Minde swall'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
'Exit.
Tber. A proove of strength the could not publish more;
Vnlee the fee, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Virg. Al's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vlif. Why stay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my foule
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did coache;
Shall I not lye, in publisheing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth inuerse that teif of eyes and eares;
As if those organs had decepitious functions,
Crested onely to calummate.
Was Cressid here?
Vlif. I cannot conuire Trojan.
Troy. She was not true.
Vlif. Most true she was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no tafe of madneffe?
Vlif. Nor mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not glue aduantage
Toriborne Criticks, apt without a theme
For depration, to quiere the generall sex
By Cressids rule. Rather think this not Cressid.
Vlif. What hath the done Prince, that can foyle our mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnlee that this were the.
Tber. Will he swagger himselfe on oer's owne eyes?
Troy. This the? no, this is Diomed Cressida: If beaute have a foule, this is not she: If
If foules guide vowes; if vowes are fanctimonie; If fanctimonie be the gods delight: If there be rule in vallt et felce, This is not the: O madness of discourse! That cause fets vp, with, and against thy felce By foule authoritie: where reafon can revolt Without perdilion, and loffe affume all reafon, Without revolve. This is, and is not Creshid: Within my foule, there doth condue a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inferre, Disdies more wider then the skie and earth: And yet thefpacious breath of this diuision, Admires no Orifex for a point as futile, As Arachnes broken woorfe to enter: Incifance, O incifance! strong as Plutus gates: Creshid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen; Incifance, O incifance, strong as heauen it felce: The bonds of heauen are flipt, diffould, and loosed, And with another knot flew finger tied, The fractions of her faith, ows of her loue; The fragments, fcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques, Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. Vifus. May worthy Troylus be half attached With that which here his passion doth expire: Troy. I Grecian: and that shall be divulged well In Characters, as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus: newer did young man fancy With fo eternall, and fo fixt a foule. Harke Greek: as much I doe Creshid loue; So much by weight, hate I her Diomed, That Steene is mine, that heele bare in his Helme: Were it a Caste compos'd by Volcan's skill, My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful full spout, Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call, Confring'd in maffe by the almighty Fenne, Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare In his difcent; then shall my prompted sword, Falling on Diomed. Thers. Heele tickle it for his concupise. Troy. O Creshid! O false! Creshid! falle, false: Let all wanruths fland by thy flained name, And theye feme glorious. Vifus. O containce your felce: Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter ερημος.

ερημος. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord: Heeter by this is arminge to Troy. Aux you Guard, flaes to conduct you home. Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adec: Farewel retouled faire: and Diomed, Stand falt, and weare a Caffe on thy head. Vifus. He bringe you to the Gates. Troy. Accept distracted thankes. Exeunt Troylus,ερημος, and ολίγος.

Thers. Would I could meece that roague Diomed, I would croke like a Rauen: I would boode, I would boode: Petracalus will gue me any thing for the intelligence of his whores; the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lecchery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fasion. A burning duell take them. Enter Heeter and Andromache.

And. Why was my Lord so much vengently temper'd, To stop his eares against admonishment? Vnarne, vnarne, and doe not fight to day. Heeter. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the everlasting gods, Ile goe. And. My dreams will sure prowe omenous to the day. Heeter. No more I lay. Enter Caffandra.

Caff. Where is my brother Heeter? And. Here fiter, arm'd, and bloody in intent: Confort with me in loud and deere petition: pursue we him on knees: for I have dreampt Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night Hath nothing, becne but heapes, and formes of slaughter. Caff. O, 'tis true. Heeter. Ho! bid my trumpet found. Caff. No notes of fallie, for the heuens, sweet brother. Heeter. Began I say: the gods have heard me sweare. Caff. The gods are deafe to hot and peninsil vowes; They are polluted offringes, more aboord Then fpoiled Luiers in the sacrific. And. O be perfuwaded, doe not count it holy, To hurt by being lufit: it is as lawfull: For we would count guie much to as violent thefles, And rob in the behalf of charite. Caff. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe; But vowes to every purpose muft not hold: Vntame sweete Heeter. Heeter. Hold you still I say: Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate: Life every man holds deere, but the deere man Holds honor faire more precious, deere, then life. Enter Troylus. How now yong man? mean'th you to fight to day? And. Caffandra, call my father to perfuwade. Exit Caffandra. Heeter. No faith yong Troylus, doe thy harneffe youth: I am to day ith'vaine of Chiaralie: Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong; And tempt not yet the bruffles of the warre. Vnarne then, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy, Ile flant 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. Heeter. What vice is that? good Troylus childe me for it. Troy. When many times the captive Creckan falt, Euen in the fame and winde of your faire Sword: You bid them rife, and lie. Heeter. O 'tis faire play, Troy. Fools play, by heauen Heeter. Heeter. How now? how now? Troy. For the loue of all the gods Let's leau the Hermit Pity with our Mothers; And when we have our Armors buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords, Sper them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth. Heeter. Tie fads, tie. Troy. Heeter, then 'tis warres. Heeter. Troylus, I would not haue you to fight to day. Troy. Who shold with-hold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars, Beckning with ferie truncheon my reire; Not Priammys, and Herakles on knes; Their eyes ore-called with recourfe of teares; Nor you my brother, with your true sword drowne Oppof'd to hinder me,should stop my way: But by my rul. Enter Priam and Caffandra.

Caff. Lay hold vpon him Priam, hold him faft: He is thy crutch; now if thou looke thy faft, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Troylus and Cressida.

Enter Thersites in excursion.

Thers. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that dissembling abominable variet Dismal, has got that fame tourne, doting, foolifh yong knaves of Troy, there, in his Helme: I would faie see them meeteth, that fame yong Trojan safe, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-maiterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the dissembling luxurious drabbe, of a sleezelett errant:O th'toother side, the pollicie of those craffe swearing rascals: that fole old Monfe- eaten drye cheefe, Nefer't and that fame dogge- Vlifs' is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set me vp in policy, that munggrill cure Axus, against that dogge of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the cure Axus prouder then true deadly hurtes, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Greclans began to proue barbarifme; and pollice growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'Other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'nt thou take the River Stix, I would swim after.

Diom. Thou dost miscall retire: I doe not flye, but aduantagious care Withdraw me from the odds of multitude: Haue at thee?


Helfor. What art thou Greek? art thou for Helfor's match? Art thou of blood, and honour?

Troy. No, no: I am a rafacle: a fcuruie railing knaue: a very filthy rogue.

Helfor. I doe beleue thee, blue.

Troy. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me: but a plague brake thy nekke—for frightening me: what's become of the wrenching rougues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle:—yet in a fort, lecherie eates it felse: Ile sseeke them. Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dis. Coo, coo, my seruant, take thou Troylus Horfe; Pretend the faire Steede to my Lady Cressids: Fellow, commend my feruice to her beauty; Tell her, I haue chaftif'd the amorous Troyan: And am her Knight by proffes.


And stands Callophus-wife waung his beme, Upon the pashed courtes of the Kings: Epipolus and Celas, Polixen is faine; Amphimaus, and Troyes deadly hurt; Patroclus pane or faine, and Palacontes Sore hurt and bruifed: the dreadfull Sagittary Appuus our numbers, haue we Diomed To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nefer.

Nefer. Coo heare Patroclus body to Achille, And bid the snale-pac'd Axus arme for flame; There is a thousand Helfers in the field: Now here he fights on Galatebe his Horfe, And there lacks work: anon he's there a footes, And there they fly or dye, like fcelled fucis,

Before
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fell downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexteriti fo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prove is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vizfigus.

Vizf. Oh, courage, courage Princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowsie bloud,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noethe, handleth, hacks and chipte, come to him;
Crying on Hector. Aias hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for Troylus; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantafickke execution;
Engaging and redeeming himselfe,
With such a carefull force, and forceable care,
As if that luck in very sight of cunning, had him win all.

Enter Aias.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus,
Exit.

Diom. I, there, there,
Exit.

Neft. So, so, we drawe together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete Achilles angry.

Hector, where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exit.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward Troylus, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I say, who's Troylus?

Aia. What would'thou say?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou shoul'dst haue my office,

Ere that correction: Troylus I say, what Troylus?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour Diomed!

Turne thy falfe face thou traytor.

And pay thy life thou owst me for my horse.

Dis. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, stand Diomed.

Dis. He is my prize, I will not looke upon.

Troy. Come both you caging Greeks, haue at you both.

Exit Troylus.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yea Troylus? O well fought my yeonge Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I fee thee; haue at thee Hector.


Achil. I doe disdaine thy currette, proud Trojan:

Be happy that my armes are out of vie:

My reft and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear me of againe:

Till when ye goe faire thy fortune.

Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have beene more more a frether man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. After hath tame Nilus; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorius heauen,

He shall not carry him: He be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate haue me what I say;

I wreske not, though thou end my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

Not wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

Ile fruith it, and vnlooke the riusts all,

But Ile be maiftre of it: wilt thou not baft abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your felues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In hellett manner execute your armes.

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, Hector the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Tenetes, Menelau, and Pari.

Ther. The Cockold and the Cockold maker are at it:

now bull, now dogge, lowe; Pari lowe; now my double hen's spearow; lowe Pari, lowe; the bull has the game: were horses ho?

Exit Taris and Menelau.

Enter Balfard.

Balf. Turne flame and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Balf. A Balfard Sonne of Priaem.

Ther. I am a Balfard too, I loue Balfards, I am a Balfard begot, Balfard infructed; Balfard in minde, Balfard in vaulour, in euery thingliegiment: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Balfard? take heed, the quarel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Balfard.

Balf. The dullwells take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Hec. Most purified core to faire without;

Thy goodly armour thus hath copt thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:

Reft Sword, thou haft thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look where Hector how the Sunne begins to set;

How vygly night comes breathing at his heles,

Euen with the vale and darkling of the Sunne.

To clofe the day vp, Hector life is done.

Hec. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Cresske.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seekes.

So Illion fall thou; now Troy shooke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy finenes, and thy bone.

On Myrmidons, cry you all a maiene, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slaine.

Retreat.

Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Greet. The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-fpreds the earth

And flicker-like the Armies seperates

My halfe fupt Sword, that frankly would have fed,

Plea'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, yе his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I wil the Trojan trailer.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aias, Menelau, Neftor, Diomed, and the rieft marching.

Agia. Harke, harke, what shoute is that?

Neft. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achilles,
Scarre
Who
I
HeBor
Make
Goe
Addrefie
Coole
But
I
Sit
And
Frowne
In
Great
doe
Aia.
in
Dio.
Troy.
Troy,
cEne.
Alyne.
All.
Troy.
HeBor
wels, and
Troy
is
goe
once,
The
If
Achilles
he will
Achilles,
Achilles,
Achilles.
Great Achilles was a man as good as he.
Aegam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods have vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

*Exeunt.*

Enter gentlemen, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.
My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.
Troy. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Adreffe their dangers in. Heleor is gone:
Who shall tell Priam fo? or Hecuba?
Let him that will a freecouche eye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, Heleor's dead:
There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
Make we, and bide of the maides and wives;
Coole chacnes of the youth; and in a word,
Scare Troy out of it selfe. But march away,
Heleor is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vie abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpun our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Ie through, and through you, & thou great fia'd coward:
No space of Earth shall fnder our two hates,
Ie haunt thee, like a wicked confidence still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenfies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

*Exeunt Pandarum.*

Pan. But here are you? here are you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Purifie thy life, and bluee eye with thy name.

*Exeunt.*

Pand. But hear ye? hear ye?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Purifie thy life, and bluee eye with thy name.

*Exeunt.*

Pand. But here are you? here are you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Purifie thy life, and bluee eye with thy name.

*Exeunt.*

F INI S.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Efore we proceed any further, hear me speake.
   All. Speake, speake.
   1. Cit. You are all resolute rather to do then to famish?
   All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.
   1. Cit. First you know, Caius Marius is chief enemy to the people.
   All. We know't, we know't.
   1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and we'll have Corne at our own price. It's a Verdict?
   All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.
   2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.
   1. Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patri- cians good: what Authority fortes one, would release vs. If they would yeele vs but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might gueffe they releued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannes that affiitds wee, the object of our misery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our suffrance is a gaine to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hangre for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.
   2. Cit. Would you proceede especialy against Caius Marius.
   All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.
   2. Cit. Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?
   1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with brea- king pride.
   All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.
   1. Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done Famoulie, he did it to that end: though soft conience'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrye, he did it to pleafe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.
   2. Cit. What hee cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muft in no way fay he is co- uteous.
   1. Cit. If I muft not, I neede not be barren of Accu- tions he hath faults (with surplus) to trye in repetition.

What flows there? The other side a'th City is rife: why fay we prating here? To th'Capitoll.
   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, wold al the rest wer fo.
   2. Cit. Our busines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w now wee'll shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters have strong breaths, they shal know we have strong arms too.
   Menen. Why Maffers, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?
   2. Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.
   Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
   Your sufferings in this death, you may as well
   Strike at the Heauen with your staves, as lift them
   Against the Roman State, whose course will on
   The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
   Of more strong linke affulf, then can euer
   Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,
   The Gods, not the Patri- cians make it, and
   Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
   You are transported by Calamity
   Thether, where more attends you, and you flander
   The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
   When you CURFE, them, as Enemies.
   2. Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they were cur'd for vs
   yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cram'd
   with Graine: Make Edicts for Vfurie, to support Vfur- ers;
   repeale daily all who Idome Act establighed against
   the rich, and proude more piercing Statutes daily,
   to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warrs eate vs
   not vppes, they will, and there's all the loue they beare
   vs.
   Menen. Either you must
   Confeffe your selues wondrous Malicous,
   Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
   A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
   But since it servis my purpoe, I will venture
   To scale a litle more.
   2 Cit. Well,
   Ile heare it Sir: yet you muft not thinke
   To fobbe off our diffraige with a tale:
   But and pleafe you deliuer.
   Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
   Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
   That onely like a Gulfe it did reme
   a a
   I'th
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1st m'd it a th'body, idle and vnaëthue, 
Still cubbording the Vland, neuer bearing
Like labour with the relf, where th'other Instruments
Did fee, and heare, draughts, influff, walkes, feele,
And mutually participate, did minifter
Wnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answ'r'd.

2d Gr. Well sir, what answ'red the Belly.
Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which we're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smiles,
As well as speakes, it taintingly replied
To'th'difcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That emu'd his receive: euen so matter finly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not fuch as you.

2d Gr. Your Bellies answ're: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our rul're, the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and payn helps
In this our Fabricke, if that they?

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2d Gr. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the finke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2d Gr. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answ're?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bellow a small (of what you have little)
Patience awhile; you'll hear the Bellies answ're.

2d Gr. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moft graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rauh like his Accusers, and thus answ'red.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the generall Food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I fend it through the Rivers of your blood
Eaugh to the Court, the Heart, to th'eye, th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and fmall influent Veines
From me receive that natural competence
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my fat friends, this fakes the Belly) marke me.

2d Gr. I fir, we'll well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receive the Flower of all,
Andlease me but the Bran. What fay you too't?

2d Gr. It was an answ're, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsalls, and their Caresdifficlt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th'Scommon, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your fulves. What do you thinke?
You, the great Too of this Assembly?

2d Gr. I the great Too? Why the great Too?
Doe not the Graces and Goddes send, best, pooreft
Of this moft wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:

Thou Rafcall, that art workt in blood to run,
Lead it firft to win some vantage.
But make you ready your filete bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rains are at the point of battell,
The one fide must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you differentious rogues
That rubbing the poore itch of your Opinion,
Make your felues Scabs.

2d Gr. We have euer your good word.

Mar. He that will glue good words to thees, will flatter
Beneath absoring. What would you have, you Carres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trufts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, finde you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geefe you are: No furer, no,
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Halibone in the Sun. Your vertue is,
To make him worthy, whollyeoffence fubdues him,
And curfe that Iuflice did it. Who defueres Greatnes,
Defures your Hat: and your Affections are
A reckmans Appetite; who defires moft that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Upon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leads,
And lewes downe Oakes, with rufhes. Hang yestruft ye?
With euerie Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hat:
Him vildes, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in thefe fouerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in aue, which elfe
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well for'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They fay?

They'll fit by th'fire, and preumne to know
What's done 'tis Capitoll: Who's like to rife,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side fa£ions, & glue out
ConieCurial Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as fand not in their liking,
Below the coled Shoone. They fay they're grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vfe my Sword, I'de make a Quartie
With thoundeds of thefe quarter'd flaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. They fay thefe are almoft thoroughly perfwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke difcretion
Yet are they passing Cordually. But I befeech you,
What fayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diffolu'd: Hang em;

They fay they were an hunger, figh'd forth Proverbes
That Hunger-broke flone wals: that doggles must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods fent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these fires
They vended their Complainings, which being answ'red
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generality,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns a'th'Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar widows
Of their owne choice. One's Lucius Bratus,
Sicinius Vellutus, and I know not. Steathe,

The
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

The rabble should have first vnoo'ft the City
Ere fo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Infruactions arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments. Enter a Muffinger baftily.

Meff. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

Meff. The newer is br, the Volcens are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha means to vent
Our musle supefruity. See our beft Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velatus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Larinius, with other Senators.

1. Sen. *Martius 'tis true, that you have lately told vs,
The Volcens are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,

Tullus Aufidius that will put you too't
I finne in enuoying his Nobilitie:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eare, & he
Upon my partie, I'd resolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then worthy Martius,
Attend vpon Cominius to theke Warres.

Com. It is your former promise,

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am confant; Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt fee me once more strike at Tullus face.

What art thou fliue? Stand it out?

Tit. No Caius Martius,
He leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere they behinde this Bucaneffe,

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must follow you,
your right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble Martius.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volcens haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To grau their Garmen, Worthyfill Mutiners.

Your value purses well forth: Pray follow.


Sen. Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sicin. When we were choosen Tribunes for thepeople.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eye.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mock'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemoke the modest Moore.

Bru. The prefent Warres deuoure him, he is Growne
Too proud to be fo valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dif-
daines the shadow which he treads on at moone, but I do
wonder, his inholence can brooke to be commanded un-
der Cominius?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well gra'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attaun'd then by

A place below the firft: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals faults, though he perfoine
To th'vntoml'd of a man, and giddy cenfure
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had borne the buonelle.

Sen. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that fo fliuces on Martius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius
Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults
To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sen. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this prefent Affion.

Bru. Let's along.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolius.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsaiers,
And know how we procee.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What euer you bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumanction: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I have the Letter here: yes, here it is;
They haue pref a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worfe hated then of you)
And Titus Larinius, a moft valiant Roman,
These three lesde on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anwer vs.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keere your great pretences vay'd till when
They needes must char themselues, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the difcouery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were about.

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your Commission, hye to you to our Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Coriolius
If they let downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde
These men not prepar'd for vs.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parches of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,
'Tis lawome betweene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods asift you.

Auf. And keep your Honors safe.


All. Farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.

Enter.
Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Marcius.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or express your selfe in a more comfortable fort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freeler rejoice 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 onely Sonne of my womb, when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way: when for a day of Kings continence, a Mother should not fel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not firre, was pleas'd to let him fecke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruel Warre I lent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oake. 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 prou'd himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buinate Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne. I therein would have found issue. Heare me profess sincerely, had I a dozen fons each in my love alike, and none leftie deere then thine, and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously furret out of Aethon.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you. Virg. Befeech you grant me leave to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I here bethir your Husband Drummme: See him plucke Auffidius downe by th'haire: (As children from a heare) the Voles shanning him: Me thinkes I see him flampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in fear Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then whipping forth he goes Like to a Harned man, that talk'd to move Or all, or loole his hyre.


Volum. Away you Poole; it more becomes a man Then gitt his Trophe. The broths of Hecha When the old suckle Hector, look'd not loueller Then Hector forbode, when it fit forth blood At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent. Urr. Heauen bleffe my Lord from fell Auffidius. Val. He'll beat Auffidius head below his knee, And trend upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Wiper, and a Gentlwoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Volum. Sweet Madam.

Urr. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you fowling here? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thank ye your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather fee the swordes, and hearre a Drum, than looke vpon his Schoolmutter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ike sware 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: he's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it go againe, and other and other he comes, and vp againe: catch it again: or whether his foot erag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did fo set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mamockt it.

Val. One on's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, its a Noble childe.

Vir. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay affe your fitcherry, I must haue you play the idle Hufwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam) I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Ts not to faue labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yearne the saxon in Piffes absence, did but fill Athene full of Mothes. Come, I would you Cambriick were fensible as your finger, that you might ease pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth it is go with me, and Ile tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not leaue you: there came newes from him last night.

Urr. Indeed Madam,

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Serenour speake it. Thus it is: the Volces have an Army forth, against who Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are fell down before their City Cartilas, they nothing doubt prueling, and to make it breefc Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and fo I pray go with vs.

Virg. Glue me excufe good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now: She will but diflate our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinks she would: Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Prythee Virgilia turne thy solemnesse out a doore, And go along with vs.

Virg. No.

At a word Madam; Indeed I muet not, I with you much mirth.

Val. Well, then firewel.

Execute Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Soldiers, as before the City Cartilas: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes: A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horce to yours, no.

Mar. Tit's done.

Lart. Agreed.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mar. Say, ha’s our Generall met the Enemy?

M. Eff. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horfe is mine.

Mar. Ile buy him of you.

Lart No, Ile nor fel, nor give himt Lend you him I will For halle a hundred yeares, I Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off ile these Armies?

M. Eff. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we hear their Lurum, & they Ours.

Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke, That we with smaiking swords may march from hence To help our helde Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Coriolanus.

Tellius Auffidius, Is he within your Walles?

1. Seraf. No, no a man that fears you lefte then he, That’s leffer then a little: Drum a parley off.

Heare, our Drummes Are bringing forth our youth: Wee’l breake our Walles Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates.

Which yet feeme flat, we hawe but pit with Rudes, They’re open of themselves. Harke you, farre off

I Alarum farre off.

There is Auffidius. Lift what worke lie makes Amongst your choosen Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noiz be our incription. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Uiles.

Mar. They fear vs not, but ifisse forth their Cittie.

Now put your Shilds before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proofs then Shilds.

Advance brave Titus, They do dilaine vs much beyond our Thoughts, which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, Ile take him for a Vole, And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches Enter Martius Corfiny.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you, You Shame of Rome: you heard of Byles and Plagues Plaister you o’re, that you may be aborth’s Farther then feene, and one infect another Against the Winde a mile: you foules of Ceece, That heare the shapes of men, how hawe you run From Siauces, that Apes would beate; Flote and Hell, All hurt belinde, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued faire, mendi and charge home, Or by the fires of heauen, Ile lease the Foe, And make my Warres on you: Looke too’t: Come on, If you fhall faie, we’ll beate them to their Wives, As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to garth, and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds, Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them, Not for the flyers: Marke me, and doe the like. Enter the Guit.

1. Syl. Foole-hardiness, not I.

2. Syl. Nor I.

1. Syl. See they have shut him in. Alarum continues All. To the’pot I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius Tit. What is become of MArtius?

All. Staine (Sir) doublet.

1. Syl. Following the Flyern at the very heels, With them he enters: who ypon the sodaine Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone, To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who fealdy out-dares his fenceleffe Sword, And when it bowes, fland’t vp: Thou art left Martius, A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art Were not fo rich a Jewell. Thou wa’t a Soul’d Euen to Calues with, not fierce and terrible Oneely in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and The Thunder-like perculion of thy founds Thou mad’t thine enemies thake, as if the World Were Faeorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding assaulted by the Enemy.

1. Syl. Lookie Sir.

Lar. O tis Martius.

Let’s fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with shotles.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.


Alarum continues still a parley off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these moners, that do prize their hours At a crack’d Drachme: Cuhions, Leaden Spoones, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with thate wore them. These bafe flakes, Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them. And harke, what noyfe the General makes: To him There is the man of my foules hate, Auffidius, Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take Convenient Numbers to make good the City, Whill’t I with those that have the spirit, wil haie To helpe Comines.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed’t, Thy exercice hath bin too violent, For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praffe me not:

My worke hath yet not warm’d me. Fare you well:

The blood I drop, is rather Physycall Than dangerous to me: To Auffidius thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune, (and fight. Fall deep in loue with thec, and her great charmes Milguide thy Oppofer swords, Bold Gentleman: Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no leffe, Then thofe the placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou woorlief Martius,

Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place, Call eithther all the Officers at Th Towne, Where they shall know our mindes. Away.

Enter Comines as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, weel fought, we are come Like Romans, neither foolish in our handes, (off Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleue me Sirs, We shall be charg’d againe. Whiles we hawe strooke By Interims and concoueyng guths, we have heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods, Leade their succeses, as we with our owne, That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountering, May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy News?

Enter a Maffager.

Meff. The Citizens of Corioli have yflied, And gueen to Lartius and to Martius Battale:

aa 3
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinkes thou speakest not well. How long is't since?
Mef. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile,briefly we heard their drummes.
How could't thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy Newes fo late?

Mef. Spies of the Volites
Held me in chase, that I was force'd to wheel
Three or foure miles about, elsc had I fte
Halfe an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whofe yonder,
That don't appeare as he were Plead'D O Gods,
He has the laft of Martius, and I have
Before time fene him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fr0 a Taber,
More then he knowes the foun of Martins Tongue
From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. If, you come not in the blood of others,
But manified in your owne,

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as foun'd, as when I wo'd in heart,
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriours, how la't with Titus Martius?
Mar. As with a man bafeled about Decrees:
Condemning fome to deatth, and fome to exile,
Ransoming him, or pittyng, threatening th'other;
Holding Coriles in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaf,
To let him fly at will.

Com. Where is that Slace
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither,

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file,(a plaque-Tribunes for them)
The Mowes I'm thun'd the Cat,as they did budge
From Raflcs worfe then they.

Com. But how preuall'd you?

Mar. Will the time ferue to tell, I do not think:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords th' Field?
If not, why cafe you till you are fo?

Com. Martius, we hafe at difadvantage fought,
And did retyr to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w fide
They have plac'd their men of troufe?

Com. As I guiffe Martius,
Their Bands i' th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beft troufe: O're them Affidius,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do befech you,
By all the Battles wherein we hafe fought,
By th'Blood we have shed togethers,
By th'Vowes we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly fet me
Against Affidius, and his Antients,
And that you not delay the prefent (but
Filling the sire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We can waste this very hour.

Com. Though I could with,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of thofe
That beft cane aye your affion.

Mar. Thofe are they
That moft are willing; if any fuch be here,
(As it were finne to doubt) that lose this painting
Wherein you fee me fhew'd, if any feare
Leifem his perfon, then an ill report:
If any thinkes, brave death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deere him felfe,
Let him alone: Or fo many fo minded,
Wafe thus to exprefs his difpofition,
And follow Martius.

They all fhou'd arm, waue their fwordps, take him up in their
Armes, and caft up their Cafps.

Oh me alone, make you a fword of me:
If thefe fluemes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Voyle? None of you, but is
Able to beare againft the great Affidius
A Shield, as hard as his.

A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) mutt I felfe from all:
The reft shall beare the businesse in fome other figh
(As caufe will be obied:) pleafe you to March,
And foure fhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are bett inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowe:
Make good this olenation, and you fhall
Dvide in all, with vs.

Excult

Titus Martius, having get a guard upon Coriles, going with
Drunke and Trumpet toward Comment, and CAim Martius,
Enters with a Lieutenant, other Soulions, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue let them downe. If I do fend, dispatch
Thofe Centuries to your ayd, the reft will ferue
For a fhort holding, if we loofe the Field,
We cannot keep the Towne.

Lieu. Fear not our care Sir.

Lar. Hence, and shut your gates vp one's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campa conduced
Exit Alarums, as in Batallte.

Enter Martius and Affidius at furuer doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee,for I do hate thee
Worfe then a Promife-breaker.

Affid. We hate alike:
Not Affridus owns a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the firft Budge dye the others Slace,
And the Gods doome him after.

Aff. If I dye Martius, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within thefe three hours Tailus
Alone I fought in your Coriles wallis,
And made what worke I plea'd: Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou fleft me maske, for thy Renaunce
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheft.

Aff. Wou'd thou the Hiceter,
That was the whip of thy brag'd Progeny,
Thou fhould't not fcape me here.

Here they fight, and certaine Voices come in the ayde
of Affid. Martius fights till they be driven in breathes.

Officious, not wants, you have shou'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flouris. Alterum. A Retreat is founded. Enter at one Dorc Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Dorc Martius, with bis Armes to a Scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy sayes Worke, Thou't not beleue thy deeds: but I'll report it, Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great Patriarchs shall attend, and shew, I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribune, That with theuffle Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thank the Gods Our Rome hath such a Sounder. Yet can't thou to a Morfell of this Feaß, Hauling fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with bis Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh General: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld —

Martius. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Blood, When she do's praise me, grines me: I haue done as you have done, that's what I can, Induc'd as you have bee, that's for my Country: He that ha's but effected his good will, Hath ouer'tha mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your defearing, Rome must know the value of her owne: 'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft, No leffe then a Tradecum, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the fpire, and top of prayses vouch'd, Would ferme but modest: therefore I beleeu you, In figne of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Armie hear me. Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart To haue themselfes remembred.

Com. Should they not: Well might they suffer 'gainst Ingratitude, And tent themselues with death: of all the Horfes, Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field achierued, and Citie, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth, Before the common diftribution, At your own choyce.

Martius. I thank you General: But cannot make my heart content to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand vpon my common part with thoefe, That haue beheld the doing.

A long flouris. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Cens and Launche: Cominius and Lartius fland bare.

Mar. May these fame Instruments, which you prophane, Neuer found more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'Th'eld prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of self-fac'd botheing:
When Steele grows fo't, as the Pharisites Silke, Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres: No more I say, for that I haue not wath'd

My Nofe that bled, or fo'ly'd some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many elfe haue done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperholical, As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayes, as we'll with Lyons.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, then gratefull To vs, that glide you truly: by your patience, If 'gainst your felle you be incens'd, wee're put you (Like one that means his proper harme) in Masques, Then reason safely with you: therefor be it knowne, As to us, to all the world, That Caius Martius Wares this Warres Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I glue him, With all his trim belonging: and from this time, For what he did before Corbiles, call him, With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoeft.

Marcus Caius Corioli. Bear' th'addition Nobly ever?

Flouris. Trumpets found, and Drums.

Onens. Marcus Caius Corioli.

Martius. I will goe with:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceu
Whether I bluh, or no: howbeit, I thank you, I meant to Ride your Steed, and at all times To vnder-creft your good Addition, To the fairenest of my power.

Com. So, to our Ten.

Where ere we do repose vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Mulf to Corioli backe, send vs to Rome The helb, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Ag bound to begge of my Lord General.

Com. Tak't, tis yours: what it?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioli,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then Auffidius was within my view,
And Wrath o're-theleth'm'd my pitte: I request you
to give my poore Hoft freedome.

Com. Oh well beggd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, Titus.

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By capacet yeptot: I am wareye, yes, my memoria is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Vidage dryes, 'ts time
It should be lookt too: come. 

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bleeding, with two or three Scourdiots.

Auffi. The Townes is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition. Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volte, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'h part that is at mercy? But times, Martius,
I have fought with these: so often haft thou best me:
And would'st doe fo, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eate, By th'Elements, 
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard, 
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation 
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where 
I thought to crush him in an equal Force, 
True Sword to Sword: I let poch he at some way, 
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him. 

Soli. He's the duell. 
Aup. Bolder, though not so sublimey valor poison'd, 
With only full'ring flame by him: for him 
Shall fly out of itself, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary, 
Being naked, sick; nor Phane, nor Capitoll, 
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice: 
Embarcements all of Fury, shall lift vp 
Their rotten Prulledge, and Cuthome 'gainst 
My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it 
At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there 
Against the hopitable Canon, would I 
With my fierce hand in't heart. Go you to th'Citie, 
Learn in this, held, and what they are that must 
Be Hottages for Rome. 

Soli. Will not you go? 
Ap. If I am attended at the Cyprus grous. I pray you 
('Tis South the City Mills') bring me word thither 
How the world goe': that to the pace of it 
I may proue on my journey. 

Soli. I shall fir. 

Actus Secundus. 

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & 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. 

Sici. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends. 

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love? 

Sici. The Lambe. 

Men. I, to deouer him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martius. 

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that bees 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. He's poore in no one fault, but flore'd withall. 

Sici. Epesically in Pride. 

Bru. And topping all others in boating. 

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured here in the City, I mean of vs all th'right hand File, do you? 

Bru. Why? how were we censur'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 thereof 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 wonderous finge: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour survei of your good felices. Oh that you could. 

Bru. What then sir? 

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vm-meriting, proud, violent, tetti Magistrates (alias Foolies) as any in Rome. 

Sici. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too. 

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patrician, and one that louses a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring them in an Affie, hard and Thorough you upon the trubill motion: One, that couerfies more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I vter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Liburnifacis,) if the drinke you give me, touch my Pa- lat adueritly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worthippes have deliu'd the matter well, when I finde the Affie in compound, with the Maior part of your fyllables. And though I must be contente to beare with thofe, that lay you are reuerend grue men, yet they yle deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, follows it that I am knowne well enoufgh too? What harme can your bestome Consequietties gliese out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well eufrough too? 

Bru. Come fir come, we know you well enough. 

Men. You know neither mee, your felues, nor any thing you are amibrous, for poor knaues cappes and legges: you ware out a good wholefome Forenoone, in hearing a caui betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfetter, and then returne the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you channce to bee pinch'd with the Collick, you make faces like Mummers, fet vp the bloody Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismiife the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones. 

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderfood to bee a perficter gyber for the Table, then a necessari Bencher in the Capitol. 

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake beft vnto the purpose. It is not worth the waggings of your Beards, and your Beards deferue not so honourable a grace, as to stufse a Botchers Cohin, or to be intomb'd in an Affie Packe-faddle; yet you must bee saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape effimation, is worth all your predeceffors, since Descallion, though per- aduenture some of the beft fom were hereditarie hang- men. Godden to your Worthipres, more of your conser- vation would infect my Braine, being the Hearldifmen of the Befity Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. 

Bru. and Sic. 

Aside. 

Enter.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon was three Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes to fast?

Volum. Honorable Memenius, my Boy Martius approaches: for the loue of Luno let's goe.

Memen. Ha? Martius comming home?

Volum. I, worthy Memenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Memen. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thank thee: hoo, Martius comming home?


Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Memen. I will make my very house reele to night.

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certeine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Memen. A Letter for me? it givens me an Estrate of fe-uen yeares old; in which time, I will make a Hole at the Physician. The most soueraine Prescriftion in Galen, is but Emperick quicke; and to this Preferuatie, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no no no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Memen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: it brings a Victorie in his Pocket the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browses: Memenius, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Memen. Ha! he discipil'd Auffidius foundly?

Volum. Titus Larus writes, they fought together, but Auffidius got off.

Memen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that; and he had that by him, I would not have been so faddious'd, for all the Chuds in Cariles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate pooff of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein he givens my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Virgil. In roth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Memen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True! Ile be fmove they are true; where is hee wounded, God faue your good Worships? Martius is comming home: hee ha's more caufe to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith shoulder, and ith'left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of Tarquin feuen hurts ith' Body.

Memen. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie five Wounds upon him.

Memen. Now it'stwente feuen; every gash was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets. A showe, and flourish.

Volum. There are the Vipers of Martius: Before him, hee carres Nobly; And behind him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that darke Spirits, in'n nere Arme doth lye, Which being advance'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Senner. Trumpets sound.

Enter Commodus the Generall, and Titus Latinus; be- tween them Coriolanus, crowned with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight Within Coriolo's Gates: where he hath wonne, With Fame, a Name to Martius Caius; Their in honor follows Martius Caius Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Kneels.

Volum. Nay, my good Soulard, vp:

My gentle Martius, worthy Caius,

And by deed-achieving Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Coriol. My gracious silence, hayle:

Would't thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,

That weep't to see me triumph? Ah my dear,

Such eyes the Widows in Cariles were,

And Mothers that lacke Sonses.


Com. And fixe you yet! Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome homeward and welcome Generall,

And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weep, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

A Carie begin at very root on't heart,

That is not glad to see thee.

Yon are three, that Rome should dot on:

Yet by the faith of men, we have

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Kailith.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of foole, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Memenius, euer, euer,

Herald. Glue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne houle I doe shade my Head,

The good Patricians must be visitid,

From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I have liued,

To fee inherited my very Wilhes,

And the Buildings of my Fancre:

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will call upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their feruant in my way,

Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

Flourish, Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before. Enter
Enter Brutus and Scitius.

Brut. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights Are speculatively to see him. Your prattling Nurse Into a rapture lets her Baby cry, While she chat him: the Kitchin Malkie pinces Her richest Lockram bout her recchee necke, Clambring the Walls to eye him! Stella, Bulkis, Windowes, are smother'd vp, Leads fill'd, and Ridges horse'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earneftneffe to see him: feld-showe Flamins Doe preffe among the popular Thronge, and pufe To winne a vulgar station: our voy'd Dames Commit the Warre of White and Damaske In their nicely gawde Cheekes, toth wantyon foyle Of Phenous burning Kisses: such a poother, As if that whatsoever God, who leads him, Were flyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him gracefull pittance.

Scit. On the suddaine, I warrant him Confull.

Brut. Then our Office may, during his power, goe fliepe.

Scit. He cannot temp ratey transport his Honors, From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose thefe he hath wonne.

Brut. In that there's comfort.

Scit. Doubt not, The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least caufe, these his new Honors, Which that he will give them, make I as little question, As he is proud to do't.

Brut. I heard him swear, Were he to stand for Confull, never would he Appear 7th Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vufure of Humilitie, Nor shewing(as the manner is)his Wounds Toth’ People, begge their flinking Breaths.

Scit. 'Tis right.

Brut. It was his word: Oh he would milke it, rather then carry it, But by the fuite of the Gentry to him, And the defire of the Nobles.

Scit. I with no better, then have him hold that purpce, and to put it in execution.

Brut. 'Tis most like he will.

Scit. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure defeuction.

Brut. So it must fall out To him, or our Authorities, for an end.

We must degge the People, in what hatred He still hath held them: that to's power he would Haue made them Males, fen'cd their Pleaders, And diaproporitied their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Action, and Capacite, Of no more Soule, nor finneffe for the World, Then Camels in their Warre, who have their Pround Only for hearing Barthens, and fore blowes For finkng vnder them.

Scit. This(as you fay) suggested, At some time, when his fearing Indolence Shall teach the People, which time fhall not want, If he be put vpon't, and that's as cafe, As to fet Dogges on Sheepes, will be his fire To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Minifter.

Brut. What's the matter?

Min. You are fent for to the Capitoll: "Tis thought, that Mærtius shall be Confull: I have feene the dumbe men throng to fee him, And the blind to hear him speak'Matrons fong Glones, Ladies and Maid's their Scarfes, and Handkerchers, Vpon him as he pa'd: the Nobles bended As to lower Statute, and the Commons made A Shower, and Thunder, with their Capes, and Showts: I neuer faw the like.

Brut. Let's to the Capitoll, And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th'time, But Hearts for the event.

Scit. Have with you. Exit.

Enter two Officers, to lay Caffions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Confuillips?

2. Off. Three, they fay: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriïanus will carry it.

1. Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance proud, and loues not the common people.

2. Off. 'Faith, there hath bene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they have loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they loue them not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriïanus neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifest the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his No ble carelesneffe lets them plainly fee't.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waue indifferent;y, 'twist doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee feeke's their hate with greater devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing vndone, that may fully discouer him their oppofite. Now to feme to affed the mallice, and difpleasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. Off. Hee hath deferved worthy of his Country, and his affent is not by fuch eafe degrees as whofe, who hauing the people fppeare and courteous to the People, Bon netted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath fo plantet his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be filent, and not confii⼉g fo much, were a kind of ingrateful Injuri: to report otherwife, were a Mallice, that guing it felde the Lyce, would plaçte reproofs and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Swene. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Letters before them: Coriïanmus, Mene nius, Cominius the Conful: Scitius and Brutus take their places by themfelues: Coriï anus flandes.

Mene. Hauing determined of the Voles, And to fend for Titus Latinus: it remains, As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
Thus stond for his Country. Therefore pleafe you,
Moff reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The prefent Conflall, and laft Generall,
In our well-found Successe, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By <Marinus Caius Coriolanus: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himfelfe.

1. Senat. Speak, good Cominius:
Leafe nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our fates defugue for requifite,
Then we to ftretch it out. Matters a' th People,
We doe requifte your kindeft cares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paffed here.

Sciui. We are concemned upon a pleafing Treftie, and
have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee fhall be bleft to doe, if
he renowne the value of the People, then he hath
ereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been
silent! Pleafe you to heare Cominius fpake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you glue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie Cominius fpake.

Coriolanus rife, and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

Senat. Sir Coriolanus: neuer fame to heare
What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather have my Wounds to heale again,
Then hearre how fay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet off,
When blowes have made mee flay, I fled from words.
You footh'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I love them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now fit downe.

Coriol. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarum were brutcke, then idly fit
To heare my Notings monfter'd.

Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Matters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouland to one good one, when you now fee
Thee Europe foone to tume to Ruine, for Comnocor,
Then on eares to hearre it. Proceed Cominius.

Com. I fhall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolagus
Should not be vitter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the cheifleft Virtue,
And moft dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I fpake of, cannot in the World
Be finely counter-poy'd: at fixteen yeeres,
When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, faw him fight,
When his Amazons Shrine he drove
The brizled Lippes before him: he befrid
An o're-preft Roman, and i'th'Confules view
Slew three Opponers: Tarquins felle he met,
And flrucke him on his Knee: in that fayne foates,
When he might ad the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beft man i'th'field, and for his need
Was Brow-bound with the Oake: His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of feventeen Battales since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this left,
Before, and in Coriolas, let me fay
I cannot fpeak him better: he flect the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into fpirit: as Weeds before
A Veffel vnder faye, fo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths flampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, wholey every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted
With flanfelle definie: aydeffe came off,
And with a hidden re-inforcement flrucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie fence: then ftrait his doubled fpirit
Requickned what in fleep was fatigate,
And to the Battale came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the flum of men, as if twere
A perpetuall fpyole: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer flood
To eafe his Britt with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meafeure fit the Honors
which we defeife him.

Com. Our fpyoles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he countes leffe
Then Militer it felle would glue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. 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 Conflall.

Coriol. I doe owe them fyll my Life, and Service.

Menen. It then remains, that you doe speake to the People.

Coriol. I doe befeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cutforme: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, fliod naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds like, to give their fuffrage:
Pleafe you that I may paife this doing.

Sciui. Sir, the People muft have their Voyces,
Neyther will they hate one lot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuffome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honor with your forme.

Coriol. It is a part that I fhall blufh in aiting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Markke you that.

Coriol. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vnaking Skarres, which I fhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only.

Menen. Doe not breake vpon:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpofe to them, and to our Noble Conflall
With we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat. To
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Senet. To Coriolanus come all joy and Honor.
Florij. Cornet.
Then Exeunt. Minet Scincius and Brutus.
Brut. You see how he intends to vie the people.
Scin. May they perceive his intent? he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to glue.
Senet. Come, we'll informe them
Of our proceedings here on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, woe ought not to deny him.
2 Cit. We may Sir if we will.
3 Cit. We have power in our felues to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our ton-
gues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble ac-
ception of them. Ingratitude is monftrous, and for the
multitude to be ingratefull, was to make a Moniter of the
multitude; of which, we being members, should
bring our felues to be monftrous members.
1 Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helps will ferue: for once we stood vp about the Corne,
he himfelfe fuckle not to call vs the many-headed Mul-
titude.
3 Cit. We have bene call'd fo of many, not that our
heads are fome browne, fome blacke, fome Abram, fome bald;
but that our wits are fo diuirtly Coulourd; and truf-
ty I thinke, if all our wifes were to fille out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
tent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compass.
2 Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you judge my
wit would flye.
3 Cit. Nay your wit will not so fonce out as another
mans will, 'ts ftrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head : but
if it were at liberty, 'twould fure Southward.
2 Cit. Why that way?
3 Cit. To looke it fide in a Fogg, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Confiance fake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.
2 Cit. You are neuer without your tricks, you may,
you may.
3 Cit. Are you all refolu'd to give your voyces? But
that's not enough, the greates part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was never a worthier
man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with
Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gowne of humilitie, mark the
behaviour: we are not to fay altogether, but to come
by him where he flands, by one, by twoes, & by threes.
He's to make his requells by particulars, wherein euery
one of vs ha's a fingle Honor, in giuing him our own vo-
ces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and he
direft you how you fhall goe by him.

Men. Oh Sir,you are not rightheau you are not known.
The worthieft men have done't?
Cori. What muft I fay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpnot, I cannot bring
My tongue to fuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countrie Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roat'd, and rannie
From th'nofic of our owne Drummes.
Men. Oh me the Gods,you muft not fpake of that,
You muft refire them to thinke vpon you.
Cori. Thinke vpon me! Hang'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Duines lade by em.
Men. You'll marre all,
He leave you? Pray you fpake to em, I pray you
In whatfome manner.

Exit.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Cori. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keep their teeth cleane; So,here cometh a brace,
You know the caufe (Sir) of my flanding here.
3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.
Cori. Mine owne defire.
2 Cit. Your owne defire.
Cori. 1, but mine owne defire.
3 Cit. How not your owne defire?
Cori. No Sir, 'twas never my defire yet to trouble the
poore with begging.
3 Cit. You muft thinke if we glue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you.
Cori. Well then I pray,your price a'th'Consulhip.
1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.
Cori. Kindly fir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds
to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: you your
good voice Sir, what fay you?
2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.
Cori. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voyces
begg'd I have your Almes, Aideu.
3 Cit. But this is something odde.
2 Cit. And twere to glue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizen.

Cori. Pray you now, if it may fland with the tune
of your voices, that I may bee Conful, I have here the
Culomnic Gowne.
1. You have deferued Nobly of your Countrie, and
you have not deferued Nobly.
Cori. Your Aenigma.
2. You have bin a fouenge to her enemies, you have
bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indece loued the
Common people.
Cori. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that I have not bin common in my Loue, I will fir fatter
my fworne Brother the people to earne a decreer eftima-
tion of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & fince
the wichdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will practive the ininfaming nod, and be
off to them moft counterfettly, that is fir, I will counter-
fit the bewitchment of fome popular man, and glue it
bountifull to the defiers: Therefore befeech you, I may
be Conful.
2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
give you our voices heartily.
1. You have recewed many wounds for your Coun-
trey.
Cori. I will not Seale your knowledge with fhwewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and fo trouble
you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.
Cori. Most sweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to Proue,
Then craue the higher, which firft we do deffire.
Why in this Woolsiath tongue shou'd I fland here,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their
Their needlefs Vouches: Culfome calls me too't.
What Culfome wills in all things, should we doo't?
'The Duft on antique Time would lye vswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly hearted,
For Truth to e're-pere, Rather then Soil it fo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffer'th, the other will I doe.
Enter three Citizens more.
Here come more Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battales thricfe fix
I have seen, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Have done many things, some left, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.
1.Cit. Hee ha's done Noble, and cannot goe without
any honest man Voyce.
2.Cit. Therefore let him be Confull: the Gods give
him loye, and make him good friend to the People.
All. Amen, Amen, God faue thee, Noble Confoll.
Coris. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Mementus, with Brutus and Scicius.
Menc. You have fluid your Limitation:
And the Tribunes eund you with the Peoples Voyces,
Remains, that in th'Official Markes inuoked,
You anon doe meet the Senate.
Coris. Is this done?
Scici. The Culfome of Request you have dicharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.
Coris. Where? at the Senate-house?
Scici. There, Corollans.
Coris. May I change these Garments?
Scici. You may, Sir.
Coris. That I might do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-houfe.
Menc. Ilke keepes you company. Will you along?
Brut. We stay here for the People.
Scici. Fare you well.
Envoys Coriol. and Mencus.
He ha's it now: and by his Looks, me thinkes,
"Tis warme at's heart.
Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismifie the People?
Enter the Plebeians.
Scici. How now, my Matters, have you chose this man?
1.Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.
Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deferue your loues.
2.Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.
3.Cit. Certainly, he bow'd vs downe-right.
1.Cit. No, to his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.
2.Cit. Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes
He was vs scornfully: he should have shew'd vs
His Marks of Merity, Wounds receeu'd for' Country.
Scici. Why fo he did, I am sure.
All. No, no, no man w'em.
3.Cit. Hee saide hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in fcorne,
I would be Confull, fayes he: aged Culfome,
But by your Voyces, will not fo permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces:now you have left your Voyces,
I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?
Scici. Why eyther were you ignorant to fee't?
Or fee'reg it, of such Childish friendship,
To yeold your Voyces?
Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were leffon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie servant to the State,
He was your Enemy, euer fpake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
To the Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and fway o'th' State,
If he should fill malignantly remaine
Falt Foe toth' Plebeis, your Voyces might
Be Curfis to your felues. You should haue saide,
That as his worthy deeds did clayne no leffe
Then what he ftood fo to his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And tranfalte his Maitlce towards you, into Lour,
Standing your friendly Lord.
Scici. Thus to have.
As you were fore-adul'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promif, which you might
As caufe had call'd you vp, haue haeld him to;
Or elke it would have gaff'd his farty nature,
Which eaily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, fo putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,
And paft'd him vnneckled.
Brut. Did you percieve,
He did follicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be bruizing to you,
When he hath power to cruft? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Restor'd of Judgement?
Scici. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not ake, but mock,
Beftow your fu'-for Tongues?
3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2.Cit. And will deny him:
He haue fuen hundred Voyces of that found.
1.Cit. I twice fuen hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.
Brut. Get you hence infantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Confull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dugges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.:
Scici. Let them allimbleand on a faver Judgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: befores, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his but he scorn'd you but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Servuces, tooke from you
Th'apprehension of his prefent portance,
Which most gibingly, vngracefull, he did fufion
After the inuteater Hate he beares you.
Brut. Lay a fault upon you, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must caft your Election on him.
Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandement,
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 make you against the graine
To Voyce him Confull. Lay the fault on vs.
Brut. If, pare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you, how yougely he began to serve his Country, how long continued, and what Rock he springs of, The Noble House, o'th' Martians: from whence came That Arcus Martius, Names Daughters Sons; Who after great Hystilis here was King, Of the same Houfe Poblius and Quintus were, That our bel Water, brought by Conduits hither, And Nobly nam'd, to twice being Senfor, Was his great Ancestor.

Seicin. One thus defended, That hath befide well in his perfon wrought, To be fet high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Skalings his prefent bearing with his palt, That here's your fixed enemy, and resolve Your fuddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't, (Harpe on that thill) but by our putting on: And prefently, when you have drawn your number, Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will fo: almost all repent in their election. Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard, Then flay pail doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fell in rage With their refuall, both offence and anfwer The vantage of his anger.

Seicin. Toth' Capitoll, come: We will be there before the freime o'th' People: And this flall feeme, as partly 'ts, their owne, Which we have guided onward. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latinus, and other Senators.

Cori. Talibus Auffidius then had made new head. Latinus. He had, my Lord, and that it was which cas'd our Plprinter Compoftion.

Cori. So then the Volces fland but as at first, Readie when time flall prompt them, to make roade Upon't again.

Com. They are worne (Lord Comfull) fo, That we shall hardly in our ages fee Their Banners waue again.

Cori. Saw you Auffidius?

Latinus. On Lifeguard he came to me, and did curfe Against the Volces, for they had fo vildly Yelled the Towne: he is retreyd to Antium.

Cori. S poke he of me?

Latinus. He did, my Lord.

Cori. How? what?

Latinus. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things upon the Earth, he hated Your perfon most: That he would pamne his fortunes To hopeiffe reftitution, fo he might Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Cori. At Antium liues he?

Latinus. At Antium.

Cori. I wish I had a caufe to feeke him there, To oppofe his hatred fully. Welcome home. Enter Scicinus and Bruttus.

Rebold, there are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do defpite them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicin. Paffe no further.

Cori. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.

Cori. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paif'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Cori. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he flall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incend'd against him.

Seicin. Stop, or all will fall in brolye.

Cori. Are thefe your Hear'd?

Mutl thefe haue Voyces, that can yeild them now, And打折 declar their tongue? what are your Offices? You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth? Have you not fet them on?

Mene. Be calm, be calm.

Cori. It is a purpof'd thing, and grownes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:

Suffer, and live with fuch as cannot rule, Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. CalT not a Plot: The People cry you mokeft them: and of late, When Corne was giuen them grate, you repin'd; Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleafer, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

Cori. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Cori. Have you inform'd them fithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe fuch businesse.

Brut. No not unlike each way to better yours.

Cori. Why then should I be Comfull? by yond Clouds Let me defende fo ill as you, and make me Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You shew too much of that, For which the People firfe: if you paffe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, Or neuer be fo Noble as a Comfull, Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd: fet on this paftling Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus

Defuer'd this fo dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely I' th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Cori. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech, And I will speake't again.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cori. Now as I flue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutuable rankes-fente Maynies,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter, And therein bold them felves: I lay again, In foothering them, we nourish 'gainft our Senate The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition, Which we our felves have plowed for, fow'd, & fattered, By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number, Who lack not Vertue, nor, nor Power, but that Which they have giuen to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we befeech you.

Cori. How? no more?
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels Which we disdain'd should Tetter vs, yet wait The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak a'th'people, as if you were a God, To punish; Not a man, of their Infamy.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller! Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Iose, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison Where it is: not poynon any further.

Corin. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Trition of the Minions? Marke you His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians:why
You gaue, but wreakefull Senators, haue you thus Given Hidra here to choo[e an Officer, That with his peremptory Shall, being but The homed, and not the Master, lets not spirit To sly, hee't turne your Current in a ditch, And make your Channel his? If he haue power, Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake Your dangerous Lenity: If you be Learn'd, Be not as common Poodles; if you are not, Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians, If they be Senators: and they are no leeffe, When both your voices blended, the great't taste Moft palleth theirs. They choose their Magistrate, And such a one as he, who puts his Shall, His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench Then ever frownd in Greece. By Iose himselfe, It makes the Confus safe; and my Soule akes To know, when two Authorities are vp, Neither Supreme; How fooone Confusion May enter, twixt the gap of Both, and take The one by th'othe.

Com. Well, on'th'Market place.

Corin. Who euer gau[e that Counsell, to glu[e forth The Com a'th'Store-houfe gratis, as 'twas vs'd Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute pow[e I say they norlith difobediences fed, the ruin of the State. 

Bru. Why shall the people give One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Cor. He gleue my Reasons,
More worshirr then their Voyces. They know the Comre Was not our recompence, refing well affair'd They ne're did seruice for't; being pref't th'o' Warre, Even when the Nauell of the State was touch'd, They would not thrue the Gates: This Kinde of Service Did not defuer Corre gratis. Being i'th'Warre, Those Mutinies and Reuels, wherein they show'd Moft Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusatyon Which they have often made against the Senate, All caufe vnborne, could neuer be the Nature Of our fo franke Donation. Well, what then? How shal this Bofome-multiplied, digeft The Senators Courtfe[e? Let deeds exprefse What's like to be their words. We did requite it, We are the greater pole, and in true feare They gaine vs our demands. Thus we deafe The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with our meaure.

Corin. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane, Scale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's disdain'd with cafe, the other Inuft without all reason; where Gentry, Title, wisdom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of generall Ignorance, it must omit Recall Necessities, and glue way the while To nottable Slightneffe. Purpoze fo bar'd, it follows, Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beleef you, You that will be leefe fearfull, then discreet, That loute the Fundamentill part of State More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre A Noble life, before a Long, and With, To rumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyfickke, That's fure of death without it: at once plucke out The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not like The sweet which is their poynon. Your difhonor Mangles true judgement, and breaues the State Of that Integrity which shou'd becom't: Not hauing the power to do the good it would For th'ill which doth controul't.

Bru. Has faid enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shal answer As Traitors do.

Corin. Thou wretch, deflight ore-whelme thee :

What should the people do with thefe said Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience faileth To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:

When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law, Then were they choien: in a better howre,

Let what is meet, be faide it must be meet,
And throw their power th'o'uff.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Confu[? No.

Enter an ædile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Go call the people, in whole name my Seife Attach thee as a Traitorous Innocuator: A Foe to'th'publike Weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corin. Hence old Goat.

Ali. We're Surety him.

Com. Ag'd fir, hands off.

Corin. Hence rotten thing, or I shall flake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.


Enter a raddle of Plebeians with the ædiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Here's hee, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him ædile.

Ali. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bufle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinins, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.


Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath, Confusions neere, I can not speake, You, Tribunes

To'th'people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinins.

Bb 2 Sicin.
**The Tragedie of Coriolanus**

_Sci._ Hear me, People peace.

_All._ Let's here our Tribune: peace, speakes, speake, speake.

_Sci._ You are at point to loose your Liberties: Martius would have all from you, Martius, Whom late you have nam'd for Consull.

_Mene._ Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

_Sci._ To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat. What is the City, but the People? All. True, the People are the City.

_Brut._ By the content of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

_All._ You fo remaine.

_Mene._ And fo are like to doe.

_Com._ That is the way to lay the City flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet diftidly raungeth In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

_Sci._ This deferves Death.

_Or._ Let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce, Upon the part o' th' People, in whose power We were eccled thiers, Martius is worthy

_of preuent Death._

_Sci._ Therefore lay hold of him: Bear him to his Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruution call him.

_Brut._ Adiles feize him.

_All._ Yeeld Martius, yeeld.

_Mene._ Hear ye one word, beseech you Tribunes, hear me but a word.

_AEdiles._ Peace, peace.

_Mene._ Be that ye feeme, truly your Countries friends, And temp'rate proceed to what you would Thus violently redrefse.

_Brut._ Sir, those cold wayes, That feeme like prudent helps, are very poyfonous, Where the Difcafe is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock. Corio. draws his Sword.

_Corio._ No, I die here: There's some amonc you have beheld me fightting, Come trye vpon your felues, what you have feene me.

_Mene._ Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

_Brut._ Lay hands vpon him.

_Mene._ Helpe Martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

_All._ Downe with him, downe with him. _Exeunt._

_In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and the People are beat in._

_Mene._ Goe, get you to our Houfe: be gone, away, All will be naught elie.

_2. Sena._ Get you gone.

_Com._ Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

_Mene._ Shall it be put to that?

_Sena._ The Gods forbid:

_I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houfe, Leave vs to cure this Case._

_Mene._ For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your felfe: be gone, befeech you.

_Corio._ Come Sirs, along with vs.

_Mene._ I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though called i'th' Porch o' th' Capitoll: Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

_Corio._ On faire ground, I could beat forte of them.

_Mene._ I could my felfe take vp a Brace of' th' beft of them, yet the two Tribunes.

_Cor._ But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it flands Against a falling Fabrick, Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whole Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-reale.

_What they are v'd to beare._

_Mene._ Pray you be gone:

_Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request With thofe that have but little: this must be patcht With Cloth of any Colour._

_Cor._ Nay, come away._

_Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius._

_Patri._ This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

_Mene._ His nature is too noble for the World:

_He would not chatter Neptune for his Trindt, Or Love, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:_

_What his Bred forgets, that his Fortune mutt vent, And being angry, does forget that ever He heard the Name of Death. A Noise within._

_Here's goodly worke._

_Patri._ I would they were in Tyber.

_Mene._ I would they were in Tyber.

_What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire? Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe._

_Sicin._ Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself._

_Mene._ You worthy Tribunes.

_Sicin._ He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath refifted Law, And therefore Law shall confume him further Triall Then the feeurity of the publicke Power, Which he fo late at naught.

_1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands._

_All._ He shall fare ont.

_Mene._ Sir, fir.

_Sicin._ Peace.

_2Cit._ Do not cry haucoc, where thou holdest but hunt With modest warrant._

_Mene._ Sicin. You were Indifferent when I came, I turne I hope you have not that you have hople To make this refuge?_ 

_Mene._ Here he speake? As I do know The Confuls worthwhiles, so can I name his Faults._

_Sicin._ Confult? what Confult?_ 

_Mene._ The Confult Coriolanus._

_Brut._ He Confult.

_All._ No, no, no, no, no, no.

_Mene._ If by the Tribunes leave, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which shall turne you to no further harme, Then so much loffe of time.

_Sic._ Speake brefely then, For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor, to cleach him hence Were but one danger, and to kepe him here Our certaine death therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

_Mene._ Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whole gratefull Tenderness her deareted Children, is enroll'd.

_In Rowe, Sirs, Beakes, like an un unnaturall Dam Should now cate vs over own._
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Meme. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortally, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loft
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Country,
Were to vs all that don't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane Kame.

Brut. Meerely away:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Meme. The servise of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then repli{ed
For what before it was.

Brut. We'll hear no more:
Purse him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Leaft his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.

Meme. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of vnscan'd without, will (too late)
Tye Leaders poud too's heels. Proceed by Procede,
Leaft parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And tace great Rome with Romans.

Brut. If It were so ?
Sicin. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his Obligence?
Our Ediles imot: our selves relifted: come.

Meme. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-schoold
In bouded Language: Measle and Bran together
He throwes without distin{ion. Give me leave,
He go to him, and vnder{ake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall ans{er by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vertue peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble Menners, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maffers, lay downe your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: we'ell attend you there:
Where if you bring not Maritius, we'ell proceede
In our first way.
Meme. He bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him. Exeunt Omnnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.
Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, pret{ent me
Death on the Wheel, or at wilde Horfes heele,
Or plie ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rockes,
That the precipitation might dome frett
Below the beame of light; yet will I fill
Be thus to them. Enter Volumnius.

Noble. You do the Noble.
Corio. I mufe my Mother
Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vaffailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare healls
In Congregations, to yawne, be fillie, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance flood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you with me milder? Would you haue me
Falle to my Nature? Rather fay, I play
The man I am.
Volumn. Oh sir, sir, sir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had wore it out.

Corio. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
With drinking liffe to be so: Letter had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were disposed'd
Ere they lack'd power to croffe you.

Corio. Let them hang.
Volumn. I, and burne too.

Exeunt Menners with the Senators.

Meme. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, somthing too rough: you muft returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleffe by not f'o doing, our good Cite.
Cleawe in the midd'ly, and perfe.

Volumn. Pray be counciff'd ;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads my vfe of Anger
To better vantage.
Meme. Well sayd, Noble woman:
Before he should thus floope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit ath' time caues it at Phyllicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can fearfully bear.

Corio. What muft I do ?
Meme. Returne to th' Tribune.

Corio. Well, what then?what then?

Meme. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muft I then doo't to them?

Volumn. You are too absolue,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremeties spake. I have heard you fay,
Honor and Policy, like vnfeuer'd Friends,
Fth'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looke,
That they combine not there ?

Corio. Tuf't, tuf't.

Meme. A good demand.

Volumn. If it be Honor in your Warres, to feme
The fame you are not, which for your beft ends
You adopt your policy: How is it left or worfe,
That it shall hold Companionfhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like requet.

Corio. Why force you this ?

Volumn. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne Instruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart promptly, you, but with fuch words
That are but rooted in your Tongue;
Though but Baffards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your beomes truth.
Now, this no more dilhonor you at 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 dissemble with your Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at flake, require'd
I should do fo in Honor. I am in this

b b 3 Your
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, 
And you, will rather shew our general Love, 
How you can frown, then spend a fawne upon him, 
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard 
Of what that want might ruine. 

**Com.** Noble Lady, 
Come goe with vs, speake faire; you may alwey so, 
Not what is dangerous preuent, but the loffe 
Of what is past. 

**Volum.** I pay thee now, my Sonne, 
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, 
And thus faire hauing fretchte it (here be with them) 
Thy Knee buffling the fones: for in fuch bufineffe 
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant

More learned then the cares, waulling thy head, 
Which often thus correcting thy Ruff heart, 
Now humble as the ripeft Mulberry, 
That will not hold the handling: or fay to them, 
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles, 
Haf the not the fawt way, which thou don't confende 
Were fit for thee to be what they make thee. 
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame 
Thy felte (forthof) hereafter theirs fo farre, 
As thou haft power and perfon. 

**Menen.** This but done, 
Even as the fpeakes, why their hearts were yours: 
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free, 
As words to little purpofe. 

**Volum.** Prythee now, 
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadft rather 
Follow thine Enemy in a ferie Guile, 
Then flatter him in a Bower. 

**Enter Cominius.** 

Here is Cominius. 

**Com.** I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit 
You make strong partie, or defend your felfe 
By calmeneffe, or by abfence: all's in anger. 

**Menen.** Oney faire speech. 

**Com.** I thinke 'twill ferue, if he can thereto frame his 
spirit. 

**Volum.** He muft, and will: 

Prythee now fay you will, and goe about it. 

**Caro.** Muft I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce? 

Muff I with my fad Tongue glue to my Noble Heart 
A Lyre, that it muft heare well? I will do'nt. 

Yet were there but this finge Ploft, to loofe 
This Mould of Martyrs, they to duft shoulde grinde it, 
And throw't againft the Winde. Toth' Market place: 
You haue put me now to fuch a part, which neuer 
I fhall difcharge to oth' Life. 

**Com.** Come, come, wee'le prompt you. 

**Volum.** I prythee now fweet Son, as thou haft faid 
My praifes made thee firit a Souldier; fo 
To haue my praife for this, perforne a part 
Thou haft not done before. 

**Caro.** Well, I muft do'nt. 

Away my difpoftion, and poffeffe me 
Some Harlots fpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd, 
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe, 
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce 
That Babies fall a-bepte: The smiles of Knaves 
Tent in my cheeks, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp 
The Glaffes of my fight: A Beggar Tongue 

Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees 
Who bow'd but in my Strop, bend like his 
Th' Noon, all his receipts; And Alm's. I will not do'nt, 
Leafe I furceafe to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies aotion, teach my Minde 
A moft inhernt Bafennefe, 

**Volum.** At thy choice then: 

To begge of thee, it is my more dif-honor, 
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let 
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare 
Thy dangerous Stoutneffe: for I mocke at death 
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift, 
Thy Valiantneffe was mine, thou fuck'd it from me: 
But owe thy Pride thy felfe. 

**Caro.** Pray be content: 

Mother, I am going to the Market place: 

Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues, 
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd 
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going: 
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Confiail, 
Or neuer truft to what my Tongue can do 
I'th way of Flattery further. 

**Volum.** Do your will. 

**Exit Volumnia.** 

**Com.** Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your felf 
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd 
With Accufations, as I heare more ftrong 
Then are upon you yet. 

**Caro.** The word is, Mildly. Pray you let vs go, 
Let them acufe me by inventioun: I'll 
Will anfwer in mine Honor. 

**Menen.** I, but mildly. 

**Caro.** Well mildly be it then, Mildly. 

**Exeunt.** 

**Enter Scenius and Brutus.** 

**Brun.** In this point charge him home, that he affects 
Tyrannicall power: if he evade vs there, 
Informe him with his ennuy to the people, 
And that the Spole got on the Antients 
Was ne're diiibuted. What, will he come? 

**Enter an Edile.** 

**Edile.** Hoe's comming. 

**Brun.** How accompanied? 

**Edile.** With old Memmius, and thofe Senators 
That alwayes favour'd him. 

**Sicini.** Have you a Catalogue 
Of all the Voices that we have procu'rd, let downe by'th 
**Edile.** I have; 'tis ready. 

**Sicini.** Have you collected them by Tribes? 

**Edile.** I haue. 

**Sicini.** Arrange prefently the people hither: 

And when they haue me lay, it shall be fo, 
I'th'right and strength a' th'Commons: be it either 
For death, for fine, or Banifhment, then let them 
If I lay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death, 
Inflicting on the olde preroguitive 
And power 'th Truth a' th'Caufe. 

**Edile.** I shall informe them. 

**Brun.** And when firch time they haue begun to cry, 
Let them not ceafe, but with a dinne confud 
Informe the prefent Execution 
Of what we chauce to Sentence. 

**Edile.** Very well. 

**Sicini.** Make them be frong, and ready for this hint 
When we shall hap to gla'th them. 

**Brun.** Go about it, 

Put him to Choller fraise, he hath bene vs'd 
Ever to conquer, and to haue his worth 
Of contradicit: Being once chauf, he cannot 
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he spakes 

That's
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius with soldiers.

Sein. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Cor. I, as an Hollfer, that fourth poorest peace
Will bear the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Gods

Keep a Rome in Safety, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs
Through our large Temples with ye sheaves of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen.

Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sein. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Cor. First hear me speake.

Th'Edil. Well, say: Peace ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present? Must all determine beare?

Sein. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd upon you.

Cor. I am Content.

Men. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Servuce he ha's done, consider: Thinke.
Up with the wounds his body bears, which fell
Like Graues in th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move
Laughter onely.

Men. Consider furthe: 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,
Rather then enuy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce;
I am fo dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off again.

Sein. Answer to vs.

Cor. Say then: 'ts true, I ought fo

Sein. We charge you, that you have contribu'd to take
From Rome all seallon'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Cor. How? Traitor?


Cor. The fires i'th lowest hell. Fould In the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands cloutch'd: as many Millions in
The lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lievst unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sein. Marke you this people?

All. To'th Rocke, to'th Rocke with him.

Sein. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your felowe,
Opposing Lawes with troakes, and heere defying
Those whole great power must try him.

Even this fo crimini'll, and in such capitall kinde
Defieres th'extremest death.

Brut. But since he hath fur'd well for Rome.

Cor. What do you prate of Service.

Brut. I talke of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Cor. Ic know no further:

Let them pronounce the seewe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleeting, 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 glue,
To hauet with faying, Good morrow.

Sein. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
End'd against the people; seeking means
To plucke away their power; as now at last,
Given Hoftile brokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Minifters
That doth discribe it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(End'n from this Inflante) banifh ban th'ou're City
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, nevermore
To enter our Rome gates. I' th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo: let him away:
Here's banish'd, and it shall be fo.

Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends

Sein. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I have bene Consull, and can flew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpom me. I do love
My Countries good, with a repect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives effimate, her wombs encreafe,
And treaure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speak that.

Sein. We know your drift: Speake what?

Brut. There's no more to be fyd, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.

It shall bee fo.

All. It shall be fo, it shall be fo.

Cor. You common cry of Cun, whose breath I hate,
As rekke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkeftes of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And here remaine with your uncerantiae.

Let every fable Rumor flake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Hauie the power still
To banifh your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feels,
Making but reperation of your felues,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As moft abated Captives, to some Nation
That wonne you without blouws, despfing
For you the City, Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Camillus.

They all fou't, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgillia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Coriolanus. Come leave your tears a brief farewell the beast. With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother, Where is your ancient Courage? You were va'd To say, Extreme miseries was the turer of spirits, That common chances. Common men could bear, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Matteraship in floating. Fortunes blowes, When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, cruel A Noble cunning. You were va'd to load me With Precepts that would make insincible The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heauens! Oh heauens!

Coriolanus. Nay, I pray thee woman.

Pol. Now the Red Peffillence strike at Trades in Rome, And Occupations perish.

Coriolanus. What, what, what: I shall be loud when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Refume that Spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had been the Wife of Hercules, Six of his Labours you'd have done, and fa'd Your Husband so much fweet. Cominius, Droope not, Aideus. Farewell my Wife, my Mother, Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy teares are falter then a younger man, And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General, I have feene the Sterne, and thou haft oft befeechd Heart-hardning fpectacles. Tell th'eir fad women, 'Tis fond to waile insuitable frokes, As 'tis to laugh at'em. My Mother, you wot well My hazards still have beene your fAccess, and Believe't not lightly, though I go alone Like a to a lovely Dragon, that his Fenne Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then fene: your Sonne Will or exceed the Common, or be caught With caufeful baits and practice. Volum. My first fonne, Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile: Determine on some course More then a wilde expodure, to each chance That farr's 1'th way before thee. Coriolanus. O the Gods! Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee Where thou shalt ref, that thou may'ft hear of vs, And we of thee. So if the time thruit forth A caufe for thy Repeale, we shall not tend O're the vaft world, to feeke a fingle man, And lose advantage, which doth ever coole 1'th emulation of the neede.

Coriolanus. Fare ye well: Thou haft yeares upon thee, and thou art too full Of the warres furfte, to go roue with one That's yet vnbru'd: bring me but out at gate. Come my fweet wife, my deere Mother, and My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth, Bid me farewelle, and smile. I pray you come: While I remaine ahoue the ground, you hall Hear from me still, and never of me ought But what is like me formerly.

Menenius. That's worthyly As any care can hear. Come, let's not wepe, If I could shewe off but one feasen yeeres From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods I'd with thee, every foot.

Volumnia. Give me thy hand. come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicinius. Bid them all home, he's gone! we'll no further, The Nobility are vexed, whom we fea have fided In his behalfe.

Brutus. Now we have fhewe our power, Let us ferme humber after it is done,

Then when it was a dooing.

Sicinius. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone, And they, fand in their ancient brethren.

Brutus. Difmisfe them home. Here comes his Mother. Enter Volumnia, Virgillia, and Menenius.

Sicinius. Let's not meet her.

Brutus. Why?

Sicinius. They fay he's mad.

Brutus. They have done that of vs: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:

Th'hoorded plague a'th Gods requit your loue.

Menenius. Peace, peace, be not fo loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare, Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall fly two: I would I had the power To fly fo to my Husband.

Sicinius. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole, Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Fofhip Glo, To banifie him that strooke more blowes for Rome Then thou haft [oken words.

Sicinius. Oh bleffed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer f fife words.

And for Rome's good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe: Nay but thou fhall flye too: I would my Sonne Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him, His good Sword in his hand.

Sicinius. What then?

Virg. What then? He'd make an end of thy pofterity.

Volum. Baffardis, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Menenius. Come, come, peace.

Sicinius. I would he had continued to his Country As he began, and not vnkind himeselfe

The Noble knot he made.

Brutus. I would he had.

Volum. I would he bad! 'Twas you incent the rable.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of thofe Miferies which heaven Will not have earth to know.

Brutus. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray'st ir get you gone.

You have done a brave deed: Ere you goe, heare this: As farre as doth the Capitol excede

The meanet houfe in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This
This Ladies Husband here ; this ( do you see) 
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

But, well, well, we'll leave you.

Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits.

Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would vanquish my heart
Of what byst heavy 'tis.

You. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have caufe ; you'll Sup with me.

Angers my Meate ; I suppe upon my felle,
And so fall ferue with Feeding : Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, Iam-like : Come, come, come.

Mens. Fie, fie, fie.

Enter a Roman, and a Voice.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee ; your voice I think is Adrian.

Voice. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.


Rom. The same fir.

Voice. You had more Beard when I left you, but your Faour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome : I have a Note from the Volcan flate to finde you out there. You have well faued mee a dayes lourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome strange Insurrections : The people, against the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin ; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a mot warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the haste of their diuision.

Rom. The maine blaz of it is paft, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receive fo to heart, the Banifhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe appetife, to take all power from the peole, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for cue. This Ies glowing I can tell you, and is almost more for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd fir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicansom.

Rom. The day ferues well for them now. I have heard it faide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when she's false out with her Husband. Your Noble Titius Auscidius well appeare in these Warres, his great Oppofe Coriolanus being now in no request of his countrie.

Voice. He cannot choofe ; I am most fortunate, thus accidently to encounter you. You have ended my Businelle, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you more things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their Adueraries. Have you Army ready fay you?

Vol. A mot Royall one : The Centurions, and their charges diftinctly billeted already in their entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to hear of their readineffe, and am the man I thinkes, that shall for them in pretent Action. So fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Voice. You take my part from me fir, I haue the moft

caufe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together.

Enter Coriolanus in meanes Apparell, Diffigled, and muflied.

Corio. A goodly City is this Antium. City.

'Tis I that made thy Widowes : Many an heyre Of thefe faire Edifices foroure Warres

Haue I heard groane, and drop ; Then knowe me not,

Leafh that thy Wlues with Spits, and Boyes with flones In puny Battell flay me. Saue you fir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Auscidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his houfe this night.

Corio. Which is his houfe, befeech you ?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you fir, farewell.

Exit Citizen.

Oh World, thy fittry turns I Friends now fall worn,
Whole double boomes for me to weare one heart.
Whole Hours, whose Meale and Exercife
Are fill together : who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Unfeparable, Shall within this houre,
On a diuision of a Doit, break out
To bither Emnity : So fellet Poes,
Whose Paffions, and whose Plots have broke their Sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-joyne their yllues. So with me,
My Birth-place Haue I, and my loves upon
This Enemy Towne : He enter, the flay me.
He does faire Justice : if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice.

Exit.

Muficke plays. Enter a Servaingman.


Enter another Servaingman.


Enter Corioan.'

Corio. A goodly House : The feast smels well : but I appere not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servaingman.

Ser. What would you have Friend ? whence are you ?

Here's no place for you : Pray go to the doore ?

Exit Corioan.

I have defuer'd no better entertainment, in being Corioan.'

Enter second Servaingman.

Ser. Whence are you fir ? He's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gues entrance to fuch Companions ?

Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.


Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

Ser. Are you fo brave : Ile have you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servaingman, the 1 meets him.

What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as euer I look'd onl : I cannot get him out o'th'houfe : Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What have you to do here fellow ? Pray you avoid the house.

Corio. Let me but fland, I will not hurt your Harth.

What are you ?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A marv'ous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other fation,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most weare: and prefer My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: Which not to cut, would fliew thee but a Fool, Since I have ever followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunes of Blood out of thy Countries breaf, And cannot liue but to thy fhaile, vnjeile It be to do thee fervice.

Aef. Oh Martius, Martius; Each word thou haft spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speake dulce things, And lay 'ts true; I'de not beleue them more Then thou all-Noble Martius. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where againft My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And fcar'd the Moone with fpinlers: here I deep The Anuile of my Sword, and do confeft As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend againft thy Valour. Know thou fift, I lou'd the Maid I married: never man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I fee thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Miftirs law Beltride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We have a Power on foote: and I had purpofe Once more to hew thy Target from thy Branne, Or loofe mine Arme for't: Thou haft beat me out Twelve fourteen times, and I have nightly fince Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy felie and me: We have beene downe together in my sleep, Unbuckling Helmes,fitting each others Threat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius, Had we no other quarrell elfe to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banished, we would murther all From twelve to feuenteene: and powring Warre Into the bowels of vngrateful Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come,go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd againft your Territories, Though not for Rome it felie. Cor. Thou bleffe me Gods, Aef. Therefore moft absolute Sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine owne Revenges, take Th'one halfe of my Commiffion, and let downe As beft thou art experienc'd, thence thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weakefte, thine owne waies Whether to knocke againft the Gates of Rome, Or rudely vilit them in parts remote, To fpace them, ere defroy. But come in, Let me commend thee firft, to thofe that shall Say yea to thy defires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie, Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: moft welcome, Exit two of the Servicemen.

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Heere's a strang e alteration?
1. Heere's a strang e alteration?
2. By my hand, I had thought to have brooken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his clothes made a falle report of him.
3. What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would fet up a Top. Nay, I knew by his face that there was fome-things in him. He had fir, a kinde of face thought I, cannot tell
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

tell how to teatme it.
1 He had fo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in them, then I could think.
2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th world.
3 I think he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.
4 Who my Master?
5 Nay, it's no matter for that.
6 Worth fix on him.
7 Nay not fo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldier.
8 Faith looke you, one cannot talk how to say that fo for the Defence of a Towne, our General is excellent.
9 I, and for an assalt too.
Enter the third Seruingman.
3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as lie be a condemn'd man.
Both Wherefore? Wherefore?
3 Never here's he that was wont to thwacke our General, Colen Martius.
1 Why do you say, thwacke our General?
3 I do not say thwacke our General, but he was always good enough for him.
2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I haue heard him fo fo himself.
1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Truth on'th not before Coriules, he foctch him, and nottech him like a Carbinado.
2 And hee had bin Cannibly guen, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.
1 But more of thy Newes.
3 Why he is fo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bold before him. Our General himselfe makes a Mirth of him, Sandifrs himselfe with's hand, and turns vp the white o' th'eye to his Discourse. But the botteme of the Newes is, our General is cut t'h'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterda. For the other ha's halfe, by the Intrewe and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'll go he fayes, and folke the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will move all downe before him, and leave his baggage pou'd.
2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.
3 Doo't? he will do't: for look you sir he has as ma-
ny friendes as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durt not (looke you sir) thew themselfe (as we terme it) his Friends, whilte he in Directitude.
1 Directitude? What's that?
3 But when they shall fee sir, his Cret vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and recoll all with him.
1 But when goes this forward?
3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum ftooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.
2 Why then wee shall have a flying World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruff Iron,creasce Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.
1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's frightely walking, audible, and full of Venta. Peace, is a very Apology, Letherig, mulf'd, deafe, flece, infenible, a getter of more bavid Child-
dren, then warres a destroyer of men.
2 'Tis fo, and as warres in some fort may be faide to be a Rauifher, fo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.
1 I, and it makes men hate one another.
3 Reafeon,because they then leffe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rizing, they are rizing.
Both In, in, in, in.
Exeunt
Enter the two Tribunen, Sceines, and Brutus.
Scein. We haue not him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace.
And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wildy hure. Heere do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold Difficultes numbers goe by his streets, then fee Our Tradesmen finging in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.
Enter Mecinien.
Bru. We ftood too in good time. Is this Mecinien?
Scein. 'Tis he, 'tis he! O he is grown moth kind of late: Halle Sir.
Scein. Your Coriolenus is not much mift, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and fo would do, were he more angry at it.
Mecin. All's well, and might have bene much better, if he could have tempord't. Scein. Where is he, heare you? Mecin. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him. Enter three or foure Citizens.
All. The Gods prefere you both.
Scein. Gooden our Neighbours.
Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.
1 Our felues,our wifes, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.
Scein. Lieue, and thrue.
Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We with Coriolenus had lou'd you as we did.
All. Now the Gods keepe you.
Both Tri. Farewell,farewell. Exeunt Citizens
Scein. This is a happier and more comedy time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.
Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i'th Warre, but Infolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious,paft all thinking Selfe-jouing.
Scein. And asfcending one folke Throne, without affifance Mecin. I think not fo.
Scein. We should by this, to all our Lamentation, If he had gone forth Confuelt, found it fo.
Bru. The Gods have weel prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him. Enter an eddile.
Exeunt. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prifon, Reports the Volkes with two feuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Distroy, what lies before 'em.
Scein. 'Tis Ausiffidius, Who hearing of our Martius Banishment, Thrifs forth his horses againe into the world Which were in-thell'd, when Martius ftood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And durst not once peep out.
Sec. Come, what talk ye of Marsius.
Bras. Go see this Rumour whipt, it cannot be,
The Voices are broke with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Leaft you shall chance to give up your Information,
And beate the Mensenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sec. Tell not me : I know this cannot be.
Bras. Not possible.

Enter a Mensenger.
Mene. The Knights in great carresneffe are going
All to the Senate-houfe : some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances.
Sec. 'Tis this Slave :
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes : His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mene. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is seconed, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.
Sec. What more fearfull?

Mene. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marsius
Joyn'd with Aufidius, leads a power gainst Rome,
And voyes Reuenge as furious, as beworne
The yong and oldift thing,
Sec. This is most likely,
Bras. Rain'd onely, that the weaker fort may with
Good Marsius home again.
Sec. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vanilky,
He, and Aufidius can no more attone
Then violent't Contrariety.

Enter Mensengers.
Mene. You are sent for to the Senate :
A fearfull Army, led by Caius Marsius,
Associated with Aufidius, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and have already
O've-borne their way, confum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.
Com. Oh you have made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have hulp to rauish your owne daughters,
To melt the City Leads vpon your pates,
To see your Wives dibonour'd to your Nos'es.

Mene. What's the newest? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you flood, confin'd
Into an Augors boxe.

Mene. Pray now, your Newses :
You have made faire worke I fear me ; pray your Newses,
If Marsius shou'd beion'd with Volcanes.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shaves man Better : and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no leffe Confidence,
Then Boyes purifying Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Fieses.
Mene. You have made good worke;
You and your Apromen ; you, that flood so much
Upon the voys of occupation, and
The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite :
You have made faire worke.

Bras. But is this true fit?

Com. I, and you look eale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do slymly Reuel, and who refults
Are mock'd for vaunct Ignorance,
And perih conflant Foole's : who ist can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all vnclene, vnclene
The Noble man hauw mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doot for shame ; the people
Defere such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards : for his beft Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deferu'd his hate,
And therein they'd like Enemies.

Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should confume it, I have not the face
To say, befeech you cefae. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was never
Scarceable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lout'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way vnto your Cluters, who did hoote
Him out o'th Citty.

Com. But I fear
They'll roare him in againe.

Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer : Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troops of Citizens.
Mene. Heere come the Cluters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholome, when you caft
Your thinking, great Cap, in hooting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a hair vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip : as many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coole,
We have deferu'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes,
1 Cit. For mine owne part,
When I fald banish him, I fald 'twas pitty.
2. And so did I.
3. And so did I : and to say the truth, so did very
many of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly commited to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You have made good worke
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh I, what eile? 

Secin. Go Matter get you home, be not dismay'd,
There are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they fo freme to rare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Peare.

1 Cit. 

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Enter Meneinius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Mene. No, Ile not go: you hear what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'th Lee you go that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, if he cou'd To heare Cominius speake, Ile keepe at home. 

Com. He would not feeme to know me. 

Mene. Do you hence? 

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, Titileffe, 

Till he had forg'd him selfe a name a'th fire Of burning Rome. 

Mene. Why fo: you have made good worke: 

A pair of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coles cheape: A Noble memory. 

Com. I minded him, how Royall twas to pardon When it was lefe expected. He replay'd It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd. 

Mene. 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 say to picke them, in a pile Of noyome mighty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vnburnt And still to nofe th'offence. 

Mene. For one poore graine or two? 

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the mighty Chaffe, and you are smelt Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you. 

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refule your syde In this so neer-needed helpes, yet do not, Vpbruid's with our diftreffe. But fare if you Would be your Countries Pleder, your good tongue More then the infant Armie we can make Might flop our Countryman. 

Mene. No: Ile not meddle. 

Sicin. Pray you go to him. 

Mene. What should I do? 

Brut. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards Martius. 

Mene. Well, and say that Martius returne mee, As Cominius is return'd, vnderstand: what then? But as a discontented Friend, greenle-shot With his vnoindiffe. Say't be fo? 

Sicin. Yet your good will 

Muff have that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intende well. 

Mene. Ile vndertak't: 

I thinke he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, 
And humme at good Cominius, much vahearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Venes vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pow'r upon the Morning, are napt.
To glue or to forgive; but when we haue suff't
These Pipes, and these Conveynances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue supplie Scales
Then in our Priet-like Falts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dictated to my requet,
And then Ile let vpon him.

Brut. You know the very rode into his kindneffe,
And cannot lofe your way.
Men. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of his successe.

Com. Hee's neuer heare him.

Sen. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's fit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
"Twas very faintly he fald Rife: difmit me
Thus with his speechshead hand. What would he 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 vain, vnleeffe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meant to folcitate him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intrestes haft them on.

Excut.

Enter Mencenus to the Watch or Guard.

1. War. Stay: whence are you.
2. War. Stand, and go backe.
Mr. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus
From whence ?
Men. From Rome.
1. You may not passe, you muft returne: our Generall
will no more haue from thence.
2. You'll fee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speake with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lows to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your cares: it is Mencenus.
1. Be it so, go backe the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paffable.

Men. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happily amplifi'd:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the fize that verity
Would without lapinf fufferer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtile ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) flampt the Leafting. Therefore Fellow,
I muft haue leaue to passe.

1. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you have vterr'd words in your owne, you shou'd not
paffe heere no, though it were as vertuous to lyse, as to
lie chaflly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Mencenus,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.

2. Howbeoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you fay you
have, I am one that telling true vnder him, muft fay you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Men. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

1. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy Generall is.

1. Then you shou'd hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you have putt out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, gien your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
eafe groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palp'd interceffion of fuch a de-
cay'd Dottant as you feeme to be? Can you thinke to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in,
with fuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, thence
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are
condemn'd, our Generall has vowe you out of repreu
and pardon.

Men. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were here,
He would vie me with emiuation.

1. Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Men. I meane thy Generall.

1. My Generall care's not for you. Back I fy, go: leaft
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backs, that's the v-
moft of your hauling, backe.

Men. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Cor. What's the matter ?
Men. Now you Company, Ile fay an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in emiuation: you shall
perceive, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son Coriolanus, guffle but my entertainment with him: if
thou fland'ft not ftate of hange, or of some death
more long in Speculation, and crueller in suffering,
behold now prefently, and fwoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods fit in howrely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee not 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 mov'd to come to thee: but being affured
none but my felfe could move thee, I have bene blowne
out of your Gates with fighes : and conjure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good
Gods affwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Variet heere: This, who like a blockhe hath denied
my accesse to thee.

Cor. Away.

Men. How! Away?

Cor. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Revenue properly, my remilion lies
In Vulcanicke, That we have beene familiar,
Ingrate forfiteneffe shall poifon rather
Then pity: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine cares against your futures, are stronger then
Your gates againft my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I write it for thy fake,
And would haue fent it. Another word Mencenus,
I will not heare thee speake. This man Auffidius
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold't.

Auffid. You keepe a conffant temper,
Men. The Guard and Mencenus,

1. Now Sir, is your name Mencenus?
2. 'Tis a spell you fce of much power :
You know the way home againe.
1. Do you heare how we are shent for keeping your
greastneffe backe ?
2. What care do you thinke I have to fwoond?
Men. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke they're any, y're
fo flight. He that hath a will to die by himfelf, feares it
not.
not from another: Let your Generall do his work. For
you, bee that you are, I long; and your miseries encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away, Exit
A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oak not to be winde-shaken. Exit Watch.
Enter Coriolanus and Ausfildia.
Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Head. My partner in this Aktion,
You must report to th' Volcan Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Buinette.
Asf. Onely their ends you have resepted,
Stop your cares against the generall suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuate whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them fure of you.
Corio. This laf old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,
Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their laste refuge
Was to fenden him: for whose old Loue I have
(The Loue I loued fowrdly to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yelded too, Freth Embasses, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter
Will I lend care to. Hath what shout is this? About within
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.
Enter Virginilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius,
with Attendants.
My wife comes form'd, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchild to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priulidge of Nature breakes;
Let it be Vertuous to be Oblinate.
What is that Curtifce worth? Or those Doves eyes,
Which can make Gods forworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Ned: and my yong Boy
Hath an Apfeet of interception, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be such a Goiling to obey inftinct; but fland
As if a man were Author of himself, & knewe no other kin
Vergil. My Lord and Husband.
Corio. Their eyes are not the fame I wore in Rome.
Virg. The sorrow that deliveres vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinkes so.
Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Bett of my Flefh,
Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that I forgive our Romanes. O a kiffe
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge! Now
by the jealous Queene of Heauen, that kiffe
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere fonce. You Gods, I pray,
And the moft noble Mother of the world
Leave vnflated, Sinke my kneele th'earth,
Of thy deepie duty, more impression fwell
Then that of common Sonnes.
Volum. Oh stand vp blest! I
With it with no softer Cord than the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as miltaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent.
Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillup the Stares: Then, let the mutinous winde
Strike the proud Cedars against the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impoffibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worke.
Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?
Corio. The Noble Sifer of Publicipa;
The Moone of Rome: Chaffe at the Ifcle
That curdied by the Froft, from pureft Snow,
And hangs on Diana Temple; Deere Valeria.
Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by that interpretation of full time,
May fhe in all your felfe.
Corio. The God of Souliders:
With the contain of supreme Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Nobleffe, that thou mayst prove
To fame vnvulnerable, and fickle Pth Warres
Like a great Sea-marks flanding every flaw,
And fuing thofe that eye thee.
Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That's my braue Boy.
Volum. Even be, your wife, this Ladie, and my felfe,
Are Sutors to you.
Corio. I befeech you peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I haue forworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diffimile my Soldiers, or capitulate
Again, with Rome's Mechanikes. Tell me not
Wherein I feme unnatural: Desire not t'allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaons.
Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You have faid you will not grant vs any thing:
For we have nothing els to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our requet, the blame
May hang upon your hardneffe, therefore hear vs.
Corio. Affidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Hearre nought from Rome in priuate. Your requet?
Volum. Should we be filent & not speak, our Raiment
And flate of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy felfe,
How more vnfortunate then all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy fight, which should
Make our eies flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,
Confrains them wepe, and shake with feare & forow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to fee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out, and to poore we
The Thine ennemies most capital: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Wherefore we are bound, together with thy victory:
Wherefore we are bound, Alacke, or we muft looke
The Countrie our deere Nurfe, or else thy perfon
Our comfort in the Countrie. We muft finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our with, which fide shoulde win. For either thou
Mift as a FornaineRecreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumpantly trade on thy Countrie ruine,
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

And bear the Palme, for having bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my fele, Sonne, I
durpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perfwade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then feke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to affult thy Country, then to treade
Truth too, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Boy. A Shall not treat on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Caris. Not of a womans tenderneffe to be,
Requires nor Childre, nor womans face to see:
I have fate too long.

Volum. Nay go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our requent did tend
To face the Romane, thereby to defroy
The Voxes whom thou feue, thou might condemme vs
As poynous of your Honour. No, our fuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Voxes
May fay, this mercy we haue shewed: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Gave the All-halle to thee, and cry Eblet
For making vp this peace. Thou know'r (great Sonne)
The end of Warres uncertain: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefi
Which thou shalt thereby recepe, is such a name
Whole repetition will be doone with Corfles:
Whole Chronicle thus writ, the Man was Noble,
But with his left Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Defroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'inuing Age, abhorrd: Speake to me Son:
Thou haft affected the fume Straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thunder the wide Checkes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul't
That shoul be rius an Oake. Why do't not speake?
Think it thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He carres not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childifneffe will moue him more
Then can our Reafons. There's no man in the world
More bound to his Mother, yet heere he lets me prate
Like one I'th'Stoocks. Thou haft neuer in thy life,
Shone thy derer Moother, nor any current,
When the (poore Hen) load of no record brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres; and fafeli home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request vnnuit,
And fparne me backe: But, if it be not fo
Thou art not honcht, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain't from me the Dutie, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies let vs flame him with him without knees
To his fur-name Coriolanus longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the lift. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneelles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reafon our Petition with more ftreng
Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Voxen to his Mother:
His Wife is in Coriaces, and his Childre
Like him by chance: yet give vs our dispatch:

I am hurft vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speake a little
Hold her by the hand flent.

Caris. O Mother, Mother!

What have you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuis'd,
If not foor mortall to him. But let it come:
Affidius, though I cannot make true Warren,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good Affidius,
Were you in my fied, you would have heard
A Mother leeff! or granted leeff Affidius?
Aff. I was most withall.

Caris. I dare be fwoone you were:
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to feate compaiion. But (good fir)
What peace you'll make, abufe me: For my part,
He not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this caufe. Oh Mother! Wife!
Aff. I am glad thou haft let thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My felle a former Fortune.

Menc. I by any way; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witneffe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-feil'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deferue
To have a Temple bullyou: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confedrate Armes
Could not have made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Memenius and Sicinius.

Menc. See you on'd Colon a'th' Capitol, you'nd corner
Stein. Why what of that?

Menc. If it be poible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our thrauts are fennent'd, and they vppon execution.

Stein. Is't poible, that fo short a time can alter the condition of a man.

Menc. There is difference between a Grub & a Butterly, yet your Butterly was a Grub: this Martius is grownne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more then a creeping thing.

Stein. He lou'd his Mother dearely.

Menc. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eighte yeare old horfe. The tartnaffe of his face, fowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moies like an Engine, and the ground thrinke before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corfelt with his eye; Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids done, is finifiht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Stein. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Menc. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Stein. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Menc. No, in such a cafe the Gods will not be good vnto vs. When we hand'd him, we refpecred not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they refpecred not vs.

Enter a Maffinger.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Mf. Sir, if you'd face your life, flye to your House;
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hate him vp and downe; all swareng, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Mf.singer.

Sein. What's the News?

(Preuat't d,
Mf. Good News, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Velcians are dividd'd, and Martius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
Nor,not th'expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sein. Friend, art thou certaine this true?
Is't most certaine.

Mf. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire i
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne'te through an Arch so hurled the browne Tide,
As the recomposed through the gates:
Trumpets, Hobegy, Drums beats, altogether.
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Palfircies, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showring Romans;
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. A stout within

Mf. This is good News:
I will go mee the Ladies. This Volumena,
Is worth of Confuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full : of Tribesmen such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd so well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'd not have guen a dott. Harke, how they joy.
Sound full with the Shouts.

Sein. First, the Gods bleffe you for your tyrings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.
Mf. Sir, we have all great cause to giue great thanks.
Sein. They are near the City.
Mf. Almoft at point to enter.
Sein. We'll mee them, and help the joy. Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing our
The Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, drew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd Martius;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Twinn Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auff. Go tell the Lords at the City, I am here i
Deliver them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to this Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons cares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Moff Welcome.

1.Con. How is it with our General?
Auff. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
proyfon'd, and with his Charity flame.
2.Con. Moff Noble Sir, If you do hold the fame intent
Wherein you wish vs parties : We'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auff. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do finde the People.
3.Con. The People will remaine uncertayne, whil't
'Twixt you there's difference : but the fall of either
Makes the Surruior heyre of all.
Auff. I know it.

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth : who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing fo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be rough, vnsayable, and free.
3.Conf. Sir, his routentef
When he did stand for Consull, which he loft
By lack of flooping.
Auff. That I would haue spoke's a
Being banish'd f'or's, my Hart,
Prefettred to my knife his Throat : I tooke him,
Made him loynt-farnt with me : Gaue him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My self and freshet men, fera'd his dignifications
In mine owne perfon: holpe to reape the fame
Which he did end all his and took some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I feem'd his Foeller, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.
1.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carr'd Rome, and that we look'd
For no leffe Spole, then Glory.
Auff. There was it:
For which my finewes shall be stretcht vp on him,
At a few drops of Womens rhueme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he fold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ie renewe me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets:floundes,with great
flowers of the people.

1.Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poete,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyset.
2.Con. And patient Fools, whose.
Whole children he hath slaine, their base throats tearre
With giving him glory.

3.Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will secound, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.
Auff. Say no more. Here cometh the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the City.
All Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auff. I have not deferr'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1.Lord. And greeue to heare t's
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might haue founde cause Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and glue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anfwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yealding; this admits no excufe.

Auff.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus

Asf. He approaches, you shall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus Marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commons being with him.

Coris. Haile Lords, I am returnd your Souldier: No more infected with my Countreys blood Then when I parted hence: but still subduing Vnder your great Command. You are to know, That proferously I have attempted, and With bloody paffage led your Warres, even to The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home Both more then counterpoize a full third part The charges of the Aflion. We have made peace With no leffe Honor to the Antients Then fame to th'Romains. And we heare deliuer Sublverid by'th'Consuls, and Patricians, Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what We have compounded on.

Asf. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your Powers.

Coris. Traitor? How now?

Asf. I Traitor, Martius. Coris. Martius?

Asf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do not thinke He grace thee with that Robbery, thy base name Coriolanus in Coriules?

You Lords and Heads a'th State, perfidiously He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given vp For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome: I say your City to his Wife and Mother, Breaking his Oath and Refolution, like A twist of rotten Silke, never admetting Countenance a'th'warre: But at his Nuries teares He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wondering each at others.

Coris. Hearst thou Mars?

Asf. Name not the God, thou boy of Tares.

Coris. Ha?

Asf. No more.

Coris. Meafeurleffe Lyar, thou haft made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy! Oh Slave, Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments my grave Lords Must glue this Curre the Lyre: and his owne Notion, Who weares his fripes impref on him, that Must bear my beating to his Gruae, shall ioyne To thrift the Lyre on'to him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Coris. Cut me to peeces Vokians men and Lads, Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falfe Hound: If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Vokians in Coriules. Alone I did it, Boy.

Asf. Why Noble Lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blinde Fortune, Which was your shame, by this vnholie Braggart?

'Fore your owne eyes, and ears?

All Confs. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it prefently: He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coynhe Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace bow: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to us Shall haue judicious hearing. Stand Auffidius, And trouble not the peace.

Coris. O that I had him, with six Auffidiusses, or more: His Tribe, to wie my lawfull Sword.

Asf. Infolent Villaine.

All Confs. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conffirators, and his Martius, who failles, Auffidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Asf. My Noble Mafters, heare me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullus.

2 Lord. Thou haft done a deed, whereat Valour will wepe.

5 Lord. Tread not upon him Mafters, all be quiet,

Put vp your Swords.

Asf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this manes life did owe you, you'll rejoyce That he is thus cut off. Pleece it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer My felse your loyall Seruant, or endure Your heauiek Cenfure.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body,

And mourne for him. Let him be regarded As the most Noble Coarfe, that ever Herald Did follow to his Vrne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,

Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame:

Let's make the bed of it.

Asf. My Rage is gone,

And I am fruicke with forrow. Take him vp:

Helpe three a'th'cheerful Souldiers, ile be one.

Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:

Traille thy feele Pikes. Though in this City herc Hith widowed and vnchielded many a one,

Which to this hour bewaile the Inury,

Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Affift.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March

Sound'd.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bafianna and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus, Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my Cause with Armes. Then let my Fathers Honour live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignity. Bafianna, Romanes, Friends, Followers, Fauourers of my Right: If ever Bafianna, Caesar Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome, Kepe then this passage to the Capitol: And suffer not Dishonour to approach Thy Imperial Seate to Vertue: confecrate To Justice, Continence, and Nobility: But let Defert in pure Election shine: And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown. Princes, that arise by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery: Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, hase by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie, Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Titus; For many good and great deferts to Rome. A Nobler man, a braver Warriour Lines not this day within the Gty Walles. He by the Senate is acceted home, From weary Wars against the barbarous Gothe, That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes) Hath youl'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke This Cause of Rome, and chaticfed with Armes Our Enemies pride. Fite times he hath return'd Bleeing 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, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name, Whom (worthily) you would have now succede, And in the Capitol and senates right, Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore, That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength, Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should, Please your Deferts in Peace and Humblenefe. Saturninus. How sayre the Tribune speakes, To calme my thoughts. Bafianna. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie In thy uprightnesse and Integrity: And so I loue and Honor thee, and thine, Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes, And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all) Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich Ornament, That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends: And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour, Commit my Caufe in balancce to be weigh'd. Exit Souldiers.

Saturninus. Friends, that hauve beene Thus forward in my Right, I thank you all, and heere Dismisse you all, And to the Loue and Favour of my Countrey, Commit my Selfe, my Perfon, and the Caufe: Rome, be as luff and gracios vnto me, As I am confident and kinde to thee, Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bafianna. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor. Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine. Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of Vertue, Rome's best Champion, Sucessfull in the Battailses that he fights, With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, From whence he circumzizted with his Sword, And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes: After them, two men bearing a Coffin coverd with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Godes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

'loe as the Barke that hath discharge'd his freight, 
Returns with precious laden to the Bay, 
From whence at first the weath'rd her Anchorage: 
Commeth Androcnus bound with Lawrell bowes, 
To refalute his Country with his tears, 
Tears of true joy for his returne to Rome, 
Thou great defender of this Capitoll, 
Stand gracios to the Righteous that we intend, 
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes, 
Halfe of the number that King Prium had, 
Behold the poore remains alive and dead! 
These that Sunrime, let Rome reward with Loue: 
These that I bring unto their latest home, 
With burfull amongst their Auscetors, 
Heere Gothes haue given me leaue to sheath my Sword: 
Titius ynkinde, and carelesse of thine owne, 
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet, 
To houer on the dreadfull flore of Sile? 
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tomb. 
There grееte in silenc as the dead are wont, 
And sleepe in peace, flaine in your Countries warres: 
O sacred receptacle of my loves, 
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie, 
How many Sonnes of mine haft thou in flore, 
That thou wilt never render to me more? 
Luc. Give vs the proudeft prinzer of the Gothes, 
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile 
Ad manus fratum, sacrifice his flesh: 
Before this earthly prinzer of that, 
That the shadowes be not vnnappeas'd, 
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth. 
Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruises, 
The eldest Son of this disfetted Queene.

Enter Obsequies, Obsequies, Gracious Conqueror, 
Victorious Titius, true the tears I shed, 
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne: 
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee, 
Oh thinke thy Sonnes to be as deere to mee. 
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome 
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne 
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke, 
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streete, 
For Valiant doings in their Countries caufe? 
O! If to fight for King and Common-wealth, 
Were piety in thine, it is in thee: 
Andronicus, flaine not thy Tombe with blood. 
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods? 
Draw neere them then in being mercifull. 
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie true badge, 
Thrice Noble Titius, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your Wife Madam, and pardon me. 
These are the Bretheren, whom you Gothes beheld 
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren flaine, 
Religiosly they ask for a sacrifice: 
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must, 
Tappest their graving shadowes that are gone. 
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight, 
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood, 
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean confum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Teme, O cruell irreligious piety. 
Cle. Was ever Sycylla halfe so barbarous? 
Dem. Oppose me Sycylla to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we furuise, 
To tremble unnder Titius threatening looks, 
Then Madam fland refolu'd, but hope withall, 
The felle-fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy 
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge 
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent, 
May favour Tamora the Queene of Gothes, 
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene) 
To quict the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Androcnus againe.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd 
Our Romaine Rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt, 
And intrals feede the facrifising fire, 
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie. 
Remaineth nought but to interre our Bretheren, 
And with lowd Larums welcome them to Rome. 
Tit. Let it be so, and let Androcnus 
Make this his latest farewell to their foules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe. 
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes, 
Romes readiely Champions, repose you heere in rest, 
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps: 
Heere larks no Treafter, heere no enuiues twells, 
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no forrones, 
No noyse, but silenc and Eternall sleepe, 
in peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Launia.

Luc. In peace and Honour, hie Lord Titius long, 
My Noble Lord and Father, lieue in Fame: 
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares, 
I render for my Bretherens Obsqueues: 
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of joy 
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome. 
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand, 
Whose Fortune Romes beft Citizens applaud'd. 
Tit. Kind Rome, 
Thad Ift thou lovingly referu'd 
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart, 
Launia liue, out-lie thy Fathers dayes: 
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise. 
Marc. Long live Lord Titius, my beloued brother, 
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome. 
Tit. Thankes Gentile Tribunue, 
Noble brother Marcus. 
Marc. Mar. and welcome! Nephews from successfull wars, 
You that furuise and you that sleepe in Fame: 
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all aike in all, 
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords. 
But O'er Titius is this Funerall Pompe, 
That hath aphi'd to Solons Happines, 
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed, 
Titius Androcnus, the people of Rome, 
Whose friend in iustice thou haft euer bene, 
Send thee by me their Tribunue and their truth, 
This Piliament of white and spotlesse Hae, 
And name thee in Eleccion for the Empire, 
With thefe our late decafed Emperors Sonnes 
Be Candidatus then, and put it on, 
And help to ext a head on heauld left Rome. 
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits, 
Then his that shakes for age and feeble-neffe.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What should I do this Robe and trouble you,
Be chozen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeild vp rule, refigne my life,
And let abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Southerly forty years,
And led my Countries strength succedually,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonses,
Knighted in Field, flaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Country:
Glue me a flaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scenier to controule the world,
Vfright he held it Lords, that held it left.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and ask the Empirie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can't thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus.
Sat. Remaine do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome Empoure:
Andronicus would thou wert shift to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Proud Saturninus, interruptor of the good
That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselfes.

Bafs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Facion if thou strenghen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble minds, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune s here,
I ask your voyces and your Suffraiges,
Will you bellow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this fare I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest Sonne,
Lord Saturninus, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Justice in this Common-weale:
Then if you elec't by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say ": Long live our Empoure.

Mar. As. With Voyces and applaus of every fort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord Saturninus Rome Great Empoure,
And say, Long live our Empoure Saturnine.
A Long Flourish till they come downe.

Sat. This Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy Deferes,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Unlet Titus to advance
Thy Name, and Honorable Famillie,
Launia will I make my Emperess,
Rome s Royall Miftris, Miftris of my hart
And in the Sacred Ethan her espoufe:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this march,
I hold me Highly Honoured of you Princes,
And here in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Empoure, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Charif, and my Prifoners,
Prideft well Worthy Rome Imperial Lord:
Receive them then, the Tributes that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feetes.

Sat. Thanks Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The leaf of these unspeakable Deferes,
Romans forget your Felicity to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Empoure,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vie you Noble and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, truft me of the Hue
That I would choofe, were I to choose a new:
Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudye countenance,
Though chance of ware
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com't not to be made a fcorne in Rome:
Princely shal be thy vflage every way.
Reft on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Launia you are not displeas'd with this?
Lau. Not I my Lord, lath true Nobilitie,
Warrants these wordes in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thanks sweete Launia, Romans let vs goe:
Randomlye here we fat our Prifoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trompe and Drum.
Bafs. Lord Titus by your leave, this Mald is mine.
Tit. How far? Are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bafs. I Noble Titus, and refoul'd withal,
To doe my felle this reason, and this right.
Marc. Suum cuique, is our Romeane luffice,
This Prince in Justice ceazeth but his owne.
Lau. And that he will and shall, if Lucina live.

Tit. Traytors aunent, where is the Emperours Guardes?
Treacon my Lord, Launia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?
Bafs. By him that lyftly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to concey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore seale.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.
Muti. My Lord you paffe not here.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar't me Ile soone in Rome?
Muti. Hepp Lucina helpe, 
He kis him.
Lau. My Lord you are refin'd, and more then fo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue flaine your Son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any Sonnes of mine,
My fonnnes would never so dhiourney me.
Traytor refoure Launia to the Empoure.
Lau. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another lawfull promit Loste.

Enter aloft the Empoure with Tamara and her two
Sonnes, and Aaron the Moor.

Emp. No Titus, no, the Empoure needes her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flockes:
Ile truft by Leisur him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haunted fonnnes,
Confederates all, thus to dhiourney me.
Was none in Rome to make a flate
But Saturninus? Full well Andronicus
Agree thee Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'I, beg'd the Empire at thy hand,'

Tit. O monstruous, what reproachfull words are theft?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe gue that changing pece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant fonne in-law, thou that enjoyed,
One,fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

To ruffle in the Commons-wesith of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately Tebe mong't her Nimphs
Doth ouer-shine the Gallant't Dames of Rome;
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyfe,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.

Speak Queene of Gothes doft thou applau'd my choyfe?
And here I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priet and Holy-water are fo neere,
And Tapers burne fo bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymnecus stand,
I will not reluate the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Palisce, till from forth this place,
I leade efploy'd my Bride along with me,

Tam. And here in sight of heaven to Rome I sweare,
If Saturnine advance the Queene of Gothes,
Shew I will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Afcend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his looney Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine,
Whofe wilfome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Connummate our Spoufall rites.

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonses.

Mar. O Titus fie! O fie what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, flame a Vertuous fonne.

Tit. No foolifh Tribunno, no: No fonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor thefe Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonses.

Luc. But let vs give him burial as becomes:
Glue Mutius buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he reft's not in this Tome:
This Monument five hundred yeares hath flood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edifed:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Rome's Seruitors,
Repofe in Fame: None basely flame in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impety in you,
My Nephew Mutius deeds do pleade for him,
He muft be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonses speaks.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it fpoke that word?

Titus fones speaks.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my defpit?

Mar. No Noble Titus, but intrest of thee,
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Even thou haft broke vpon my Creft,
And with thofe Boyes mine Honour thou haft wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himefelf, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.

The Brother and the fones speaks.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Luc. Speake thou no more if all the reft will speece.

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neft,
That died in Honour and Launia's caufe.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greeks vpon aludile did bury Ajax
That flew himeffe: And L'Arius fonne,
Did graciously pleade for his Funerals:
Let not young Mutius then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rife Marcus, rife,
The difmal't day is this that ere I saw,
Till we be difhonoured by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy
Till we with Trophies do adore thine Tombe, (friends

No man shed teares for Noble Mutius;
He lies in Fame, that di'd in vertues caufe.

Exit.

Mar. My Lord to flip out of thefe sudden dumps,
How comes it that the fulble Queene of Gothes,
Is of a fodeine thus aduan'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not Marcus: but I know it is,
(Whether by defhie or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this good high turne fo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him renumerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moor
at one door. Enter at the other door Bagthianus and
Launia with others.

Sat. So Bagthianus, you have paid your prize,
God give you joy fir of your Gallant Bride.

Bag. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor with no leffe, and fo I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction fhall repent this Rape.

Bag. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceale my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Mesne while I am poffiff of that mine.

Sat. 'Tis good fir: you are very short with vs,
But if we fluce, weele be as sharfe with you.

Bag. My Lord, what I have done as beft I may,
Anfwer I muft, 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 here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the refcue of Launia,
With his owne hand did flay his yongeft Son,
In zele to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controule'd in that he frankly gue:
Receive them then to favour Saturnin's,
That hath expray'd himfelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bagthianus leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoufe, that have dinhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my judge,
How I have lou'd and Honour'd Saturnin.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my fute (sweet) pardon what is paff.
Satur. What Madam, be dihonour'd openly,
And safely put it vp without reuenge!
Tam. Not fo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-tend,
I shou'd be Author to dihonoure you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord Tito's innocence in all:
Whole fury not diuersed speakes his griefes:
Then at my fute looke graciously on him,
Loofe not fo noble a friend on vaine fuppos,
Nor with fower lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laft,
Diffeamble all your griefes and difcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaft then the people, and Patricions too,
Vpon a fuit furcey take Titus part,
And fo fupplant vis for ingratitude,
Which Rome repares to be a hainous finne.
Yeeld at intrait, and then let me alone: I
Ile finde a day to mascarfe them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his tray'trous fonnes,
To whom I fued for my deare fonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the freetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempell of thy angry frowne.
King. Rife Titus, rife,
My Emprefle hath prevail'd.
Titus. I thank you Maieffie,
And her my Lord,
These words, these lookes,
Infide new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporare in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And muft aduife the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince Bajiosmus, I haue paff
My word and promife to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And fare not Lords:
And you Lauinia,
By my aduife all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of your Maieffie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our fathers honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muft all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
King. Marcus,
For thy fake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely Tamora's intrait,
I doe remit these young mens haynes faults.
Stand vp, Lauinia, though thou left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and fure as death I trowe,
I would not part a Batchelour from the Frieff.
Comes, if the Emperours Court can faiet two Brides,
You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends:
This day fhall be a Loue-day Tamor a.
Tit. To morrow and it pleaf your Maieffie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Wecle give your Grace Bon jour.
Satur. Be it fo Titus, and Gramercy to.

Actus Secunda.

Flourijh. Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes hot, and fit soft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Adunade about pale enuies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morn,
And hauing glit the Ocean with his beams,
Gallop the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-looks the heighte piering hills:
So Tamora,
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue floopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miftit,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haft prifoner held, fetted in amorous chains,
And fitter bound to Aarons charming eyes,
Then is Prometheu's tile to Caucesus.
Away with flauifh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this newe made Emprefle.
To waite faid I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Godeffe, this Semeiremis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charm Romes Saturnins,
And fec his fhipperack, and his Common weales.
Hallo, what forme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetriae brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres want witt, thy witt want edges
And manners to intro'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know it affecte
Chir. Demetriai, thou dost not over-worke in all,
And so in this, to bear me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ferue, and to deferve my Miftit grace,
And that my fword vpon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lauinia's love.
Aaron. Chir. chine, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnauided)
Gave you a dauning Rapier by your fide,
Are you fo deare growne to threat your friends?
Goe too i have your Lath glued within your fheat,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chir. Mean ye while fit, with the little skill I hau,
Full well fayl thou perceiue how much I dare.

Aaron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Palacie dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The caufe were knowne to them it most concerns?
Nor would your Noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp,

_Deme._ Not I, till I have feaith'd
My rapiers in his bofom, and withall
Thrust thefe reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

_Chi._ For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foul spoked Coward,
That thundreft with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'nt performe.

_Aron._ A way I say,
Now by the Gods that warlike Goths adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to fet upon a Princes right?
What is _Lavinia_ then become so loue,
Or _Bajianus_ too degenerate,
That for her lone such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Juflice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and shou'd the Emprefse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not pleafe.

_Chi._ I care not, I knew the and all the world,
I loue _Lavinia_ more then all the world.

_Deme._ Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaneer choife,
_Lavinia_ is thine elder brothers hope.

_Aron._ Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your death,
By this deuile.

_Chi._ _Aron_, a thousand deaths would I propofe,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

_Aron._ To atchieue her, how?

_Deme._ Why, mak'st thou it fo strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wooo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is _Lavinia_ therefore must be loue'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then woots the Miller of, and ease it is
Of a cut loafe to feale a fliue we know:
Though _Bajianus_ be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have wore _Vulcan's_ badge.

_Aron._ I, and as good as _Saturnus_ may.

_Deme._ Then why should he diſpaire that knowes to
With words, faire lootes, and liberalitie:
(court it
What haft not thou full often truchke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers note?

_Aron._ Why then it feemes fome certaine snatch or fo
Would ferue your tumes.

_Chi._ I fo the tumes were ferued.

_Deme._ _Aron_ thou haft hit it.

_Aron._ Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why haft thou, haft thou, and are you fuch foolees,
To fquare for this? Would it offend you then?

_Chi._ Faith not me.

_Deme._ Nor me,fo I were one.

_Aron._ For shame be friends, & joyne for that you la
'Tis politic, and pragamere muft doe
That you affiet, and fo muft you refoole,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You muft perfore accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, _Lucrece_ was not more chaft
Then this _Lavinia, Bajianus_ lau,
A fpiedier couerle this lingering languifhment
Muf't we purifie, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a folemne hunting is in hand,
There will the lowely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and fmacious,
And many unfigured plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villainie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And firke her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, fland you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreff with her facred wit
To valliance and vengeance confrerate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And the fhill file our engines with adult,
That will not fuffer you to fquire your felues,
But to your wishes height advance you both,
The Emperours Court is like the houfe of Fame,
The palace fill of tongues, of eues, of ears:
The Woods are rufhleffe, dreaded, defe, and dull:
There fpake, and firke braye Boyes, & take your tumes.
There ferue your lufts, fadow'd from heauens eye,
And recall in _Lavinia's_ Trefurie.

_Chi._ Thy counfell Lad smells of no cowardife.

_Deme._ _Sufeaut nefas_, till I finde the freames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
_Per Sigia per mare_Feбор.

Exeunt.

Enter _Titus Andronicus_ and his three fones, making a noyfe with Romes and borones, and _Murcia._

_Tit._ The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vconce heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyfe.
Sones let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perfon carefully:
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath infpirt.'

_Winde Hornes._
Heere a cry of borones, and winde borones in a peale,then
Enter _Saturnus_, _Tamora_, _Bajianus_, _Lavinia_, _Chiron_, Deme, and their Attendants.

_Tit._ Many good morrowes to your Maiffies,]
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promisied your Grace, a Hunters peale.

_Satur._ And you have rung it fuitly my Lords,
Somewhat to earyl for new married Ladies.

_Baj._ _Lavinia_, how fay you?

_Lau._ I lay no:
I have bene awake two houres and more.

_Satur._ Come on them, horfe and Chariots letvs have,
And to our fport Madam, now thin ye fee,
Our Romaine hunting.

_Mur._ I have dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudent Panther in the Chafe,
And clime the higheft Pomontary top.

_Tit._ And I hine horfe will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaines

_Deme._ _Chiron_
To Be Sweeter

Which Heere
And His Harke Blood,
Which Euen though
And The My Whiles
(Let us) as a
And to repose sweet Gold for their variët,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Cheef.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore look't thou Said,
When everything doth make a Gleefull boast ?
The Birds chant a melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheerfull Sunne,
The Greene leaves quiter.with the cooling winde,
And make a choker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweete shade, Aaron let vs fit,
And whil'st the babbling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replied thisty to the well tun'd-Horses,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downes, and marker their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
The wandring Prince and Dido once enioy'd,
When with a happy forme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counfalie-keeping Caeu,
We may each wrought in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) poffesse a Golden flumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horses, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurser Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,
Though Venus govern your defires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly flaming eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My Reecie of Woolly hair, that now vncurled,
Even as an Adder when the doth vnowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no Venusiall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenue, are Hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which never hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bajfianus;
His Wifdom mult looke her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in Bajfianus Blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And gule the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are epied,
Heree comes a parcel of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lies destruction.

Enter Bajfianus and Lavinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet M'lore:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empresse, Bajfianus comes,
Be crore with him, and Hee goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe the quarrrell what fo ere they be.
Baffi. Whom have we hearre?
Romes Royall Empresse,

Vnfurnisht of our well beeming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forreit?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our private gleeves,
Had I the power, that some day Dian bad:
Thy Temples should be planted presently,
With Horses, as was Actions, and the Hounds
Should drue vsn thei new transformed limbes,
Vnnannery Intruder as thou art.

Lad. Under your patience gentle Empresse,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your More and you
Are fangled forth to trye experiments:
Love held your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pity they should take him for a brag.
Baffi. Believe me Queen, your swarth Cymeron,
Dost make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteled, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous More,
If foule defire had not conducted you?

Lad. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reaision that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Sackenliffe, I prays you let vs hence,
And let her joy her Rauen coloured loose,
This valley fits the purpos passing well.
Baffi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this.

Lad. I, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abased.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why dooth your Highnes looke fo pale and wan?

Tamo. Have I not reason thinkes you to look pale.
These two have tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren, defeteved vall you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer,yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mofse, and balefull Miftello.
Heree never shines the Sunne, heree nothing breeds,
Waffe the nightly Owe, or fatall Rauen:
And when they shewd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades,as many Vrchna,
Would make such fearefull and confused cryes,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should fritis fall mad, or else die sudenly.
No Sinner had they told this hellish tale,
But fritis they told me they would binde me heree,
Vnto the body of a diimall you,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lilious God, and all the bitterest tearsmes
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeence on me they had executed:
Reuenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. stab bim.
Ohi. And this for me,
Strok home to shew my strengthe.

Lad. I come Sentarin, say Barbarous Tamora.

For
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne,
Tam. Glue me thy poynland, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firt thraft the Come, then afterbne the straw:
This Minion food upon her chalifty,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyalties.
And with that painted hope, braves your Mightineffe,
And shall the carry this vnto her grave?
Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunk-Pillow to our luft.

Tam. But when ye have the hony we defire,
Let not this Waife out-lie vs both to fling.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that fure:
Come Miitris, now perfore we will enjoy,
That nice-prefered selfe of yours.

Lau. Oh Tamara, thou beart a woman face.
Tam. I will not hear her speake away with her.
Lau. Sweet Lords intrest her hear me but a word.

Demet. Liiten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To fee her teares, but be your hart to them,
As varelenting flipt to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O do not leare her wrath, the taught it ther.
The milke thou fuc'd from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou hadst thy tenderry, Yet ever Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intrest her thow a woman pity.

Chir. What,
Would'thou haue me proue my felle a baflard?

Lau. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pity, did indure
To haue his Princely paws part all away,
Some fay, that Rauens fether forlorn children,
The whitl'll their owne birds familie in their nefts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart fay no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tam. I know not what it means away with her.

Lau. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers fake,
That gauue thee life when well he might haue flaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy defe eares.

Tam. Had'thou in perforne feroxe offended me.
Euen for his fakke am I pittiflle
Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vaine,
To faue your brother from the sacrificce,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vie her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Demet. Oh Tamara,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poor I was faine, when Bajaziens dy'd.

Tam. What beg'th thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lau. 'Tis prefent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worfe then killing luft,
And tumble me into some loathfome pit,
Where never mens eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So fhoul I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them fatifie their luft on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou haft flaid vs heere too long.
Lau. Me. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastily creature,
The bload and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay then Ie stope thy mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, ffee that you make her fure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Andronicus be made away:
Now will I hence to fseeke my lovely Moors,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure.

Exit.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aaron. Come on my Lord is, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothome pit.
Where I eplied the Panther falt asleep.

Quint. My fhit is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mar. And mine I promife you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our fport to fleep a while.

Quint. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this?
Whole mouth is couered with Rude growing Briars,
Upon whole leaes are drops of new-bled-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew dili'd on flowers,
A very fital place it femeles to me:

Speake Brother haft thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. Oh Brother,
With the diffal'd obied?
That euer eyfh with light made heart lamen.

Aaron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may have a lycel geffe,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

Mar. Why doft not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quintus. I am surprifed with an vncouthe feare,
A chilling fweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart fulpends more then mine ele can fee.

Mar. To proue thou haft a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And fee a fairefull light of blood and death.

Quintus. Aaron is gone,
And my compaffionate heart
Will not pernit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by furnife:
Oh tell me how it is, farre nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bajazien lies embrowed heere,
All on a hrape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this deteleted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be darke, how dooff thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shin vpon the dead mens earthly cheekes,
And thews the ragged intralles of the pit:
So pale did shin the Moone on Piramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden b lood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If faire hath made thee faint, as mee it haths,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hatefull as Oitius miffle mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Or wishing strength to doe thee so much good, I may be pluckt into the swallowing wome, Of this deep pit, poore Bajianus grace: I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinkes.

Enter. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help, Thy hand once more, I will not looke againe, Till thou art here aloft, or I below, Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. Both fall in.

Satur. Along with me, Ile fee what hole is here, And what he is that now is leapt into it. Say, who art thou that lately didst defend, Into this gaping hollow of the earth? Marz. Thy handwip sonne of old Andronicus, Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre, To finde thy brother Bajianus dead. Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but left, He and his Lady both are at the Lodge, Upon the North-side of this pleasant Chafe, 'Tis not an houre since I left him there. Marz. We know not where you left him all alie, But out alas, heare heave we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King? King. Here be Tamora, though grief'd with killing griefe. Tam. Where is thy brother Bajianus? King. Now to the bottome doth thoy search my wound, Poore Bajianus heere lies murthered. Tam. Then all too late I bring this faultfull writ, The complot of this timelesse Tragedie, And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, In pleaing Smiles fuch murderous Tyrannie.

She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we miste to meete him banefully, Sweet hurtman, Bajianus'tis we meanes, Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him, Thou know'st our meaning, look for thy reward Among the Nettles at the Elder tree, Which ever fades the mouth of that faine pit: Where we decreed to bury Bajianus Doe this and purchase vs thy trusting friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the Elder tree, Looke first, if you can finde the huntman out, That should have murthered Bajianus heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. King. Two of thy wheples, fell Curs of bloody kind Have heere bereft my brother of his life: Sirs drag them from the pit unto the prifon, There let them bide untill we haue deu'd Some newer heard of tortering paine for them.

Tam. What are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing! How easiely murder is diciouer'd? Tin. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee, Ibeg this boon, with tears, not lightly thed, That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes, Accursed, if the fault be proud in them. King. If he be proud? you see it is apparant, Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you? Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp. Tit. I did my Lord, Yet let me be theri baile. For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow They shall be ready at your Highnes will, To answere their fussion with their lives, King. Thou shalt not baile them, fee thou follow me: Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers, Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine, For by my foule, were there worne end then death, That end vpon them shold be executed. Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King, Fear not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough. Tit. Come Lucius come, Stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Emperesse Sonnes, with Launia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and rauifhit.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake, Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauifhit thee. Chi. Write downe thy mind, beway thy meaning fo, And if thy Humpes will let thee play the Scribe. Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can fowle. Chi. Goe home, Call for sweet water, wash thy hands. Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash. And so let's leaue her to her silent walks. Chi. And twere my caufe, I shold goe hang my self. Dem. If thou hast't hands to helpe thee knit the cord. Exeunt.

Windo Horae.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Launia.

Who is this, my Niece that flies away fo fast? Cofen a word, where is your husband? If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me; If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe, That I may flumber in eternall sleepe. Speake gentle Niece, what ferne Voygent hands Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches, thowe sweet Ornaments Whole circletting shadowes, Kings have sought to sleep in And might not come to great a happiness As half thy Loun? Why dooth not speake to me? Alas, a Crimson river of warme blood, Like to a bubling fountain stir'd with wind, Doth rise and fall betweene thy Roied lips, Comming and going with thy hony breath. But sure some Terens hath defouler thee, And least thou should't detect them, cut thy tongue. Ah, now thou turn't away thy face for flame: And notwithstanding all this loffe of blood, As from a Conduit with their lipping Spouts, Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face, Blufhing 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 beaft That I might raile at him to sake my mind. Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen flipp'd, Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is. Faire Pheomela the but loft her tongue, And in a tedious Sampler fowerd her minde. But louely Niece, that meane is cut from thee, A crafter Terens half thou met withall, And he hath cut thofe pretty fingers of, That
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The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better fowed then Philomel.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Apean leaves upon a Lute.
And make the firk en frings delight to slife them,
He would not then have sought them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Whch that sweet tongue hath made:
He would have dropit his knife and fell asleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blind,
For such a light will blinde a fathers eye.
One haures florne will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning eafe thy milery.  

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senecours with Titus two fannes bound,
Passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before paching.

Tit. Heare me greue fathers, noble Tribunes say,
For pity of mine age, whole youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilft ye security slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrel shed,
And for the bitter teares, which now ye see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whole foules is not corrupt as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty fannes I neuer wept,
Because they die in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth deare, and the Judges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the duft I write
My harts deepe languor, and my foules sad teares:
Let my teares flanch the earths drie appetite.
My fannes sweet blood, will make it flame and blushe:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
Exeunt that shall confult from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull April shall with all his shoures
In summers drought; Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the fnow,
And keepe erenam full spring time on thy face,
So thou refus to drinke my deare fannes blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

Oh reuerant Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbide my fannes, resit the doome of death,
And let me lay (that never wont before)
My teares are now preauling Gratours.
Lu.  Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a Stone.
Tit. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Tit. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke meoroh if they did heare
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes boodles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my diffiret,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe wepe, they humbly at my feete
Receive my teares, and seeme to wepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to thefe.
A Stone is as soft waue,
Tribunes more hard then ftones:
Affone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore fland'ft thou with thy waun drawnne?
Lu. To rescue my two brotheres from their death,
For which attempt the Judges haue punctract.
My everlafting doome of banishment.
Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foole? Lucius, do thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must praie, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From thefe devourers to be banished?
But who comes with your brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus prepare thy noble eyes to wepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring confirming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it confume me? Let me fee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why Marcus to thee is.
Luc. Aye me this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-harted boy, arife and looke vpon her,
Speak Lavinia, 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 grieue was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like Nyfus it didst ninth bounds:
Glue me a Sword, Ie chop off my hands now,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they have nur't this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they have fayed me to effeche effic.
Exeunt now all the servcie I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lavinia, that thou haft no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Luc. Spake gentle fitter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. That deffalliful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodius bird it fung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euer ear.
Luc. Ohy lay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her fraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her life as doth the Deare
That hath recuelle some vncruing wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rocke,
Insuiron'd with a wilderneffe of Sea.
Who marks the wauning tide,
Grow wawe by wawe,
Exeunt

1. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron. Did euer Rauen Fang so like a Larke, That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes virole? With all my heart, Ile fend the Emperour my hand, Good Aaron wilt thou help to chuse it off? Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine, That hath throwne downe so many enemies, Shall not be fent: my hand will serue the turne, My youth can better fpare my blood then you, And therefore mine hall saue my brothers lives. Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome, And rea'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe, Writing deftruction on the enemies Cattle? Oh none of both but are of high defert: My hand hath bin but idle, let it fere To ranfome my two nephews from their death, Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

More. Nay come agree, whole hand hallgoe along For feare they die before their pardon come. & Mar. My hand hall goe. Lu. By heauen it hall thou goe. Ti. Sirs ftrue no more, fuch withered hears as these Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine. Lu. Sweet Father, if I hall be thought thy fonne, Let me redeeme my brothers both from death. Mar. And for our fathers fakle, and mothers care, Now let me fave a brothers love to thee. Ti. Agree between you, I will spare my hand. Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe. & Mar. But I will vfe the Axe. Exeunt

Ti. Come hither Aaron, Ile deceuie them both, Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine, & More. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, And neuer wille I lie deceuie men fo: But Ile deceuie you in another fort, And that you'll say ere halfe an hour passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Ti. Now say you strie, what shall be, is dispatcht? Good Aaron giue his Maiefie me hand, Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers: bid him bury it: More hath it merited: That let it haue. As for my fonnes, fay I account of them, As jewels purchace at an euer man haue, But I hall giue thy hand, and giue thee mine, And yet deceuie too, because I bought mine owne. Aaron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Lucius. And by and by to haue thy fonnes with thee: Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany Dofh fit me with the very thoughts of it. Let foole doe good, and faire men call for grace, Aaron will have his foule backe like his face. & Exeunt

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen, And bow this feeble ruine to the earth, If any power pitties wretched teares, To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me? Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers, Or with our fight weele breath the welkin dimme, And flaine the Sun with fogg against time cloudes, When they do hug him in their melting bofomes. & Mar. Oh brother speak with possibilities, And do not brake into these deepe extrematies.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no botome? Then
Enter a missing or with two beads and a hand.

Mfl. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons.
And hereis thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their spurs: Thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is to me thine upon your woe,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.
Exit.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell,
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow floutd at, is double death.

Luc. Ah that this fhoot should make so deep a wound,
And yet detest d life not shrike theoret:
That ever death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Marc. Alas poore hart that kiife is comfortles,
As frozen water to a starued flakke.

Titus. When will this fearfull flumber haue an end?

Marc. Now farwell flatterie, die Andronicus,
This doth no flumber, fee thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banish'f sons with this deere fight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a flony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Run off thy thyriuer hurting, thy other his bide,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall fight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to forrime, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Marc. Why doth thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Titus. Why have I no other teare to shed:
Befides, this forrow is an enemy,
And would vfurpe upon my watery eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cauce?
For these two heads doe beame to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to blifie,
Till all these mifchiefes be returned againe,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what taske I have to doe,
You haueus people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare unto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear:
And Launia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Bear thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my flight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raife an army there,
And if you lose me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiffe and part, for we have much to doe.

Marc. Lucius.

Luc. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The wofull man that euer li'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, till Lucius come againe,
Heloses his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell Launia my noble fetter,
O would thou wert as thou to faire haue beene,
But now, nor Lucius nor Launia liues
But in oblivion and hateful griefes:
If Lucius liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empeffee
Bag at the gates likes Tarquin and his Queene.
Now I to the Gothes and raife a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and Saturnine,

Marc. A Basket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Launia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now fit, and looke you eat no more
Then will preferue left to much strength in vs
As will requite these bitter woe's of ours.

Marcus vnknit that forrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I ( poore Creatures ) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefes,
With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirrannize vpou my breath.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prifon of my flesh,
Then thus I thumppe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus doft talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canst not drinke it thus to make it still?
Wound it with fighting girles, kill it with prones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And luff against thy hart make thou a hole.
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that fincke, and foaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Marc. By brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vpou her tender life.

An. How now! Has forrow made thee doate already?
Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can the lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doft thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid eEmune tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember all that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frantically I square my talk.
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If Marcus did not name the word of hands,
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle cate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke Marcus what she faies,
I can interpret all her martins signes.
She faies, she drinks no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her forrow: mehf'd vpou her cheeks,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter young Lucius and Luainia running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his books under his arm.

Boy. Help Grandfier help me, my Aunt Luainia,
Follows me every where I know not why.
Good Uncle Marcus fee how swift the comer,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. What means my Niece Luainia by theft signes?

Ti. Fearst not Lucius, somewhat doth she mean:
See Luainia see, how much the makes of thee:
Some whether would she have thee goe with her.
Ah boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her fones, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not giue wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I giue,
Venefice some fit or issue do poiffe her:
For I have heard my Grandfier lay full oft,
Extremity of griefes would make men mad.
And I have read that Heucwe of Troy,
Ran mad through forrow, that made me feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookses, and flie
Caufes perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Uncle Marcus goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now Luainia, Marcus what means this?
Some booke there is that she defires to fee,
Which is it girlie of theft? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skil,
Come and take choife of all my Library,
And do befal to thy forrow, till the heaven's
Reueale the dauned contriver of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts the vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I think the means that ther was more then one
Confedrate in the faft, I more there was:
Or elze to heauen she haues them to reuenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that the tofteth for?

Boy. Grandfier 'tis Ouida Metamorphosis, 
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhapes she culd it from among the reft.

Ti. Soft, fo bully she turns the leauens,
Help her, what would the finde? Luainia hall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Pholomel?
Stanza of Tereus treasion and his rapte,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leauens

Ti. Luainia, went thou thus surpriz'd sweet girlie,
Raulhilt and wrong'd as Pholomela was?
For'd in the ruthless, yah, and gloomy woods?
See, fee, I fuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murmurs and for rapts.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vifelle the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Gius signes sweet girlie, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durft do the deed?
Or flunkie not Saturnine, as Targuine erits,
That left the Campe to finne in Lacreece bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appolo, Pallas, Ioe, or Mercury,
Inpire me that I may this treasion finde.
My Lord looke here, looke heree Luainia.

He writes his Name with his laffes, and guides it with faiths and mearel.

This fandle plot is plains, guide if thou canst.
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Cur'd be that hart that forc'd me to that shift:
Write thou good Nephe, and here display at luft,
What God will have discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy forrowes plaine,
That we may know the Tryatours and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
jumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what the hath writs?

Strappum, Citron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lufffull fonnies of Tamora,
Performers of this halnous bloody deed?

Ti. Mogu! Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audito scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To fillre a mulrine in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclamations.
My Lord kneele downe with mee; Leonia kneele,
And kneele (sweet boy, the Romaine Heltes hope,
And aweare with mee, as with the woffull Feere
And father of that chaft disdouned Dame,
Lord Lucius Brutes averse for Lucree rap'e,
That we will profecute (by good aduice)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traitoroy Cothes,
And fee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Ti's faire enough, and you knew how.

But if you hunt Thele Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply fell in league.
And tolls him whilffe the palyeth on her backe,
And when he fleeces will he do what the lift.
You are a young huntman Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brace,
And with a God of fleeces will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these fands like Silets leaves abroad,
And wheres your lefson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be lafe,
For these bad bond-men to the joyce of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oare,
For his vagnetruefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle fo will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goo with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my joy.
Shall carry from me to the Empresse fonna,
Prefents that I intend to fend them both,
Come, come, thou'll do thy meffage, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my daggar in their boomes Grandfire:

Lucius nooke to my houfe,
Lucius and Ile goo brace it at the Court,
I marry will we fir, and weele be waited on.

Exeunt. Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man groane
And not relent, or not compasion him?
Marcus attend him in his extase,
That hath more fears of forrow in his heart,
Then foes-mens marks vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet to luft, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old Andronicus.

Exit. Enter Aron, Citron and Demetrius at one dordant and another
do young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and woes writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the fonne of Lucius,
He hath some meffage to deliever vs.

Aron. I come mead meffage from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbless I may,
I greeete your honours from Andronicus,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely Lucius, what's the newes?
For villanies mark't with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well adult'd hast sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for he bad me say:
And fo I do and with his gifts pretent
Your Lordshipp, when euer you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And fo I leave you both: like bloody villains.


Integret iuicte et senis, non egit maury iacula me arce.

Chi. O 'tis a verfe in Horace, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I luft, a verfe in Horace tright, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aife?
Heer's no found left, the old man hath found their guilt,
And fends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andronicus conceit;
But let her ref, in her vernet a while.
And now young Lords, wa'ts toot a happy thare
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then fo;
Captuies, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To brane the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to fee great a Lord
Bafeully intime, and fend vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reafon Lord Demetrius?
Did you not vfe his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bau, by turne to ferue our luft.

Chi. A bedrable with, and full of love.

Moore. Here's Lucius's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would the for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Pray to the deuils, the gods have gluens vs over.

Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a fonna.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurfe with a blacke a Moore child.

Nur. Noy heavd not morrow Lords?

O tell me, did you fee Aaron the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or leffe, or nere a whit at all,
Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nurfe. Oh gentle Aaros, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or owe bide thee eternmore.

Aron. Why, what a carterwailing doth thou keepe?
What doft thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurfe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse flame, and sately Romes dlgrace,
She is delievered Lords, she is delievered.

Aron. To whom?

Nur. Heere, what she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God give her good rest,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuil.

Alan. Why then she is the Deuil's Dam: a joyful issue.

Nurse. A lyelee, dillmull, blacke & forrowfull issue,

Here is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Among't the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empress finds it these, thy flame, thy zeal,

And bids thee chrin it with thy daggars point.

Alan. Out you whore, is black so safe a hue?

Sweet blowes, you are a beauteous blossom faire:

Dame. Villaine what bale thou done?

Alan. That which thou canst not vnde.

Chi. Thou haft vndone our mother.

Dame. And therein hellish dog, thou haft vndone,

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,

Accurst the off-spring to foule a fiend,

Chi. It shall not live.

Alan. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron it muft, the mother wils it fo.

Alan. What, muft it Nurse? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh. And bide it.

Dame. Ile broach the Tapiole on my Rapers point:

Nurse glue it me, my word shall soone dispacht it.

Alan. Sooner this word shall plough their bowells vp.

Stay murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That's done fo brightely when this Boy was goy,

He dies upon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sone and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not Encadinus

With all his threatening band of Typhon broode,

Nor great Altidor nor the God of warre,

Shall cease this prey out of his fathers bands;

What, what, ye fanguine shallow harte Boyses,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houfe painted signes,

Cote-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it fomes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can neuer turne the Swans blace legs to white,

Although the lave them hauely in the flow:

Tell the Emprefle from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excuse it how can.

Deme. Will thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Alan. My mistris is my mistris: this my felfe,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preferre,

This mauer all the world will I keepe safe,

Or fome of you shall moake it for me in Rome.

Dame. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will defpife her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Empereur in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blsth to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Alan. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counfels of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Looke how the blace flaue smiles vpon the father;

As who shold say, old Lad I am thime owne,

He is your brother Lords. And blest by God

Of that felde blood that first gave life to you,

And from that wombe where you imprifoned were

He is infranchised and come to light:

Nay he is your brother by the father side,

Although my face be flame'd in his face.

Nurse. Aaron what is it that I lay vnto the Emprefle?

Deme. Adulte thee Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy aduife:

Sauc thou the child,fo we may all be safe.

Alan. Then fit we downe and let vs all confult.

My fonne and I will haue the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Deme. How many women faw this childe of his?

Alan. Why so braue Lords, when we alone in league

I am a Lambe but if thou braue the More,

The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonelle,

The Ocean fwiels not fo at Aaron formes:

But fay agayne, how many faw the childe?

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my felfe,

And none elfe but the delierued Emprefle.

Alan. The Emprefle, the Midwife, and your felfe,

Two may keepe counfelf, when the the third's away:

Goe to the Emprefle, tell her this I fay,

He kile her Wecke,wecke,do cries a Pige prepared to th'pit.

Deme. What mean'th it now Aaron?

Wherefore didn't thou this?

Aaron. O Lord fir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?

Shall the lie to betray this guilt of our's:

A long tong'd babling Goliff? No Lords no:

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one Mulfous my Country-man

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,

His childe is like to her,faire as you are:

Goe paccle with him, and glue the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their Childe shall be aduau'd,

And be receivd for the Emperours heyre,

And subfleted in the place of mine.

To caime this tempett whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

Harke ye Lords, ye fe fe I haue givn her phylicke,

And you must needs beftow her funeral,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Gromes:

This done, fee that you take no longer daies

But fend the Midwife prefently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurfe well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.

Chi. Aaron I fee thou wilt not truft the ayre with fe

Deme. For this care of Tamorrs,

Her fel's, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Aaron. Now to the Gothes, as fwiit as Swallow flies,

There to dispofce this trauforest in mine armes,

And fcretly to greate the Emprefle friends:

Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, le beare you hence,

For it is you that puts vs to our shift's:

Ie make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whay, and fucke the Gothe,

And caffan in a Caue, and bring you vp

To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Exit.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen

with boyes, and Titus bears the armes with

Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinemen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie,

Looke ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straignt:

Terres Africaines, be you remembered Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled, firs take you to your tooles,

You Colens shall goe found the Ocean:

And call your neithraply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet ther's as little iud betwixt that Land:

No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Tity. Newes, newes, from heauen, Marcus the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? haue you any letters? Shall I haue Justice, what sayes Iupiter?

Clowne. No the Libbettaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.


Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I never came there, God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heauen in my young daies. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tresnall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Uncle, and one of the Emperiall men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to ferue for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace? Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could not say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Tit. Tituples. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kill his foot, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. He be at hand sir, fee you do it brullly.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah haue thout a kniffe? Come let me fee it, Heere Marcus, hold it in the Oration, For thou hast made it like an humble Supplicant; and when thou hast given it the Emperour, Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow mee.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and her two sons, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus flie at him.

Satur. Why Lords, What wrongs are thefe I was ouer sene An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne, Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent Of eual Justice, vil'd in such contempt? My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods, (How euer thefe disturburs of our peace But in the peoples ears there nought hath paizd, But euen with law against the willfull Sannes Of old Andronicus. And what and if His forrowes haue to ouerwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus affrighted in his wreakes, His fits, his frenzie, and his utterneffe? And now he writes to heauen for his redresse. See, heeres to Ioue, and this to Mercury,

This
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet frowles to file to the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
And who would say, in Rome no Justice were.
But if I live, his fained exsitus
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In Saturnis health: whom if he fleope,
He'll to awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud Conspirator that lives.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and bear the faults of Titus age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
That threats in course of him revenge, and fear'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distreßed plight,
Then prostrate the meanest or the best
For these contempes. Why thus it shall become
High witted Tamora to glose with all:

Aside.

Enter Clowe.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Milleship be Emperill.
Tam. Emperill I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clow. 'Tis he, God & Saint Stephen give you good den;
I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigion's here.

He reads the Letter.

Suru. Goe take him away, and hang him prefently.
Clow. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come flourah you must be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? I her Lady, then I have brought up a neck
To a faire end.

Suru. Delightful and intollerable wronges,
Shall I endure this monfrous villany?
I know from whence this name defile proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traytour Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villain lither by the hair,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge:
For this proud mocke, lie be thy younger man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp't to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should governe Rome and me.

Enter Quintus Emillius.

Suru. What newses with thee Emillius?
Emill. Arme my Lords, Rome never had more caufe,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high refulved men, bent to the fpyole
They hither march amaine, vnder conduce
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus;
Who his harts in couer to hide, and to do
As much as euer Coriolanus did.
King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froth, or graffe beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our fowres to approach,
'Tis he the common people love fo much,
My felle hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfullly,
And they have wilfe that Lucius were their Emperour.
Tam. Why should you fcare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Citizens fauor Lucius,
And will resolt from me, to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gras do flie in it?
The Eagle fuffers little Birds to finge,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleafure fint their melancholy.
Even to mayef thoy, the giddy men of Rome,
Then clear the thy spirit,for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then bates to fish, or hony flakes to shepe.
When as the one is wounded with the bate,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
Tam. If Tamora entreat not him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear,
With golden promifes, that were his heart
Almoft Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet shold both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaffadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoinst the meeting.
King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hoftage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Emill. Your bidding shall I do effeectually.

Exit. Tam.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blythe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiles.

Suru. Then goe faucelently and plead for him.

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luc. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I have receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which dignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how defirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneffe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any feate,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave flip, sprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requires with foul contempt:
Schoild in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like flinging Bees in hotter Sommer's day,
Led by their Maitre to the flowerd fields,
And be aueg'd on cursed Tamora:
And as he faith, so fay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank you, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I fraid,
To gaze upon a ruinous Monarchie,

And
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Upon the wafted building, sudainely
I heard a childly cry unnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyle, when loone I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny, saye, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whofe best thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mother looke,
Villaine thou might'nt have bene an Emperour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coile-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euin thus he rates the babe,
For I must beeare thee to a trusty God,
Who when he knowes thou art the Emperresse borne,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake,
With this, my weapon drawne I rught upon him,
Surpris'd sudainely, and sought him either
To vfe, as you thinke needful of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy God, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd Androicinus of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleat's your Emperresse eye,
And here's the Baule Fruite of his burning luft.
Say wall-p'y flauce, whether would'ft thou convey
This growing Image of thy fend-like face?
Why doft not speake, what doth not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side, in Fruits of Baffardie.

Aren. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre, for euery being good.
Firft hang the Child that he may see it sparril,
A fight to vxe the Fathers foule withall.

Aren. Get me a Ladder Lucini, take the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantag thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befal,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rote you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it Nowright.
Aren. And if it please thee? why affaye thee Lucius,
'Twill vexe thy foule to hear what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Marthers, Rapes, and Maffaces,
Acts of Blacke-night, abominable Deeds,
Compleats of Mitchiles, Trogion, Villaines.
Ruffhelt to hear, yet pittiously preform'd,
And this child all beuried by my death,
Vnleefe thou speare to me thy Childe shall live.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall live.

Aren. Swere that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who shoul I swere by, Thou beleucent no God,
That graunted, how can't thou beleuence an oath?
Aren. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haft a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I have seene thee carefull to obtaine:
Therefore I vrged thy oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Bambles for a God,
And keps the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrg him; therefore thou shalt vow
By that fame God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and haft in reuerence,
To face my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer ought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I swear to thee I will,
Aren. First know thou,
I begot him on the Empresse,
Luci. Oh most Infaitate luxurious woman!

Aren. Tut Lucini, this was his deed of Charlie,
Tout that which thou failet hear of me anon
'Twas her two Sonsnes that murdered Baffanius,
They cut thy Siffers tongue, and rauifht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou faw't.
Luci. Oh detestable villaine!
Call it thou that Trimming?
Aren. Why she was waft, and cut, and trim'd,
And'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aren. Indeede, I was their Tutor to inuict them,
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As faire Carde as earth:

That bloody minde I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be winneffe of my worth;
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guillifull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of Baffanius lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonsnes,
And what not done, thou haft caufe to rue,
Wherein I had no froke of Mitcheife in it.
I play'd the Chester for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my felle apart,
And almoft broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the Creuse of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonsnes heads,
Behold his tears, and laught fo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Emperesse of this sport,
She founded almoft at my pleasing tale,
And for my taylgs, gave me twenty kiffes.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blufh?

Aren. I like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.
Luci. Art thou not forry for these hainous deedes?
Aren. Yea, that I had not done a thousand more:
Even now I curfe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaste of my curfe,
Wherin I did not come Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elle deuile his death,
Raufh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Aufe some Innocent, and forwairre my felle,
Set deadly Emnity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haylackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quaene them with the teares:
Oft hauie I dig'd vp dead men from their graves,
And yet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Even when their forewes almoft was forgot,
And on their delicines, as on the Barkes of Trees,
Hauie with my knife caried in Romaine Letters,
Let not your forrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greuese me hardly in these,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging preffently.
Aren. If there be diuells, would I were a deuill,
To line and burne in eueryting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

But
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs flay his mouth, & let him spake no more. Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meffenger from Rome
Defines to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome Emilius, what the news from Rome ?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He crazes a parly at your Fathers house.
Willing you to demand your Hoftages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What fies our General ?

Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges
Unto my Father, and my Vncle Marcus.

Flourish.

And we will come : march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habillament,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge fent from below,
To loynge with him and right his haunis wrongs:
Knocke at his fudy where they fay he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of the Reuenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to loyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his fudy door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation ?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the door,
That fo my fad decrees may file away,
And all my fludie be to no effect ?
You are decei'd,for what I meant to doe,
See here in bloody lines I have fict downe :
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee,

Tit. No not a word : how can I grace my tale,
Wanting a hand to give it action,
Thau haft the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did ft I know me,
Thou would'ft talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wittife this wretched flump, 

Wittife the light fironm lines,

Wittife these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Wittife the tyring day, and heavtie night,
Where is the newre, that I may find out
For our proud Emprefse, Mighty Tamora:
Is not thy comming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou fad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemy, and thy Friend,
I am Revenge fent from th?Infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wraeffull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
That's not a hollow Cauze or lurking place,
No Vait obfcurity, or Miftie vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteated Rape,
Can cooch for fear, but I will finde them out,
And in their cares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offencers quake.

Art thou Revenge? and art thou fent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcuc my Brother, 'tis fit Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Goths,
Bid him encampe his Soldiery where they are,
Tell him the Emperor, and the Emperesse 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 Fathers life.

Luc. This will I do, and soon returne againe.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no reuenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
While I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined left?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake faire him,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuices,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasoure, leave vs here.

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, reuenge now goes to
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet revenge farewell.
Chit. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I have worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, Catius, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you thefe two?

Pub. The Emperesse Sonnes

Tam. I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deceu'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Catius, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me with for fuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them faire.
Chit. Villaines forbeare, we are the Emperesse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speake a word,
Is he bane bound, looke that you binde them fast. 

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bafon.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrieus,
Here stand the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vill'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotiffe Chaffity,
Ihumane Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretchts, how I meant to misrty you,
This one hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil't that Lauinia tweeke her flumps doth hold:
The Balon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother means to feast with me,
And calls her selfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffin I will rearre,
And make two Passes of your flamefull Heads,
And bid that trumpter your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increate.
This is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet flie shall forset on,
For worfe then Phebus ou'd my Daughter,
And worfe then Preges, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: Lauinia come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paffe let their vill'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this Bancket, which I with might proue,
More ferre and bloody then the Centaures Feast.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them redly,gaint their Mother comes. 

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goths.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'ts my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall,what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed deuil,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperous face,
For testimonie of her Soule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour means no good to vs.

Areu. Some deuil whisper curfes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vter for th,
The Venerous Malelice of my dwelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumanne Dogge, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to convoy him in,
Flores. The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Emperisse, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one? 
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?
Marc. Rome? Emperour & Nephew brake the parie.
Those quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus,

Hath
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

When with his solemne tongue he did aliofure
To loue-ficke Didoes fad attending ear,
The flor of that balefull burning night,
When fubfibGreekes furpriz'd King Priamus Troy:
Tell vs what Sinus hath bewichht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine,in,
That gies our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not complaft of flint nor feele,
Nor can I vter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And break my very vittrance,even in the time
When it should moue you to attend me moft,
Lending your kind hand Commoleration.
Heere is a Captaine,let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to heare him speake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory,be it knoune to you,
That curfed Cibran and Demetrias
Were they that murdered our Emperor Brother,
And they it were that maifcled our Siffer,
For their fell souls our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares defil'd, and kniffs soulen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romeos quarrel out,
And fent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lafly, my felfe vnlkndly banihed,
The gates shut on me,and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Rome's Enemies,
Who drownd the teares in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friends:
And I am turned forth,be it knoune to you,
That have proue'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My fcar can witneffe,dunbe although they are,
That my report is iuft and full of truth:
But loft,me thinkes I do diggrese too much,
Cytting my worthiefle prafce:Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by,men prafie themfelves,
Marc. Now is my turne to speake:Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamora delieverd,
The iffe of an Irreligious Moore,
Chiefes Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alue in Titus houfe,
And as he is, to witneffe this is true.
Now judge what courfe had Titus to reuenge
Thesee wrongs, vnprifable paft patience,
Or more then any liuing man could bear;
Now you have heard the truth,what faie you Romeines?
Haue we done ought amifs? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronici,
Will hand in hand all headlong caft vs downe,
And on the ragged fames beat forth our brains,
And make a mutuall clofure of our houfe:
Speake Romeines speake,and if you fay we shall,
Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Emili. Come come,thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emporeur gentilly in thy hand,
Lucius our Emporeur for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be fo.
Marc. Lucius,all hailie Rome Royall Emporeur,
Goe,goe into old Titus tortuworth houfe,
And let her heale that misbleving Moore,
To be adjuide's some difficult darthering death,
As punishment for his moft wicked life.
Lucius all hailie to Rome graciou Gouernour.

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Lucius
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc.  Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harms, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me syne a-while,
For Nature putt me to a heawy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vackle draw you neere,
To shed obfoueious teares upon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiffe on thy pale cold lips,
Thefe sorrowfull drops upon thy bloud-flaine face,
The las true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar.  Teare for teare, and louing kiffe for kiffe,
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
O were the rumme of these that I should pay
Countiefe, and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc.  Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in flowres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Breft, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Met, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
That respect: then, like a Louing Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, shoulde affociate Friends, in Gleece and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindneffe, and take leave of him.

Boy.  O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue again.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans.  You sad Andronicus, have done with woes,
Gius sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.

Luc.  Set him breft deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him fland, and rave, and cry for fooide:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes.  This is our doome:
Some flay, to see him fall'd in the earth.

Agr.  O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worfe, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius.  Some louing Friends conuey the Emp.; hence,
And gie him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be cloed in our Houfholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foureth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoud of pity,
And being fo, shall have like want of pity.
See Injurie done on Aaron that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heavy hapnes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate.  Exeunt omnes.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

ROMEO and IVLIE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Gregory: My word we'll not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we should be Collars.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, we'll draw.
Greg. 1. While you live, draw your necke out o'th Collar.
Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Montague, moves me.
Greg. To moue, is to stirr: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runn'st away.
Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand,
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montagues.
Greg. That thewes thee a weake flue, for the weakest goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall. (their men.)
Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Mafter, and vs
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my felfe a tyrannwitch when I have fought with the men, I will bee civil with the Maids, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?  
Samp.1. the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fentence thou wilt.
Greg. They must take it fence, that feel it.
Samp. Me they shall feel while I am able to fland:
And 'tis knowne I am a proper peece of fleth.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'ft, thou had'ft bene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House of the Montagues.
Enter two other Servingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrell, I will back thee
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No marrt: I fear thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Law of our fides;let them begin.
Gre. I will frowne as I pace by, & let the take it as they list
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a difgrace to them, if they beare it.
Gre. Do you bite your Thumb at vs fir?
Samp. Do you bite my Thumbe, fir.
Gre. No.
Sam. Is the Law of our fide, if I say I?
Gre. No.

Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but I bite my Thumbe fir.
Gre. Do you quarrel fir?
Samp. Quarel fir no fir. (as you
Sam. If you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man
Gre. No better?
Samp. Well fir.
Gre. Say better: here comes one of my masters kindmen.
Samp. Yes, better.
Gre. You Lye.
Rea. Part Foolies, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Quartel.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlefe Hindes? Turne thee Benwolde, looke vpon thy death.
Rea. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Hau'e at thee Coward.
Quartel.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bis, and Partition, strike, beat them downe with the Capulet, downe with the Montagues.
Enter old Capulet in b' GMme, and b' wife.
Cap. What noife is this?Giuve me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I say: Old Montague is come, And frouilhes his Blade In fght of me.
Enter old Montague, & his wife.
Moun. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go.
Wife. Thou shalt not fir a ftoole to fokee a Foe.
Enter Prince Exhales, with b' Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subject's, Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-daine Stedd, Will they not heare? What hoce, you Men, you Beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage, With purple Fountaines iffuing from your Veines: On paine of Torture, from thoel bloody hands Throw your midtemper'd Weapons to the ground, And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuil Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old Capulet and Montague, Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets, And made Feria's ancient Citizens Calf by their Graue beffoming Ornaments, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You Capulet shall goe along with me,
And Montague come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this cafe:
To old Free-towne, our common judgiment place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.
Exsunt.

Men. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Heere were the ferants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the infant came
The fiery Tubal, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my care,
He flour'd about his head, and cut the winde,
Who nothing hurt withall, hit him in forrce.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Come more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till that the peace came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is Romeo, fav you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worship Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drawe me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the grous of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City siede:
So careely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And glide into the court of the wood,
I measuring his afflictions by my owne,
Which then most fought, wher most might not be found:
Being one to many by my weary felde,
Purfued my Honour, not purfuing his
And gladly hum'd, who gladly fled from me.

Madam. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to clouds, more clouds with his deepe sights,
But all so foone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shacle Curtains from Aurora bed,
Away from light shales home my heavy Sonne,
And private in his Chamber penne himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous mists this humour prove,
Vaine good counsell may the caufe remove.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the caufe?

Madam. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meannes?

Madam. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne afflictions counsellor,
Is to himselfe: I will not say how true
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from founding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enious worne,
Ere he can spread his sweete leues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his forrowes growe,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so pleate you step aside,
Ile know his garnace, or be much deuide.

Rom. I would thou were so happy by thy stay,
To hear true thrife. Come Madam let's away.

Exsunt.
She is too faire too wife! fely too faire, 
To merit blife by making me difpaire: 
She hath forsworne to love, and in that vow 
Do I live dead, that fhe to tell it now. 

Ben. Be rul’d by me, forget to think of her. 
Rom. O teach me how I fhould forget to think. 
Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes, 
Examine other beauties, 
Es. ‘Tis the way to call her (exquifit) in question more, 
These happy marks that kiffe faire Ladies brownes, 
Being blacke, put vs in mind they hide the faire: 
He that is brooken blind, cannot forget; The precious treasure of his eye fight lovt; 
Shew me a Misfrefs that is paffing faire, 
What doth her beauty ferue but as a note, 
Where I may read who that paffing faire. 
Farewell thou can‘t not teach me to forget, 
Ben. He say that doctrine, or elfe die in debt. 

Enter Capulet, Countr Paris, and the Clowne. 
Capu. Montague is bound as well as I, 
In penalty alike, and ‘tis not hard I think, 
For God hath made me to keep the peace. 
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both, 
And pitie ‘tis you live at sox fo long: 
But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute? 
Capu. But saying ore what I have laid before, 
My Child is yet a stranger in the world, 
She hath not beene the change of fourteen yeares, 
Let two more Summers wither in their pride, 
Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride. 
Par. Younger then the, are happy mothers made. 
Capu. And tooe foone mar’d are those fo earlie made: 
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she, 
Shes the hopefull Lady of my earths: 
But woe her gentle Parket her heart, 
My will to her content, is but a part, 
And thee agree, within her scope of choife, 
Lyze my content, and faire according voice: 
This night I hold an old accoutom’d Feast, 
Whereeto I have invited many a Gueff, 
Such as I love, and you among the store, 
One more, most welcome makes my number more: 
At my poor house, looks to behold this night, 
Earth-treading flames, that make dark heauen light, 
Such comfort as do lufy young men feel, 
When well apparell’d April on the heele 
Of limping Winter treads, even fuch delight 
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night 
Inhabit my houfe hear all, all ye: 
And like her moft, whose merít moft shall be: 
Which one more velv of many, mine being one, 
May fland in number, though in reckoning none. 
Comee with me: goo firth Trudge about, 
Through faire Verona find thofe perfons out, 
Whose names are written there, and to them fay, 
My houfe and welcome, on their pleafure fay. 

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. 
Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker fhould meddle with his Yard, 
And the Taylor with his Left, the Fisher with his Penfeil, and the Painter with his Nets. 
But I am fent to finde thofe perfons whose names are wrt, & can never finde what names the writing perfon hath here writ (I mutt to the learnd) in good time. 

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo. 
Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out anothers burning, 
One paine is defined by anothers anguifh: 

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning: 
One delparate griefe, cure with anothers anguifh: 
Take thou fome new infection to the eye, 
And the rank poyton of the old wil die. 

Rom. Your Plantan leaf leal is excellent for that. 
Ben. For what I pray thee? 
Rom. For your broken thin. 
Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad? 
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is: 
Shut vp in prifon, kept without my foode, 
Whipt and tormented: and Golden good follow, 
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray for can you read? 
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miferie. 
Ser. Perhaps you have learn’d it without bookes: 
But I pray you can read any thing you fee? 
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language. 
Ser. Ye say honestly, red you merry. 
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read. 

He reads the Letter. 
S Eigneur Martin, and his wife and daughter: County An- 
Jilde, and his beautiful fiffers: the Lady widow of Otru- 
Di, Simeone Placentio, and the lovely Notc: Mercutio 
and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet his wife and daugh- 
ters: my faire Niece Ruffaine, Louis Seigneur Valentine, & his 
Cifen Tybalt: Luiz and the lovely Helena. 
A faire afsemble, whither should they come? 

Rom. Whither? to supper? 
Ser. To our houfe. 
Rom. Whole houfe? 
Ser. My Maifters. 
Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before. 
Ser. Now I let tell you without asking. My maiftier is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the houfe of 
Montaguet I pray come and cruft a cup of wine. Reft you merry. 

Ben. At this fame auncient Feast of Capulets 
Sups the faire Ruffaine, whom thou do loue: 
With all the admired Beauties of Verona, 
Go thither and with vnattainted eye, 
Compare her face with some that I fhall fhow, 
And I will make thee thinkly thy Swan a Crow. 
Rom. When the beaten religion of mine eye 
Mainrinues fuch faithfull, then turne teares to fire: 
And thefe who often drown’d could never die, 
Transparent Heretriques be burnt for liem. 
One fairer then my loue: the all-fearing Sun 
Nere faw her match, since first the world begun. 
Ben. Try you faw her faire, none elfe being by, 
Herfelfe pay’d with herfelf in either eye: 
But in that Chriftall fcales, let there be wald, 
Your Ladies loue againft some other Maid 
That I will show you, flining at this Feast, 
And the fhou (faint shell), well that now fheves beft. 
Rom. Hee goe along, no fuch fight to be showne, 
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne. 

Enter Capulet, Wife and Nutre. 
Wife. Nutre what’s your daughte? call her forth to me. 
Nutre. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeares old 
I had her come, what Lam:what Ladi bird, God forbid, 
Where’s this Girls? what Init? 

Enter Juliet. 
Juliet. How now, who calls? 
Nut. Your Mother. 
Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will? 
Wife. This is the matter: Nutre giue awele awhile, we mu
mult talk in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I have remembered my daughter's of a pretty noted.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an hour.

Wife. Shee's not fourteen.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spokone, I have but foure, shee's not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammas tides?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Even or oddes, of all daies in yeare come Lammas Eve at night shal the be fourteen. Saffen & shee, God rest all Christian foules, were of an age. Well Saffen is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall the be fourteen, that shall the marriage, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and the was wane'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dag sitting in the Sunne vnder the Doge-hope wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe bear a braine. But as I said, when it did taie the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter,pretty foule, to fee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houfe, 'twas no neede I throw the fire: for since that time it is a euen yeare,for then she could stand alone, nay br'th roode shee could runne, & waved all about: for euen the day before she broke her bow, & then my Husband God be with his foule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth he, he'll shoue you off vnpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haue more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & said I: to fee now how a leuall shall come about. I warrant, & I shal lye a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foule it flinted,and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam,yet I cannot chafe but laugh, to thynke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumble as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it crie med bitterely. Yea quoth my husband, fall'll vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commet to age: wilt thou not Iule? It flinted and said I.

Iule. And flint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done God marke thee too his grace thou with the prettie Babe that ere I affh, and I might lye to fee thee married once, I have my will.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very thame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iule,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an hour that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An hour, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst fuckt wisdome from thy trench.

Old La. Well think of marriage now,yonger then you Hearre in Perona, Ladies of efeeme, Are made already Morners. By my count thou was the prettiest Babe that ere I affh, and I might lye to fee thee married once, I have my will.

That you are now a Maid, thus then in breve:

The valiant Pars seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronese Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay here's a flower,infith a very flower.

Old La: What say you, can you love the Gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight, wriet there with Beauties pent
Examine every feuerial lineament,
And fee how one another lends content:
And what obcur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Book of Love, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish lies in the Sea, and 's much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Bookie in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold clapes,Lockes in the Golden florie:
So you shall share all that he doth poiffe,
By hauing him, making your felte no kefe.

Nurse. No lefe, say biggerwomen grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Iuli. He looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more depe will I endart mine eye,
Then your content glues strength to make fiete.

Shall the Love be yours?

Enter Romeo, Mercutius, Benvollin, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shal this speche be spokone for our excufe?
Or shall we on without Apologye?

Men. The date is out of such proludie,
Welle have no Cepheid,hood wintk with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skarring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them mesure vs by what they will.
Welle mesure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will heare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Rome, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I believe me,you have dancing foole.
With nimble foole, I have a foule of Lead
So flakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cepheid wings,
And foare with them aoue a common bound.
Rom. I am too farre earesmeied with his haft,
To foare with his light feathers, to to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull wor.
Vnder louses heavy burthen doe I finke.

Hera. And to finke in it shoul you burthen louse,
Too great oppreffion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too bitterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Prickle louse for prickling, and you beat louse downe,
Gie me a Cafe to put my vilage in,
A Vifor for a Vilor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote determimates:
Here are the Beelte-browes shal blash for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me,let wants light of heart
Tickle the feneceffie rushes with their heele:
For I am prouerd with a Granadier Phrafe,
lie be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere fo faire, and I am done.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights resels and expire the terme
Of a depreed life clo'd in my brest
By some vile forfeit of vntrimy death.
But he that hath the hircage of my course,
Direct my fate: on luftie Gentlemen.

Enter Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Sursingome come forth
with their napkins.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's Petron, that he helps not to take away?
He shall a Trencher I he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good menanan, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwaft too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Joyntoole, remove the Court-
cubboard, looke to the Plate: good thou, face mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thond me let, the Porter let in
Sufan Grindfyne, and Nell, Anthonie and Petran.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & fought
for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brick awhile, and the longer lurer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Gufti and Gentlewomen to the
Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walk about with you:
Ah my Midtretles, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She ile Iware hath Cornes shall I come naere ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have feme the day
That I have wore a Vifor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies ear
Such as would pleafe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
you are welcome Gentlemen, come Mufitians play:

Mighty plases: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, glue roome, and note it Glories,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is g owne too hot.
Ah firrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay fit, nay fit, good Corn Capuler,
For you and I are not our douncing dyes:
How long 'tis now fince left your foles and I
Were in a Maske?


1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis fince the Nuptiall of Lucentin,
Come Pencyoyf as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. Cap. Will you teell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inriche the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir.

Rom. O the doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It feemes he hangs upon the cheekes of night,
As a rich Jewell in an Aristops care;
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowye Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Ladie ore her fellows showes;
The meaurse done, ile watch her place of hand,
And touching hers, make helde my rude hand.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Did my heart love till now, forswear it fight,
For I never saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Mantague.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what darest thou say,
Come hither, and with this antique face,
To Sherlock and come upon our Solomiet.
Now by the froke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why now kinman, Wherefore thorne you so?

Tib. Vnleth this is a Mantague, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To forne at our Solomiet this night.

Cap. Young Rome is it?

Tib. This he, that Villalry Romo.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bearst him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth; I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which If thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeceming semblance for a Fait.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Yeole not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Yeole make a Mutninie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, yeole be the man.

Tib. Why Vnleth, 'tis a flame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcy Boy, 'tis fo foon?
This tricke may chance to fathch you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princoks, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for flame,
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perferror, with welfuller choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different gretting,
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now feeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Exeunt.  
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holy shrine, the gentile fin is this,
My lips to blussing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kis.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion thews in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiffe.

Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Piligrim, lips that they must vfe in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray[grant thou]leaf faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for prayers fayke.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine pray fin purgd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the fin that they haue tookeo.

Rom. Sin from my lips?O trepasis freely verg'd:
Give me my fin again.

Iul. You kiffe by'thbookes.

Nur. Madam your Mother cries a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur'fth her Daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is the a Capulet e?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the spot is at the heft.

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my vrayete.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
It e'ne fo? Why then I thanke you all.
I thank you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fawe it waxes late,
Ile to my reft.

Iul. Come hither Nurie,
What is your Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tuirto.

Iul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I think be young Petruch.

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go ask his name if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is Rome, and a Mantague,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early vene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me.

That I must loue a loathed Enemie,

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Iul. A rime, I learne euem now
Of one I don't withall.

One calls within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.
Now old desife doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affecction gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet matchet, is now not faire.
Now Rome is beleaued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe fupp'd he must complain,
And the thee Loue sweet bait from fairefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue access,
To breath fuch vows as Louers vie to sweare,
And the as much in Loue, her meane much leffe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paflion lends them Power, time, meane to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.

Merc. He is wife,
And on my life hath f牢ne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall,
Call good Mercutio.

Nay, lie content too.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Vnto the white vpturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fell backe to gare on him,
When he befrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And filies vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O Rome, Rome, wherefore art thou Rome? 
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name; 
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Love,
And Ie no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this? 
Is. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy: 
Thou art thy felfe, though not a Montague. 
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot, 
Nor armes, nor face, O be some other name 
Belonging to a man. 
What? in a names that which we call a Rose, 
By any other word would st弥n as sweete, 
So Rome would, were he not Rome call'd, 
Retaine that dear perfection which he owes, 
Without that title Rome, doffe thy name, 
And for thy name which is no part of thee, 
Take all my felfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word: 
Call me but Loue, and Ie be new baptiz'd, 
Hence forth I never will be Romeo.

Iull. What man art thou, that thus befcreen'd in night 
So rambled on my couneill? 
Rom. By a name, I know not how to telle thee who I am: 
My name dear Saint, is hateful to my felfe, 
Because it is an Enemy to thee, 
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iull. My eares have yet not drunk a hundred words 
Of thy tongues vterring, yet I know the found, 
Art thou not Rome, and a Montague? 
Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike. 
Iull. How can'th thou bether, 
Tell me, and wherefore? 
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbbe, 
And the place death, considering who thou art, 
If any of my kinmen find thee here, 
Rom. With Loues light wings 
Did I ore-perch thee Walls, 
For dny limits cannot hold Loue out, 
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt: 
Therefore thy kinmen are no flop to me.

Iull. If they do fee thee, they will murther thee. 
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye, 
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete, 
And I am proofe against their enmy. 
Iull. I would not for the world they faw thee here. 
Rom. I have nights cloake 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 proroged wanting of thy Loue. 
Iull. By whose direction found'th thou out this place? 
Rom. By Loue that first did promp me to enquire, 
He lent me couneill, and I lent him eyes, 
I am no Pylot,yet wert thou as far 
As that vash-shore-waftet with the farthet Sea, 
I should adventure for fuch Marchandise.

Iull. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face, 
Elfe would a Maiden broth bejeaunt my cheeke, 
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night, 
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, Elaine,onde 
What I have speake, but farewell Complement, 
Dost thou Loue? I know thou wilt try 1,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mathe prove false: at Louers perilous
They say true laught, oh gentle Rome,
If thou doft Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkst I am too quickly wonne,
Ie frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woe: But else for the world.

In truth faire Montague I am too fond:
And therefore thou mathe thinke my behaviour right,
That trust me Gentleman, Ie prove more true,
Then those that have coying to be strange,
I should have beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard't ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeeling to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered,
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with fluer all thefe Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconfort Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leat that thy Loue prove likewise varible.
Rom. What thvil I sweare by?
Iul. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou will sweare by thy gratious felfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And be beleue thee.
Rom. If my hearts desire loue.
Iul. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rath, too vnaduif'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens,Sweete good night,
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as weete repose and reft,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so vnfaithful?
Iul. What faffion can't thou have to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithful vow for mine.
Iul. I gaued thee mine before thou didst requite it:
And yet I would it were to give againe.
Rom. Would'st thou withwaite,
For what purpose Loue?
Iul. But to be franke and gue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea,
My Loue as deep, the more I glue to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I here some noyde within desire Loue aside,
Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet Montague be true:
Stay but alltill, I will come againe.
Rom. O blest, blest night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substance.
Iul. Three words desire Rome,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, lend me word to morrow,
By one that Ie procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perforne the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy fote Ie lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within : Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beceech thee

(By and by I come)
To cease thy Hift, and leave me to my grieve,
To morrow will I tend.
Rom. So thrus me loue.
Iul. A thousand times goodnight.
Exit.
Rom. A thousand times the worfe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boys fro thier books
But Loue fro Loue, towards schoole with heatle looks.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hift Rome, hift:O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoare, and may not speake aloud,
Eile would I teare the Cane where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoare; then
With repetition of my Rome,
Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name.
How fluer sweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like forrest Muficke to attending eares.
Iul. Rome.
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I tend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee backe,
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ie will stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other heme but this.
Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twilled Gyues,
And with a filken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving Jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Butting is such sweete forrow,
That I shall goy goodnight till it be morrow.
Iul. Steepe dwelv upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace to sweete to reff,
The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eaterne Clouds with ftreakes of light,
And darknefe fleckles'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path way, made by Tisius wheels.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries clofe Cell,
His helpe to cruse, and my deare hap to tell.

Enter Friar alone with a booket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Eaterne Cloudes with ftreakes of light:
And fleckles'd darknefe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dales path, and Tisius burning wheels:
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vplift this Ouer Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious juiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying grave that is her wombe,
And from her wombe children of diuers kind:

We
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

We fucking on her natural bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O'mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Phoebus, Hebrus, Romes, and their true qualities:
For sought fo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor ought fo good, but That's from that faire vfe,
Revolts from true birt, trembling on abate.
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath refidence, and medicine power:
For this being smeet, with that part chears each part,
Being tufted lays all fences with the heart.
Two such oppos'd Kings doth it affright
In man as well as Heavenes, grace and rude will:
And where the worfer is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.
Fri. Benevolence.

What early tongue so sweet suffiteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care loses, sleep will never lye:
But where unbridled youth with vadydt braine
Doth cough his limbs, there golden sleepe doth reigne;
Therefore thy earlneffe doth me affisse,
Thou art vprou'd with some distemper;
Or if soe, then here I hit it right.

Our Rome hath not beene in bed to night.
Rom. That left is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. Good pardon fainest thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?
Rom. Ie tell thee ere thou ask it me again
I haue beene feating with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phillccke lies:
I haue no hatred, bleffed manner loe
My intercession likewise heads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drif,
Riddling conceiption, fandes but riddling thrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is fet,
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on hers, fo hers is fet on mine;
And all combin'd, faue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooke, and made exchange of vow:
Ie tell thee as we passe, but this I prays,
That thou content Knapme to pass us over.
Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?
Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forfaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ina Maria, what a deale of braine
Hath wrought thy fellow checkes for Rosaline?
How much falt water throwne away in wate,
To seeson Loue that of it doth not taff.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heaven clears,
Thy old gromes yet ringing in my auncient ears:
Lo here upon thy cheke the flaine doth fit,

Of an old teare that is not wafft off yet.
If ere thou woulde thy felfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou child'd me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doing not for loving pupill mine.
Rom. And bad'd me bury Loue.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to hase.
Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waferer, come goe with me,
In one respect, lie thy affiance be.
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne thy househoold rancor to pure Loue.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden shift.
Fri. Wilfully and low, theyumble that run fall.

Enter Benwick and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu e shoulde this Rome be? came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline tormentts him so, that he will fure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kinman to old Capiolu, hath lent a Letter to his Fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Rome will anfwer me.
Mer. Any man that can write, may anfwer a Letter.
Ben. Nay, he will anfwer the Letters Maifter how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas poore Rome, he is already dead heab with a white wenchs blacke eye, runne through the care with a Loue long, the very piane of his heart, clef with the blind Bowes -boyes but -that, and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibalt?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous Capitaine of Complements: he fights as you prick'fling keeps time, difance, and proportion, he releth his minum, one, two, and the third in your booms: the very burter of a filk burton, a Dualift, a Dualift: a Gentleman of the very firft houfe of the firft and second caufe: ah the immortall Paffio, the Punto reuerio, the Hay.

Ben. The what?
Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affailing phantacies, the new tuners of accent: Ieuf a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afficted with these strange flites: these fashion Mongers, these par don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Rome.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O feah, feah, how art thou suffined? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarck flowed in: Lauro to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to beire her: Dido a dowdles, Cleopatra a Gipfe, Hellen and Hero, holdings and Harlot: Thesbie a gray cie or fo, but not to the purpose. Signior Rome, then here's a French salutation to your ff

French
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

French flop: you gae vs the the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours con-

fects a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curte.

Mer. Thou haft most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curious excretion.

Mer. Nay, I am the very picke of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pumpe well flow'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this leafe, now till thou haft worn out thy Pumpe, that when the fingle folde of it is worn, the leafe may remaine after the wearing, sole-

finglar.

Rom. O fingle fol'd leafe,

Saly singular for the fingle-leafe.

Rom. Come betweene vs good Benvolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if I were to run the Wild Goofe chief, I am done: For thou haft moore of the Wild-Goofe in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole face. Was I with you ther for the Goofe?

Rom. Thou wate neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wate not there for the Goofe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that left.

Rom. Nay, good Goofe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a moft harpe fawce,

Rom. And is it not well fera'd into a Sweet-Goofe?

Rom. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that fretches from an yere narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goofe, proves thee faire and wide, abroad Goofe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou fociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driuing Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou defire me to flop in my tale against the

Rom. Thou wouldst elfe have made thy tale large, faire.

Rom. O thou art dice'ly, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurfe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear.

A sile, a sile,

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairest face?


Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlemew.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. To you ittelle. I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vsnpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out upon your what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to man.

Nur. By my troth it is fal, for himzelfe to, war quant ha Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tel you but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for I am tilled of a worfe.

Nur. You fay well.

Mer. Yea is the worth worl,

Very well tooke: I faith wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he fir,

I defire some confidence with you?

Rom. She will endeave him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haft thou found?

Mer. No hare fir, vnselle a Hare fir in a Lenten pie,

that is some thing stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a swore, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thatther.

Rom. I will follow you.

Rom. Farewell ancient Lady: Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nur. I pray you fir, what fawce Merchant was this that was so full of his torpier?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were luther then he is, and twenty such lacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: feurule knowe, I am none of his flert-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer cuya knowe to vfe me at his pleasure.

Pet. I faw no man vfe you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out. I warrant you, I dare draw afoome as another man, if I see occasion in a good guarrell, and the law on my fide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am fo vexed, that every part about me quiuers, skurry knowe I pray you fir 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 felle: but first let me tel ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradys, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauow, as they say: for the Gentlemew woman is young: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be oftered to any Gentlemew woman, and very weke dealeing.

Nur. Nurfe commend me to thy Lady and Miletreff, I protest nto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:

Lord, Lord she will be a flowfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurfe? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

(afternoone,)

Rom. Bid her deule some meane to come to threft this

And ther she shall at Friar Laurence Cell

Bethriul l and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly fir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I fay you shall.

Nurfe
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoon sir? well she shall be thew.
Ro. And say thou good Nurce behind the Abbey wall, Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cords made like a tackled flaire, Which to the high top gallant of my Hoy, Must be my convey in the secret night. Farewell, be trulle and Ile quite thy paines: Farewell, commend me to thy Mistrefte.
Rom. What shift thou my deare Nurce?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you see hear say two may keep counsel turning one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as fresce.
Nur. Well sir, my Mistrefte is t be fweete Sir Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboard: but the good foole had as leave a fee ToADE, a very Toade as fee him. I long like an fweet, and tell her that Paris is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, thee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world. Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurfe, what of that? Both with an R
Nur. A moeker that's the dogname. R. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of its, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
Enter Juliet.
Iul. The clocke strooke nine, when I did send the Nurfe, In halfe an hour she promised to returne, Perchance she cannot meete, that's not so: Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts, Which ten times fafter glides then the Sunnes beams, Drusing backe shadows over lowering hills. Therefore do nimble Pinon's Doves draw Loue, And therefore hath the wind-wift Capid wings: Now is the Sun upon the highmoft hill. Of these daies lourney, and from nine till twelve, I three long hours, yet she is not come. Had the affections and warme youthfull blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball, My words would han'gy her to my sweete Loue, And his to me, but old folks, Many faine as they were dead, Wvneliedio, flow, heayy, and pale as lead.
Enter Nurfe.
Nur. O God she comes, O hony Nurfe what newes?
Haft thou met with him?fend thy man away.
Nur. Petor fly at the gate.
Iul. Now good sweet Nurfe: O Lord, why lookeft thou faf? Though newes, be faf, yet tell them merily. If good thou haft't the midstake of sweet newes, By playing it to me, with fo fower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me laue awhile, Fie how my bones ake, what a launt haue I had?
Iul. I would thou had'ft my bones, and I thy newes: Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurfe speake.
Nur. Ifes what haft? can you not stay a while? Do you not fee that I am out of breath?
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft broth To fay to me, that thou art out of breath? The execue that thou doit make in this delay, is longer then the tale thou doit excede. Is thy newes good or bad? Anwerve to that, Say either, and Ile fly the circumsaint:
Let me be satisfied, if good or bad?
Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to chafe a man: Rome, no not he though his face be better then any man, yet his legs exell all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curteise, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy wales wench, serve God. What have you din'd at home?
Iul. No nodst all this this did I know before What faies he of our marriage?what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I? It bestes as it would fall in twenty peasces, My backe a tother side to my backe, my backe: Behew your heart for fending me about To catch my death with a thousand vp and downe.
Iul. Haste! I am forrie that thou art so well. Sweet sweet, sweet Nurfe, tell me what faies my Loue? Nur. Your Loue faies like an honeft Gentleman, And a courtesoun, and a kind, and a handfome, And I warrant a vertuous where is your Mother?
Iul. Where is my Mother? Why she is within, where should the be?
How odly thou repil'ft:
Your Loue faies like an honeft Gentleman: Where is your Mother?
Iul. Here's such a coile, come what faies Romeo? Nur. Have you got leue to go to thirt to day? Iul. I have.
Nur. Then high you hence to Friar Lawrence Cell, There faies a Husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood vp in your checkers, Th'ill be in Scarlet frighte at any newes: He you to Church, I must an other way, To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue Must clime a birds nee Soone when it is darke: I am the drudge, and tolle in your delight: But you shall bear the burtchen soone at night. Go lie to dinner, he sene to the Cell.
Iul. He is to high Fortune, honeft Nurfe, farewell. Exeunt.

Enter Friar and Romeo.
Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy sft, That after hours, with forrow child vs not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what forrow can, It cannot counterwaile the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight:
I: Do thou but clofe our hands with holy words, Then Loue-decoroing death doth what he dare,
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumphs like fire and powder; Which as they kille confume. The sweeteft honey Is loathforme in his owne delicioufnffe, And in the tife confoundes the appetite. Therefore Loue moderatly, long Loue doth fo,
Too swift arrives as tarde as too low.
Enter Juliet.
Here comes the Lady. Oh to light a foot Will nere wearre out the everlafling fint,
A lover may bestride the Goaffomours,
That ydes in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

I. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for vs both.
I. As much to him, ells in his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah Iuler, if the meare of thy joy
Be heart like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaffon it, then sweaten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich maffickes tongue,
Unfold the imag'in'd happynesse that both.
Receyue in either, by this deere encounter.

I. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substanct,not of Ornament :
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to fuch fuch exceffe,
I cannot fume vp fome of halfe my wealth.

Fri.Come, come with me,& we will make short worke,
For by your leaves, you shall not fay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good mercius let't retire,
The day is hot, the Capuletts abroad :
And if we meet, we shall not fcape a brawl,for now thef hot dayes, is the mad blood ftrilling.

M. Thou art like one of thesee fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne,claps me his Sword upon the Table, and fayes,God fende me no neede of thee and by the operation of the second cup,drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like fuch a Fellow ?
M. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy mood,
as any in Iuler: and affoonoe mouded to be moodie, and aff-
foonoe moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too ?

M. Nay, and there were two fuch, we should have none shortly,for one would kill the other:thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a hoare more, or a hoare leffe in his beard,then thou hast:thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reafon, but be-
caufe thou hast haefel eyes : what eye, but fuch an eye, would fpie out fuch a quarrell ? thy head is as full of quar-
rels,as an egg is full of fquets, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as ake as an egg for quarrelling:thou haft quar-
rel'd: with a man for coffing in the freet, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lane afleepe in the Sun.Did't thou not fall out with a Tutor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter ? with another,for tying his new fhoes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling ?

Ben. And I were fo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.


Enter Tybalt, Petrucho, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capuletts.
M. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me clofe,for I will fpake to them.

Gentlemen,Good den, a word with one of you.

M. And but one word with one of us:couple it with
something,make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. Thou fhall find me apt inoone to that fir, and you
will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some ocassion without
suing ye ?

Tib. Mercutio thou confort with Romeo.

M. Confort what doft thou make vs Minfrels ? &
thou make Minfrels of vs,lookke to heare nothing but dif-
cords theere's my fiddleflicker, theere's that fhall make you
daughter. Come confort.

Rom. We talk here in the publike haunt of men :
Either withdraw your fome private place,
Or reafon coldly of your greuances :
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

M. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleafure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.
M. But lie be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuer,
Marre go before to field,belle be your follower,
Your worship in that fene, may call him man.
Tib. Romeo the loue I beare thee,can affoord
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. Tibalt, the reafon that I have to loue thee,
Doth much exceffe the appertaining rage
To Such a greeting: Villaine am I none :
Therefore farewell, I fee thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy,thys shall not excefe the injuries
That thou haft done me,therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do proffe I never inuir'd thee,
But low'd thee better then thou can ft deuife :
Till thou haft know the reaoun of my loue,
And so good Capulet,which name I tender
As dearly as my owne,be fatisfied.

M. O calme,dishonourable, vile submission :
Ala Lucatke carries it away.

Tybalt you Rat-catcher,will you walke ?

Tib. What would thou have with me ?

M. Good King of Cats,nothing but one of your nine
lies,that I meant to make bold withall, and as you shall
wile me hereafter dry beate the reft of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Picher by the ears I Make
half,leath mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

M. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

M. Come fir,your Paffado.

Rom. Draw Benvolio,beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen,for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio,

Exit Tybalt.

M. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houfes, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

M. I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inoough,
Where is my Page?go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

M. No 'tis not to deep as a well, nor fo wide as a
Church door: but 'tis inoough, 'twill serve : aske me for to
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man.I am pepper'd
I warrant,for this world I a plague a both your houfes.

What, a Dog, a Kæt, a Moufe, a Cat to scratch a man to
deth : a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the
book of Arithmetick, why the deale came you be-
twenee vs ? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

M. Helpe me into some houfe Benvolio,
Or I shall fainta plague a both your houfes.

They have made wormes in me,

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Enter 

Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's Is dead, That Gallant spirit hath affi'd to the Clouds, Which too violently here did force the earth. This time blacke Fate, on no days doth depend, This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Romeo. Here comes the furious Tybalt backe againe. 

Tybalt. He gone in triumph, and Mercutio flaine. 
Away to heaven respecktfull Leniuitie, 
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now. 
Now Tybalt take the villaine backe againe 
That late thou gav'lt me, for Mercutio foule Is but a little way above our heads, 
Staying for stinie to keep me companie : 
Either thou or I, or both, meue goe withhim. 

Thou wretched Boy that di'ft comfort him here, 
Shalt with him hence. 

This shall determine that. 

Romeo. away be gone : 
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt flaine, 
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death 
If thou art takenhence, be gone away. 

Of lam Fortune's fools, 

Romeo. Why doth thou stay? 

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio? 
Tybalt that Murthheres, which way ran he? 

Romeo. There lies that Tybalt. 

Citi. vp fit goe with me : 
Icharge thee in the Princes names obey. 
Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all. 

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray? 

Romeo. O Noble Prince, I can difcouer all 
The vnluckie Mannage of this fallat brall : 
There lies the man flaine by young Romeo, 
That flew th' kinman brave Mercutio. 

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child, 
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild, 
Of our deare kinman, Prince as thou art true, 
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. 
O Cozin, Cozin, 

Prince. Bern solo, who began this Fray? 

Bern. Tybalt here flaine, whom Romeo's hand did flay, 
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke 
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall. 
Your high difpleasure:all this vttred, 
With gentle breath,calme looke, kneel humbly bow'd 
Could not take truce with the vruuly fpeeeme 
Of Tybalt's deafe to peace, but that he Tilts 
With Peircing fteele at bold Mercutio's breath, 
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point, 
And with a Martiall fcoire, with one hand beates 
Cold death afide, and with the other fends 
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity 

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, 
Hold Friends, Friends part, and twister then his tongue, 
His agedarme,beats downe their fallat points, 
And twist them ruheds, vnderneath whole armes, 
An emulous thrust from Tybalt, hit the life 
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled. 
But by and by comes backe to Romeo, 
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge, 
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I 
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt flaine: 
And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flee: 
This is the truth, or let Bernede die. 

Cap. Wi. He is a kinman to the Montague, 
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true: 
Some twenty of them fought in this blakke frifet, 
And all those twenty could but kill one life. 
I beg for Justice, when thou Prince shalt giue: 
Romeo flew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 

Prince. Romeo flew him, he flew Mercutio, 
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe. 

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio's Friend, 
His fault concludes, but what the law should end, 
The life of Tybalt. 

Prince. And for that offence, 
Immediately we doe exile him hence: 
I have an interett in your hearts proceeding: 
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding. 
But: He Amerce you with fo throng a fine, 
That you shall all repent the losse of mine. 
It will be afeate to pleying and excuses, 
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses. 
Therefore ye none, let Romeo hence in haft, 
Eile when he is found, that hour is his Iift. 
Be are hence this body, and attend our will: 
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill. 

Enter Juliet alone. 

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes, 
Towards Phæbus lodging, such a Wagoner 
As Phæcon would whip you to the weft, 
And bring in Cloudie night immediately. 
Spreed thy clofe Curtaine Loue-performing night, 
That run-aways eyes may wincke, and Romeo 
Leape to their armes, vntalkt of and vnfeene, 
Lovers can fee to doe their Amorous rights, 
And by their owne Beaties:or if Loue be blind, 
It bct agrees with night:come ciuill night, 
Thou lober futed Matron all in blacke, 
And learne me how to looke a winning match, 
Paid for a pare of flamelefte Maidenhoods, 
Hood my vnnam'd blood byting in my Cheekes, 
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue growe bold, 
Thinke true Loue acted simple modefte: 
Come night,come Romeo,come thou day in night, 
For thou wilt lie vpon the fpringes of night 
Whiter then new Snow upon a Rauens backe: 
Come gentle night, come louting blackebrow's night, 
Give me my Romeon, and when I shall die, 
Take him and cut him out in little flarres, 
And he will make the Face of heauen fo fine, 
That all the world will be in Loue with night, 
And pay no worship to the Garib Sun. 
O I haue bought the Manion of a Loue, 
Butnot poiffed it, and though I am fold, 
Not yet enjoy'd, fo tedious is this day, 
As is the night before some Fifhfullii. 

ff 3
To an impatient child that hath new roses
And may not weare them,O here comes my Nurse:  
"Enter Nurse with cords.
And she brings newes and cutty tongue that speaks
But Romeo, name, speaks heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes'what haft thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nur.  I, I, the Cords.
Iuli.  Ay me, what newes?
Why doth thou wring thy hands,
Nur.  A weladye, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vn-done Lady, we are vn-done.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
Iul.  Can heauen be fo envious?
Nur.  Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.O Romeo, Romeo,
Who euer would have thought it Romeo.
Iuli.  What diuell art thou,
That doft torment me thus?
This torture should be roard in dismall hell,
Hath Romeaine himselfe to pay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall payfom more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes flote,that makes thee answere I:
If he be flaine I, or if not, no.
Brieft, founde,determine of my weale or wo.  
Nur.  I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God faue the marke, here on his manly breaste,
A pittous Courte, a bloody pittous Courte.
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I sawed them at the fight:
Iul.  O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once.
To prifon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth refigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo preffe on heuitive beere.
Nur.  O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best Friend I had,
O curteous Tybalt moste Gentieaman,
That euer I should live to see thee dead.
Iul.  What flome is this that blowes fo contrarie?
Is Romeo haughted, and is Tybalt dead?
Nur.  Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.
Iul.  O God!  
Did Roma his hand shed Tybalt blood
It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Nur.  O Serpent heart, hid with a flowing face.
Iul.  Did euer Dragon kepe to fare a Caue?
Beautiful Tyrant, fiend Angelical:
Ravenous Dune-feather'd Raven,
Wolulf-signe Lambe,
Dispifed subdance of Diuinesh flow:
Isst opposte to what thou lustly seem't,
A dimus Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what haft thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst buuer the spirit of a friend
In mortall paraide of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur.  There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periu'd, all forsworne, all naught, all efemblies,
Ah where's my man? give me some Aqua-vite?
These griefes, these woes, their sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo.
Iul.  Bitter'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shine:
Upon his brow shine is sham'd to fit:
For'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vnlessefall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?
Nur.  Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
Iul.  Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thee three hours wise have mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'th thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would kil'd my husband:
Eacke foolish tearrs, backe to your native spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to wo,
Which you mislaking offer vp to joy:
My husband Bues that Tybalt would have flaine,
And Tybalt dead that would have flaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore wepe I then?
Some words there was worfer then Tybalt's death
That murdered me, I would forget it seene,
But oh, it preffes to my memory,
Like dammed guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath flaine ten thousand Tybalt's Tybalt's death
Was wo enough if it had ended there:
Or if lower woel delights in fellowship,
And needely will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said Tybalt's death,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mou'd.
But which a reare-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 limits, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe found.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur.  Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's Coaze,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thether.
Iul.  Wath they his wounds with tearsminte thal be spent
When thiers are drie for Romeo's banishment.
Take vp those Cordes, poor ene you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for Romeo is exild.
He made you for alhigh-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maidens widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurce, 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:
Harke 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 hislait farewell.
Entr'Friar and Romeo.
Fri.  Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou scarrful man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedde to calamite.
Nur.  Father what newes?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

What is the Prince Doome?  
What sorrow cause acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?  
Fri. Too familiar  
Is my deare Sonne with such fowre Company:  
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.  
Rom. What lefte then Doomefday?  
Is the Princes Doome?  
Fri. A gentler judgement vanish from his lips,  
Not bodys death, but bodys banishment.  
Rom. Ha, banishment the mercifull, fay death:  
For exile hath more terror in his looke,  
Much more then death: do not fay banishment.  
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banifie:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,  
But Purgatori Torrure, hell it fefe:  
Hence banifie, he can fave from the world,  
And worlds exile is death. Then banifie,  
Is death, mifterr'd, calling death banifie,  
Thou cutt'ft my head off with a golden Axe,  
And fimplie fpon the stroke that murders me.  
Fri. O deadie fin, O rude vthankfulneffe!  
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince  
Taking thy part, hath ruft the fide the Law,  
And turn'd that blaffe word death, to baniffment.  
This is deare mercifull, and thou fett it not.  
Rom. "Tis Torrure and not mercy, heauen is here  
Where Iuliet liues, and euer Cat and Dog,  
And little Moufe, every vnworthy thing  
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,  
But Romeo may not.More Validatife,  
More Honourable flate, more Courthip lies  
In carrion Fifies, then Romerworth may fake  
On the white wonder of deare Iulietts hand,  
And feaile immorall bleeding from her lips,  
Who euene in pure and vettall modellife  
Still blufh, as thinking their owne kiffe fin,  
This may Fifies doe, when I from this muf't fife,  
And falt thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But Romeo may not.lee is banifie.  
Had'ft thou no poynion mixt, no sharpe ground kniffe,  
No fudden menee of death, though nere to meane,  
But banifie to kill me? Banifie?  
O Frier, the damned vile that word in hell:  
Howlings attends it, how haft thou the hart  
Being a Dine, a Ghoftly Confessor,  
A Sin-Abfoluer,and my Friend profett:  
To mangle me with that word, banifie?  
Fri. Then fond Mad man, hear me peake.  
Rom. O thou wilt peake againe of baniffment.  
Fri. Ile gleue thee Armour to keepe off that word,  
Aduerfities swete mifle, Philosophie,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banifie.  
Rom. Yet banifie?hang vp Philosophie:  
Vnleffe Philosophie can make a Iulietts  
Displant a Towne, recover a Princes Doome,  
It helps not, it prevailest not, talke no more.  
Fri. O then I fee, that Mad men have no eares.  
Rom. How fhould they,  
When witlenmen have no eyes?  
Fri. Let me dispare with thee of thy eftate,  
Rom. Thou can't not peake of that? doft not feele,  
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:  
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banifie,  
Then mightest thou (peake,  
Then mightest thou teare thy bayres,  
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,  
Taking the meffure of an vnmake graue.  
Enter Nurse, and knockes.  
Fri. Harke how they knocke:  
(Who's there) Rome arife,  
Thou wilt be taken, fay a while, fland vp:  
Fri. Knocke.  
Run to my study:by and by,Gods will  
What fimpleseneffe is this? I come, I come.  
Fri. Knocke.  
Fri. Who knockes fo hard?  
Whence come you? what's your will?  
Enter Nurse.  
Nur. Let me come in,  
And you fhall know my errand:  
I come from Lady Iuliet.  
Fri. Welcome then.  
Nur. O holy Frier,O tell me holy Frier,  
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Rome?  
Fri. Theere on the ground,  
With his owne teares made dranke.  
Nur. O he is even in my Mistrefse cafe,  
Luft in her cafe.O wofull sympaty:  
Pittious predicament, euon to lies the,  
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,  
Stand vp, fland vp, and you be a man,  
For Iulietts fake, for her fake rife and fland:  
Why should you fall into fo deepe an O.  
Rom. Nurie.  
Nur. Ah fir, ah fir,deaths the end of all.  
Rom. Speak'st thou of Iuliet'show is it with her?  
Doth not the thinkke me an old Murtherer,  
Now I have fin'd the Childhood of our Ioy,  
Wich blood removed, but little from her owne?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what fayes  
My concealef Lady to our concealef Loue?  
Nur. Oh the fayes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps,  
And now fals on her bed, and then farts vp,  
And Tybalt calls, and then on Rome cries,  
And then downe falls againe.  
Ro.As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,  
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand  
Murdred her kinman.Oh tell me Frier,tell me,  
In what vile part of this Anatomicke  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me,that I may fake  
The hatefull Manfon.  
Fri. Hold thy deute hand:  
Arts thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:  
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild arks denote  
The unreasonable Furie of a beaft,  
Vnfeemly woman,in a feeming man,  
And I'll befeeming beaft in feeming both,  
Thou haft smaz'd me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Haft thou laine Tybalt? wilt thou flay thy felfe?  
And flay thy Lady,that in thy life lies,  
By doing damm'd hate vpon thy felfe?  
Why ray'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?  
Since
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet.

Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxes,

Digressing from the value of a man,

Thee dear Loue sworne but hollow perjurie,

Killing that Loue which thou haft vow'd to cherish.

Thy wit, that ornament, to Loue and Loue,

Mishapen in the conduct of them both:

Like powder in a skullish Souldiers flaskes,

Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,

And thou dismemberd with thine owne defence.

Whatrowe thee man, thy Juliet is alive,

For whose deare sake thou wist but lately dead.

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou flew't Tybalt, there art thou happy.

The law thou threatned death became thy Friend,

And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.

A packe or bleeding light vpon thy backe,

Happinefse Cleeve thee in her belt array,

But like a misshapen and fallen wench,

Thou putt'dst vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,

Assend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:

But looke thou say not till the watch be fet,

For then thou canft not passe to Montana,

Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time.

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,

Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,

With twenty thousand times more joy

Then thou wert forth in lamentation.

Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,

And bid her halten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have said here all night,

To heare good counsel: oh what learning is!

My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rome. Do fo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere fit, a Ring the bid me give you fir:

Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rome. How well my comfort is reuied by this.

Fri. Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be fet,

Or by the breake of day dispis'd from hence,

Soloume in Montana, Ie find out your man,

And he shall signifie from time to time,

Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rome. But that a joy paff joy, calls out on me,

It were a griefe, fo briefe to part with thee:

Farewell.

Enter old Capulets, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue false out fir fo vnluckily,

That we have had no time to moore our Daughters

Loue you, the Loue'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,

And fo did I. Well, we were borne to die.

'Tis very late, the! not come down to night:

I promife you, but for your company,
Since arms from arms that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f'vpt the day,
O now be gone, more light & til'tght grooves.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darkes our woos.
Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.


Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and I to defend.

Art. thou gone for Love, Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeres,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell: I will omit no opportunitie,
That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.

Jul. O thinkst thou we shall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all the woos shall ferue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I have an ill Dunning soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look't pale.

Rom. And trust me Love, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinks our blood. 

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doth thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lady. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Jul. Who is it that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is the not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd caufe procures her hither?

Lady. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lady. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wais him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou coulst not make him live:
Therefore have done, some griefe, sheues much of Loue,
But much of griefe, sheues still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me wepe, for such a feeling loose.
Lady. So shall you feel the loose, but not the Friend
Which you wepe for.

Jul. Feeling to the loose,
I cannot chuse but ever wepe the Friend.

Lady. Well Girls, thou wept not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine lives which slaunder'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lady. That fame Villaine Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and be, be many Miles affudder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart;
And yet no man like he, doth griue my heart.

Lady. That is because the Traitor lives.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of thefe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lady. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then wepe no more, Ile fend to one in Mantua,
Where that fame banished Run-agate doth live,
Shall glue him fuch an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you Greeneickneffe carrion, out you bagage,
You tallow face.
Lady, fie, fie, are what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I befeece you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young bagage, disordered wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife; we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is too much too,
And that we have a curie in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her fo.
Fa. And why my Lady wifedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, imatter with your goell, go.
Nur. I speake no treason,
Fa. Peace you mumbling fool,
Vtter your gruatie oor a Goellis bowles
For here we need it not.
Lut. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, workes, play,
Along in companie, fill my care hath bin
To haue her match, and hauing nowe provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Deemeates, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Staft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proporion'd as ones thought would with a man,
And then to haue a wretched pulling fool
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answere, Ile not wed, I cannot Lose:
I am too young. I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Looke too, thinke on' by, I do not vse to lefe.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, fliaue, die in the streetes,
For by my foule, Ile neere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
Trut too, bethinke you, Ile not be forfworne
Iul. Is there no pittie fitting in the Cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweate my Mother call me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weekke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that Min Monument where IuI follies lies.
M. Tale not to 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 presented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith retorne againe to earth,
Vnliefe that Husband send it me from heauen,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, confuile me:
Hackle, slacke, that heauen shoule pracliffe ftratagemes
Upon so fo for a fobblec as my felle.
What faith thou haue thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Iul. The teares have got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enow before their flight.
Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no flunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haft flundred it,
Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at even here Mauffe?
Fri. My leisufe serves me penheve daughter now.
My Lord you must intrest the time alone.
Par. Godhold : I should disturb Deceon,
Juliet, on Thurday early will I rowve you,
Till then aduice, and keepe this holy knie.
Exit Paris.
Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou haft done so,
Come wepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O Iuliet, I alreadie know thy griefes,
It is tyme now that I may speake to my wifes:
I haere Thou muft and nothing may prouoke it,
On Thurday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Whiles he speake to me how I may present it:
If in thy wifedome thou canst not give no helpe,
Do thou but call my reflection wife,
And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.
God joyn'd my heart, and Romeos, thou our hands,
And e're this hand by thee to Romeos sea'd:
Shall be the Label to another Deede,
Or my true heart with treacherous resolu,
Tune to another, this shall flay them both:
Therefore out of thy long expec'tit time,
Gue me some present counsell, or behold
Twix't my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the veinpeers, arbitrating that,
Which the comminations of thy years and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not fo long to speake, I long to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe speake a kind of hope,
Which I nade as desperate an esperance,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather then to marry Countie Paris
Thou haft the strength of will to flay thy felde,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thinglike death to chide away this shame,
That coul'd with death himselfe, to escape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.
Iul. Oib bid meleepe, rather then marrie Paris,
From of the Battelments of any Tower,
Or walke in theeslifh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpenes are chained me with rose Bearing Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Ocreouer quite with dead men ratling bones,
With reckie shankes and yellow chappells fulle:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To lye an unfrained wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold them goo home, be merrie, glie content,
To marrie Paris: wendife is to marrow,
To morrow night lowke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber;
Take thou this Vioill then be in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run,
A cold and drownie humour : for no pule
Shall keepe his nature prorogue, but forcest:
No warmth, no breath shall tellifie thou sleueth,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall falle
To many afhes, the eyes winowes fall
Like death when he flut vp the day of life :
Each part depris'd of supple government,
Shall Riffe and thrace, and cold appear like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of thrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridgegroome in the morning comes,
To rowve thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy left Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to burliall in thy kindred graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that fame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulet lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Manua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the ald ing.
Iul. Glue me, glue me, O tell not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolute, lie fend a Frier with speed
To Manua with my Letters to thy Lord.
Loue giue me strength,
And strength shal helpe allord
Farewell deare father.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men two or three.

Cap. So manie guestes invite as here are writ.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ie trie if they can lice their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou trie them so?
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lice his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot lice his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnready for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?
Nur. I forsooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A pecculif selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from Shrift
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I have learnt me to repente the sin
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your beneficts, and am enioyn'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prolfare here,
To beg your pardon: pardoon I befeehe you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot kniue vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gave him what became Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modellie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

Exit.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

This is as it should be, let me see the County:
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Iul. Nurie will you goe with me into my Clozet,
To help me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Me. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.

Fa. Go Nurie, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exit Juliet and Nurie.

Me. We shall be short in our provision,
Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tutu, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife;
Go thou to Juliet, helpe to decke her,
Ile not to bed to night it is right:
Ile play the hubwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Parā, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this fame wayward Gyrlie is to reclaim'd.

Exit Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurie.

Iul. I thole attires are best, but gentle Nurie
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night:
For I have need of many Oyster,
To move the heauens to smilie upon my flate,
Which well thou know'rt, is crofte and full of fin.

Enter Mother.

Mrs. What are you busie ho?need you my help?

Iul. No Madam, we have eul'd such necessaries
As are behouefull for our flate to morrow:
So pleafe you, let me now be left alone:
And let the Nurie this night fit vp with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so fudden busineffe.

Mrs. Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exit.

Iul. Farewell!
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I have a faint cold fearre thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heat of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.

Nurie, what should she do here?
My difmal Scene, I needs must be alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poynon which the Frier
Subtilly hath minde to haue me dead,
Leael in this marriage he should be dihounour'd,
Because he married me before to Rome?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath alreadie trie a holy man.
How, if when I am lade into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall not I then be flatted in the Vault?
To whose foul mouth no healthome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangeled ere my Romeo comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulter, an ancient receptacle, Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,
Where bloody Tybalts yest, yet but greene in earth,
Lies flettring in his throw'd, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, Sprites refort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loudsome smelles,
And shrikes like Mandrakes borne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shal I not be driaffraught;
Inuroned with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers joynts?
And plucke the mangled Tybalts from his throw'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinmanes bone,
As (with a clab) dash out my delerious brains.
O looke, me thinks I see my Coains Ghoul,
Seeking out Rome that did split his play
Vpon my Rapiers point: say Tybalts, say;

Enter Lady of the boughs, and Nurie.

Lady. Hold,
Take theke keies, and fetch more splices Nurie.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pafftrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cocke hath crow'd,
The Curpewell Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cat-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be fiche to fimore
For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whitwhat? I have watche ere now
All night for lefte caufe, and nere beene fiche.

La. I you have bin a Moule-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from fuch watching now.

Exeunt Lady and Nurie.

Cap. A leaual hoold, a leaual hoold,
Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or four with fisht, and logs, and bakset.

Fel. Things for the Cooks sir, but I knowe not what.

Cap. Make halft, make haft, firrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call Peter, he will flew thee where they are.

Fel. I have a head fir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Maife and well faid, a merrie horfon, ha,
Thou fhalt be loggerhead, good Father, 'tis day.

Play Music.

The Countie will be here with Muifckte ftraight,
For fo he faid he would, I here he meere,
Nurie, wife, what ho?what Nurie I fay?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet,go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with Parā: he, make haft,
Make haft, the Bridgroome, he is come already:
Make halft I fay.


Why Lambe, why Ladylyfe you fuggabed,
Why Loue I fay? Madam, Iweet heart why Beide?
What not a word? You take your penworths now,
Sleepe for a weche, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Parā hath fet yp his reft,
That you shall reft but little, God forgive me:
Marrie and Amen t how found is he a fleepes?
1. The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yafith. Will it not be?
What dreft, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead,
Oh weleaday, that ever I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitae ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Ms. What noife is here? Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day,
Ms. What is the matter?
Nur. Look, looke, oh haetic day.
Ms. O me, O me, my Child, my only life:
Reuile, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shewe me bring Iulet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. O me, O me, my Child, my only life.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me walle,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there the lies,
Flower as the was, deflowered by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Helre,
My Daughter he hath weeded. I will die,
And leave him all life living, all is deaths.

Fa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this?

Ms. Accurs'd, accurs'd, accurs'd, accurs'd, accurs'd, kil'd, kil'd,
Most miserable hours, that ere time was
In laeting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and losing Child,
But one thing to releyse and folace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

O wofull, wofull, wofull, day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull Child.

Fa. Befuilde, divorced, wronged, frighted, flaine,
Moff detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O love, O life, &t, but love in death.

Ms. Accus'd, accusat, accusat, accusat, kil'd, kil'd,
Most uncomfortable time, why can't thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O Child, O Childmy soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, slayke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my loves are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for flame, confusions: Care, lives not
In these confusions, heauen and your felice
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keeps him his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, the should be adayn't,
And wepe ye now, feeling she is adayn't
About the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
O in this love, you love your Child so ill,
That you run mad, feeling that she is well.
She's now well married, that lives married long,
But she's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your tears, and flicke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarfe, and as the cuftome is,
And in her beaute arraye her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures tears are Reafons merriement.

Fa. All things that we ordaine Feftiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instrumens to melancholy Bellis,
Our wedding dyes, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our folenn Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change:
Our Bri dall flowers ferue for a buried Coarfe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go for Paris, every one prepare.
To follow this faire Coarfe unto her grave:
The heuens do lowre vpunter you, for some ill:
Mowe them no more, by crofing their high will.

Mas. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest goodfowles! Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull cafe.

Ms. I by my troth, the cafe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musiftions, oh Musitions,
Hearts cafe, hearts cafe,
O, and you will have me lue, play hearts cafe.

Ms. Why hearts cafe;

Pet. O Musitions,
Becauze my heart it selfe plases, my heart is full.

Ms. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Ms. No.

Pet. I will then glue it you foundly.

Ms. What will you glue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeko.
I will glue you the Miniftrel.

Ms. Then will I give you the Seruing creature.

Pet. Then I lay the struing Creatures Dagger
On your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, lile Fa
you, do you note me?

Ms. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. Ms. Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with your wit.

Peter. I will driee-beate you with an iron wit,
And put vp your Yron Dagger.

Anfwere me like men:
When gripeing griefes to the heart doth wound, then Muskicke with her siller found.
Why siller found? why Muskicke with her siller found?
what fay you Simon Callings?

Ms. Mary firs, because siller hath a sweet found.

Pet. Prateft, what fay you Hugh Rebick?

Ms. It fay fayer found, because Musiftions found for fip.

Pet. Prateft to, what fay you James Sound-Pofi? (uer

3. Ms. Faith I know not what to fay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will fay for you; it is Muskicke with her filler found,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Julliet.

Because Mutines have no gold for founding:
Then Mufccke with her fluer found, with speedie helpe
doth lend redrefse.

Mrs. What a pettiuent knawe is this fame?    Exit.

Mz. Hang him Jacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and flay dinner. Exit. Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trull the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreams preface some joyfull newes at hand:    
My bolomes Lifs lightly in his throne:
And all thias day an vocoum'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that gives a dead man leaue to think,)
And breath'd fuch life with killes in my lips,
That I reuiv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me how fiaue is love, and foffett,
When but loues shadowes are fo rich in toy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now Ballban &?
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Friers?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I ake againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleepe in Capel's Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels live,
I faw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poffe to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing thefe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even fo?
Then I denie you Searres.
Thou knoweft my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Pot-Horfc, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseach you fir, hauke patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventur.

Rom. Thuf, thou art undue,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Friers?

Man. No my good Lord. Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thofe Horfc, Ile be with thee fraught.
Well Julliet, I will lie with thee to night:
Let fce for meanes; O mischieue thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of defperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts doles, which late I noted
In tattred werdes, with ouerhelming broues,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miferie had worn me to thebones:
And in his needle shop a Tortorys hung,
An Algerger thufl, and other skins,
Of ill flap'd fishes, and about his felues,
A beggerly account of empfe boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and maffe feedes,*. 
Remants of packthread, and old cokes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my felie I faid,
An if a man did need a poufon now,
Whofe fale is perfit death in Mantuas,
Here lies a Califfic wretch would fell it him.
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame needle man muff fell it me.

As I remember, this should be the howe,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What do? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's fo low a day?

Rom. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forte Ducks, let me haue
A dram of poufon, fuch foon a feeding gearse,
As will dillepe it felle through all the veins,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be difcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as baffle powder fift'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wome.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear thy to die? Famine is in my cheeckes,
Need and oppressiion flarue in thy eyes,
Contemp and beggary hangs upon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but brooke it, and take this.

App. My poorety, but not my will confeints.

Rom. I pray thy poorety, 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 fraught.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worfe poufon to mens foules,
Doing more muther in this loathfome world,
Then thefe poore compounds that thou maineft not fell.
I fell thee poufon, thou haft fold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy pylfe in pleye.

Come Cordiall, and not poufon, go with me
To Julliets grave, for there muft I vfe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John to Frier Laurence.

John. Holy Francijian Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Laurence.

Law. This fame fhowd be the voice of Frier John.
Welcome from Mantuas, what fayes Rome?
Or if his mind be wright, give me his Letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to affociate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the fick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Sufpeeting that we both were in a howe
Where the infecitious pelfience did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my fped to Mantua there was feall.

Law. Who bare my Litter then to Rome?

John. I could not fend it here, it is againe,
Nor get a meffenger to bring it thee,
So fairefull were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the negleeting it
May do much danger: Frier John go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it fraught
Vnto my Celi.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now muft I to the Monument alone,
Within this three hours will faire Julliet wake,
Shee will befawre me much that Rome
Hath had no notice of thefe accidents:
I will write againe to Mantua.

And
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poor living Coorie, clow'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.  

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Glie me thy Torch Boy, hence and fland aloof,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloe to the hollow ground,
So shal no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being looke, vnderly with diging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt hauce he: whille then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Glue me thode flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to fland alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aducnture,
Pa.Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I frew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stone,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dree,
Or wanting that, with tears defitl'd by mones;
The obdeques that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to threw thy grave, and weep.

Whilke Boy.
The Boy glues warning,somethings doth approach,
What curfed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croffe my obdeques, and true loyes right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Glie me that Mattcocke, & the wenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Glue me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st of feed,fland all aloofe,
And do not intermpt me in my courfe.
Why I defend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring; a Ring that I must vie,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ealous dot returne to prie
In what I further shal intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,
And threw this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
A Precious Ring a Ring that I must vie,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ealous dot returne to prie
In what I further shal intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,
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By heaven I will tear thee by thy loins,
And throw this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
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But if thou ealous dost returne to prie
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In what I further shal intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee by thy loins,
And throw this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
A Precious Ring a Ring that I must vie,
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shal intend to do,
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Thy drugs are quickke. Thus with a kiss I die.

Enter Friar with Lanborne, Crewe, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speeed, how oft to night
Have you old feet flumadis at graves? Who's there?
Man. Here's one, a Friar, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliffe be ypon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grab, and eyleffe Scullers? As I difcerne,
It burneth in the Caپal Monument.

Man. It doth fo holy fy.
And there's my Maifter, one that you loue.
Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dace not Sir,
My Maifter knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then I lye alone, fearse comes ypon me.
O much I fere some ill valuable thing.

Man. As I did fleepe vnnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maifter and another fought,
And that my Maifter flew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which flaines
The fonny entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane thefe Maifterliffe, and goarie Swords
To Ilie difcolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who elfe what Parke too?
And fliept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable change?

The Lady flies.

Iul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I fhould be:
And there I am, where is my Romeo?

Fri. Stay, I hearne some noyse Lady, come from that neft
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall fleep,
A greater power then we can contradite
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bofte there lyes dead:
And Parke too come Ile difcourage thee,
Among a Siferhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queftion, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.

What's here? A cup close'd in my true lo: e hand!
Poyfon I fee hath bin his timeleff end
O churl,drinke all! and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiffe thy lypes,
Hapflie some poyfon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reftrauance.

Thy lypes are warming.

Enter Boy and Watch.

A char. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noifte?
Then Ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy fheathe, there ruff and let me die Kifs her fheathe.

Boy. This is the place.
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go fome of you, who eue you find attach.
Plitfull flight, here lies the Countie fhine,
And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly deade.

Who here hath laine thefe two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Rafie vp the Montague, fome others search,
We fee the ground whereon theye vloes do lye,
But the true ground of all thefe pitifull vwoes,
We cannot without circumfance defcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Fri, Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and an other Watchman.

3. Watch. Here is a Frier that trembles, fighs, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard fide.

Prince. A great fuppfition, fay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What mifaduenture is fo early vp,
That calls our perfon from our mornings ret?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What fhould it be that they do thrice abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streets cry Romeo,
Some Iuliet, and some Parke, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument,

Fri. What feare is this which fhilles in your ears?

Watch. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeo man,
With Infrumments vpon them fit to open
Thefe dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mischaine, for loe his houfe
Is empty on the backe of Montague,
And is mithetted in my Daughters houfe.

Wife. O me, this fight of death, is a Bell
That warns my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Fri. Come Montague, for thou art early vp
To fee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Mont. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath loft her breath:
What further woe conffires againft my age?

Prin. Looketh and thou shalt fee.

Mont. O thou varnacht, what manners is in this,
To prufle before thy Father to a grave?

Prin. Scale vp the mouth of outra ge for a while,
Till we can cleare thefe ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true defcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, bear me time forbear,
And let milchance be flau to patience,
Bring forth the parties of fufpicion.

Fri. I am the greaftable to doe leaft,
Yet moft fupplaced at the time and place
Doth make againft me of this direfull murther:
And heere I fland both to impace and purge
My felfe condemmed, and my felfe excus'd.

Prin. Then fay at once, what thou doft know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date ofcath
Is not fo long as a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,
And the there dead, that's Romes faithfullife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I married them; and their sole marriage day
Was Tybalt’s Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish’d the new-make Bridgemeate from this Citie:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of Greece from her,
Betroth’d, and would have married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde looks) bid me defile some means
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe,
Then gave I her (fo Tutor’d by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which fo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I write to Rome,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should ceafe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier John,
Was slay’d by accident; and yeernight
Return’d my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindred’s vault,
Meaning to keep her cloe to my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to Rome.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here she vntimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Rome dead.
Shee wakes, and I intertreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience;
But then, a noyse did scarrer me from the Tombe,
And the (too desperately) would not go with me,
But (as it thenes) did violence on her life.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific’d, some hour before the time,
Vnto the rigour of feuereft Law.

Prin. We two have knewne thee 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 poete he came from Mantua
To this fame place, to this fame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Countie Page that rais’d the Watch?
Sirr, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to shew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maifter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courte of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyfon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capiulet, Montague,
See what a fowre is liade vpon your hate;
That Heauen finds means to kill your loves with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discord too,
Haue loft a brace of Kindmen: All are punisht.

Cap. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioyniture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles Verone by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be fet,
As that of True and Faithfull Iuliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmy.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for forrow will not shew his head;
Go home, to have more talkes of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon’d, and some punished.
For never was a Story of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.

FINIS.
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well. Let's have not scene you long, how goes the World?

Post. I have not seen the Poet.

Pain. It wearies his spirit, as it grows.

Post. I thank your excellent Lord.

Mew. Nay that's most fixed.

Mrs. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were, To an unripeable and continue goodmanship:

He passes.

Mew. I have a Jewell here.

Mrs. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon sist? I wist If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Post. When we for recompence have pleas'd the void, It raises the glory in that happy Verfo, Which aptly fings the good.

Mew. 'Tis a good forme.

Pain. And rich: here is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke; some Dedication to the great Lord.

Post. A thing flipp'd idly from me,

Our Poet is as a Gowne, which fies From whence 'tis nourish'd; the fire I th Flint

Shews not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame

Prouokes it felle, and like the current fyes

Each bound it chases. What have you there?


Let's see your peeces.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Post. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Post. Admirable: How this grace

Speakes his owne flanding: what a mentall power

This eye fhoote forth? How bigge imagination

Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneffe of the gesture, One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:

Here is a touch: Is't good?

Post. I will say of it,

It Tutor Nature, Artificiall strife

Lies in thefe touches, liueller then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Post. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Post. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,

I have in this rough worke, flipt out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and huggle

With amplest entertainment: My free drift

Halt not particularly, but moves it felle

In a wide sea of wax, no leuell'd malice

Infeks one comma in the cours' I hold,

But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no Track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Post. I will vouch to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Minds,

As well of glibb and flipp'ry Creatures, as

Of Graue and auftere quality, tender downe

Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,

Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subsides and proporties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hears; yeas, from the glaffe-facd Flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Then to aborbe himfelfe; even hee drops downe

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Post. Sir, I have vpon a high and pleasanft hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Base o'th Mount

Is rank'd with all deferts, all kines of Natures

That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,

To propagate their states: among' them all,

Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,

One do I perfonate of Lord Timon name,

Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,

Whose preuent grace, to preuent flaws and erennants

Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinks
Timon of Athens.

With one man becken’d from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Port. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thofe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his vallue; on the moment
Follow his frizdes, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whirlings in his ear,
Make Sacred euen his Ayrrop, and through him
Drinkke the free Ayre.

Port. I marry, what of these?

Port. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependents
Which labour’d after him to the Mountains top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him fit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Poet. Tis common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate thofe: quickue blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yett do you well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes have feene
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, adressing himselfe curiously
to every Sover.

Tim. Impriphon’d is he, say you?

Mefi. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most striate:
Your Honourable Letter he desiers
To thofe have flut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Pentidictus well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well defures a helpe,
Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mefi. Your Lordship euer fancies him.
Tim. Command me to him, I will fend his ranfome,
And being enfanchiz’d bid him come to me;
’Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mefi. All happinesse to your Honor. Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou haft a Servant nam’d Lucillus.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Moft Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or not Lucillus.

Luc. Heere at your Lordshiphs fervice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, Lu. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house; I am a man
That from my firft haue beene inclin’d to thiefe,
And my eftate defures an Heyre more rain’d,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elfe,
On whom I may conferr what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, s’th’youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereft cost
In Qualities of the beft. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I pruythee (Noble Lord)

Joyne with me to forbid him her returne,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honestly rewards him in it selfe,
It muft not beare my Daughter,

Tim. Does she love him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do infruct vs
What leuries in youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my content be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine Heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And dilpoifles her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If he be mixed with an equal Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath fend’t me long:
To build his Fortune, I will striaine a little,
For ’tis a Bond in men. Glue him thy Daughter,
What you beftow, in him Ie counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Moft Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my proume.

Luc. Humbly I thankke your Lordship, neuer may
That fate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Port. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thankke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peice of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For since Diuonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: Thofe Penfell’d Figures are
Even fuch as they give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand.
We must needs dine together: fir your Jewell
Hath suffered vnnder prafie.

Jewel. What my Lord, disprafie?

Tim. A meere faciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for’t as ’tis extol’d,
It would vnclaw me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, ’tis rated
As thofe which fell would gleue; but you well know,
Things of like vallue differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Believ’t deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock’d.

Enter Apermantus.

Mar. No my good Lord, he speakes I common tooong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chide?

Jewel. We’ll bearre with your Lordship.

Mar. Hee’ll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gente Apermantus.

658 2  Aper.
Enter Ape.  

Ape.  Till I be gentle, thy thou for thy good morrow.  

When thou art Timon dogge, and these knaues honest.  

Tim.  Why doth thou call them knaues, thou know'st they are not?  

Ape.  Are they not Athenians?  

Tim.  Ye.  

Ape.  Then I repent not.  

Tim.  You know me, Apemantus?  

Ape.  Thou know'rt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.  

Tim.  Thou art proud Apemantus?  

Ape.  Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon  

Tim.  Whether art going?  

Ape.  To knocke out an honest Athenians brains.  

Tim.  Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.  

Ape.  How lik'lt thou this picture Apemantus?  

Tim.  The best, for the innocence.  

Tim.  Wrought he not well that painted it.  

Ape.  He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of worke.  

Pain.  Y'are a brace.  

Ape.  Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?  

Tim.  Wilt dine with me Apemantus?  

Ape.  No: I eat not Lords.  

Tim.  And thou should'st, thou'dt anger Ladies.  

Ape.  O they eat 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 wilt not caft  

a man a Dolt.  

Tim.  What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?  

Ape.  Not worth my thinking.  

How now Poet?  

Poe.  How now Philosopher?  

Ape.  Thou lyest.  

Poe.  Art not one?  

Ape.  Ye.  

Poe.  Then I lye not.  

Ape.  Art not a Poet?  

Poe.  Ye.  

Ape.  Then thou lyest:  

Looke in thy left worke, where thou haft fegin'd him a worthy Fellow.  

Poe.  That's not fegin'd, he is so.  

Ape.  Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour.  

He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer.  

Heauens, that I were a Lord.  

Tim.  What wouldst thou then Apemantus?  

Ape.  I would as Apemantus does, hate a Lord with my heart.  

Tim.  What thy selfe?  

Ape.  I.  

Tim.  Wherefore?  

Ape.  That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.  

Art not thou a Merchant?  

Mr.  I Apemantus.  

Ape.  Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.  

Mr.  If Traffickc do it, the Gods do it.  

Ape.  Trafficke thy God, & thy God confound thee,  

Trumpets sound.  Enter a Misfireger.  

Tim.  What Trumpets that?  

Msf.  'Tis Alekbiades, and some twenty Horfe  

All of Companionship.  

Tim.  Pray entertaine them, glue them guide to vs.  

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence  

Till I haue thankst you; when dinners done  

Shew me this piece, I am joyfull of your fights.  

Enter Alekbiades with the rest.  

Moft welcome Sir.  

Ape.  So, lo; their Aches contrac't, and fterne your supple loyest: that there should bee small loue amongst  

their sweet Knaues, and all this Curtefe.  The straine of  
mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.  

Sir, you have faid my longing, and I feed  

Moft hungerly on your fight.  

Tim.  Right welcome Sir:  

Ere we departe, we'll share a bounteous time  

In different pleasures.  

Pray you let us in.  

Exeunt.  

Enter two Lords.  

1.Lord  What time a day is't Apemantus?  

Ape.  Time to be honest.  

1. That time teres fih.  

Ape.  The moft accurst thou that still omift it.  

2. Thou art going to Lord Timon Featt.  

Ape.  I, to see mete fll Knaues, and Wine heat foole.  

2. Farthee well, farthee well.  

Ape.  Thou art a Fools to bid me farewell twice.  

2. Why Apemantus?  

Ape.  Should'st have kept one to thy selfe, for I meaned  

to glue thee none.  

1 Hang thy felfe.  

Ape.  No: I will do nothing at thy bidding:  

Make thy requests to thy Friend;  

2 Away unpenceaible Dogge,  

Or Ile spurne thee hence.  

Ape.  I will flye like a dogge, the hecules a'th'Affe.  

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.  

Comes hall we in,  

And take Lord Timons bountie: he out-goes  

The verie heart of kindneffe.  

2 He powres it out: Pluto the God of Gold  

Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes  

Seven-fold abowt it felte: No guilt to him,  

But breeds the gratier a returne: exceeding  

All vse of quittance.  

1 The Noblest mind he carries,  

That euer gouern'd man.  

2 Long may he live in Fortune. Shall we in?  

He kepe you Company.  

Exeunt.  

Hedleys Playing lord Mufcke.  

A great Banquet fersd in and then, Enter Lord Timon, the  

States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon  

returneth from prifons. Then comes drooping after all Apemantus  
difcontentedly like himselfe.  

Ventig.  Moft honoured Timon,  

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,  

And call him to long peace:  

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  

Then, as in grateful Virtue I am bound  

To your free heart, I do returnne those Talents  

Doubled with thankes and feruices, from whole helpe  

I deu'd libertie.  

Tim.  O by no meane,  

Honest Ventigius: You mistake my love,  

I gue
I gave it freely ever, and ther's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receiv's:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Tim. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devil'd at first
To set a glibbe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then to my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have conferred it.

Aper. Ho ho, confer it? Hand'sd' it? Have you not?

Tim. O Aperantus, you are welcome.

Aper. No! You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fee, that's a churl, ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, kraft to pull by; or
But young man is very angrie.
Go, let him have a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill Timon,
I come to observe, I glue thee warning on'ts.

Tim. I take no heed of thee! That's an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: I my selfe would have no power,
prythee let me make thee silent.

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choke me: for I
Should were flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
Of men eats Timon, and he fain 'em not? It greeues me to see so
Many die there meate in one man blood,
And all the madnecce is, he beares them vp too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and fater for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a
divided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proved, if I was a huge man I should fere to
Drink at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drink with harnesse on
their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart & let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way! A braue fellow. He keeps his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
look good, Timon.
Here's that which is too wesse to be a finner,
Honest water, which were left man 'th'mire
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Faits are to proud to gie thanks to the Gods.

Aperantus Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my selfs,
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her wapping,
Or a Dugge that femes before,
Or a keeper with my frendes,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Tim. & fall too's:
Richmen fin, and I eat root.
Much good dich thy good heart, Aperantus Tim. Captain,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaist of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou mightst kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should think our
selues for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the, Gods
themselues have prouided that I shall haue much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why
have you that charitable title from thousand? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you Gods(thinke I), what need we have any Friends; if we
should were need of 'em? They were the most
needlesse Creatures living: Should we were need vse for
' em? And would most yeatable sweete Instruments
hung vp in Cafes, that keeps there soundes to themselfes.
Why I have often wift my selfe poorer, that I
might come nearer to you: we are borne to do benefs.
And what better or properer can we call our owne,
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious com-
fort 'tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding one
anothers Fortunes. Oh loyes, e he made away er't
be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks,
to forget their Faits. I drink to you.

Aper. Thou weep't to make them drinke, Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that infant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a bafhard.

3. Lord. I promife you my Lord you mow'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with
Lutes in their hands, daunting and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servants.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most defious of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what is their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which bears that office, to dignifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee worthy Timon and to all that of
his Bounty's tafes: the fiue beft Seneeas eknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thine plentiful
bounteous.

There taft, touch all, please'd from thy Table rife:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admis-
tance. Muficke make their welcome.

Laut. You see my Lord, how ample y're below'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepee of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,
Like Madneffe is the glory of this life,
As this Pompey heweth to a little oyle and roote.
We make our felues Foole's, to dilpoyr our felues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drink those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp aget
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not deprayed, or depraes;
Who dyes, that bears not one spurrie to their graves
Of their Friends guilt:
I shoulde feare, that those that dance before me now,
Would one day flappe vpon me: 'Tas bese done, now,
Men that their doores against a setting Sunne,

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to fiew their leaves, each alone out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women; a lefte fransie or two to the
Hedges, and cafe.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (Sirr, Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfo so beautifull, and kinde:
You have added worth vntoo', and lutter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuite.
I am to thank ye for't.
1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euon at the best.
Aper. Faith for the word is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.
Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dipofe your felues.
All La. Moft thankfully, my Lord. Exeunt.
Tim. Flavius.
Fla. My Lord.
Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.
Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no crolling him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, y'faith I shoul'd;
When all's spent, he'll be croft then, and he could:
'Tis pity Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. Exit.
1 Lord. Where be our men?
Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.
2 Lord. Our Forces.
Tim. O my Friends:
I have one word to say to you: Lookie you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this Jewell, accept it, and wear it,
Kinde my Lord.
1 Lord. I am so faire already in your guifs.
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 Flavius.

Fla. I beseach your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concern you neere.

Tim. Neere? Why then another time Ile hearre thee.
I pythsee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.
Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius.
(Out of his free issue) hath presented to you
 Foole Milke-white Horses, trapped in Siluer.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Prefents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What newes?
3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucullus, entertains your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and he's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.
Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be recei'd, not without faire Reward.
Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and glue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffe:
Nor will he know his Purfe, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promists flye fo beyond his flate,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for e'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now pays intereft for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out
Hapier he is that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies succeed.
I blest inwardly for my Lord. Exit.
Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Here, my Lord, a trifte of our Lone.
2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receyve it.

3 Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounty.
Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaued good
words the other day of a Bay Courier I rod on. 'Tis yours
because you like'd it.
1 L.OH. I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can juftly praiue, but what he does affeect.
I waige my Friends affecion with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.
All Lor. O none fo welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to gue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And here be wearie. Alichides,
Thou art a Soldier, therefore finde some rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy living
Is mong't the deads: and all the Lands thou haft
Lyce in a pitch field.
All. I, defi'd Land, my Lord.
1 Lord. We are fo vertouusly bound.
Tim. And fo am I to you.
2 Lord. So infinitely eende're'd.
Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.
1 Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortune
Keepes with you Lord Timon.
Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, scrufing of beckes, and jutting
out of busses. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are gien for 'em.

Friendships full of drogges,
Me thinkes false hearts, shold never have found legges.
Thus honest Foole lay out their wealth on Curtises.
Tim. Now Aper'mantius (if thouwert not fallen)
I would be good to thee.
Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to balle vpon thee, and then would
you leffe the fatteres. Thou gav'st so long Timon (I
fear me) thou wilt give away thy felle in paper shortly.
What needs theree Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.
Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Societie once, I am sworn to not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Munkie.  

Exit.

Aper. So: Thou wilt not hear mee now, thou shalt not then. He locke thy heaven from thee: Oh that mens ears should be 

to Counsel deafe, but not to Flatterie.  

Exit.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Ifidore. He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe. Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging wafe? It cannot hold, it will not. If I want Gold, stale but a beggers Dogge, And give it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold. If I would sell my House, and buy twenty more Better then he: why glue my Horle to Timon. Ask nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight

And able Horfes: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles, and full imagines All that paffe by. It cannot hold, no reason Can found his flute in safety. Capito boa.

Capito I say.  

Enter Capito.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure. Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft to Lord Timon. Imporntune him for my Moneys, be not cait

With flight deniall; nor then finc'd, when Command me to your Mafter, and the Cap Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, My Vies cry to me; I must ferue my turne Out of mine owne, his days and times are paft, And my reliances on his fratted dates Hau e finit my credit. I love, and honour him, But mutt not breake my backe, to hesel his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my releafe Muft not be toft and turn'd to me in words, But finde fuppy immediate. Get you gone, Put on a moll importunate aspect,

A vilage of demand: for I do fear When every Feather finckes in his owne wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull; Which fmalhes now a Phoenix, get you gone.


Enter Steward, with many kife in his hand.

Stew. No care, no flup, fo fencelfe of expeence, That he will neither know how to maintaine it, Nor ceafe his Rife of flight. Takes no accoompl How things go from him, nor refume no care Of what is to continue: neuer minde, Was to be fo vnwife, to be fo kinde. 

What full be done, he will not heare, till feele: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting. 

Fye, fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Capito, Ifidore, and Varro.


Cap. Would we were all diicharg'd.

Var. I feare it.

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foone as dinners done, we'le forth againe

My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will? Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.


To the succession of new days this moneth: 

My Mafter is awak'd by great Occasion, 

To call vnpon his owne, and humbly prays you, 

That with your other noble parts, you'ltuife, 

In giving him his right. 

Tim. Mine honett Friend, I prythee but repaire to me next morning. 


Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants. Var. 'Twas due on fortyturre my Lord, fixe weeks, and paft. 

If. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I Am fenf expressly to your Lordship. 

Tim. Give me breath: 

I do befeech you good my Lords keepe on, 

He wate upon you infancy. Come hither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encountered

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,

And the detention of long fince due debts

Against my Honor? 

Sen. Pray fee you Gentlemen, 

The time is vaageable to this buifiefe: 

Your importunacie ceafe, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid. 

Tim. Do to my Fathers, fee them well entertain'd.


Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Capito. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Ape-

manus, let's ha some sport with 'em. 

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us. 

Ifid. A plague upon him dogge. 

Var. How doft Foole? 

Ape. Doft Dialogue with thy shadow? 

Var. I speake not to thee. 

Ape. No 'ts to thy felfe. Come away. 

If. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already. 

Ape. No thou fland'ft finge, th'art not on him yet. 

Cap. Where's the Foole now? 

Ape. He latk ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and 

Vlurses men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Ali. What are we Apemantus? 

Ape. Alles. 

Ali. Why? 

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know 
your felues. Speake to'em Foole. 

Foole. How do you Gentlemen? 

Ali. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Miftref?
Timon of Athens.

Foole. She's e'er fett'ng on water to fcat'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could fee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this company. How doe thou Apemantus?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anfwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee Apemantus read me the supercifcripti

on of thefe Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Cant not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go thou was't borne a Baffard, and thou'rt dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelp a Dogge, and thou fhalt famih a Dogges death.

Anfwer not, I am gone.

Ape. E'ne fo thou out-runt Grace,

Foole I will go with you to Lord Timons.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If Timon flay at home.

You three ferue three Vifurers?

All. I would they feru'd vs.

Ape. So would I.

As good a tricke as euer Hangman fenu'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vifurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thynke no Vifurer, but ha's a Foole to his Servant. My Mihtis is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach fadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters howel merrily, and go away fadly. The reafon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremafter, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou fhalt be no leffe effecmed.

Furte. What is a Whoremafter Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appears like a Lord, fometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philofopher, with two fones moe then's artificall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp andowne in, from fourtfre to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man, As much foolerie as I have, fo much wit thou lack'rt.

Ape. That anfwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Alas, alas, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Seward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not always folow Louver, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philofopher.

Seward. Pray you walk encre, Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laide my flate before me, That I might fo have rated my expence As I had laue of meanes.

Seward. You would not heare me:

At many lefures I propofe.

Tim. Go too:

Purchance some fingle vantages you tooke,
When my indiffipation put you backe,
And that you paffed all your minifter
Thus to excute your felfe.

Seward. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accomplis,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And fay you found them in mine honeftie,
When for fome trifling prentent you hauve bid me
Returne fo much, I haue fhoake my head, and wept:
Yea gainft th'Authoritie of manners,pray'd you
to hold your hand more clofe: I did indulge
Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I hauie
Prompted you in the ebe of your eftate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greated of your hauing, laces a halfe,
To pay your prentent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Seward. 'Tis all engag'd, fome forfeited and gone,
And what remaines will hardly flop the mouth
Of prentent dues; the future comes space:
What ball defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Seward. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Seward. If you fufequeft your Husbandry or Falthood,
Call me before th'exacted Auidors,
And fet me on the profe. So the Gods bleffe me,
When all our Offices have beene oppreft
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken fplith of Wine; when every roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Miniftrelfe,
I haue retyr'd me to a waffel full locke,
And fet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Seward. Heauens, haue I faid, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall blts hauie Slaves and Peanzs
This night enligluted: who is not Timon,
What heart, head, word, force, meanes, but is L. Timon:
Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praife,
The breath is gone, whereof this praife is made:
Faiit won, faiit looft; one cloud of Winter snowres,
These flyes are couught.

Tim. Come fermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath paff my heart;
Vverifie, not ignoble have I gwen.
Why doft thou weepes, canst thou the confience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends; secure thy heart,
If I would broach the veffels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I Frankely yfe
As I can bid thee speake.

Seward. Affurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in fome fort thefe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleslings. For by thefe
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you may flake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, Flavius, Serullius?
Timon of Athens.

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you feuerally.

You to Lord Lucas, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to vfe 'em toward a supply of mony; let the requent be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have faid, my Lord.

Sem. Lord Lucas and Lucullus! Humph. Time. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health; I have deferu'd this Hearing; bid 'em fend o'ffinstant

A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I have beene bold

(For that I knew it the more generall way)

To them, to vfe your Signet, and your Name,

But they do flake their heads, and I am here

No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Sew. They answer in a joynt and corporal voice,

That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,

But yet they could have wifh, they know not,

Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; its pity,

And fo intending other ferior matters,

After diffaflate full looks: and then hard Fratrons

With certaine half-caps, and cold mowing rods,

They froze me into Silence. 

Tim. You Gods reward them.

Prythee man looke cheerily. Their old Fellowes

Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cack'd, 's cold, it fiddle fowles,

'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;

And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,

Is fadtion for the journey, dull and heavy.

Go to Venutius (prythee be not fad),

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I fpeake,

No blame belongs to thee: Venutius lately

Buried his Father, by whole death hee's ftepp'd

Into a great estate: When he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in fcarlity of Friends,

I cleere'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him fupper, some good necifity

Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembered

With choofe five Talents; that had, guess thefle Fellowes

To whom 's infant due. Ne'er fpeake, or thinke,

That Timons fortunes mong his Friends can fink.

Sew. I would I could not think it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being fre in felfe, it thinkes all others fo.

Exeunt

Flaminius waiting to fpeake with a Lord from his Mafter,

enters a fervant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir. Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.


Why this his right: I dreampt of a Silver Bafon & Exwe to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very reperctuallly welcome sir. Fill me fome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

fter?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what haft thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intrest your Honor to supply: who having great and infant occasion to vfe fiftie Talents, hath fent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-
thing doubting your prefent affifiance therein.

Luc. La, la, la! Nothing doubting fays hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep fo good a houfe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to fupper to him of purpofe, to have him spend leffe, and yet he wold em-
brace no coundel, take no warning by my comming, evcry man has his fault, and honeftly is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servants with Wine.

Ser. Pleafe your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wife.

Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship fpokens your pleasure.

Luc. I have obferued thee always for a towardlie prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reafon, and can't vfe the time well, if the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone far-

rah. Draw neerer honett Flaminius. Thy Lords a bounti-

ful Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend mony, especially upon bare ffrainhippe without fcurfure. Here's three Solidares for thee, good Boy winke at me, and lay thou faw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poiffible the world should fo much differ,

And we alife that liued! Fly dammed balenelle

To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha! Now I fee thou art a Foolie, and fit for thy Mafter.

Exit L. 

Flam May there add to the number 1 may scald thee:

Let motten Coine be thy damnation,

Thou difafe of a friend, and himfelle:

Has ffriendfhip fuch a fiant and milkie heart,

It turns in leffe then two nights? O you Gods!

I feele my Mafter's passion. This Slawe vnto his Honor,

Has my Lords meate in him:

Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to{'s drawne out?

O may Difafe only worke upon't:

And when he's fickle to death,let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord pay'd for, be of any power

To expell fickneffe, but prolong his hower. 

Exit.

Enter Lucius with three Strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend

and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leffe, though we are but ffran-

gers to him. But I can tel you one thing my Lord, and

which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon

happie howres are done and paft, and his eftate shrinks

from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want

for money.

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long aге,

one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fo

many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and shewed

what
what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'd.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'd my Lord.

Luci. What a strange face was that? Now before the Gods I am affirm'd on't. Denied that honourable man! There was very little Honour there in't. For my owne part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesse from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mi-

ftook him, and sent to me; I should ne'er have denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruillus.

Seruill. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have fweet to fee his Honor. My Honorable Lord.

Luci. Seruillus? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ve-

ry exquisite Sir.

Seruill. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath fent me.

Luci. Has what? what's he sent? I am so much eneered to that Lord; he's ever fending me; how fhall I think him think it thou? And what has he fent now?

Seruill. Has only fent his prefent Occasion now my Lord: requifting your Lordship to supply his infant fife with fo many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruill. But in the mean time he wants ifte my Lord.

If his occafion were not vertuous, I should not urge it hateful to faithfully.

Luci. Doft thou fpake ferioufly Seruillus?

Seruill. Upon my foule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Effay was I to disfurnish my felf against fuch a good time, when I might ha shewn my felfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I fhould purchase the day before for a little part, and vno a great dace of Honour? Seruillus, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more bees I fay) I was fending to vfe Lord Timon my felfe, thefe Gentlemen can witneffe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now.

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will concile the faireft of me, becaufe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my great affifions, that I cannot pleure fuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruillus, will you befriend mee to farre, as to vfe mine owne words to him?


Luci. Hee looke you out a good turne Seruillus.

True as you faid, Timon is frunkne indeed, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly spreede. Exit.

1 Do you obferue this Hiftilius?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds foule, And luft of the fame precio-

Is euery Flatterers fport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the fame dill? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purfe:
Supported his eftate, pay Timon money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinks,
But Timons Siluer treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh fee the monifterneffe of man,
Where he looks out in an vgroterfull shape;
He does deny him (in refpect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion grozes at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never tafted Timon in my life
Nour care any of his bounles ouer me,
To marke me for his friend. Yet I proteft,
For his right Noble minde, illuflrous Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceflity made fife of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donations,
And the beft halfe: should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muft learn now with pitty to difpence,
For Policy fits above Confience.

Enter a third servant with Sympronius, another
Of Timons Friends.

Sympl. Muft he needs trouble me in't? Hum.

'Bouse all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prifon; All thefe
Owes their eftates unto him.

Sir. My Lord,

They have all bin touch'd, and found Bafe-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Sympl. How? Have they deny'de him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'de him,
And does he fend to me? Three? Humph?

It shews but little love, or judgement in him.

Muft I be his late Refuge? His Friends (like Phyficians)
Thrice, glue him over: Muft I take th'Care upon me?
Has much difgree'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have knownde my place. I fee no fene for't,
But his Occafions might have woode mee fift:
For in my confience, I was the first man
That ere received gift from him.

And does he thinke fo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laf? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'rich, and 'mong't Lords be thought a Fool:
I'd rather then the worth of thrice the fumme,
Had fent to me &t, but for my minde false:
I'd fuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anwer loyne:
Who bates mine Honor, hall not know my Coyne. Exit

Sir. Excellent: Your Lordships a goody Villain: the
duell knew not what he did, when hee made man Polit-
ticke; he daffed himfelfe by me and I cannot thinke, but
in the end, the Villanies of man will fet him cleere.

How fairly this Lord thrues to appear foole? Takes Vertu-

ous Copes to be wicked: like thofe, thot vnder hotte ar-
dent zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, offuch a na-
ture is his politike love.

This was my Lords belt hope, now all are fled
Sawe onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Dores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muft be impoy'd
Now to guard sure their Matter:
And this is all a liberall coufe allows,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muft keep his house.Exit.

Enter Parre's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to
wait for his comung out. Then enter Lucius
and Hortensius.

Uar. man. Well met, goodmorning Titus & Hortensius
Titos & Hortensius

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Tit. The like to you kindle Varro.
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luc. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Varro. Enter Philotus.
Luci. And sir Philemon too.
Phil. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luc. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord scene yet?
Luc. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at feasten.
Luci. I, but the days are want shorter with him.
You must eate, what a soft digest course?
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is: One
may reach deeper and deeper, and yet finde little.
Phil. I am of your feares, for that.
Tit. He shew you how to obferue a strange event:
Your Lord pays now for Money?
Hort. Most true, he do's.
Tit. And he weares jewels now of Timons guilt,
For which I wait for money.
Hort. It is against my heart.
Luc. Marke how his face doth owes,
...'Tis from this tosh should pay more then he owes:
And e're as your Lord should weare rich Jewels,
And fend for money for 'em.
Hort. 'Tis very weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witnesse:
I know my Lord hath sent of Timons wealth,
And now ingratitude, makes it worse then theft.
Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?
Luc. Five thousand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much deeper, and it should seem by th'ium:
Your Masters confidence was abuse mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flamininus,
Tit. One of Lord Timons men.
Luc. Flaminus? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend this Lordship: pray signifie so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too
Enter Steward in a Cloath, muffled (diligent).
Luci. Hal: is not that his Steward muffled fo?
He goes away in a Cloath: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Stew. What do ye ak of me, my Friend.
Tit. We wait for certaine Money here, sir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fume upon his debts,
And take downe th'intrest into their glutinous Maws,
You do your felues but wrong, to fume me vp,
Let me paffe quietly:
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luci. I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew. If'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serue Knaues.
1. Varro. How? What does his caffheer'd Worship
mutter?
2. Varro. No matter what, he's poor, and that's re-
venge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
great buildings.

Enter Serullius.
Tit. Oh here's Serullius: now wee shall know some
answer.
Seru. If I might befeech you Gentlemen, to repaye
some other hour, I should derive much from't. For tak't
of my soule, my Lord leaves wondrouslie to diccontent:
His comfortable temper has forooke him, he's much out
of health, and keepe his Chamber.
Luci. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sicke:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.
Serull. Good Gods.
Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir,
Flamininus withine. Serullius helps, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.
Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my paffige?
Hau you bin euer free, and muft my house
Be my retentst Enemy? My God?
The place which I have feated, does it now
(like all Mankind) fiew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now Titus,
Tim. My Lord, heere is my Bill.
Luci. Here's mine.
1. Far. And mine, my Lord,
2. Far. And ours, my Lord.
Philip. All our Bills.
Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
Girdle.
Luc. Alias, my Lord.
Tim. Cut my heart in fumes.
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?
1. Far. My Lord.
2. Far. My Lord.
Tim. Tearre me, take me, and the Gods fall ypon you.

Exit Timon.
Hort. Faith I perceivall our Masters may throwe their
caps at theirc money, thefe debts may well be cal'd depre-
cate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.
Timon. They have e'en put my breath from mee the
Stew. My dere Lord.
Tim. What if it shoulde be so?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. Ile haue it fo. My Steward?
Stew. Heere my Lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Summervinos Vlæo: All,
ile once more feath the Ruffels.
Stew. O my Lord, you only speake from your disfra-
ded soule; there's not so much left to, furnish out a mo-
derate Table.

Timon.
Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you have my voyce, too';
   The faults Bloody:
   'Tis necessary he should dye:
   Nothing imboldens sinne to much, as Mercy.
   2. Moft true; the Law fhall bruife 'em.

Alec. Honor, health, and compaffion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alec. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vfe it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath fept into the Law: which is pait depth
To chafe that (without heare) do plundge inroo't.
He is a Man (letting his Fate afide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire Spirit,
Seeing his Repuation to'd to death,
He did oppofe his Foes:
And with fuch fober and vnoated passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas fpent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too brib't a Paradox,
Striving to make an vile dead looke faire:
Your words have tooke fuch paines, as if they laboured
To bring Man-flaughter into forme, and fet Quarrelures
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mif-begot, and came into the world,
When Scels, and Ftclions were newly borne.
Here's truly Valiant, that can wisely fuffer
The wroth that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-fides,
To wearre them like his Rayment, careleffly,
And ne're preferre his inuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and Inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alec. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make groffe finnes looke cleare,
To engage is no Valour, but to heare.

Alec. My Lords, then vnder favour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expofe themfelves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleeepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietely cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That fay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Allies, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow laden with Iron, wifer then the Jufde?
If Wifedome be in fuffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifull Good,
Who cannot commend raffe neffe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is finnes extremelt Guft,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis molt Juit.
To be in Anger, is impofte:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.


Alec. In vaine?

His fervice done at Lacedemon, and Bifantio
Were a fufficient bribe for his life.

1 What's that?

Alec. Why say my Lords ha's done faire fervice,
And faine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himfelfe
In the laft Conflit, and made plentiful wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a worme Rior, he has a finne.
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beafly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrifh Factions. 'Tis infer'd to vs,
His days are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dies.

Alec. Fear not: he might have dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moove you,
Take my deferts to his, and lyone'em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue'nt in valiant gore,
For Law is frit, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrg no more
On height of our difpleafure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that fillies another.

Alec. Muft it be fo? It muft not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alec. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alec. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elfe be, I should prove to bace,
To fue and be defky'd fuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but fpacious in effe{:}
We banifh thee for euer.

Alec. Banifh me?

Banifh your dotage, banifh vufurie,
That maketh the Senate wry.

1 If after two daies fhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Judgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He fhall be executed prefently.

Alec. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
One in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worfe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereft. I my felie,
Rich only in large hurts. All thofe, for this?
Is it this the Balfome, that the furling Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banifhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banifht,
It is a caufe worthy my Splene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discommited Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with molt Lands to be at ois,
Souldiers fhould brooke as little wrongs as Gods.
Enter divers Friends at severall dores.

1. The good time of day to you, Sir.
2. I alfo with it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but tryst you this other day.

Tim. Each man to his flothe, with that purre as hee would to the lip of his Miistris; your dyct shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citee Feaftt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the firft place. Sir, Sir.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own gifts, make your fires prou'd: But referve flill to give, leaff your Duties be defpir'd. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forfake the Gods. Make the Meate be belou'd, more then the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a fcore of Villaines. If there fit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The Reft of your Feests, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make futable for defcription. For those my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, fo in nothing bleffe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dugges, and lap.

Some fhock. What do's his Lordship meanes?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaft never be hold.

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water is your perfection. This is Timons laft, Who fuckle and spangeled you with Flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

You reeking villany. Blue loath'd, and long Moft fmingling, smooth, defteated Parafites, Curteous Deftrayers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares: You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes, Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Jackes. Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie

Cruft you quite o're. What do'th thou go? Soft, take thy Phycife firft; thou too,and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaft, Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueft.

Borne house, finke A thens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3. Puffs, did you fee my Cap?
4. I have loft my Gowne.
5. He's but a mad Lord, & nothit but humors foakes him. He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hand.
6. Did you fee my Jewell?
7. Did you fee my Cap.
8. Heere'tis.
10. Let's make no fay.
11. Lord Timon mad.
12. I feel'ton my bones.
13. One day he gies vs Diamonds, next day ftones.

Exit the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall That girdles in those Wolves, due in the earth, And hence not Athens. Matrons, brew out of incontinent, Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fools.
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and
Timon of Athens.

This yellow Stale,
Will knitt and breake Religions, bleffe th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprofe ador'd, place Theeues,
And give them Title, Knee,and approbation
With Senators on the Bench : This is That
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vilerous forces,
Would caft the gare at. This Embalme and Spices
To' thy Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. March smerge off.
Ha! A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet I Ieury thee: Thou'lt go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
May fay thou out for earntch.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fifis in warlike manner,,
and Phrynia and Timandra.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Maker gnaw thy hart
For fheewing me against the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy felie a Man?
Tim. I am Miftreps, and hate Aankinde.
For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am voleard, and strange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With man blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, cull Lavees are cruel,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looks.
Phreis. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiffe thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lips againe.
Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Mooone do's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I cou'd not like the Mooone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promife me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promife the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'ft performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.
Alc. I have heare in some fort of thy Miseries.
Tim. Thou faw'ft them when I had prosperity.
Alc. I fee them now, then was a bleffed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timon. Is this th'Athenian Mifion, whom the world
Voic'd fo faroffully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timon. Yes.
Tim. Be a where fill, they lose thee not that vie thee,
give them difeases, leaving with thee their Luft. Make
vie of thy 15th hours, feafon the flaves for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rope-cheek'd youth to the Fubfaff,
and the Diet.
Timon. Hang thee Monster.
Alc. Pardin him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calaminies.

I have but little Gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make resolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and green'd
How curfed Athens, mindeflefe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour rates
But for thy Sword and Fortune tread upon them.
Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere Timon.
Tim. How doeft thou pitty him whom' doft trouble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keeps it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ft thou 'gainst Athens.
Alc. I Timon, and have caufe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueft,
And thee after, when thou haft Conqueft'd.
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. God, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, when Iose
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poysen
In the fickie ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Villure. Strike me the counterfit Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her felie's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheecke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for chofe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Lease of pitty writ,
But fet them downe horrible Traitors.Spare not the Babe
Whose dried smalies from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Dallard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mine it fans remorie. Sware against Obeles,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose pride, nor yells of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vefiments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confufion: and thy fury ipent,
Confounded be thy felie. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, lie take the Gold thou giv'-
eft me, not all thy Counsell.
Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heauens curfe upon thee.

Both. Guse vs some Gold good Timon, haft y' more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forewear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Stufs
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll fware, terribly fware
Into strong flufhers, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortal Gods that heare you.Spare your Oathes:
Ie truft to your Conditions, he whores fill.
And he whose pious breath feekes to conuer you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your clefie fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-couts: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary, and Thatch
Your poor thin Rooches with burthenes of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd no matter :)
Wear'e them, betray with them, Whore fill,
Paint till a hore may myre upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

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Believe't
Beleevst that we'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man, shrive their shapte dinnes,
And marre men's purring, Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more falle Title plesse,
Nor found his Quillets thrilly: Hoare the Flamens,
That foold' against the quality of flesh,
And not beleevus himfelfe. Downe with the Nofe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to forest.

Smells from the generall weake. Make card'pate Ruffians
And let the vnfcarr'd Braggets of the Warre
Derife fome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Ablivity may defeate and quell
The fourfe of all Erechon. There's more Gold.
Do you damnse others, and let this damnse you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counfell with more Money, bounteous

Tim. More whore, more Mifcheefe firft, I have gi-
uen you earnet.

Ape. Strike vp the Drum towards Athenes, farewel

Timon: if I thriue well, Ile vift thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer fee thee more.

Ape. I. neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou fpokeft well of me.

Ape. Call'ft thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it, Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Ape. We but offend him, trike.

Tim. That Nature being fecke of mans vnkindneffe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasurable, and infinite breft
Teemes and feeds all: whole felfe fame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man)is poff,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Ader blee,
The gilded Newt, and eyeflue venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crife Hauen,
Whereon Hyperions quicke fire doth fhone :
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From fourth thy plentiful boforme, one poore roote:
Enfeare thy Fertile and Concepcion wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Moniters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manion all about
Neuer prefent. Ga, a Root, deare thankes :
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Wines, and Flough'torne Lees,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourif draughts
And Morfels Vnfoious, grefses his pure minde,
That from it all Confeideration fliptes

Enter Apcamut. 

More man? Plague, plague

Ape. I was direcd lither. Men report,
Thou doft affeft my Manners, and doft vie them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because 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 Melanchoily sprung
From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and thefe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterer yet ware Silke, drinke Wine,lye soft,
Hugge their difeas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not thefF Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and feek to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hinde thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou it orfuer
Blow off thy Cap; praife his moft vicioys traine,
And call it excellent; thou waft told thus:
Thou gau't thine ears (like Tapperts, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approchers: 'Tis moft liue
That thou tune Rafcall, had't thou wealth againe,
Rafcals should haue't. Do not affume my likenefse.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my felfe.

Ape. Thou haft caft away thy felfe, being like thy felf
A Madman fo long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the blacke ayre, thy boyfherous Chamberlaine
Will put thy fhit on warme? Will thef moft Trees,
That have out-liue'd the Eagle, pay thy fheles
And skip when thou point'ft out? Will the cold brooke
Candled with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taffe
To cure thy o're-nights furfeit? Call the Creatures,
Whole naked Natues live in all the fught
Of weckefull Hauen, whole bare vnhaued Trunke.
To the confiding Elements expos'd
Anfwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou falt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee : depart,

Ape. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ft meflying.

Ape. I flatter not, but fay thou art a Careife.

Tim. Why do'ft thou fecke me out?

Ape. To vext thee.

Tim. Always a Villaines Office, or a Foole.

Dift pleafe thy felfe in't?

Ape. 1.

Tim. What, a Knau too?

Ape. If thou did'ft put this fowre cold habit on
To calligfhe thy pride, twere well; but thou
Doft it enforcefly: Thou'did Courfier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing meflying
Out-plies: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high with beat face Contentleffe,
Hath a distracted and moft wretched being,
Worfe then the worft, Content.

Thou fould'ft defire to dye, being miferable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miferable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour neuer claf't: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ft thou like vs from our firft work proceed
The swet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To fuch as may the paffiu drugs of it
Freely command't: thou would'ft have plung'd thy felf
In generall Riot, meltet downe thy youth
In different beds of Luft, and never learn'd
The I cle precepts of repect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my felfe,
Who had the world as my Confecutionaire,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and heartes of men,
At duty more then I could fame employment;
That numberleffe vpon me bucke, as leaes
Do on the Oake, have with one Winters bruith
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For every ftorrne that blowes, I to beare this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy Nature, did commence in fufference, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why fhould'ft thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haft thou guen?
If thou wilt curfe; thy Father (that poore ragge)  
May be thy fubjecl, who in fpite put flufhe  
To come thee-Beggcr, and compound thee  
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,  
If thou hadst not borne the word of men,  
Thou hadft bene a Kaane and Flatterer.  
Ape. Art thou proud yet?  
Tim. I, that I am not thee.  
Ape. I, that I was no Prodiggall.  
Tim. I, that I am one now.  
Were all the wealth I have that vp in thee,  
I'd glue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:  
That the whole life of Athenes were in this,  
Thou would eate it.  
Ape. Heree, I will mend thy Beaff.  
Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy Selve.  
Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by th' lacke of thine  
Tim. 'Tis not well mended fo, it is but botchit  
If not, I would it were.  
Ape. What would't thou have to Athenes?  
Tim. There is another in a whilewind: if thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I have.  
Ape. Heree is no vfe for Gold.  
Tim. The belft, and troeft:  
For heree It fpeeces, and do's no hyred harne.  
Ape. Where lievt a nights Timon?  
Tim. Vnder that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou s-days Apemantus?  
Ape. Where my fomacke finds meate, or rather  
where I eate it.  
Tim. Would paylon were obedienc, & knew my mind  
Ape. Where would't thou fend it?  
Tim. To fawce thy difes.  
Ape. The middle of Humanitty thou never kneweft,  
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wait in thy  
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mocke thee for too much  
Curiosity: in thy Ragges thou know'lt none, but art de-  
fpeis'd for the contrary. There's a mediocr for thee, eate it.  
Ape. Do'ft hate a Medier?  
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.  
Ape. And th'hadft hated Mediers sooner, I shd'lt have  
hate thy felfe better nowe. What man didn't thou  
euer know vntrith, that was beloued after his meenes?  
Tim. Who without thofe meenes thou talkeft of, dideft  
etuuer know belou'd?  
Ape. My felfe.  
Tim. I understand thee: thou hadft fome meanes to  
keepe a Dogge.  
Apen. What things in the world canft thou neeret  
compare to thy Flatterers?  
Tim. Women neeret, but men: men are the things  
themselves. What would'thou do with the world Ap-  
emantus, if it lay in thy power?  
Ape. Give it the Beaffs, to be rul of the men.  
Tim. Would thou have thy felle fall in the confu- 
fon of men, and remaining a Beaff with the Beaffs.  
Ape. I Timon.  
Tim. A beeffy Ambition, which the Goddes grant  
thee tattell to. If thou went the Lyon, the Fox  
would beguiue thee: if thou went the Lambe, the Foxe  
would eate thee: if thou went the Fox, the Lion would  
fufpecit thee, when penduerenture thou went accus'd by the Affe:  
If thou went the Ape, thy dulterfe would torment thee;  
and till thou bu'did but as a Breakefaft to the Wolfe. If  
thou went the Wolfe, thy greedinessfe would affift thee,
To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy flave-man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Ape. Would twere fo,
But not till I am dead. He ey th'haft Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Line, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long line fo, and fo dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,

Exit Timon, and abhorre then. 

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some flender Ora of his remainder: the meer
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Frendes, drowe
him into this Melancholy.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a maiffe of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the alacr vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he courteously referre it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he bares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He! I know him.

All. Save thee Timon.

Tim. Now Theeues, All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatesst want is, you want much of meat:

Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Milie breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes bear Maff, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huwife Nature, on every bough,
Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot live on Graffe, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

2. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I mutt you con,
That you are Theeues profess: that you worke not
In hollow shaffes: For there is boundleffe Theft
In limited Province. Refcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, fucke the subtle blood o'ch'Grape,
Till the high Feauor sweat his blood to froth,
And so shape hanging. Truf't not the Phythian,

His Antidotes are poyon, and he flaves
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and lives together,
Do. Vllent or the de, since you profess to doo's.
Like Workemen, He example you with Theruery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbet the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, the snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, refoloves
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feedes and breeds by a compoture foine
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Lose not yet sches, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open Shoppes, nothing can you fsteale
But Theeues do loufe it: fsteale leffe, for this I glue you,
And Gold confound you howloere: Amen.

3 Has almoft charme'd me from my Profession, by per-

fusing me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduies
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,

And glue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs firste fee peace in Athens, there is no time so
miferable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

1 Is you'd defp.ed and Ruminous mame my Lord?

2 Full of decay and sayling? Oh Monument

3 And wonder of good deeds, euly beftow'd:

4 What an alteration of Honor has defp'rate want made?

5 What viler thing vpon the earth, then Friends,

6 Who can being Noblest mindes, to bafeft ends.

7 How rarely does it meete with this times guilt,

8 When man was wilth to loue his Enemies:

9 Grant I may ever lour, and rather woo

10 Thofe that would milchee me, then thoefe that too.

11 Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honeft grieve

12 unto him; and as my Lord, still ferue him with my life.

13 My dearft Master.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doft aske that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if you grunt't, th'art a man.

I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honeft poor feruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I never had honeft man about me, I all

I kept were Knaves, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesses,

Nene's did pioe Steward weare a truer greefe

For his/vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doft thou wepe?

Come nearer, then I loue thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'ft

Flinty mankinde: whole eyes do never gree,

But thorow Luft and Laughter: pitie's sleeping:

Strange times ye wepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,

'Taccept my greefe, and whil't this poore wealth lafts,

To entertaine me as your Steward full.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so luft, and now so comfortable?

It almoft turns me my dangerus Nature wide.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgue my generall, and exceptleffe rafhneffe

You perpetuall Sober Gods. I do proclame

One honeft man: MiTake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How ifone would I have hate'd all mankinde,

And thou redeem't thy felle. But all faxe thee,

I fell with Curse,

Me thinkes thou art more honeft now, then wife:

For, by opprefing and betraying mee,
Timon of Athens.

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Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:  
For many go arrive at second Masters,  
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though men are so sure)  
Is not thy kindneffe subtle, couetous,  
If not a Vifiting kindneffe, and as rich men deale Gifts,  
Expecting in returne twenty for one?  

Strew. No my moft worthy Master, in whose breede  
Doubt, and suspect (as alfo) are plac'd too late:  
You should have fear'd falle times, when you reft.  
Suspect till comes, where an effate is leafe.  
That which I fliew, Heaven knowes, is meerely Love,  
Dutie, and Zeale, to your unmatch'd minde;  
Care of your Food and Luing, and beleue it,  
My moft Honour'd Lord,  
For any benefit that points to mee,  
Ere I can hope, or pretend, I'de exchange  
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
To requisite me, by making rich your felle.  

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis fo: thou singly honest man,  
Hereat take: the Gods out of my miferie  
Ha's lent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy,  
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:  
Hate all, curfe all, chew Charity to none,  
But let the famifht fleale flide from the Bone,  
Ere thou releafe the Beggar. Glue to dogges  
What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons swallow'em,  
Debauch wither'em to nothing, be men like baffled woods  
And Difafres lick'em vp their fyale bloods,  
And so farewell, and thrive.  

Strew. O let me flay, and comfort you, my Mafter.  
Tim. If thou hast it Curfes  
Stay not: why, wilt thou art bleffed and free:  
Ne'er fee thou man, and let me ne'er fee thee.  

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I took no note of the place, it cannot be farre  
where he abides.  

Poet. What's to be thought of him?  
Does the Rumor hold for true,  
That hee's fo full of Gold?  

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibades reports it: Plerina and Timandyo  
Had Gold of him. He Likewise enrich'd  
Poor stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.  
'Tis faide, he gave vnto his Steward  
A mighty fume.  

Poet. Then this breaking of his,  
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?  

Painter. Nothing else:  
You shall fee him a Palme in Athens againe,  
And flourith with the higheft:  
Therefore, 'tis not amifie, we tender our louses  
To him, in this fuppofed dilteffe of his:  
It will floe honestly in vs,  
And is very likely, to load us purposes  
With what they trasaille for,  
If it be a fucht and true report, that goes  
Of his hauling.  

Poet. What have you now  
To prefent vnto him?  

Painter. Nothing at this time  
But my Vifitation: onely I will promife him  
An excellent Pecce.  

Poet. I must ferue him fo too;  
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.
Why how shall I require you?  
Can you este Roots, and drink cold water, no?  
Both. What we can do,  
We'll do to do you service.  
Tim. Y'are honest men,  
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,  
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.  
Pain. So is it said my Noble Lord, but therefore  
Came not my Friend, nor I.  
Tim. Good honest men; Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Beft in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,  
Thou counterfeit'st most liuely.  
Pain. So, fo, my Lord.  
Tim. Ene fo far as I say. And for thy fiction,  
Why thy Vertue twells with fluffs so fine and smooth,  
That thou art euen Naturlle in thine Art.  
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)  
I muft needs say you have a little fault,  
Marry 'tis not monftrous in you, neither with I  
You take much pains to mend.  
Both. Befeech your Honour  
To make it knowne to vs.  
Tim. Thou'lt take it ill.  
Both. Molt thankfully, my Lord.  
Tim. Will you indeed?  
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.  
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trufts a Knave,  
That mightily deceales you.  
Both. Do we, my Lord?  
Tim. I, and you hear he cogg,  
See him diftempe,  
Know his grosse patchery, love him, feede him,  
Kepee in your boforme, yet remaine affor'd  
That he's a made-va Villaine.  
Pain. I know none fuch, my Lord.  
Pain. Nor I.  
Tim. Looke you,  
I love you well, Ie glue you Gold  
Rid me thefe Villaines from your companies;  
Hang them, or Slaue them, drowne them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
Ie glue you Gold enough.  
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.  
Tim. You that way, and you this:  
But two in Company:  
Each man a part, all singe, and alone,  
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:  
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,  
Come not neere him. If thou would'lt not recide  
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.  
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flauers:  
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,  
You are an Alchymist, make Gold of that:  
Out Raffacal dogges.  

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon;  
For he is set fo onely to himselfe,  
That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,  
is friendly with him.  

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Cauze.  
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians  
To speake with Timon.  
2. Sen. At all times alike  
Men are not still the same: twas Time and Greefes.
Timon of Athens.

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst : For their Knives care not,
While you have thorns to answer. For my felfe,
There's not a whirle, in th'vntruly Camp, 
But I do prize it at my loure, before
The reuerends Throut in Athens. So I leave you
To the proteccion of the proferous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Sow. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be feene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Luing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague; you hit,
And laft fo long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loose my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my louing Countrymen.
1. These words become your Lippes as they passe thro'
them.

2. And enter in our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greese,
Their fear of Hoffle strokes, their Aches loffes,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veffell doth suftaine
In lites vnctertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to present wilde Alcibiades wrath.

1. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows heere in my Clofe,
That mine owne owne imprize me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to lowe throughout, that who so pleaze
To stop Affiction, let him take his haffe ;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe, I pray you do my greeting.
Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you shall Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me agayne, but bate to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlafting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the Salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surfge shall couer ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle :
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end :
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens worke, and Death their gaine ;
Sonne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontentes are vncourageously couplid to Na-
ture.

2 Our hope in him is dead : let vs returne, 
And fraine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messinger.

1 Thou haft painfully discouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Msey. I haue spoke the leaf.
Besides his expedition promiseth present approach.
2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Msey. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppo'd,
Yet our old louse made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timons Caze,
With Letters of intrety, which imported
His Fellowship the caufe against your City,
In part for his fake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

2 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearfull loouring
Doth chouke the ayre with duft : In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exit.

Enter a Saddler in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this shou'd be the place.
Whoeve heere? Speake ho. No anwer? What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-brech't his fan,
Some Beast read the; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead flare, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read : the Charafter Ie take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euerly Figure skil; 
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes :
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whole fell the marke of his Ambition is.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and laflcuflous Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Party.

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious meaure, making your willes
The scope of Juflice. Till now, my felie and fuch
As flep within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our trauert Armes, and breath'd;
Our fuffrance vainly : Now the time is fubf,
When crowching Marrow in the bearer ftrong
Cries (of it felfe) no more : Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall lift and pant in your great Chairs of exile,
And purfe Infolence fhall break his winde
With fcare and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young; 
When thy fliff greeses were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had it power, or we had caufe of fear.
We fent to thee, to give thy rage Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Above their quantifie.

2 So did we woe
Transformed Timon, to our Cities love
By humble Meffenge, and by promifh meane :
We were not all vnkindes, nor all defene
The common stroke of warre.

1 These wailes of ours,
Were not ered by their hands, from whom
You haue receiv'd your greese: Nor are they fuch,
That thee great Townes, Trophees, & Schools fliold fall
For priate faults in them.

2 Nor are they lying

Who
Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exercise)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By declamation and a tyed death;
If thy Resenages hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deflin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All hate not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but issue 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 th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too's, with thy Sword.

So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'rt enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vis the warres 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.

Aec. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your forces shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streete
Of Regular Juydice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heuurlid answer.

'Let. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Aec. Defend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Enterb'd upon the very hemme o'th Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Inskulpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Aecibades reads the Epitaph.

Here lies a wretched Cittie, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Catiffs! left:
Here lies I Timon, who above all living men did hate,
Paffe by and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorred it in vs our humane griefes,
Scord'll our Brains flow, and thole our dropplets, which
From niggard Nature fall, yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiv'n. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Gait,
And I will vis the Olives, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace flint war, make each
Prefcribe to other, as each others Leach,
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
<table>
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<td><strong>THE ACTORS NAMES.</strong></td>
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<td>Lucius, and Servilius, another.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucullus, two flattering lords. Capbis.</td>
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<td>Merchant. Cupid.</td>
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<td>Certaine senators. Sempronius.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Certaine maskers. With divers other servants,</td>
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THE TRAGFDEIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commons over the Stage.

Flavius,

Hence: home ye idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What, know you not Being Mechanick) you ought not walke Upon a labouring day, without the signe Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter. Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What doft thou with thy beft Apparell on? You sir, what Trade are you? Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler. Mur. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly. Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe Confidence, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad Soles. Fla. What trade thou knowe? Thou naughte naughte, what trade? Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you. Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou Savvy Fellow? Cob. Why sir, Cobble you. Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou? Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmen matters, nor womens matters; but wthall I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old Soles: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod vpvn Neats Leather, have gone vp on my handy-worke. Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do't thou lead these men about the streets? Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see Cæsar, and to rejoynce in his Triumph. Mur. Wherefore rejoynce? What Conquest brings he home? What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheeles? You Blockes, you stones, you worse than fenfleffe things: O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? Have you climb'd vp to Walls and Battlements, To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops, Your infants in your Armes, and there haue fate The like-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his Chariot but appear, Haue you not made an Vnierfall thou, That Tyber trembled vnderneath her banke To heare the replication of your sounds, Made in her Concaue 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 vpvn your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this Ingratitude. Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Affembles all the poore men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber banke, and wepe your teares Into the Channell, till the lowest Dreams Do kiffe the most exalted Shores of all. Exeunt all the Commons. See where their baseft mettle be not mord'? They vanish tongue-tyed in their gullineffe: Go you downe that way towards the Capitol, This way will I: Diisrobe the Images, If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies. Mur. May we do so? You know it is the Feast of Lupercall. Fla. It is no matter, let no images Be hung with Cæsars Trophees: Ile about, And drive away the Vulgar from the streets: So do you too, where you perceive them thicke. These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing, Will make him fye an ordinary pitch, Who else would loose about the view of men, And keep vs all in feruile fearfulness.

The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

The Barren touched in this holy chace,  
Shake off their sterile curse.  

Act. I shall remember,  
When Cæsar layes, Do this, it is perform’d.  
Cæf. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.  
Sooth. Cæfar.  
Cæf. Ha! Who calles?  
Cæs. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.  
Cæf. Who is it in the preffe, that calles on me?  
I heare a Tongue thriller then all the Musicke  
Cry, Cæsar! Cæsar is turn’d to heare,  
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.  
Cæf. What man is that?  
Br. A Soother-fayer bids you beware the Ides of March  
Cæf. Set him before me, let me see his face.  
Caff. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Cæsar.  
Cæf. What say’st thou to me now? Speak once againe.  
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.  
Cæf. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him : Paufe,  
Caff. Will you go fee the order of the courte?  
Brut. Not I.  
Caff. I pray you do.  
Brut. I am not Gameform: I do lacke some part  
Of that quicke Spirit that is in Actium:  
Let me not hinder Caffus your defines ;  
Ile leave you.  
Caff. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes, that gentlieffe  
And faire of Loue, as I was wont to have u.  
You bare too rubborne, and too strange a hand  
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.  
Brut. Caffus,  
Be not deceu’d: If I have ey’d you looke,  
I turne the trouble of my Countenance  
Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions overly proper to my selfe,  
Which glue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good Friends be gree’d  
(Among which number Caffus be you one)  
Nor contrue any further my neglect,  
Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,  
Forgets the fhewes of Loue to other men.  
Caff. Then Brutus, I have much mittook your passioun,  
By means whereof, this Breff of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.  
Tell me good Brutus, Can you vsee your face?  
Brutus. No Caffus;  
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,  
By some other things.  
Caffus. ’Tis iuft,  
And it is very much lamented Brutus,  
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne  
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow:  
I haue heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortall Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,  
And granuing underneath this Ages yeoke,  
Hauingh’d, that Noble Brutus had his eyes.  
Brut. Into what dangers, would you  
Leade me Caffus?  
That you would have me feeke into my selfe,  
For that which is not in me?  
Cæf. Therefore good Brutus, be prepar’d to heare:  
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe  
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,  
Will modestly discouer to your selfe  
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.  
And be not leauing on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common Laughter, or did vie  
To faire with ordinary Oathes my loue  
To every new Protefter: if you know,  
That I do fawe on men, and hugge them hard,  
And after f-land them: Or if you know,  
That I professe my felse in Banqueting  
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.  

Flourishing, and Stout.

Brut. What means this Showring?  
I do feare, the People chuse Cæsar  
For their King.  
Caff. Do you feare it?  
Then muft I thinke you would not have it so.  
Brut. I would not Caffus, yet I loue him well:  
But wherefore do you hold me here & long?  
What is it, that you would impart to me?  
If it be ought toward the generall good,  
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i’th other,  
And I will looke on both indifferently:  
For let the Gods fo fpeed me, as I loue  
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.  
Caff. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,  
As well as do I know your outward favour.  
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Thinke of this life: But for my fingle felse,  
I had as lief be not, as to live to be  
In awe of fuch a Thing, as I my felse.  
I was borne free as Cæsar, fo were you,  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gullie day,  
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
Cæfar faide to me, Dar’t thou Caffus now  
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,  
And Grim to vnderstand The Point I vpon the word,  
Accoutted as I was, I plung’d in,  
And bad him follow: I fo indeed he did.  
The Torrent roa’d, and we did bufet it  
With lufy Shewes, throwing it aside,  
And fenning it with hearts of Controuersie.  
But ere we could arrive the Point prop’d,  
Cæfar cried, Helpe me Caffus, or I finke.  
I (as execut, our great Ancestor,  
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bearre) E. from the waues of Tyber  
Did I the tyred Cæsar: And this Man,  
Is now become a God, and Cæfus is  
A wretched Creature, and muft bend his body,  
If Cæfar carelesly but nod on him.  
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,  
And when the Fit was on him, I make marke  
How he did flake: ’Tis true, this God did flake,  
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,  
And that fame Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,  
Did looke his Lutfe: I did heare him grone:  
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans  
Marked him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,  
Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke Titiantial

As

700
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

As a licks a Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the Maiestickke world, And bear the Palme alone.

Shout.   Flourish.

*Brut.* Another generall shout? I do beleue, that these applauses are For some new Honours, that are heasp’d on Cæsar.

Cæf. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walk vnder his huge legges, and peep about To finde our selves dishonourable Graues. Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates. The fault (Deere Brutus) is not in our Starres, But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

Brutus and Cæf. What should be in that Cæsar? Why should that name be founded more then yours? Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name: Sound them, it doth become the mount aswell: Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with ‘em, Brutus will that a Spirit as soone as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once, Upon what meate dost this our Cæsar feede, That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham’d. Rome, thou haft lost the brend of Noble Bloods. When went there by an Age, since the great Flood, But it was fam’d with more then with one man? When could they say (ill now) that talk’d of Rome, That her wide Walkes incompaft but one man? Now is’t Rome indeed, and Romee enough When there is in it but one onely man. Of you and I, haue heard our Fathers say, There was a Brutus once, that would have brooke’d To eternal Diuell to keipe his State in Rome, As caufly as a King.

*Brut.* That you do louse me, I am nothing jealous: What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme: How I haue thought of this, and of these times I shall recont hereafter. For this prefent, I would not fo (with loue I might intrest you) Be any further mou’d: What you have faid, I will confider: what you have to say I will with patience heare, and finde a time Both mette to heare, and anfwer fuch high things. Till then, my Noble Friend, chow vpon this: Brutus had rather be a Villager, Then to repue himselfe a Sonne of Rome Vnder thee hard Conditions, as this time Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cæf. I am glad that my weake words Haue brucke but this much fiew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his Traines.

*Brut.* The Games are done, And Cæsar is returning.

Cæf. As they paufe by,

Plucke Cæfis by the Sleeue,

And he will (after his fowre fathion) tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

*Brut.* I will do it: but looke you Cæfis,
The angry (for doth glor on Cæfars brow, And all the reft, looke like a chidden Traine; Cæfar’s Countenance is pale, and Gierro

Lookes with fuch Ferret, and fuch fiery eyes) As we haue seene him in the Capitoll

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cæfis. Cæfis will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæf. Antonio.

Ant. Cæs.

Cæf. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,

Sleeke-headed men, and fuch as fleep e-s-nights:

Yond Cæfis hath a leane and hungry looke,

He chinkes too much: fuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not Cæs, he’s not dangerous,

He is a Noble Roman, and well gisen.

Cæf. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:

Yet if my name were lyable to feare, I do not knowe the man I should acuoyd

So foonie as that fpars Cæfis. He reades much,

He is a great Obfieruer, and he lookes

Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,

As thou doft Antoine: he heares no Muficke;

Seldom he smiles, and purlieth by a fuch:

As if he mock’d himfelfe, and corm’d his spirit

That could be moft to smile at any thing.

Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eafe,

Whiles they behold a greater then themfelves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be feare’d,

Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this care is deafe,

And tell me truely, what thou thinke’st of him.

Senec. Execute Cæs and his Traines.

Cæfis. You pull’d me by the cloke, would you speake with me?

*Brut.* I Cæs, tell vs what hath chanc’d to day

That Cæsar lookes fo fad.

Cæf. Why you were with him, were you not?

*Brut.* I should not then ask Cæs what had chanc’d.

Cæfis. Why there was a Crowne offer’d him; & being offer’d him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a flouting.

Cæf. What was the second noyle for?

Cæfis. They flouted thirce: what was the laft cry for?

Cæf. Why for that too.

Cæf. Was the Crowne offer’d him thirce?

Cæfis. I marry was’t, and hee put it by thirce, euerie time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours flowted.

Cæfis. Who offer’d him the Crowne?

Cæf. Why Antony.

*Brut.* Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Cæs.

Cæfis. I can as well bee hang’d as tell the manner of it: It was mee Foleerie, I did not marke it. I sawe Antony offer him a Crowne, yet was not a Crowne neyther, ‘twas one of thefe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinkeing, he would fame haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by again; but to my thinkeing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and fill hee refus’d it, the rabblement howtet, and clappe’d their chopt hands, and threw ype their sweatie Night-cappes, and vittered fuch a dalee of flinking breath, because Cæs refus’d the Crowne, that he had (almoft) choaked Cæsar: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cai. But soft I pray you, what, did Cæsar swound? Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speachlesse.

Brut. To very like he hath the Falling sicknesse. Cai. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, and honest Cassius, we have the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell downe. If the rag-tagge people did not clap him, and hiffe him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-please'd them, as they vfe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiued the common Hear'd was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and fo hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or faid any thing amiffe, he defir'd their Worships to think it was his incontinence. Three or foure Wrenches where I stood, cried, Alaffe good Soule, and forgeu him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had flab'd their Mothers, they would have done no leffe.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cai. 1.

Cai. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cai. I, he spokke Greekke.

Cai. To what effect?

Cai. Nay, and I tell you that, hee were looke you i' th' face againe. But those that underthood him, smil'd at one another, and fooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greekke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Murrellus and Flavius, for pulling Scarfes off Cæfars Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Footerie yet, if I could remembrance.

Cai. Will you uppe with me to Night, Caius?

Cai. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cai. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cai. If I be alie, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cai. Good, I will expect you.

Cai. Doe fo: farewell both. Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this groke to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cai. So is he now, in execution of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, How-euer he puts on this tarrie forme: This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which gives men flamocke to difgust his words With better Appetit.

Brut. And fo it is: For this time I will leave you. To morrow, if you please to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cai. I will doe fo: till then, thinkes of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, thou art Noble: yet I fee, Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispoud: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes kepe ever with their likes:
For who fo firme, that cannot be fedu'd?
Cæfar doth beare me hard, but he loues Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Caius,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In feuerall Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from feuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæfars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Cæfar feit him fure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassius, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassius: brought you Caius home?

Why are you breathlesse, and why flare you fo?

Cic. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vnfrme? O Cicero,
I haue feene Tempefts, when the fcoiling Winds Have riu'd the knotte Oakes, and I haue feene Th'ambiguous Ocean, fwell, and rage, and foam'd,
To be exaltet with the threatening Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempeft-dropping-fire.
Eythere there is a Cuiull of ffie in Heaven,
Or eile the World, too faweie with the Gods,
Incenfes them to fend deftruction.

Cic. Why, faw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cic. A common flue, you know him well by fight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twente Torches loyn'd: and yet his Hand,
Not fenfible of fire, remaund vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'nt fince put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drowne
Upon a heape, a hundred gaffly Women,
Transformed with their fears, who fware, they faw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the ftreetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did fitt,
Euen at Noone-day, upon the Market place,
Howling, and fcreaeting. When thefe Prodigies
Doe fo conjoyntly meet, let not men fay,
Thefe are their Reafons, they are Natural:
For I beleue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpou.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-difpofed time:
But men may confire things after their fation,
Cleanse from the purpose of the things themselues.
Comes Cæfars to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cic. He doth: for he did bid Antonio
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Cassius:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.


Enter Caius.

Cai. Who's there?

Cai. A Roman.

Cai. Caius, by your Voyce.

Cai. Your Eare is good.

Caius, what Night is this?

Cai. A very pleaing Night to honof men.

Cai. Who euer knew the Heauens menace fo?

Cai. Thofe that have knowne the Earth fo full of faults.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me into the perillous Night;
And thus unbraez'd, I see you, free,
Hasten to Bormone to the Thunder-stone:
And when the croffe blow'd, Lightnings seem'd to open
The Breit of Heaven, I did pretend my felie
Even in the aynde, and very flash of it.

Cæs. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens? It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful Heralds, to afflict us.

Cæs. You are dull, Cæs.:
And those sparks of Light, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vile not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And call your felfe in wonder,
To see the strange impiety of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kinde,
Why Old Men, Fools, and Children calculating,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infused them with these Spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Into some monstros State.

Now could I (Cæs.) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightnings, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearfull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæs. This Cæsar that you mean?
Is it not, Cæs.?
Cæs. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thieves, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the whiles, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are governed with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and suffrance, their vs Womanish.

Cæs. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish Cæsar as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, faue here in Italy.

Cæs. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cæs. From Bondage will deliver Cæs.:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stone Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor ayre-leffe Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dimifhe it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe bare,
I can shake of at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cæs. So can I.

Cæs. And why shold Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were be Romans Hindees.
Those that with hille will make a mightie fire,
Begin in with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar. But oh Griefe,
Where haue thou lost me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæs. You speake to Cæs., and to such a man,
That is no fearling Tell-tale. Holde, my hand:
Be feulous for reftree of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as erect,
As who goes farthest.

Cæs. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, Cæs., I haué mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-go, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous confequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In Pompeyes Porch: for now this fearfull Night,
There is no fire, or walking in the freetes;
And the Complexion of them,
Is f brush, like the Worke we haué in hand,
Moft bloodie, fierle, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cæs. "This Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. Cinna, where haue you to go?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus Cynber?
Cinna. No, it is Cæs., one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not fay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cæs.,
If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party—

Cæs. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And looke you ley it in the Pretons Charey,
Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; let this vp with Waxe
Vpon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repare to Pompeyes Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is Doctor Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All, but Metellus Cynber, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your hauſe. Well, I will hie,
And so befow these Papers as you bad me.

Cæs. That done, repair to Pompeyes Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come Cæs., you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his hauſe: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cæs. O, he fits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richeft Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineffe.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceived: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.
Enter _Brutus_ in his Orchard.

**Brut.** What _Lucius_, ho? I cannot, by the progrefse of the Starres, Glue guelle how neere to day—_Lucius_, I say? I would it were my fault to feepe fo foundy. When _Lucius_, when? awake, I say; what _Lucius_? Enter _Lucius_.

**Luc.** Call'd you, my Lord? _Brut._ Get me a Toper in my Study, _Lucius_: When it is lighted, come and call me here. _Luc._ I will, my Lord. _Exit._

**Brut.** It muft be by his death: and for my part, I know no perfonall caufe, to spurne at him, But for the generall, He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the quefion; It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder, And that caues ware walking: _Crowne_ him that, And then I graunt we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. The juice of _Greatnife_, is, when it dis-loynes Remorse from Power: And to feake true truth of _Cafar_, I haue not knowne, when his Alfections fway'd More then his Reafon. But 'tis a common prooffe, That _Lowlyneffe_ is young _Ambitions_ Ladder, Whereby the Climber vpward turns his Face: But when he once attains the fpotted Round, He then vnto the Ladder turns his Bucke, Lookes in the Clouds, formong the base degrees By which he did fecnd: fo _Cafar_ may; Then leaf that he may, preuent. And fince the _Quirrell_ Will bear no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would runne to thefe, and thefe extremities: And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egg, Which hath'd, would as his kinde grow mishievous; And kill him in the f yell. Enter _Lucius_.

**Luc.** The Taper burneth in your Cloafe, Sir; Searching the Window for a Flint, I found This paper, thus fay'd vp, and I am sure It did not lye there when I went to Bed. Gives _him_ the Letter. _Brut._ Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is it not to morrow (Boy) the firft of March? _Luc._ I know not, Sir. _Brut._ Looke in the Calender, and bring me word. _Luc._ I will, Sir. _Brut._ The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre, Giue fo much light, that I may reade by them. Opens the Letter, and reades.

**Brutus thou fleep'st? awake, and fee thy felfe:**

_Shall Romeo, &c._ Speake, strike, redreffe.

**Brutus, thou fleep'st? awake.**

Such infligfions haue beene oftehrop, Where I haue tooke them vp:

_Shall Romeo, &c._ Thus muft I piece it out; Shall _Romeo_ fland vnder one mans awe? What _Romeo_? My Ancestors di'd from the streets of _Rome_ The _Tarquin_ drivne, when he was call'd a King. Speake, strike, redreffe. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? _O Rome_, I make thee promise, If the redreffe will follow, thou receiueft Thy full Petition at the hand of _Brutus_. Enter _Lucius_.

**Luc.** Sir, March is wafted fiftenee daies. _Knock within._

**Brut._ 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, _some body_ knocks: Since _Caffines_ firft did whet me againft _Cafar_, I have not lept. Betweene the felling of a dreadfull thing, And the firft motion, all the _Interim_ is Like a _Pointefnae_, or a hideous _Dreame:_ The _Genius_, and the mortall _Infruments_ Are then in councell, and the fate of a man, Like to a little _Kingdom_, fuffer then The nature of an _Infurrection_.

Enter _Lucius_.

**Luc.** Sir, 'tis your Brother _Caffines_ at the Doore, Who doth defire to fee you. _Brut._ Is he alone? _Luc._ No, Sir, there are me with him. _Brut._ 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 meanes I may difcouver them, By any mark of favour. _Brut._ Let 'em enter: They are the _Faction_. _O Conspiracie_, Sham't thou to fewe thy dang'rous _Brow_ by Night, When euills are moft free? _O_ then, by day, Where wilt thou finde a _Cauerne_ darke enough, To make thy monftrous _Vifage?_ Seek none _Conspiracie_, Hide it in _Smiles_, and _Affability_:

For if thou path thy natuie fembiance on, Not _Erebus_ it felde were dimme enough, To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the _Conspirators_, _Caffines_, _Cauk_, _Decius_, _Cinna_, _Metellus_, and _Tribunius_.

**Caff._ I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reft:**

_Good morrow_ _Brutus_, doe we trouble you? _Brut._ I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night: Know I thefe men, that come along with you? _Caff._ Yes, euery man of them; and no man here But honors you: and euery one doth with, You had but that opinion of your felfe, Which euery Noble _Roman_ beares of you. _This is Tribunius_.

**Brut._ He is welcome hither.**

_Caff._ This, _Decius_ _Brutus_. _Brut._ He is welcome too. _Caff._ This, _Cauk_; this, _Cinna_; and this, _Metellus_; _Cymber_.

**Brut._ They are all welcome.**

What watchfull _Cares_ doe interpoce themfelves Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? _Caff._ Shall I entreat a word? They _whifper_. _Decius_. Here lyes the _Eiat_ : doth not the Day breake here? _Cauk._ No. _Cin._ O pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey _Lines_, That fret the _Clouds_, are _Meifengers_ of _Day_. _Cauk._ You shall confefte, that you are both _decei'd_:

_Here, as I point my Sword, the _Sunne_ arifes_, Which is a great way growing on the South,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Weighing the youthful Seacosm of the yeares,
Some two moons thereupon, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

'Brut. Glue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
Cai. And let vs fwear our Resolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath; if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Aboye;
If these be Motives weak, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let highghtred-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am fure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
That need we all ype, but our owne caule,
To prickle vs to redreffe? What other Bond,
That cupre our Romans, that have fpoke the word,
And will not pater? And what other Oath,
Then Honefly to Honefly ingog'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Sware Priests and Cowards, and men Caustelous
Old feeble Carrions, and fuch fuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad caules, fwear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not flaine
The euyn vertue of our Enterprise,
Nor thinfupprefFed Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Caufe, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
It guilty of a feuerrall Batardie,
If he do breake the smalllest Particle
Of any promife that hath paff from him.
Cai. But what of Cares? Shall we found him?
I think he will fland very strong with vs.

Cai. Let vs not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by noe meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchase vs a good opinion.
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be faid, his judgement rule our hands,
Our youths, and wildenes, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauty.

Brut. O name him not, let vs not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cai. Then leave him out.

Cai. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?
Cai. Decius well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,
Should out-live Caius, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he imprue them, may well stretche to farre
As to annoy vs all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caius fall together.

Brut. Our course will feme too bloody, Caius Caius,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caius.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:
We all stand vp against the Spirit of Caius,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Caius Caius,
And not dismember Caius! But (als)
Caius must blie for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dift fit for the Gods,
And not hew him as a Carciffe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtile Masters do,
Stirre vp their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after feme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpofe Necessary, and not Emotions.
Which fo appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgeins, not Murderers.

And for Mark Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caius Armes,
When Caius head is off.

Cai. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrained love he beares to Caius.

Brut. Alas, good Caius, do not thinke of him:
If he loue Caius, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caius,
And that were much he should do; for he is given
To sports, to wildenes, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Cai. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cai. The Clocke hath striken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cai. But it is doubltful yet,
Whether Caius will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superflitious grounded of late,
Quite from the malne Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnsacultom'd Terror of this night,
And the perfusion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be fo reflex'd, I
can one-way him: For he loues to hear,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Gloaffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toples, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Cai. Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cai. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Brut. By the eighth houres, is that the vtermost?

Cai. Be that the vtermost, and sole not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Caius hard,
Who ratted him for speaking well of Pompsey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I have gien him Reafons,
Send him but hither, and Ie fashion him.

Cai. The morning comes vpon's:
We'll leave you Brutus,
And Friends diuerfe your felues; but all remember
What you have faid, and shew your felues true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, looke freh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purpofes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyp'd Spirits, and formall Complaine,
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt.

M Martian Brutus.

Boy: Lucia: Fait asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hone-handy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haft no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Which bute care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleepe'llt be sound.

Enter Portia.

Per. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meanst thou WHEREfore rife you now?

Per. Not for yours neither. Y'haue vngently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yetneither at Supper
You sodainly rofed, and walk'd about,
Mufing, and fighing, with your armes a-croffe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You fay'd vpon me, with vngente lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently flumpt with your ftoote:
Yet I infolded, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafer of your hand
Gave figne to me to leue you: So I did,
Fearing to ftrengthen that impatience
Which feem'd too much inkinded; and withall,
Hating it was but an act of fomor,
Which fometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talk, nor fleep;
And could it worke fo much vpon your fhape,
As it hath much preus'd you on your Condition,
I fhou'd not know you Brutus. Deere my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your caufe of griefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Per. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why fo I do: good Portia go to bed.

Per. Is Brutus fick? And is it Phyfical
To walke vnbraed, and fucce vp the humors
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus fick?
And will he fteale out of his wholefome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and vapurged Ayre,
To add vsto hit ficknefe? No my Brutus,
You have some fickne ficknefe within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I farme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vows of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnmold to me, your felfe: your halfe
Why you are heeue: and what men to night
Haue had reft to you: for heeue haue beene
Some fane or frenue, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneffe.

Bru. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Per. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I shou'd know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selve,
But as it were in fort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleafure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That vfit my fad heart.

Per. If this were true, then fhou'd I know this fecret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife;
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed : Cato's Daughter.
Think ye, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being fo Father'd, and fo Husband'd?
Tell me your Counfel, I will not difcover 'em:
I haue made strong proffe of my Confiunce,
Giving my felfe a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Per. Bute, here is a ficker man that would speake with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus fpake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chofe out braue Caius
To waere a Kerchief? Would you were not ficker.

Cai. I am not ficker, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere dilcard my ficknefe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deri'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcift, haft cour'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will drue with things imposfible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peace of worke,
That will make ficker men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we muft make ficker?

Bru. That muft we alfo. What is it my Caius,
I shal unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muft be done.

Cai. Set on your ftoote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it fufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder. 

Bru. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor Hauean, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:

Threee hath Calpurnia, in her feepe cryed out,
Help, ho! They murther Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do preuent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord. 

Enter Calpurnia.

Cæs. What mean you Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shal not flirre out of your house to day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
We're look'd on my backe: When they shall fee
The face of Cæsar, they are vanifh'd.

Cæs.
Calp. Caesar, I never flood on Cerimonies, Yet now they fight me: There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch. A Lioness hath whelped in the streets, And Granes have yawn'd, and yelded vp their dead; Fierce fiery Warriours fight vp the Clouds In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre Which drizzel'd blood upon the Capitoll: The noife of Battall hurried in the Ayre: Hories do neigh, and dying men did groane, And Ghoosts did shriake and squeale about the streets, O Caesar, th'oods are beyond all vse, And I do feare them.

Cef. What can be avoyded Whole end is purpoe'd by the mighty Gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth: for thehe Predicions Are to the world in generall, as to Caesar. Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen, The Heauens themselfes flaire forth the death of Princes Cef. Cowards dye many times before their deaths, The valiant neuer talle of death but once: Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange, that men should feare, Seeing that death, a necessary end. Will come, when it will come. Enter a Servant.

What fate the Augurers? Ser. They would not have you to dire forth to day. Plucking the intrails of an Offering forth, They could not finde a heart within the beast. Cef. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice: Caesar should be a Beath without a heart If he should stay at home to day for feare. No Caesar shall not: Danger knowes full well That Caesar is more dangerous then he. We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible, And Caesar shall go forth. Calp. Alas my Lord, Your wifedome is consum'd in confidence: Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare, That keeps you in the house, and not your owne. We'll fend Mark Antony to the Senate houfe, And he shall say, you are not well to day: Let me vp my knee preualie in this. Cef. Mark Antony tell I am not well, And for thy humor, I will stay at home. Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. Deci. Caesar, all hail: Good morrow worthy Caesar, I come to fetch you to the Senate house. Cef. And you are come in very happy time, To bear my greeting to the Senators, And tell them that I will not come to day: Cannot, is fole: and that I dare not,fuller: I will not come to day, tell them so Decius. Calp. Say he is fike. Cef. Shall Caesar fend a Lye? Have I in Conquett stretcht mine Arme fo farre, To be afraid to tell Gray-heards the truth: Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come. Deci. Moft mighty Caesar, let me know some caufe, Left I be laught at when I tell them so, Caesar. The caufe is in my Will, I will not come, That is enough to satysfe the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will to you know. Calpurnia here, my wife, flays me at home: She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue, Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts Did run pure blood and many fully Romans Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it: And thefe does the apply, for warnings and portents, And euils imminent; and on her knee Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day. Deci. This Drame is all amifs interpreted, It was a vilion, faire and fortunate: Your Stane spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many fulling Romans bath'd, Signifies, that from you great Rome shall fucke Reuiling blood, and that great man shall preffe For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifance. This by Calpurnia's Drame is ignifign. Cef. And this way youe well expounded it. Deci. I haue, when you have heard what I can fay: And know it now, the Senate have concluded To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar, If you shall fend them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mocke Afp to be render'd, for some one to fay, Breake vp the Senate, till another time: When Caesars wife shall meete with better Dremes. If Caesar hide himfelfe, hall they not whiper Lou Caesar is affraid? Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere love To your proceeding, bids me tell you this: And reason to my love is liable. Cef. How foolish do you fears feeme now Calpurnia? I am shamead I did yeeld to them. Give me my Robe, for I will go. Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Calph, Trebonius, Cyma, and Publius. And looke where Publius is come to fetch me. Pub. Good morrow Caesar. Cef. Welcome Publius. What Brutus are you thir'd so Carey too? Good morrow Calph: Come Ligarius, Caesar was ne're so much your enemy, As that fame Ague which hath made you leane. What's a Clocke? Brut. Caesar's tis strucken eight. Cef. I thank you for your pains and courtefe. Enter Antony. See, Antony that Reels long a-nights is notwithstanding vp: Good morrow Antony. Ant. So to moft Noble Caesar Caesar. Bid them prepare within: I am too blame to be thus waited for. Now Cyma, now Metellus: what Trebonius, I have an hours taleke in store for you: Remember that you call on me to day: Be neere me, that I may remember you. Treb. Caesar I will: and fo neere will I be, That your belte Friends shall with I had beene further. Caesar, Good Friends go in, and take some wine with me And we (like Friends) will straight way go together. Brut. That eyry like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus carnes to thinke vpon. Execut, Enter Artemidorus. Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Caius; come not neer.
The Tragedie of Cæsar.

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.    

Actus Tertius.

Fleurish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcina, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cymber, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Southayer.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

South. I Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Cæsar! Read this Sceudole.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leve) this his humble suite.

Art. Cæsar, reade mine fierce: for mine's a suite
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it. I say Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches ye our family, shall be let frist.

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What's the, fellow mad?
Pub. Sire, glue place.

Cæs. What's this you have to Petition in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Pepil. I wish you your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize Peplius?

Pepil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Peplius Lena?

Cæs. He will to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to Cæsar mark him,


Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Pepil. Cassius or Cæsar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will fly my felle.


Peplius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus.

He draws Mark Anthony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cymbre, let him go,
And prefently preferrre his suite to Cæsar.

Bru. He is adreft: preffe meer, and fcond him.

Cas. Cæs. Cæs. Cæs. are you the firft that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready! What is now amiffe,
That Cæsar and his Senate putte reftreffe?

Metel. Mofh high, moft mighty, and moft puifant Cæsar.

Metellus Cymbre throwes before thys State
An humble heart.

Cæs. I muft prevent thee Cymbre:

These couchnings, and these lowly courteyes
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And tune pre-Ordinance, and firft Decree.

Into the lane of Childre. Be not fond,
To thinke that Cæsar beareth such Rebell blood
That will be thow'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtieys, and base Spaniel fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banifhed:
If thoue dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I purue thee like a Currre out of my way:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without caufe

Will he be fatisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

To found more sweetly in great Cæfar's care,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
  Brus. I kiffe thy hand, but not in flattery Cæfar:
Defining thee, that Publicus Cymber may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.
  Cæf. What Brutus?
  Caffi. Pardon Cæfar; Cæfar pardon;
As lowe as to thy foot doth Caffiost fall,
To begge infranchisement for Publicus Cymber.
  Cæf. I could be well moud, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moose, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whole true fast, and refting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumberd starkes,
They are All Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; "Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleth and Blood, and apprehenfue:
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnflaybleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnsa'd of Motion : and that is hee, I
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him fo.

Camma. O Cæfar.  
Cæf. Caffi. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
  Ducus. Great Cæfar.
  Cæf. Doth not Brutus bootflee kneele?
Caffi. Speake hands for me.
The yelph Cæfar.
  Cæf. Et Tu'Brutus?—Then fall Cæfar.  
Dyes
  Cæs. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
  Caffi. Same to the common Pulpit, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.
  Brus. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions deit is paid.
  Caffi. Go to the Pulpit Brutus,
  Ducus. And Caffiost too,
  Cæf. Where's Publius?
  Cæs. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
  Mect. Stand fall togeth, leaft some Friend of Cæfars
Should chance.—
  Brus. Talkle not of flanding. Publicus good cheerre,
There is no harme intende to your person,
Nor to no Roman elfe: fo tell them Publicus.
  Caffi. And leaue vs Brutus, leaft that the people
Ruffling on vs, should do your Age some mischiefe.
  Brus. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Deors.

Enter Trebonius.
  Caffi. Where is Antony?
  TREB. Fled to his Houle amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, flars, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.
  Cæs. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
  Cæf. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearfull death.
  Brus. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefite:
So are we Cæfars Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoop,
And let vs bathe our hands in Cæfars blood
To the Elbowes, and befmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waunting our red Weapons o'erte our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
  Caffi. Stoop then, and waht. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be act'd ouer,
In State vnborn, and Accents yet vnknowne?
  Brus. How many times shali Cæfar bleed in fport,
That now on Pompey Baifs lyce along,
No worther then the dust?
  Caffi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

"Do. What, shall we forth?
  Caffi. I, every man away,
  Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heelees
With the most bolded, and beft hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being proflate, thus he bad me lay:

Brus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæfar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear Cæfar, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be receiv'd,
How Cæfar hath deffer'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue Cæfar dead
So well as Brutus living: but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus:
Thorougb the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So layes my Master Antony.

Brus. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worke:
Tell him, so pleafe him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vn toch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him prefently.  
Exit Seruant.
  Brus. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.
  Caffi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgueuing ffull
Falles thready to the purpole.

Enter Antony.

Brus. But heere comes Antony:
Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæfar! Doft thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meafeure! Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elfe must be let blood, who elfe is ranke:
If I my felfe, there is no houre fo fit
As Cæfars deaths horfe: nor no Infrument
Of halfe that worth, as thole your Swords: made rich
With the moft Noble blood of all this World.
I do befeech you, if you beare me hard,
Now, whilft your purpled hands doe recke and fmoake,
Fulfill your pleafure. Lice a thousand yeares,
I shall not finde my felfe fo apt to dye.
No place will me fo, no meane of death,
As heere by Cæfar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Mafier Spirits of this Age.

Brus. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present ADe
You see we do: Yet freue you but our hands,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
Our hearts you sees not, they are pitifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, fo pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaen points Mark Antony:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receuie you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caius. Your voyce shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new Dignities.
By. Oneley be patient, till we haue appear'd
The Multitude, before themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the caufe,
Why I, that did loue Caesar when I brooke him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wilidome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus will I shakke with you,
Next Caius Cassius do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Masellus;
Yours Cloeas; and my valiant Cloeas, yours;
Though left, not least in love, yours good Tribonius,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such frivolous ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

Ant. That I did loue thee Caesar, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon vs now,
Shall it not greue thee deere then thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the prefence of thy Coarfe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haue wounds,
Weeping as fast as they flame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to clofe
In teares of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Julius, heere was not thou by'd brave Hart,
Heree didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters fland
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimfon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waft the Forreft to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, brooken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Caius. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius:
The Enemies of Caesar, shall lye this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modellie.

Caius. I blame you not for prailing Caesar to,
But what compact means you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tookee your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Restorons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

By. Or else were this a faunge Spectacle:
Our Restorons are fo full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar,
You should be resolv'd.

Ant. That's all I feeeke,
And am moreouer futor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Brus. You shall Mark Antony,
Caius. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not confent
That Antony speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will utter.

By. By your pardon:
I will my felfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the realon of our Ceasars death.
What Antony shalle speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permifion:
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Caius. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brus. Mark Antony, heere take you Ceasars body:
You shalle not in your Funerall speach blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuife of Caesar,
And say you not by our permifion:
Else shalle you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the fame Pulpit whereeto I am going,
After my fpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it fo:
I do desire no more.

Brus. Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

Marius Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meke and gentle with thofe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noble man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that fed this cutty Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophete,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vterance of my Tongue)
A Curfe shall light vpon the limbs of men;
Domnefticke Fury, and fierce Ciull[r]ire,
Shall cumbe all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction shall be fo in vfe,
And dreadful Object[s] fo familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty chow'd with cufome of fell deeds,
And Ceasars Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With haste by his fide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in thofe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauecke, and let flip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule decea, shall smelle above the earth,
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You ferue Octavius Ceasar, do you not?

Ser. I do Marke Antony.

Ant. Ceasar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me fay to you by word of mouth——

O Ceasar!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and wepe:
Pasion I fee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing thofe Beads of forrow fland in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Mifer comming?

Ser. He lies to night within feven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poit backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet,
He hence, and tell him fo. Yet flay a-while,

Thou
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

I.ου thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course Into the Market place: There shall I try In my Oration, how the People take The cruele issue of these bloody men, According to the which, thou shalt discourse To young Octavius, of the state of things. Lend me your hand. Exit.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cæsius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied
Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends. Cæsius go you into the other fummary, And part the Numbers: Thofe that will hear me speake, let 'em stay here; Thofe that will follow Cæsius, go with him, And publike Reasons shall be rendred of Cæsars death.

1. Ple. I will hear Brutus speake.
2. I will hear Cæsius, and compare their Reasons, When feuerally we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Brut. Be patient till the last. Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare mee for my caufe, and be filent, that you may heare. Cenfure me in your Wifedom, and Mourn your Senfes, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assemblies, any deere Friend of Cæsars, to him I fay, that Brutus love to Cæsar, was no leffe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rofe against Cæsars, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Cæsar leffe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were liuing, and dye all Slaves; then that Cæsar were dead, to liue all Free-men? As Cæsar lou'd mee, I wepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere fo safe, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake for him, haue I offended. Who is heere fo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speake for him, haue I offended. Who is heere fo vile, that will not loue his Countrye? If any, speake for him, haue I offended. I paufe for a Reply. All. None Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to Cæsar, than you all doe to Brutus. The Question of his death, is inrol'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffred death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I flowed my bell Louer for the good of Rome, I hace the fame Dagger for my selfe, when it shall pleafe my Country to need my death.

All. Lived Brutus, live, live.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Glue him a Statute with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Cæsar.
4. Cæsars better parts.

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.
1. We'll bring him to his House, With Shows and Celebrations.
2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.
1. Peace ho.
Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (for my false)I heare with Antony: Do grace to Cæsars Corpses, and grace his Speech Tending to Cæsars Glories, which Mark Antony (By our permission) is allow'd to make. I do inrat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony haue spoke.

1. Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Antony.
2. Let him go vp into the pullike Chaire.

We'll heare him: Noble Antony go vp.
Ant. For Brutus fakes, I am beholding to you.
4. What does he say of Brutus?
3. He says, for Brutus sake.
He finds himfelfe beholding to vs all.
4. Twere bet he speake no harme of Brutus here?
1. This Cæsar was a Tyrant.
3. Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2. Peace, let vs heare what Antony can fay.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

Ant. Romans, Country-men, lend me your ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him: The null that men do, liues after them, The good is oft entered with their bones, So let it be with Cæsar. The Noble Brutus, Hath told you Cæsar was Ambitious:
If it were fo, it was a greuous Fault, And greuously hath Cæsar answer'd it. Heere, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the reft (For Brutus is an Honourable man, So are they all; all Honourable men) Come I to speake in Cæsars Funerall. He was my Friend, faithfull, and liue to me; But Brutus fays, he was Ambitious, And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome, Whole Ranfomes, did the generall Cofiers fill: Did this in Cæsar seeme Ambitious? When that the poor haue cry'd, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of fitter fluffe, Yet Brutus fays, he was Ambitious: And Brutus is an Honourable man.
You all did fee, that on the Lepidus, I thrice prefented him a Kingly Crownes, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition? Yet Brutus fays, he was Ambitious: And sure he is an Honourable man. I speake not to difprove what Brutus spoke, But heare I am, to speake what I do know; You all did loue him once, not without caufe, What caufe with-holds you then, to mourne for him? O judgement! thou are feld to brutifh Beef, And Men haue loft their Reason. Bære with me, My heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pauze, till it come bace to me.

1. Me thinkes there is much reaon in his sayings.
2. If thou confider rightly of the matter, Cæsar ha's had great wrong.
3. Ha's hee Mafters? I heare there will a worfe come in
4. Marke
The Tragedie of Julius Cesar.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ʃ Crown,
   Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
   1. If he be found so, tom shall deride abide it.
   2. If poor foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
   3. There's not a Noble man in Rome then Antony.
   4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cesar might:
   Haue flood against the World: Now lies he there,
   And none so poore to do him reverence.

O Mailers! If I were diffr'd to filtre
   Your hearts and minDES to Mutiny and Rage,
   I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong:
   Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
   I will not do them wrong: I rather choos
   To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
   Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of Cesar,
   I found it in his Cloffes, 'tis his Will:
   Let but the Commons heare this Teflament:
   (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
   And they would goe and knife dead Cearsers wounds,
   And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood.
   Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
   And dyuing, mention it within their Willes,
   Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
   Unto their issue.

We'll hear the Will, reade it Mark Antony.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Cajar Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
   It is not meete you know how Cesar lou'd you:
   You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
   And being men, hearing the Will of Cesar,
   It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
   'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
   For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'le hear it Antony:
   You shall reade vs the Will, Cesar's Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
   I haue o're-flott my selfe to tell you of it,
   I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
   Whose Daggers haue flabb'd Cesar: I do feare it.
   4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Teflament.

They were Villaines, Murderersthe Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
   Then make a Ring about the Corpses of Cesar,
   And let me shew you him that made the Will:
   Shall I defend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2. Defend.

3. You shhall haue leave.

4. A Ring, fland round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, fland from the Body.

3. Roomes for Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay preffe not fo vpon me, fland farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
   The first time ever Cesar put it on.
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
   That day he overcame the Neruus.

Looke, in this place ran Cassius Dagger through:
   See what a rent the enuisous Cassa made:
   Through this, the well-beloved Brutus flabb'd,
   And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:

Marke how the blood of Cesar followed it,
   As ruinging out of doorees, to be refoluid.
If Brutus vs vknieldly knock'd, or no:
   For Brutus, as you know, was Cearsers Angel.
   Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Cesar lou'd him:
   This was the most vsknedfit cut of all.

For when the Noble Cesar saw him flab,
   Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
   Quite vanguard'd him, then burst his Mighty heart,
   And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Even at the Bafe of Pompeius Statue.
   (Which all the while ran blood) great Cesar fell.
   O what a fall was there, my Countrysmen?

Then I land you, and all of us fell downes,
   Will's bloody Treason flourished ouer vs.
   O now you weep, and I perceive you feel.
   The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
   Our Cesar's Vefure wounded? Looke you heere,
   Heere is Himelfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O piteous spectacle!

2. O Noble Cesar!

3. O wofull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O moft bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
   About, feakes, burns, fire, kill, flay,
   Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrysmen.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.

2. We'll heare him, wee'll follow him, wee'll dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not flirre
   To such a folaide Flood of Mutiny:
   They that have done this Deede, are honourable,
   That private greefes they haue, alas I know not,
   That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,
   And will no doubt with Reaons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to teale away your hearts,
   I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
   But (as you know me all) a plaine bluent man
   That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
   That gue me publike leave to speake of him:
   For I have neither wrt nor words, nor worth,
   Action, nor Vterance, nor the power of Speech,
   To flirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
   I tell you that, which you your Selues do know,
   Shew you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor poor dum mouths
   And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
   And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
   Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
   In euery Wound of Cesar, that should moue
   The Ilones of Rome, to rife and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

1. We'll burne the house of Brutus.

2. Away then, come, feake the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrysmen, yet heare me speake
   All. Peace ho, heare Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
   Wherein hath Cesar thus defend'd your loues?
   Alas you know not, I must teell you then:
   You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moft true, the Will, let's flay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and under Cesar Seale:
   To euery Roman Citizen he gives,

To euery foull man, sentence flue Drachmaes.

2. Ph.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

2. Pl. Moft Noble Cæfar, we'll reuenge his death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Ant. Peace be.

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes, His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards, On this side Tyber, he hath left them you, And to your hearets for ever: common pleasures To walke abroad, and recreat your selves. Hereas was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

1. Pl. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away: We'll burne his body in the holy place, And with the Brandes fire the Traitors houes.

Take vp the body.

2. Pl. Go fetch fire.


Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeafe thou art a-foot, Take thou what course thou wilt, How now Fellow?

Serv. Sir, Ostellius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæfars houfe.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him: He comes upon a vp. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will glue vs any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Ostellius. Exit

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Cæfar, And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie: I hau'e no will to wander forth of doores, Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Where are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchelor?

5. Answear every man directly.

1. I, and brefely.

4. I, and wisely.

2. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? What do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchelor? Then to answear every man, directly and brefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchelor.

Cinna. That's as much as to say, they are foolest that marrie: you'll beare me a bang for that I spake: I procee directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to Cæfars Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is anwered directly.

4. For your dwelling: brefely.

Cinna. Brefely, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your name sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. Teare him to percease, he's a Conspirator.

Cinna 1 am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

4. Teare for his bad verfes, teare for his bad Verfes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

2. Teare him, tear him; Come Branda ho, Firebrands; to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius Housé, and some to Calp's; some to Ligarius: Away, go.

Exit all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Ouellius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oell. Your Brother too much dyeconfect you Lepidus?

Lep. I do content.

Oell. Prickke him downe Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live.

Ant. He shall not live; lookes, with a fpot I dam him.

But Lepidus, go you to Cæfars house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What shall I finde you heere?

Oell. Or heere, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a flight vnmeritable man, Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit The three-fold World diuided, he should stand, One of the three to share it?

Oell. So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye In our blacke Sentence and Propriction.

Ant. Ostellius, I have seene more dayes then you, And though we lay thee Honourous on this man, To cace our felues of diuers fland'rous loads, He shall but beare them, as the Affe beares Gold, To groane and sweate under the Burndesse, Either led or druen, as we point the way:

And having brought our Treasure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off (Like to the empty Affe) to shake his ears, And graze in Commons.

Oell. You may do your will:

But hee's a tried, and valiant Soul'dier.

Ant. So is my Hortie Ostellius, and for that I do appoint him fote of Prouerude.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To winde, to flope, to run directly on:

His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit, And in some tale, is Lepidus but lo:

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren spiritned Fellow; one that feeds

On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of vse, and False'd by other men Begin his fasion. Do not talke of him,

But as a property , and now Ostellius,

Lift up great things. Brutus and Cassius

Are leaving Power, We must straight make head:

Therefore let our Alliance be combind,

Our best Friends made, our means fretchet,

And let vs presently go fit in Counsal,

How couert matters may be best disclos'd,

And open Perils forsett anwered.

Oell. Let vs do so: for we are at the Stake,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mifcheeses.  
Exeunt

'Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.'  

'Brut. Stand ho.'  

Lucullus. 'Grievous and Stand.'  

'Brut. What now Lucullus, is Caffins seere?'  

Lucullus. 'He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
to do you faturation from his Mafter.'  

'Brut. He greets me well. Your Mafter Pindarus
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy caufe to with
Things done, vndone : But if he be at hand
I shal be satisfied.'  

'Finis. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Mafter 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 resolu'd.'  

Lucullus. 'With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instanccs,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath v'd of old.'  

'Brut. Thou haft describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucullus,
When Loue begins to ficken and decay
It vth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plaine and fimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,
Make gallant fheus, and promise of their Mettle :
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Creefs, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Trial. Comes his Army on?'  

Lucullus. 'They mete this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horfe in generall
Are come with Caffins. Enter Caffins and his Ponders.'  

'Brut. Hearke, he is arin'd:
March gently on to meete him.'  

Caffins. 'Stand ho.'  

'Brut. Stand ho, speake the ward along.'  

Stand.  

Stand.  

Caffins. 'Moft Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.'  

'Brut. Judge me, you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not fo, how shal I wrong a Brother.'  

Caffins. 'Brutus, this fober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

'Brut. Caffins, be content,
Speake your griefes fofily, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which shal perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent Caffins enlarge your Grefces,
And I will give you Audience.'  

Caffins. 'Pindarus.'  

Pindarus. 'Bid our Commanders leade 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 Titinius guard our door.'  

Exeunt

'Brutus and Caffins.'  

Caffins. 'That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted Luciuns Pella
For taking Bribe here of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his fide,
Because I knew the man was flighted off.

'Brut. You wrong'd your felle to write in such a cafe.

Caffins. 'In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.'  

'Brut. Let me tell you Caffins, you your felle
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To fell, and Mari your Offices for Gold
To Vnleuerers.'  

Caffins. 'I, an itching Palme?'  

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech was effe your left.'  

'Brut. The name of Caffins Honors this corruption,
And Chafficisme doth therefore hide his head.'  

Caffins. 'Chafficism?'  

'Brut. Remember March, the Ides of March remeber:
Did not great Lucius bleed for Justice fake?'  

What Villaine touchd his body, that did flab,
And not for Justice? What Shall one of Vs:
That frunk the Formoft man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And fell the mighty fpance of our large Honors
For so much trach, as may be grasped thus:
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.'  

Caffins. 'Brutus, bate not me,
He not induce it: you forget your felle
To hedge me in. I am a Soldier, I,
Older in prattles, Ahier then your felle
To make Conditions.'  

'Brut. Go too ; you are not Caffins.'  

Caffins. 'I am.'  

'Brut. I fay, you are not.'  

Caffins. 'Vrghe me no more, I shall forget my felle:
Huge minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.'  

'Brut. Away flight man.'  

Caffins. 'Is't possible?'  

'Brut. Heare me, for I will speake.'  

Must I glue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flares?

Caffins. 'O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?'  

'Brut. All this I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Shanles how Chollerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bogge?
Must I obferve you? Must I flame and crouch
Vnder your Teflie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digge the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Splt you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vfe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Wafplie.'  

Caffins. 'Is it come to this?'  

'Brut. You fay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare f: make your vaunting true,
And it shall pleafe me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.'  

Caffins. 'You wrong me every way:
You wrong me Brutus:
I glide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I fay Better?'  

'Brut. If you did, I care not.'  

Caffins. 'When Caesar lid'd, he durft not thus have mou'd
That Peace, peace, you durft not to have tempted him.'  

Caffins.  

714
Caff. Have not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that such humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forget full.
Bru. Yes Caffius, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-carest with your Brutus,
He'll thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwixt them, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.
Caff. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Louv, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.
Caff. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynicke rime?
Brut. Get you hence Sirr: Sauey Fellow, hence.
Caff. Beare with him Brutus,'tis his fashion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these flegge Folles?
Companion, hence.

Caff. Away, away be gone. Exit Poet

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caff. And come your felves, & bring Meffala with you
Immediately to vs.

Bru. Lucilius, a bowl of Wine.
Caff. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.
Bru. O Caffius, I am sick of many greeves.
Caff. Of your Philosophy you make no vfe,
If you giue place to accidental enuis.
Bru. No man beares forbore better. Partie is dead.
Caff. Ho? Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Caff. How scap'd I killing, when I croft you fo?
O insupportable, and touching loffe!
Vpon what sickneffe?

Bru. Impatient of my abence,
And greedye, that yong Otho was with Mark Antony
Hauing made them selues to strong : For with her death
That tydings came. With this the fell diueritie,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
Caff. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Caff. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her:Gius me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindneffe Caffius. Drinks
Caff. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the Wine over-fall the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Meffala.

Bru. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Meffala
Now fit we cloze about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Caff. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meffala, I have here receivd Letters,
That yong Otho was, and Mark Antony
Come downe upon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philippis.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Moff. My selfe haue Letters of the felle-fame Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Moff. That by proscription, and bills of Outlawrie, Othoians, Antony, and Lepidus,

Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:

Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de

By their proscriptio, Cicero being one.

Coffi. Cicero one?

Moff. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription

Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No Moffala.

Moff. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing Moffala.

Moff. That me thinks is strange.

Bru. Why ask ye?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Moff. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Moff. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,

For certaine she is dead, and by rainge manner.

Bru. Why farewell Portia We must die Moffala:

With meditating that she dye once,

I haue the patience to endure it now.

Moff. Even so great men, great losyes hold inure.

Coffi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke alio. What do you thinke

Of matching to Philippi presently.

Coffi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Coffi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seeke us,

So shall he waite his meanes, weary his Souldiers,

Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,

Are full of reth, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force glue place to better:

The people 'twixt Philippi, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refreth, new added, and encourag'd:

From which advantage shall we cut him off.

If at Philippi we do face him there,

Thee people at our backe.

Coffi. Hearre me good Brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note befide,

That we haue tride the vmoot of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our caufe is ripe,

The Enemy encreseth euy day,

We at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a Tide in the affyres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallows, and in Milieries.

On such a full Sea are we now a-loat,

And we must take the current when it ferues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Coffi. Then with your will go on; we'll along

Our felues, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deepes of night is crept vp on our tale,

And Nature muft obey Neceffity,

Which we will niggard with a little reft:

There is no more to fay.

Coffi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rife, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good Moffala,

Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cafulis,

Good night, and good repofe.

Coffi. O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come fuch Shiution 'tweene our foules:

Let it not Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Coffi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Moffa. Good night Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell euery one.

Exeunt.

Gie me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heree in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speake't drowelly?

Poor know I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cuflions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Var. Call my Lord?

Bru. I pray you first, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On butknesse to my Brother Cafulis.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not have it so: Lye downe good Sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke Lucius, here's the booke I fought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was fare your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Call thou hold vp thy hauele eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a ftraine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy?

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not vrg thee duty past thy might,

I know young bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do lye,

I will be good to thee.

Muicke, and a Song.

This is a sloopie Tune: O Mur'drous slumberer!

Layeth thou thy Leaden Mace vp on my Boy,

That plays thee Muicke? Gentle knawe good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou doe'n nod, thou break'rt thy Instrument.

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me fee, let me fee, is not the Leafe turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heree it is I thinkes.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes here?

I thinke it is the weakesnesse of mine eyes

That shapes this monftrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Djuell?

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hale to thame?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy eul! Spirit Brutus?

Bru. Why com'th thou?
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Glo. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brut. Well, then I shall see thee again?
Glo. At Philippi.

Brut. Why will you see me at Philippi then?
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirits, I would hold more talk with thee.

Claud. Luc. The springs my Lord, are false.
Brut. He thinks he fills it at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Brut. Didst thou dreame Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes that thou didst! Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Sleepe against Lucius: Sire Claudius, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Brut. Why did you so cry out first, in your sleep?
Bibb. Did we my Lord?
Brut. I say any thing.
Var. No my Lord, I say nothing.
Clau. Nor my Lord.
Brut. Go, and command me to my Brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.

Bibb. It shall be done my Lord. Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Octa. Now Antony, our hopes are answerd.
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their battales are at hand.
They mean to warne vs at Philippi here.
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bodomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe.
With fearless bravery: thinking by this face
To soften in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew.
Their bloody signe of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battale softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thee the left.
Ant. Why do you croffe me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not croffe you; but I will do so.

*Drum, Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.
Brut. They stand, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke.
Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battale?
Ant. No Cæsar, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Oct. Stirre not untill the Signall.
Brut. Words before blowes: Is it so Crounymen?
Octa. Not that we lose words better, as you do.
Brut. Good words are better then bad strokes Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes Brutus, you give good words
Witnesse the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying long fine, Halie Cæsar.
Cass. Antony,
The pofture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the Hylia Bees,
And leave them Hony-leefe.
Ant. Not stinglife too.
Brut. O yes, and soundlife too:
For you have flome their buzzing Antony,
And very wildly threat before you fling.
Ant. Villains; you did not so, when your vile daggars
Hackt one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You fllew their teethes like Aes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, killing Cæsar's feetes;
Whilst'd dammed Cæsarc, like a Curee, behind
Strooke Cæsar on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cass. Flatterers? Now Brutus thankes your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the caufe. If arguing make vs swet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till Cæsar three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueug'd: or till another Cæsar
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnlife thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.
Brut. O if thou were't the Nobleft of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.
Cass. A peccull School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioynd with a Masker, and a Renceller.
Ant. Old Cassius tall.
Octa. Come Antony; away:
Defance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have flamockes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army
Cass. Why now blow winde, Swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho Lucillius, hearken, a word with you.

Luc. My Lord.

Cass. Messal.

Messil. What says me General?
Cass. Messal, this is my Birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius borne. Glue me thy hand Messal:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I commell'd to let
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do preface.
Comming from Sardis, on our former Enigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philippi here comforted we:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravaens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ere our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were fickely pre; their shadowes seene
A Canopy most fallat, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.
Meffa. Beleeue not so.
Caffe. I but beleue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and refolvd'd
To meete all perils, very constantfly.
Bru. Euen so Lucullus.
Caffe. Now most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day hand friendly, that we may
Louter in peace, leale on our days to age.
But since the affayres of men reeds still uncertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battale, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, fo to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To fay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.
Caffe. Then, if we loose this Battale,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Throw the streets of Rome.
Bru. No Caffe, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this fame day
Mufet end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlafting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Caffe,
If we do meete againe, why we shall milde;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caffe. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus:
If we do meete againe, we'll milde hence;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this days buifie, ere it come:
But it selfelotht, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. 
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messalula.

Bru. Ride, ride Messalula, ride and glue thefe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other fide.
Lord Alarum.
Let them fet on at once: for I perciue
But cold de menoar in Oclauis's wing:
And fomaine pufh glues them the overthrow:
Ride, ride Messalula, let them all come downe.
Exeunt Alarums. Enter Caffeus and Titinius.

Caffe. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Indigene heare of mine was turning backe,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O Caffe, Brutus gave the word too early,
So in his red blood Cæsius day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mirthfruit of my successe hath done this deed.
Meffia. Mirthruit of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholie Childe:  
Why do't thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,
But kill'rt the Mother that engendered thee.

Tr. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?

* Meffia. Seekhe him Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The Noble Brutus, thruting this report
Into his ears; I may say thruting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inunomend,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of Brutus,
As tydings of this fight.

Tr. Hyo you Meflfa,
And I will seeke for Pindarus the while:  
Why did'thou send mee forth braue Cæsius?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browe this wretche of Vitchorie,
And bid me glue it thee? Did'thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
(tho'wos) But hold thee, take this Girdans on thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bid me glue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Catus Cæsius:
By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come Cæsius Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Dies

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meflfa, yong Cato,
Srace, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Br. Where, where Meflfa, doth his body lie?
Meflfa. Loe yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Br. Titinius love is vaulted.
Cato. He is flaine.

Br. O Cænius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails.

Cato. Braue Titinius,
Looke where he hauent crown'd dead Cæsius.

Br. Are ye yet two Romans liuing fach as thee?
The laft of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is imposible, that euer Rome
Should breede thy fellow. Friends I owe me tears
To this dead man; then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, Cæsius: I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to Thamus fend his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Leat it discomfort vs. Lucillius come,
And come yong Cato, let vs to the Field,
Latin and Flavius let our Battales on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a fecdont fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meflfa, Cato, Lucillius,

Br. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Battard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclame my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, ho.
Enter Soldiers, and fght.
And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Tullianus.
Strat. thou hast bin all this while asleep.
Farewell to thee, to Sra.to, 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 Othoian, and Mark Antony,
By this vile Conquest shall attaine to.
So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue
Hath almost ended his life's History.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attaine this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, flye, flye, flye.
Cly. Flye my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence, I will follow:
I pray thee, Strat., fly thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some smack of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strat.?
Sra. 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.

Dier. Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Othoianus, Mejfa.,
Lucullis, and the Army.
Otho. What man is that?

Mejfa. My Master man. Sra.to, where is thy Master?
Sra. Free from the Bondage you are in Mejfa.,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus onely overcame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus
That thou hast prov'd Lucullus saying true,
Otho. All that Ieru'd Brutus, I will entreate them.
Fellow, wilt thou beflow thy time with me?
Sra. I, if Mejfa will preferre me to you.
Otho. Do so, good Mejfa.
Mejfa. How dyed my Master Strat.?
Sra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Mejfa. Othoianus, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest ferulte to my Master.
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators faue onely here,
Did that they did, in enuy of great Cæsar:
He, onely in a generall honeft 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 Virtue, let vs vfe him
Withall Repeale, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. Exeunt.

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Kernes

Cap.

fix'd

neu'r

fmoak'd

vnfeam'd

Fortune,

Vpon

the

through

Forte

within.

Enter King Malcolm, Donald- bain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report, As feemeth by his plights, of the Reuolt The newest flate.

Mal. This is the Serleant, Who like a good and hardie Soullier sought 'Gainft my Captailtes: Halle brave friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle," As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it ffood, As two fpen Swimmers, that doe cling together, And choake their Art: The merciflfe Macdonwald (Worthie to be a Rebells, fcr to that The multiplie Villanies of Nature Doe (warne vpon him) from the Wetterne Iles Of Kernes and Gallowgroffes is supply'd, And Fortune on his damnd Quarre smiling, Show'd like a Rebells Whore; but all's too weake; For braue Macthe (well hee defereues that Name) Diflaying Fortune, with his brandifht Steele, Which fmoak'd with bloody execution (Like Valours Minion) cau'd out his paffage, Till hee fac'd the Slace: Which neu'r fwooke hands, nor bad farwell to him, Till he vnzcam'd him from the Naue toth'Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlemes,

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman. Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection, Shipwrecking Stormes, and direfull Thunders: So from that Spring, whence comfort feem'd to come, Difcomfort dwells: Mark of King of Scotland, marke, No sooner Juftice had, with Valour arm'd, Compell'd thefe skipping Kernes to true their heelees, But the Norwegian Lord, furreying vantage, With furuffft Armes, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh affault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and Banquoth? Cap. Yes, as Sparrows, Eagles; Or the Hare, the Lyon: If I fay footh, I muft report they were As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks, So they douly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe: Except they meant to bufe in reking Wounds, Or memorize another Colgeetha, I cannot tell: but I am fain, My Gaffes cry for helpe.

King. So welthy thy words become thee, as thy wounds, They imack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Roffe, Lenox. What a haft lookes through his eyes? So though he looke, that leemes to speake things strange. Roffe. God faue the King, King. Whence can't thou, worthy Thane? Roffe. From Fifie, great King, Where the Norwegian Banners Rowt the Skie, And fann our people cold. Norway himfelfe, with terrible numbers, Aflifted by that moft defloyall Traytor, The Thane of Cadowr, began a difmall Conflit, Till that Bellone's Bridesgroome, laft in prooue, Confronted him with felle-comparifons, Point againft Point, rebellious Arme 'gainft Arme, Curfing his laudit spirit: and to conclude, The Victoria fell on vs.

King. Great happineffe. Roffe. That now, Sweno, the Norways King, Craues composition: Nor would we deigne him burial of his men, Till he disbursed, at Saint Croft ync, Ten thoufand Dollars, to our general vie.
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The Tragedie of Macbeth.

**King.** No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet Macbeth.
**Riff.** Ile see it done.
**King.** What he hath loth,Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

**Scena Tertia.**

**Thunder.** Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou beene, Sifter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sifter, where thou?
1. A Sylors Wife had Chechnuts in her Lappe,
And mosaic, & mounchit, and mouncht:
Give me, quoth I. Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Allepo gone, Mifter o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syue Ille thilther sayle, and like a Rat without a tyle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile give thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kind.: And I another.
1. I my felle have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I' th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyn he drie as Hat:
Siceps shall nether Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houfe Lid:
He shall live a man forbidd:
Wearie Sea'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loft,
Yet it shall be Tempert-tott.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrack't, as homeward he did come. **Drum within.**
3. A Drumme, a Drumme: Macbeth doth come.
All. The wepyard Sifters, hand in hand,
Poetts of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charnes wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

**Macb.** So foule and faire a day I haue not seen.
**Banq.** How farre ha't call'd to Soria? What are these,
So witherd, and so wilde in their aye,
That looke not like th'o'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Lie you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppe finger laying
Vpon her kinnee Lipes: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbaid me to interprete
That you are fo.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that faw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highneffe Pardon,
And 'tis forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studi'd in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As twere a careless thought.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Minde's confudution in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
O worthy Councillor,
The finne of my Ingratitude even now
Was haune on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lefte deferu'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The feruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, pays it felife.
Your Highneffe part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they shou'd,
By doing every thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begin to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That haft no leffe deferu'd, nor must be knowne
No leffe to haue done fo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There, if I grow,
The Harueft is youe's owne.

King. My plenteous Joyses,
Wanton in fulnoffe, seek to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinffmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will eftablifh our Eftate vpon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muft
Not ymprocketed, inuext him onely,
But ifines of Nobleno-vife, like Starres, shall shine
On all our Servants, from hence to Evereness,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Reft is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my felfe the Heribenge, and make joyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approvall:
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I muft fall downe, or else o're-leape,
Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth's Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of sacrifice: and I have heard by the perfect report, they have more in them, than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in defer to quaff them further, they made themstiles Ayres, into which you'dt. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miffsers from the King, who all and me Thane of Cawder, by which Title before, theye myward Stfers saluted me, and refer'd me to the comming on of time, with hale King thas shall be. The hauve I thought good to deler the (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou mightst not lose the dune of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thus. Lay it to thy hearts, and farewell.

 Glamys thou art, and Cawder, and that be What thou art promis'd yet do I fear thy Nature, It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse, To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great, Art not without Ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou hourly wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly winne. Thou'dt have great Glamys, that which eyes, Thus thou must doe, if thou hauie it; And that which rather thou do'tt fear to doe, Then withet should be vndone. High thee hither, That I may powre my Spirits in thine Ear, And chaflife with the valour of my Tongue All that impide thee from the Golden Round, Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth feeme To have thee crown'd withall. Enter Miffinger. What is your tidings? Miff. The King comes here to Night. Lady. Thou'rt mad to fay it. Is not thy Matter with him? who, weren't so, Would have infrom'd for preparation. Miffs. So pleafe you, it is true: our Thane is comming: One of my fellows had the heed of him; Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Then would make vp his Message. Lady. Give him tending, He brings great newes. Exit Miffinger. The Rauen himselfe is hoarse, That croakes the fatal entrance of Duncan Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits, That tend on mortal thoughts, vex me here, And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full Of direft Crueltie: make thicker my blood, Stop vp th' accedence, and passage to Remorse, That no compauncious viilings of Nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene Th'effeet, and hit. Come to my Womans Breifs, And takke my Milke for Gall, you marth' ring Miifters, Where-uer, in your fightlefe substancces, You wait on Natures Milchfe. Come thick Night, And pull thee in the dunnef fmoake of Hel, That my keene Knife fee not the Wound it makes, Nor Heauen peep through the Blanket of the darke, To cry, hold, hold. Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor, Greater then both, by the all-halie hereafter, Thy Letters haue transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feele now The future in the infant. Macb. My dearest Loue, Duncan comes here to Night. Lady. And when goes hence? Macb. To morrow, as he purposeth. Lady. O neuer, Shall Sunne that Morrow fee. Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men May reade strange matters, to beguile the time. Louke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye, Your Hand, your Tongue looke like th'innocent flower, But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming, Must be prouud for: and you shall put This Nights great Bunesse into my dispatch, Which shall to all our Nights, and Days to come, Guee solely foueraigne sway, and Mafterdome. Macb. We will speake further. Lady. Oneyse louke vp cleare: To alter favor, ever is to feare: Leave all the rest to me. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hobbes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbaine, Banqu, Lenox, Macduff, Roffe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Cattle hath a pleasant feed, The ayre nimblly and sweetly recommends it elfe Vnto our gentle fences. Ban. This Guett of Weare, The Temple-haunting Barlet does approwe, By his loved Monfonyr,that the Heauens breath Smells wooyingly here: no luttie frizee, Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird Hath made his pendant Bed, and procrant Cradle, Where they must breed, and haunt, I have obserued The ayre is delicate. Enter Lady. King. See, fee, our honor'd Hofteffe: The Loue that follows vs, sometime is our trouble, Which fell we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God-eayd vs for your paines, And thanke vs for your trouble. Lady. All our seruice, In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poore, and fingle Bunesse, to contend AGAINST thofe Honor deep, and broad, Wherewith your Majefte loads our House: For thofe of old, and the late Dignifies, His'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Scena Septima.

Enter H.Boy. Torches.

Enter a Seuer, and divers Servants with Difhes and Servise over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well, It were done quickly: if 'tis Affaination Could trammel vp the Conquifition, and catch With his furieafe, Succife that but this blow Might be the be all, and the end all. Heree, But heree, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time, We'e'd lume the life to come. But in the Cafes, We still haue judgement heere, that we but teach Bloody Inftuctions, which being taught, returne To plague th'Innenter, This even-ended Juftice Commends th'Ingredience of our pofter'd Challice To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truft; Firt, as I am his Kinman, and his Subieft, Strong both againft the Deed: Then, as his Hoff, Who should againft his Mufterher fhut the doore, Not bore the knife my felle. Beftides, this Duncan Hath borne his Faculties fo meafe ; hath bin So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongue against The deepe damnation of his taking off: And Pitty, like a naked New-born-Babe, Striking the blush, or Heauen Cherubin, hons'd Vpon the fignet of the Ayre, Shall blow the horrid deed in euer eye, That teares fhall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre To pricke the fides of my intent, but onely Vaulting Ambition, which o're-leapes it felle, And falls on th'other. Enter Lady. How now? What News? 

La. He has almoft fupp: why haue you left the chamber? Mac. Hath he ask'd for me; 

La. Know you not, he ha's ? 

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Bufineffe: He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought Golden Opinions from all forts of people, Which would be wore now in their newefl goffe, Not caf affide fo foon. 

Was the horfe drunke, Wherein you dreft your felle? Hath it fleep fince? And wakes it now to looke fo greene, and pale, At what it did fo freely? From this time, Such I account thy loye. Art thou after'd To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour, As thou art in defire? Would't thou haue that Which thou eftim'rt the Ornament of Life, And live a Coward in thine owne Efteeme? Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would, Like the poore Cat Il'handage. 

Macb. Pr'ythee peace: I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares no more, it none. 

La. What Beast was then That made you brooke this enterprize to me? When you durft do it, then you were a man: And to be more then what you were, you Would be fo much more the man. Nor time, nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They haue made themfelves, and that their fitnesse now Do's vmake you. I haue gwen Suckes, and know How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me, I would, while it was fhinyng in my Face, Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonellie Gummies, And daft the Braines out, had I fo sworne 

As you have done to this. 

Macb. If we should faile! 

Lady. We faile? But fcrew your courage to the flicking place, And we're not fayle: when Duncan is affeepe, (Whereeto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines Will I with Wine, and Wasfell, fo convince, That Memorie, the Watcher of the Braine, Shall be a Fume, and the Recall of Reason A Lymbecke onely: when in Sthinke deep, Their drenched Natures lies as in a Death, What cannot you and I perforne vpon Th'vguardned Duncan? What not put vpon His {prungle Officers? who fhall beare the guilt Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely: For thy vnftarved Mettle fhould compofe Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd, When we haue mark'd with blood thofe {plrie two Of his owne Chamber, and vs their very Daggers, That they haue don't? 

Lady. Who dares receive it other, 

As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore, Vpon his Death? 

Macb. I am fettled, and bend vp. Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat, Away, and mock the time with faireft show, Fafle Face muff hide what the faile Heart doit know.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him. 

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy? 

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock. 

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve. 

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir. 

Banq. Hold, take my Sword: There's Husbandry in Heauen, Their Candles are all out; take thee that too. 

m m 2 A
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

A haue Summons yses like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restrain me in the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Glie me my Sword : who's there ?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at ref? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnufull Pleasure,
And fent forth great Largeffe to your Offices,
This Diamond he gegetes your Wife withall,
By the name of molt kind Hoftefe,
And that vp in meafeurleffe content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our wel became the fervant to deftef,
Which else shoulde free have wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three wayward Sifters : 
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to fere,
We would fpend it in fome words vpon that Bufinffe,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind it leyure.
Macb. Ifyou fhall cleafe to my confent,
When 'tis, it fhall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I lofe none,
In feeking to augment it, but fll keepe
My Bofome childr'd,and Allegance clere,
I shall be confull'd.
Macb. Good repone the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir; the like to you. Exit Banquo.
Macb. Goe bid thy Miftrife, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Exit.
Is this a Dagger which I fee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand?Come,let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I fee thee fll.
Art thou not fatall Vfion, fensible
To feelings, as to fight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falle Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?
I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marfhal'd me the way that I was going,
And fuch an Instrument I was to vie.
Mine Eyes are made the foles o'th other Senes,
Or elfe worth all the reft: I fee thee fll;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:
It is the bloody Bufinffe, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one half World
Nature femees dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The Curtain's fpee: Witchcraft celebrateth
Pale Heccats Offringes: and wither'd Morther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whofe howle's his Watch,thus with his healthly pace,
With Tarquins raufling fides, towards his delicate
Moues like a Ghoft. Thou fowe and firme-set Earth
Heare not my Reps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very fones prate of my where-about,
And take the pretent horror from the time,
Which now fates with it, Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuiter me.
Heare it not,Duncan, for it is a Knell.
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.
Lu. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that thriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which giues the Item'nt good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the furnited Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poffets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they live, or dye.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Who's there? what haue?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awk'd,
And 'tis not done: they attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not milfe 'em. Had he not reembled
My Father as he slept, I had not.
My Husband !
Macb. I have done the deed:
Didd not thou hear a noyfe?
Lady. I heard the Owle fchreames, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I defended?
Lady. 1.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes 'th'second Chamber?
Lady. Downhaine.
Mac. This is a forry fight.
Lady. A foolifh thought, to fay a forry fight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's fleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I fwoon, and heard them: But they did fay their Prayers,
And addreft them againe to feep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bifie vs, and Amer the other
As they had fene me with thefe Hangmans hands:
Liftening their fears, I could not fay Amer,
When they did fay God bifie vs.
Lady. Confer'd it not fo deeply.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amer?
I had moft need of Befleeinge, and Amer ftruck in my throat.
Lady. Thefe deeds muft not be thought
After their wayes: fo, it will make vs mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Slepe, the innocent Slepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the racuel'd Sleeeve of Care,
The death of each dayes Life,fore Labors Bath,
Balmre of hurt Minde, great Natures second Courfe,
Chiefs nourther in Life's Faith.
Lady. What doe you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleeepe no more to all the Houfe:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleeepe, and therefore Candour
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane?
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-fickly of things: Goe get fome Water,

And
And wash this filthy Witness from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there; goe carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Informe of purpose:
Give me the Daggers; the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Deuil. If he doe bleed,
Ile gild the Faces of the Grooms withall,
For it must seene their Guilt.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appells me?
What Hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptune Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no; this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnadine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.
Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I thame
To weare a Heart so white.

Macb. To knock a knocking at the South entry:
Retrewe we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleans vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Contagion
Hath left you vnsatied.

Heare, more knocking.
On get your Night-Gowne, leaft occasion call vs,
And thrw vs to be Watchers: be not loth
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deede, Knock.
'Twere beft not know my felfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou couldst.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macb. Was it fo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye fo late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the second Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macb. What three things does Drink, especiallie prouoke?
Port. Marty, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Veine.
Lecherie; Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the defire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinkbe may be faid to be an Equivoocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and difl-heartens
him; makes him fland too, and not fland too: in conclu-
sion, equivoicates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macb. I beleue, Drinkbe gaueth the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir; ithe very Threaton on me: but
I requited him for his Lye, and (I think?) being too strong
for him, though he took vp my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Is thy Matter flirring?
Our knockynge ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow both.

Macb. Is the King flirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macb. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoft fipt the houre,
Ma b. Ile bring you to him.

Macb. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macb. He make fo bold to call, for 'tis my limitted

Enter Macduff.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they ly) lamentings heard by the Ayre
Strange Screamings of Death,
And Prophectings, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Euenets,
New hatch'd toth woffull time
The obfure Bird clamor'd the lufe-long Night.
Some fay, the Earth was fweares,
And did flake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.
Macb. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceuie, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now hath made his Mafter-peece:
Most Discreet, and Murther hath brake ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and ftole thence
The Life o'th Building.

Macb. What is't you fay, the Li'e?
Lenox. Meane you him Macbeth?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macb. Was it fo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye fo late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the second Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macb. What three things does Drink, especiallie prouoke?
Port. Marty, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Veine.
Lecherie; Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the defire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinkbe may be faid to be an Equivoocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and difl-heartens
him; makes him fland too, and not fland too: in conclu-
sion, equivoicates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macb. I beleue, Drinkbe gaueth the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir; ithe very Threaton on me: but
I requited him for his Lye, and (I think?) being too strong
for him, though he took vp my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Is thy Matter flirring?
Our knockynge ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow both.

Macb. Is the King flirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macb. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almoft fipt the houre,
Ma b. Ile bring you to him.

Macb. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macb. He make fo bold to call, for 'tis my limitted

Enter Macduff.
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they ly) lamentings heard by the Ayre
Strange Screamings of Death,
And Prophectings, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Euenets,
New hatch'd toth woffull time
The obfure Bird clamor'd the lufe-long Night.
Some fay, the Earth was fweares,
And did flake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.
Macb. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceuie, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now hath made his Mafter-peece:
Most Discreet, and Murther hath brake ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and ftole thence
The Life o'th Building.

Macb. What is't you fay, the Li'e?
Lenox. Meane you him Macbeth?

Macb. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your fight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

See, and then speake your felves: awake, awake,

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbain: Malcolm awake,
Shake off this Downy Sleave, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it self: vp, vp, and see

The great Doomes Image: Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your Graves rife vp, and wake like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buineffe? That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the Houfe? speake, speake.

Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.
O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Mafter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our Houfe?
Banq. Too cruelly, any where.
Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy felfe,
And fay, it is not fo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Raff.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleffed time: for from this infant,
There's nothing ferial in Mortalitie:
All is but Toys: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is dranke, and the moree Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Donal. What is amifs?
Macb. You are, and doe not know't;
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is fit, the very Source of it is fit.

Macb. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Lenox. The Prince of his Chamber, as it feem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all bag'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwrap'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes: they flar'd, and were diftrafted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, why do I repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you fo?
Macb. Who can be wife, pure, and fweet, & furious,
Loyall, and Neitral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawer, Reafon. Here lies Duncan,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gold Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Runes waffull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Stood in the Colours of their Trade: their Daggers
Vnmanerly broach'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love: and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Help me hence, hoa.

Macb. Look to the Lady,

Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moft may clame this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be fpoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augre hole,
May ruish, and feize vs? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our Bonges Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That fuffer in expofure; let vs meet,
And question this mott bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and Scrupels flake vs:

In the great Hand of God I fland, and thence,
Against the undivul'd pretence, I fight
Of Trefonous Mallice.

Macb. And to doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th'Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Macb. What will you doe?

Let's not with comfort:
To shew an vnfeft Sorrow, is an Office
Which the fälle man do's eafe.

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the lafer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The meer in blood, the meerer bloody.

Macb. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted and our faftest way,
Is to avoall the Syme. Therefore to Horle,
And let vs not be danifie of laue-taking,
But flift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which feales it felfe, when there's no mercke left.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Raff.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Raff, with an Old man.

Old man. Threecorde and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have feene
Hours dreadfulfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath tir'd formerly knowners.

Raff. Ha! good Father,
Thou feest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Ager,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night frangles the travailing Lamp:
It's Night's predominance, or the Days fame,
That Darknefe does the face of Earth incombe,
When liuing Light fhould kiffe it?

Old man. 'Tis unstarr'd,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday laft,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Raff. And Duncans Horles,

(A thing moft strange, and certaine)
Besuteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in natur: broke their flalls, flung out,
Contending' ganfht Obedience, as they would
Make Wars with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis faid, they eate each other.

Raff. They did fo:

To

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To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't. Enter Macduffs.

Here cometh the good Macduffs.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Roff. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Tho' he that Macbeth hath shane. Roff. Alas the day, What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned, Makalme, and Donalthane the Kings two Sonnes Are done away and fled, which puts vpon them Sustution of the deed. Roff. 'Gainst Nature full, Thriftleffie Ambition, that will rauen vp Thine owne lies meanes: Then 'tis most like, The Sovereignty will fall vpon Macbeth. Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone To be inuested. Roff. Where is Duncaun body? Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors, And Guardian of their Bones. Roff. Will you to Scone? Macd. No Confin, Ile to Fife. Roff. Well, I will thither. Macd. Well may you see things well done there: Adieu Left our old Robes fit easier than our new. Roff. Farewell, Father. Old M. Gods benfyon go with you, and with those That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. Exeunt omnes.

 Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou haft it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare Thou play'dst it mock fowly for't; yet it was fide It should not fland in thy Pofterity, But that my felfe should be the Roote, and Father Of many Kings. If there come truth from them, As vpon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine, Why by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my Oracles as well, And fet me vp in hope- But hufff, no more.

Senti founc'd. Enter Macbeth at King, Lady Lenox, Roff, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chiefes Gueft.

La. If he ha' haft beene forgotten, It had beene a gap in our great Fesst, And all-thing vabecoming.

Macb. To night we hold a folemne Supper fir, And Ile require your preſence. Ban. Let your Highneffe Command vpon me, to the which my duties Are with a molt indiffoluble tye For euer knitt. Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. 1, my good Lord. Macb. We shoulde have elfe defir'd your good aduice (Which fill hath been both graue, and properous) In this days Councell: but we'e take to morrow. Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time 'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horfe the better, I must become a borrower of the Night, For a darke houre, or twaine. Macb. Faile not our Feaft. Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozenes are beflow'd In England, and in Ireland, not confeding Their cruel Parricide, filling their hurers With frange invention. But of that to morrow, When therewithall, we hall have caufe of State, Cruizing vs ioynfully. Hye you to Horfe: Adieu, till you returne at Night. Goes Flances with you?

Ban. 1, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's. Macb. I with your Horfes swift, and fue of foot: And fo I doe commend you to their backs. Farewel. Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time, Till feuers at Night, to make focietie The sweeter welcome: We will keepe our felfe till Supper time alone: While then, God be with you. Exeunt Lords. Sirmas, a word with you! Attend those men Our plefure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace Gate. Macb. Bring them before vs. Exit Servant. To be thus, is nothing, but to be falsely thus: Our feares in Banquo Riche deep, And in his Royaltye of Nature reignes that Which would be feard. 'Tis much he dares, And to that dauntleffe temper of his Minde, He hath a Wildome, that doth guide his Valour, To act in focietie. There is none but he, Whos being I doe feare: and vnder him, My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is faid Mark Antonies was by Caesar. He chid the Sifters, When first they put the Name of King vpon me, And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like, They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings. Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleffe Crowne, And put a barren Scepter in my Gripes, Thence to be wrencht with an vlineall Hand, No Sonne of mine succeding: it's be fo, For Banquo's offue haue I fill'd my Minde, For them, the gracious Duncan haue I murther'd, Put Runcours in the Vefell of my Peace Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell Given to the common Enemye of Man, To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings. Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyf, And champion me to th'vterrancce. Who's there?

Enter Servants, and two Murthurers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call. Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, I plaie your Highneffe. Macb. Well then, Now haue you consider'd of my speeches?

Know,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you fo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfs.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Put in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft :
The Instrumets: who wrought with them:
And all things elfe, that might
To haffe a Soule, and to a Nation craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Marth. You made it knowne to vs.

2. Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Do you finde your patience fo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you fo Gospel'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his life, whose banie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1. Marth. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mengrels, Spaniels, Cures, Cures, Showhese, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are cipt
All by the Name of Dogs : the valued file,
Distinguishs the twifl, the flow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bills,
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a faction in the file,
Not i'th' word ranke of Manhood, lay't,
And I will put that Butnells in your Bonomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loose of vs,
Who ware our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Marth. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowses and Buffets of the World
Hath to incend'd, that I am reckelide what I doe,
To opight the World.

1. Marth. And I another,
So wearie with Difasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would let my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemy.

Marth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euyr minute of his being, thruffs
Against my neer'lt of Life: and though I could
With bare'ld factower speech him from my fight,
And bid my will awouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose lous I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your affittion doe make lorn,
Marking the Butnells from the common Eye,
For fundry weightie Reasons.

2. Marth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. Marth. Though our Lives--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.

Within this house, at morn,
I will aduise you where to plant your felves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: always thought,
That I require a clave rentere ; and with him,
To leave no Ruba nor Boches in the Worke:
Plains, his Sonne, that keeps him company,
Whose abidence is no lefe materuall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke hour: resolute your felves apart,
He come to you anon.

Marth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call upon you straignt: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servant. 1, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Do you to the King, I would attend his leuyres,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will. Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our defire is got without content:
'Tis fatter, to be that which we destroy,
Then by deftruction dwell in doubfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doo you keep alone?
Of forreyt Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on'things without all remedie
Should be without regard what's undone, is done.

Macb. We have forcht'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le clofe, and be her selfe, whilst our poor Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dif-loyn,
Both the Worlds suffer.

Ere we will eare our Meale in feare, and skippe
In the affildion of these terribl Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gyane our peace, have fent to peace,
Then on'th the torture of the Minde to lie
In reftlesse extatique.

Dumare is in his Graue:
After Lifs fitfull Feuer, he skippe well,
Treaton ha's done his work: nor Steele,nor Poyfon,
Mallice donellique, foraine Leue, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gente my Lord, flecke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Tonyall among your Gueells to Night.

Macb. So shall I Lose, and fo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Presert him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we muft lase
Our Honors in thee flattering framnes,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Difguising what they are.

Lady. You must let me this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'lt, that Banquo and his Plains live.

Lady. But
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Lady. But in them, Natures Copple's not eterne. 
Macb. There's comforts yet, they are affable, 
Then be thou locand: ere the Bat hath flowne 
His Cloyfer'd flight, ere to black Hecats summons 
The thred-born Beetle, with his drowzie hums, 
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale, 
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note. 
Lady. What's to be done? 
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareft Chuck, 
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night, 
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day, 
And with thy bloody and invisible Hand 
Cancell and tear to pieces that great Bond, 
Which keeps me pale. Light thicken, 
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood: 
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowfe, 
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowfe. 
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still, 
Things had begun, make strong themselfes by ill: 
So prystee goe with me. 

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Marthurers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs? 
Macb. 
2. He needs not our miftrust, since he delivers 
Our Offices, and what we have to doe, 
To the direction hift. 
1. Then stand with us: 
The Weft yet glimmers with loose flakes of Day, 
Now spurre the latest Traveller space, 
To gaze the timely Inner, end neere approaches 
The subject of our Watch. 
3. Hearke, I hear Horfes. 
Banquo within: Glue vs a Light there, hea. 
2. Then 'tis hee: 
The reft, that are within the note of expedition, 
Already are 'th' Court. 
1. His Horfes goe about. 
3. Almoft a mile: but he does visially, 
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallasce Gate 
Make it their Walke. 

Enter Banquo and Fleams, with a Torch. 

2. A Light, a Light. 
3. 'Tis hee. 
1. Stand too't. 
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night. 
3. Let it come downe, 
Things are Tire! 
Fyxe good Fleams, flye, frye, flye, 
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slauie! 
3. Who did strike out the Light? 
1. Was't not the way? 
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled. 
2. We haue loft 
Best hallie of our Affaire. 
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquus prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, 
Lords, and Attendants. 

Macb. You know your owne degrees, fit downe: 
At first and laft, the hearty welcome. 
Lords. Thankes to your Malefity. 
Macb. Our felfes will mingle with Society, 
And play the humble Huft: 
Our Hothffe keeps her State, but in butt time 
We will require her welcome. 
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends, 
For my heart speaks, they are welcome. 

Enter fibr Murdochers. 

Macb.See they encounter thee with their harts thanks 
Both fides are eu'en: here Ie fit i'th'midft, 
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drinke a Meafure 
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face. 
Macb. 'Tis Banquo's then. 
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he be within. 
Is he dispatch'd? 
Macb. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him. 
Mac. Thou art the beft o' the Cut-throats, 
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleams: 
If thou did't, thou art the Non-priell. 
Mac. Moft Royall Sir 
Fleams is flap'd. 
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe: 
I had clese beene perfect; 
Whole as the Marble, founfed as the Rocke, 
As broad, and generall, as the cauing Ayre; 
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in" 
To fawcy doubts, and fears. But Banquo's fafe? 
Mac. I, my good Lord: fafe in a ditch he bides, 
With twenty trench'd gardens on his head; 
The leaff a Death to Nature. 
Macb. Thankes for that time. 
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled 
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed, 
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow 
We'll heare our felues againe. 

Exit Murderer. 
Lady. My Royall Lord, 
You do not give the Cheere, the Feath is fold 
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making: 
'Tis gien, with welcome: to feele we beft at home: 
From thence, the fawce to meate is Ceremony, 
Meeting were bare without it. 

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and flit in Macbeths place. 

Macb. Sweet Remembrandancer: 
Now good digestion, write on Appetite, 
And health on both. 
Lenox. May't please your Highneffe fit. 
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor,roof'd, 
Were the grant'd perfon of our Banquo pretent: 
Who, may I rather challenge for vaunkindneffe, 
Then pitty for Milchance. 
Ross. His abfencc (Sir) 
Layes blame vpon his promife. Pleeat your Highneffe 
To grace vs with your Royall Company? 

Macb.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

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Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place refer'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness now?
Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

Ruff. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus, and hath beene from his youth. Pray you keep Seate, The fit is momentary, upon a thought He will againe be well. If much you note him You shall offend him, and extend his Passion, Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?


Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that Which might appale the Dinell.

La. O proper stuffe:
This is the very painting of your faire:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which youaid
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaves and flarts
(Impfortors Led) will well become
A womens flory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a folly.

Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loc, how fay you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Channel houles, and our Graues must fende
That we bury, bocke; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.


Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

La. Tie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, 'tis'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Brains were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty million Murthers on their crownes,
And pull vs from our foules. This is more strange
Then fuch a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, loose and health to all,
Then let fit downe: Glue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Groom.

I drink to th'generall joy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we mifle:
Would he were here: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Since I am not, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinkes of this good Peeres!

But as a thing of Cuftome: 'Tis no other,
Oneyt it doth give the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
The arm's Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall never tremble. Or be alue agane,
And dare me to the Dearth with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit them, protest mee
The Baby of a Girlc. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnreal mock'ry hence. Why fie, being gone
I am a man againe, pray you fit self.

La. You have displaide the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moft admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome vs like a Summers Cloud,
Without our speicall wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold such fights,
And keepe the natural Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ruff. What fights, my Lord?

I prays you speake: he grows worfe & worfe
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. Exit Lords.

Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have beene knowne to mowe,& Trees to speake:
Augures, and vnderflood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret't man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almoft at oddes with morning, which is which.


Macb. & how say'thou that Macduff denies his perfon
At our great bidding.

La. Did you fend to him Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Seruants Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyward Sithers.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the word menes, the word, for mine owne good,
All caues shall fall in waye, I am in Blood
Stempt in fo 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 acied, ere they may be seacd.

Macb. Ie will take the scannah of all Nature, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'll to sleepe: My stranje & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vfe:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Seena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angrily?
Hec. Haue I not reaon (belsams) as you are?
Saweys, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trailecck with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

And
And I the Mirth of your Charms,  
The close contrivier of all harms,  
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,  
Spirittful, and wrathfull, who (as others do)  
Looke for his owne ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: Get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he  
Will come, to know his Definitio.  
Your Vefels, and your Spells proude,  
Your Charms, and every thing before;  
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend  
Vato a dismall, and a Fatall end.  
Great businesse must he wrought ere Noone.  
Vpon the Cheefe of the Makke.  
There hangs a vapp'rous drop, profound,  
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;  
And that dihitl'd by Magickle flights,  
Shall raise such Artificall Sprights,  
As by the strength of their Illusion,  
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.  
He shall spurne Fate, forrme Death, and bear  
His hopes lose Wifedome,Grace, and Fear:  
And you all know, Security  
Is Mortals chearefull Ensime.

Muficke, and a Song.  
Hearke, I am call'd my little Spirit fee  
Situ in a Foggy cloud, and stays for me.  
Song within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make hali, thee'foone be  
Backe again.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,  
Hue but hit your Thoughts  
Which can interpret farther: Only I say  
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
Was pitted of Macbeth: marry he was dead:  
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,  
Whom you may tie (f't plea you) Fieans kill'd;  
For Fieans fled: Men must not walke too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbane  
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fie,  
How it doe grewe Macbeth? Did he not straight  
In pious rage, the two deliquents tearce,  
That were the Slaues of drink, and thralles of sleepe?  
Was not that Nobly done? I, and widely too:  
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart alioue  
To hear the men deny. So that I say,  
He ha's borne all things well, and I do think,  
That had he Duncans Sonnes under his Key,  
(As, and't plea Heaven he shall not) they shou'd finde  
What 'twere to kill a Father: So shou'd Fieans.  
But peace; for from broad word, and cause he say'd  
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I hear  
Macduffs lives in danger. Sir, can you tell

Where he betowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan  
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)  
Lives in the English Court, and is recey'd  
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,  
That the mal desert of Fortune, nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Then is Macduff  
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,  
That by the helpe of thele (with him above)  
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe  
Glie to our Table meate, sleepe to our Nights:  
Free from our Fears, and Banquets bloody kniues;  
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honors,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath io exasperate their King, that hee  
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I  
The coldly Meffenger turns me his backe,  
And huns; as who should say, you'll rues the time  
That clogges me with this Anwer.

Lenox. And that well might  
Aduise him to a Caution, hold what distance  
His wifedome can prouide. Some holy Angel  
Flye to the Court of England, and unford  
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,  
Vnder a hand accur'd.

Lord. He send my Prayers with him.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.  
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.  
3 Harpie cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.  

1 Round about the Cauldron go:  
In the poyrfond Entrails throw  
Toad, that vnder cold stone,  
Dayes and Nights, he's thirty one:  
Swelefed Venom sleeping got,  
Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burnes, and Cauldron bubble.  
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,  
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:  
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,  
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:  
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,  
Lizards legge, and Hooles wing:  
For a Charme of powerfull trouble,  
Like a Hell-broth, Boyle and bubble.  

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,  
Fire burnes, and Cauldron bubble.  
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,  
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe  
Of the rauin'd falt Sea starke:  
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:  
Liser of Blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of Gooze, and Slipe's of Yew,  
Silver'd in the Moones Eclipse.
Note of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-frangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Ditch,
Make the Grewell thickic, and flab.
Add thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Indigence of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toic and trouble,
Fire borne, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Coole it with a Baboons blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one shall have their gaines:
And now about the Cauldron fing.
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2. By the prickings of my Thumblies,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who ever knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you venture the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yeasty Waffles
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though blazed Corne be solige'd, & Trees blowne downe,
Though Caffles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramis do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction stike: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1. Speake.
2. Demand.
3. Weel answere.

Say, if thou hadst rather hear it from our mouthes,
Or from our Mallets.

Macb. Call'em: let me fee 'em.

1. Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office dearest shou.

\textit{Thunder.}

\textbf{1. Apparition, an Armed Head.}

\textbf{Macb.} Tell me, thou unknowne power.

He knowes thy thought:

Heares his speecch, but say thou nought.

\textbf{1. Appar.} Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macdoffs,

Beware the Thome of Fice: distimme me, Enough.

\textbf{Macb.} What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

\textbf{Thunder.}

\textbf{2. Apparition, a Bloodly Child.}

\textbf{Macb.} Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2. \textbf{Appar.} Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to fcorne.

The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

\textit{Defends.}

\textbf{Macb.} Then lue Macduffe:what need I fear of thee?

But yet Ie make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in fright of Thunder.

\textit{Thunder.}

3. \textbf{Apparition, a Child, Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.}

What is this, that rises like the life of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Souerainy?

\textit{All.} Lifen, but speake not too.

\textbf{All.} Appar. Be Lyon meyled, proud, and take no care:
Who chaetes, who freys, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
Great Bynarn Wood, to high Dunsmarche Hill
Shall come against him.

\textit{Defend.}

\textbf{Macb.} That will never bee:

Who can intemple the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet badments, good:
Rebellious dead, rife never till the Wood
Of Bynarn rife, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall lye the Leafe of Nature,pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cause:
Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell to much: Shall Banque's issue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?

\textit{All.} Seeke to know no more.

\textbf{Macb.} I will be satisfied. Denye me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know,

Why finking that Caldon? & what name is this? Hobeyes

1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.

\textbf{All.} Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadows, to depart.

A \textit{fliew of eight Kings}, and \textit{Banque left with a glasse in his hand.}

\textbf{Macb.} Thou art too like the Spirit of Bangus Down:
Thy Crowne do's scarce mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggis,

Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A femeuent? Ie fee no more:
Yet and the eight appears, who bears a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I fee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.

Horrible flight: Now I fee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd \textit{Bangus} tilmes upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this to I
1. I Str, all this is fo. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sifters, cheere we vp his firtres,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ie Charme the Ayre to give a found,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly lay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

\textit{Musick.}

\textit{The Witches Dance, and vanish.

\textbf{Macb.} Where are they? Gone?}

Let this pernicious houre,
Stand ye accured in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

\textit{Enter Lenox.}

\textbf{Lenox.} What's your Graces will.

\textit{Macb.}
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Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sistars?
Len. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infeche be the Ayre whereon they ride, And dam’d all those that truth there. I did heare The gallopping of Horse. Who was’t came by?
Len. ‘Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipeft my dread expost: The flighty purpose never is o’re-toke
Vnlife the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very flirtiments of my heart shall be
The flirtiments of my hand. And even now
To Crowne my thoughts with Aths: be it thought & done:
The Cattle of Macdaff, I will surprize.
Seize upon Fitz, guie to the edge o’th’sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunat Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boating like a Poole,
This deed I do, before this purpose cooke,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt

\--- Scena Secunda. ---\n
Enter Macduff, His Wife, her Son, and Ruff.

\--- Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Ruff. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnifie: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make vs Traitors.
Ruff. You know not
Whether it was his wifedome, or his fear.
Wife. Wiledge? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do’s flye? He loves vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminihtue of birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Neck, against the Owlem;
All is the Fearce, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wiledge, where the flight.
So runnes against all reason.
Ruff. My deere Cooze,
I pray you chove your felles. But for your Husbands,
He is Noble, Wife, Judicious, and best knowes
The fitt o’th’Seaon. I dare not speake much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our felues: when we hold Rumar
From what we thowght, yet know not what we feare,
But flatts vpon a vile and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worit will centre, or else cline vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cooze,
Bleffing vpon you.
Wife. Father’d he is,
And yet hee’s Father-leffe.
Riff. I am fo much a Poole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit Riff.

Wife. Sirre, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?
Son. With what I get I vanes, and fo do they.
Wife. Poore Bird.
Though neuer Peare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why shold I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not fit for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you’ll by ’em to tell againe.
Wife. Thou speake’st withall thy wit,
And yet I halth with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was, my Father a Traitor, Mother?.
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweareth, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Every one that do’s fo, 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.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearees are Fools: for there
are Yanrs and Swearees now’, to beate the honest men,
and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, youl’d weape for him: if you
would not, it was a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk’st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bleffe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do’s approach you neerly.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinke I am too launge:
To doe wors to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your perfon. Heaven prefere you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger.

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthy world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometyme
Accouted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To try I haue done no harme?
What are these sexes?

Enter Macduffers.

Mar. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vanishted,
Where fuch as thou mayst finde him.
Mar. He’s a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly’st thou thgage-ear’d Villaine.
Mar. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Trachery ?
Son. He ha’s kill’d me Mother,
Run away I pray you.

Exit crying Marth.  

--- Scena ---

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'Scena Tertia.'

Enter Macduff and Macbeth.

Mac. Let vs seeke out some defolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bodomes empty.

Mac. Let vs rather
Hold faft the mortall Sword: and like good men, Befride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes bowle, new Orphans cry, new forowes Strike heaven on the face, that it refounds As if It felt with Scotland, and yell’d out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mac. What I beleue, He waile;
What know, beleue; and what I can redrefle, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.

What you have fpoke, it may be fo perchance. This Tyrant, whole fole name blifters our tongues, Was once thought honeft: you haue lou’d him well, He hath not touch’d you yet. I yong, but foeme You may differne of him through me, and wifedome To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe T’appeafe an angry God.

Mac. I am not treacherous.

Mac. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recolly
In an Imperiall charge. But I fhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfcape; Angels are bright fill, though the brighteft fell. Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace muft fill looke to.

Mac. I have loft my Hopes.

Mac. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.

Why in that rawneffe left you Wife, and Childse?
Thofe precious Motives, thofe strong knots of Love,
Without leane-taking. I pray you,
Let not my leafeoues, be your Dihonors, But mine owne Saffons: you may be rightly laft, What ever I shall thinke.

Mac. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrany, lay thou thy basr fure,
For goodniffe dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,
The Tife, is affcnd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think’st,
For the whole Space that’s in the Tyrants Garpe,
And the rich Eaf to boot.

Mac. Be not offended:
I speake not as in abolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country fakes beneath the yoke,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaff
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall trade upon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More fuffer, and more fundry ways then euer,
By him that shall succeede.

Mac. What should he be?

Mac. It is my felo I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice fo grafted,

That when they hall be open’d, blacke Macbeth Will feeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Edemne him as a Lambe, being compar’d With my confineleffe harms.

Mac. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn’d
In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mac. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Falfe, Decriffull,
Sodaine, Malicous, fmacking of euery finne
That has a name. But there’s no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousneffe: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cellerne of my Laie, and my Defire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppofe my will. Better Macbeth,
Then fuch an one to reigne.

Mac. Boundleffe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th’impatient pleaing of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleafures in a fancious plenty,
And yet feme cold. The time you may fo hoodwinkne:
We have willing Daies enough: there cannot be
That Vatlure in you, to denoure fo many
As will to Greatneffe dedicate themfelves,
Finding it fo inclinde.

Mac. With this, there grows
In my molt ill-compoud Affection, fuch
A rawneffe Ararice, that were I King,
I fhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Defire his Jefu, and this others Houfe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sauce
To make me hunger more, that I fhould forge
Quarrels vaft against the Good and Loyall,
Difroying them for wealth.

Mac. This Ararice
flickes deeper: grows with more pennisous roote
Then Summer-leming Luft: and it hath bin
The Sword of our faine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath foynes, to fill vp your will
Of your meare Owne. All thefe are portable,
With other Graces weigh’d.

Mac. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuffice, Verity, Temperance, Steheneffe,
Bountey, Fidelity, Mercy, Lawinette,
Deception, Patience, Courage, Forlaude,
I haue no rellieth of them, but abound
In the diuifion of each feueral Crime,
Acting it many waies. Nay, had I powre, I fhould
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Ypore the winfertfull peace, confound
All vaity on earth.

Mac. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mac. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to luele. O Natio miferable!
With an vnitied Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When fhalt thou fee thy wholesome days againe?
Since that the trueft Iffue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiicion bands affcut,
And do’s blaspheyme his brede? Thy Royall Father
Was a molt Sainted-King: the Queene bore thee,
Ofteron upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dye’de every day the list’d. Fare thee well,
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

I

These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hast banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breif,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Child of Integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Duellish Macbeth,
By many of these tyrants, hath fought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wifedom placeth me
From one-credulous haft : but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my felfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspake mine owne detraction. Heere aboue
The talents, and blaming I laide upon my felfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarcely haue couted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Demall to his Fellow, and delight
No leffe in truth then life. My first falf speaking
Was this upon my felfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command :
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was sitting forth :
Now wee'lt together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Mal. Such welcome, and vnwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That pay his Cure; their malady consulates
The great affay of Art. But at his touch,
Such fanflity hath Heauen gien his hand,
They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Mal. What's the Difease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Tull.

A moft myraculous worke In this good King,
Which often since my hearne remaine in England,
I haue feene him do : How he feliciates heauen
Himselfe beft knowen: but strangely vilified people
All fwoone and Vlcerous, pitifull to the eye,
The meere difpare of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden flame about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the following Royalty he leaus
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heavely guilt of Prophecie,
And fundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Raffel.

Mal. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman; but yet I know him nor.

Mal. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Raffel. Sir, Amen.

Mal. Stands Scotland where it did?

Raffel. Als poore Countrey.

Mal. Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once feene to smile:
Where fighes, and groans, and thricks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent forrow feemes
A Moderne extatic! The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lyes
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ficken.

Mal. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the neweft griefe?

Raffel. That of an hours age, doth hiffe the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Mal. How do's my Wife?

Raffel. Why well.

Mal. And all my Children?

Raffel. Well too.

Mal. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Raffel. No, they were well at peace, when I did leafe 'em
Mal. Be not a niggard of your speecch! How go'st?

Raffel. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have beautifull borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnefe the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe; your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their direiftresses:

Mal. Bee; their comfort
We are comming thither! Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An other, and a better Soulier, none
That Christendome gruws out.

Raffel. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howell'd out in the defert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Mal. What concernes they,
The generall caufe, or is it a Peec-griefe
Due to some ifngle breft?

Raffel. No minde that's honest
But in it shares fome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Mal. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Raffel. Let not your cares difpife my tongue for ever,
Which shall poftife them with the heaviest found
That euer yet they heard.

Mal. Humh! I gueffe at it.

Raffel. Your Cattle is purpl'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sanguely daughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Querry of these mother'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heauen:

What man, we're pull your hat upon your brows:
Give forrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Mal. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found,

Mal. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too.

Raffel. I have feld.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greese.

Mal. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?

Mal. Did you fay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope!

Mal. Difpute it like a man.

Mal. I shall do so:
Adictus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Waving Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it thee left walk'd? 

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp upon her, vnlock her Clofet, take forth paper, feele it, write upon't, read it, afterwards Seal'd it, and againe return'd to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doctor. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this fumbrous agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should. Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witnesse to confirm my speech. Enter Lady, with a Taper. Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guile, and vp on my life fast asleep; obferve her, fland close.

Doctor. How came she by that light? 

Gent. Why it flowed by her: the ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doctor. You fee her eyes are open. 

Gent. But their fenfe are shut.

Doctor. What is it she do's now? Lookke how she rubes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd affion with her, to feme thus wash her hands: I have knowne her c-utime in this a quarter of an houre.

Lady. Yet here's a spot. 

Doctor. Hearke, she speakes, I will let downe what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 

Lady. Out damned spot: out I say. One : Two : Why then 'tis time to doon't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Scouldier, and affir'd what need we fcare? 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.

Doctor. Do you make that? 

Lady. Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Doctor. Go too, go too: You have knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what thee shou'd not, I am sure of that: Heauen knowes what the ha's knowne.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh. 

Doctor. What a figh is there? The hart is forely charg'd. 

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well. 

Gent. Pray God it be fin.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my praficie: yet I have knowne thofe which have walkt in their sleepe, who haue dyed holly in their beds. 

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not to pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's burial; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knockeing at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. 

Doctor. Will the go now to bed? 

Gent. Direcly. 

Doctor. Foule whifperings are abroad: vnnatural deeds Do brede vnnatural troubles: infected minde Is the deede pillowes will discharge their Secrets: More needs the the Divine, then the Physitian: God, God forgive us all. Looke after her, Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance, And till keepe eyen upon her: So goodnight, My minde the ha's mated, and amaz'd my fight. I thinkes, but dare not speake. 

Gent. Good night good Doctor. 

Exeunt. 

Scena Secunda. 

Drum and Colours. Enter Macbeth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers. 

Mont. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff, Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causse Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme Excite the mortified man. 

Ang. Neere Byrran wood Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming. 

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbain be with his brother? 

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File Of all the Gentry; there is Seyward Sonne, And many vrnurse youths, that euuen now Protest their part of Manhood. 

Mont. What do's the Tyrant. 

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies: Some say he's mad: Others, that leffer hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

He cannot buckle his diatemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Age. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers dicking on his hands,
Now minute Revolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thofe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in love : Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loofe about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theofe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senes to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It felle, for being there.

Card. Well, march we on,
To glue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd : 
Meet we the Med'cine of theickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lemor. Or fo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drown the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnane. Exeunt marching.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all : 
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy Malcolm ?
Was he not borne of woman ? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conferences, have pronounce'd me thus: Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly fast Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall steuer gage with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant.
The duller damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone : 
Where got'th thou that Goofe-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Go all Villaine ?

Ser. Scoldien Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch ?
Death of thy Soule, thoue Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsellors to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face ?

Ser. The English Force, to pleafe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. Sept. I am sick at hart,
When I behold : Septum, I say, this puth
Will cheer me euers, or dif-cate me now.
I have lu'd long enough : my way of life
Is false into the Searc, the yellow Leafes,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to hauie : but in their need,
Curdes, not lowd but steepes, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faime deny, and dare not.

Septum ?

Enter Septum.

Ser. What's your gracious pleafure ?

Macb. What Newes more ?

Ser. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Glue me my Armor.

Sept. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. He put it on:
Send out more Horaces, skirre the Country round,
Hang thofe that talke of Place. Glue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor ?

Doctor. Not fo ficke my Lord,
As the is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keeps him from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that :
Can't thou not Minifter to a minde difeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblulous Antidote
Cleanfe the stufft bosome, of that perillus fluffe
Which weighe upon the heart?

Doctor. Therien the Patient
Must minifter to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Phyftick to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on : give me my Staffe :

Septum. Send out : Doctor, the Thanes fly from me:
Come fit, dispatch. If thou coul'd Doctor, call
The Water of my Land, finde her Difeafe,
And purge it to a sound and prifitue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud again. Pull it off I say,
What Rubarbe, Cyme, or what Purgatius druge
Would cowre these English hence : hear it ? of them ?

Doctor. I my good Lord : your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me :
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Doctor. Were I from Dunfinane away, and chere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me here.

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffs,
Seywards, Scone, Mentebs, Cathines, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.

Malcolm. Cofins, I hope the days are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Men. We doubt it nothing.

Seyward. What wood is this before vs ?

Men. The wood of Birnane.

Male. Let evry Scoldier hew him downe a Bough,
And beare't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hothe, and make discovery,
Err in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyward. We leare no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps hold in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our fetting downe befor't.

Male. 'Tis his maine hope :
For where there is advantage to be gien,
Both more and leffe have gien him the Resolt,
And none forse with him, but constrained things,
Whole hearts are abften too.

Seyward. Let our lufh Cenfures
Attend the true event, and put we on

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Industrious
Industrious Souldiery.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall fy we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatue, their vntrue hopes relate,
But certaine ifue, frowakes mult arbitrue,
Towards which, advance the warre.  

Exeunt marching

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiery, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Citie's strength,
Will laugh a Sledge to fume: Here let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not for'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, heard to beard,
And beate them backward home.  What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the tale of Fears:
The time ha's beene, my fences haue cool'd
To heare a Night-shriek, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dimmall Trestle rows, and hirre
As life were in't.  I have fapt full with horrors,
Direnfe familiar to my slumberous thoughts
Cannot once flart me.  Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should haue dy'd hereafter;
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 to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdays, have lighted Footes
The way to dustry death.  Out, out, breve Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more.  It is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of found and fury
Signifying nothing.  Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Msf. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say fir.

Msf. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
I look'd toward Eyrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

Msf. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile you may fee it coming.
I say, a moving Group.

Macb. If thou speakeft thine,
Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alien
Till Famine clench thee: If thy speech be footh,
I care not if thou doft for me as much.
I pull in Refolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivoocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth.  Fear not, till Byrmane Wood
Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunfinane.  Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he ausouches, do's appeare,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'ginne to be a+weary of the Sun,
And will to the state o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come warcke,
At least wee'll dye with Harnelle on our backe.  

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
And shew like thofe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Sonne
Lead our first Battell.  Worthy Macduff, and wee
Shall take vpons what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speake, the all breath
Thofe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death.  
Exeunt

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot dye,
But Beare-like I must fight the coure.
What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call'd thy felfe a hoiter name
Then any is in bell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The dwell himfelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine care.

Macb. No: nor more fearfull.

T. Sey. Thou lift abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
He proue the lye thou speakeft.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smite at, Weapons laugh to scorn.
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne.  

Exeunt

Alarums.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noife is: Tyrant thrw thy face,
If thou beest flaine, and with no froke of mine,
My Wife and Children Gooffs will haunt me
I cannot fight at wretched Kerne, whose arms
Are by'r to heare their Stauce: either thou Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I bath againe verdade.  There thou shoul'lt be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seem's

740
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune, And more I begge not. Exit. Alarums.

Enter Maculme and Seyward.

Sy. This way my Lord, the Cattles gently rendred: The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight, The Noble Thanes do brauly in the Warre, The day almoost it felle prophesies yours, And little is to do.

Mai. We haue met with Foes That strike befoe vs.

Sy. Enter Sir, the Cattle. Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Macbeth.

Mach. Why shoule I play the Roman Foulke, and dye On mine owne sword? whilst I fee liues, the gashes Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduff.


Mach. I haue no words, My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine Then tearmes can gee thee out. Fight & Alarum

Mach. Thou lauffeft labour, As easie may't thou the Intrenchant Ayre With thy keene Sword imprefse, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crefts, I beare a charmed Life, which muft not yeld To one of woman borne.

Mach. Difpaire thy Charme, And let the Angell whom thou full haft fern'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb Unlimely ript.

Mach. Accursed be that tongue that tells mee so; For it hath Cow'd my better part of man: And be thefe Juggling Fiends no more beleu'd, That palter with vs in a double fench, That keep the word of promife to our eare, And breake it to our hope. Ie not fight with thee.

Mach. Then yeeld thee Coward, And liue to be the shew, and gase o'th'time. We'le haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are Painted vpon a poie, and vnder-writ, Heere may you fee the Tyrant.

Mach. I will not yeeld To kill the ground before young Maleulmes feet, And to be baied with the Rabbles curfe. Though Byrnan wood be come to Dunfrance, And thou oppo'd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the Iuff. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield; Lay on Macduff, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough. Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flouris. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Riff, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miffte, were safe arriu'd: Sy. Some muft go off; and yet by thefe I fee, So great a day as this is cheapely bought. Mal. Macduff is miffing, and your Noble Sonne. Riff. Your Son my Lord, he's paid a fouldiers debt, He onely liu'd but till he was a man, The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirme'd In the vnshrinking fation where he fought, But like a man he dy'd.

Sy. Then he is dead? Riff.1 and brought off the field; your caufe of sorrow Muft not be meafur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Sy. Had he his hurts before? Riff. 1, on the Front. Sy. Why then, Gods Soldier be he: Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires, I would not with them to a fairer death: And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow, And that I fee spend for him.

Sy. Hee's worth no more, They lay him parte well, and paid his fcore, And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort. Enter Macduff with Macbeths head.

Mach. Halle King, for tho thou art. Behold where stands Th'Vlurpers curfed head : the time is free: I see thee compait with thy Kingdomes Pearle, That speake my faltuation in their minds: Whole voyces I define alowe with mine. Halle King of Scotland.

ell. Halle King of Scotland. Flouris.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time, Before we reckon with your feareall loues, And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinffmen Henceforth be Earles, the firth that euer Scotland In fuch 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 Snare of watchfull Tyranny, Producing forth the cruell Minifters Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Oyeone; Who(as'is thought) by felfe and violent hands, Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elfe That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace, We will performe in meaure, time, and place: So thankes to all at once, and to each one, Whom we invite, to fee vs Crown'd at Scone. Flouris. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnado.

'Stis I, Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now two o'clock, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this relieve much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouke stirring.

Bar. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make halt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwell honest Soldier, who hath relied'th'you?

Fran. Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.


Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I have scene nothing.

Mar. Horatio tells, 'tis but our Fantasie,

And will not let bellespe take hold of him

Touching this drested sight, twice scene of vs,

Therefore I have intreated him along

With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

That if againe this Apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tis, tis, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affirm your cares,

That are so fortified against our Story,

What we two Nightes late scene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,

And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Bar. Late night of all,

When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole

Had made his course v'lume that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,

The Bell then botting one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off: Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes againe.

Bar. In the fame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.

Bar. Lookes it not like the King? Mark it Horatio.

Hor. Mott like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Bar. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that viurpt this time of night,

Together with that Faire and Warlike forme

In which the Maledy of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it flarkes away.


Exit the Ghost.

Bar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Hor. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale?

Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue

Without the fenible and true anouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very Armour he had on,

When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle

He imn the fleded Polax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and last at this dead hour,

With Marsillialt talke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,

This hoades some strange errupcion to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, tell me he that knowes

Why this fame strift and most obseruant Watch,

So noitely toyes the subiect of the Land,

And why fuch dayly Calt of Brazon Cannon

And Foraigne Mart for Implementes of warre:

Why fuch imprerfe of Ship-wrights, whose fore Tastke

Do's not diuide the Sunday from the wecke,

What might be toward, that this fwesty hait

Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
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At last the whifer goes fo: Our late King, Whose Image euery but now appeare'd to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway, (Therto prick'd on by a molt emulat'd Pride) Dar'd to the Combat, in which, our Valiant Hamlet, (For so this fide of our knowne world esteem'd him) Did play this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact, Well ratify'd by Law, and Heraldrie, Did forfeit (with his life) all thofe his Lands Which he fliould on, to the Conqueror: Against the which, a Moity competetent Was gaged by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquifer, as by the fame Cou'nant And carriage of the Article defigne, His fell to Hamlet. Now fir, young Fortinbras, Of vnimprov'd Meat, and hot full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark'd vp a Lift of Landliffe Refolutes, For Foodie and Diet, to fome Enterprise That hath a fhameake in't: which is no other (And doth well appeare vnto our State) But to recover of vs by strong hand And terms of Complaiſe, thofe forefald Lands So by his Father loft: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The Sourc of this our Watch, and the cheefe Head Of this part-hall, and Romage in the Land. Enter Glofti againe, But loth, behold: Loe, where it comes againe: It croffe it, though it flait me. Stay Illufion: If thou haft any found, or vie of Voice, Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do eafe, and grace to me; speake to me. If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate (Which happily foreknowing may ayowd) Oh speake. Or, if thou haft vp-hopred in thy life Extorted Treafeure in the worme of Earth, (For which, they fay, you Spirits oft walke in death.) Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus. Mar. Shall I strike at ir with my Pardian? Hor. Do, if it will not fland. Barn. 'Tis heere. Hor. 'Tis heere. Barn. 'Tis gone. We do it wrong, being fo Maiestical To offer it the Shew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, invulnerabile, And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery. Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. Hor. And then it flart, like a guilty thing Upon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard, The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, Doth with his lofty and thrill-foundeing Throat Awake the God of Day: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes To his Confine. And of the truth heeretin, This prefent Object made probation. Mar. It flioud on the crowing of the Cocke. Some fayes, that ever gaineft that Seafon comes Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated, Th'Bird of Dawning fliould not myght long: And then (they fay) no Spirit can walke abroad, The nights are wholesome, then no Planets drive, No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme: So hallow'd, and fo gracious is the time. Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it. But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantie clad, Walkes o're the dew of you high Eternere Hill, Breaks we our Watch vp, and by my advice Let vs impart what we haue feene to night Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life, This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him: Do you content we shall acquaint him with it, As needfull in our Laos, fitting our Duty? Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this mornig know Where we shall finde him most conveniently. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonia, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords & Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted To beware our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdom To be condemed in one blow of woe. Yet to fare hath Difcretion fought with Nature, That we with wisefull forrow thinke on him, Together with remembrance of our felues. Therefore our sometime Sifer, now our Queene, Th HttpResponseRedirect of this warlike State, Have we, a twiere, with a defeated joy, With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage, In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole Taken to Wife; nor have we herein bar'd Your better Wiledomes, which have freely gone With this affaire along, for all our Thankes. Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras, Holding a weake fuppoft of our worth; Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death, Our State to be difroynt, and out of Frame, Colleagued with the dreams of his Advantage; He hath not fay'd to peifer vs with Meffege, Importing the surrender of thofe Lands Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law To our moft valiant Brother. So much for him. Enter Voltemand and Cornelius. Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting Thus much the bufeeneffe is. We have heere writ To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras, Who Impotent and Bedrid, fearefully heares Of this his Nephews purpofe, to fuppreffe His further gate herein. In that the Leues, The Lifts, and full proportions are all made Out of his fubflicte: and we heere difpatch You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand, For hearing of this greeting to old Norway, Giving to you no further personall power To bufeeneffe with the King, more then the scope Of thofe dilated Articles allow: Farewell and let your hafte commend your duty. Vol. In that, and all things, will we fhew our duty. King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell. Exit Voltemand and Cornelius. And now Laertes, what's the newes with you? You
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You told vs of some fuite. What is't Laertes? You cannot speake of Reasoon to the Dane, And looke your voyce. What would'thou beg Laertes, That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking? The Head is not more Newtie to the Heart, The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth, Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father. What would'thou haue Laertes? Laert. Dread my Lord, Your lease and favour to returne to France, From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke To shew my duty in your Coronation, Yet now I must confesse, that duty done, My thoughts and wilhes bend againe towards France, And bow them to your gracious lease and pardon. King. Hate you your Fathers leane? What says Polonius? Pol. He hath my Lord: I do beseech you grant him leaue to go. King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine, And by thy best graces spend it at thy will: But now my Czn Hamlet, and my Sonne? Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kinde. King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you? Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun. Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off, And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke. Do not for ever with thy voyed list Secke for thy Noble Father in the duft; Thou know'rt 'tis common, all that live must dye, Paffing through Nature, to Eternity. Ham. I Madam, it is common. Queen. If it be; Why seemes it so particular with thee. Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, is it: I know not seemes: 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother) Nor Customary futes of Soleme Blacke, Nor wanty sipuration of forc'd breath, No, nor the fruitfull Riber in the Eye, Nor the defected hauour of the Vifage, Together with all Formes, Moodes, shewes of Griefe, That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seeme, For they are actions that a man might play: But I have that Within, which paffeth show; These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe. King. 'Tis sweet and commendable In your Nature Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your Father: But you must know, your Father lovd a Father, That Father lovd, lovd his, and the Suruivour bound In filial Obligation, for some terme To do obsequious Sorrow: But to perfuer In obfinate Condomement, is a courfe Of impious ribburnes. 'Tis vnmanly greefe, It shews a will most incorrece to Heaven, A Heart vnfortified, a Minde Impatient, An Vnderstanding fimple, and vanshool'd: For, what we know must be, and is as common As any the moft vulgar thing to fence, Why shou'd we in our peeuish Opposition Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven, A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, To Reasoon moft absurd, whose common Thesme Is death of Fathers, and who fill hath cried, From the firft Corrie, till he that dyed to day, This must be fo. We pray you throw to earth This vnpreuaying woe, and thinke of vs As of a Father; For let the world take note, You are the moft immediate to our Throne, And with no leffe Nobility of Loue, Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne, Do I impart towards you. For your intent In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg, It is moft retrograde to our define: And we beseech you, bend you to remaine Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye, Our cheerefull Courtier Czn, and our Sonne. Laet. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet: I priyche fly with vs, go not to Wittenberg. Ham. I shall in all my bet Obey you Madam. King. Why is a loving, and a faire Reply, Be as our felle in Denmarke. Madam come, This gentle and vnforfe accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, No locond health that Denmarke drinks to day, But the great Cannon to the Clows shall tell, And the Kings Rose, the Heauens shall bruite againe, Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. Exeunt "Hamlet. Ham. Oh that this too too solid Fleth, would melt, Thaw, and refolve it felfe into a Dew: Or that the Euerlafting had not fixt His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-daughter. O God, O God! How weary, bafe, flat, and vnprofitable Seemes to me all the vses of this world? Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature Poffefse it merelie. That it should come to this: But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two, So excellent a King, that was to this Hyperion to a Satyre: fo louing to my Mother, That he might not betenee the winde of heauen Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth Muft I remember? why the would hang on him, As if encreafe of Appiite had growne By what it fed on; and yet within a month? Let me not thinke on't: Fraelty, thy name is woman. A little Month, or ere those shoes were old, With which the followed my poore Fathers body Like Niobe, all tears. Why fie, even fie. (O Heauen! A bealt that wants discouerse of Reasoon Would have mournd longer) married with mine Vnkle, My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father, Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth? Ere ye the falt of moft vnrighteous Teares Had left the flushing of her gaulted eyes, She married. O moft wicked fpeece, to poet With fuch dexterity to Inecetuous flrees: It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue. Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus. Hor. Haile to your Lordship. Ham. So glad to fee you well: Horatio, or do I forget my felie. Hor. The fame my Lord, And your poore Servant ever. Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you: And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?
Hold you the watch to Night?
Bob. We doe my Lord.
All. Longer, longer. Hor. Not when I spake. Ham. His Beard was grizly? no. Hor. It was, as I have feeene in his life, A Sable Siluer’d. (gaine. Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance ‘twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will. Ham. If it affume my noble Fathers person, Ie speake to it,though Hell it felte shoule gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hither concord this fight; Let it bee treble in your silence still; And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night, Glue it an underftanding but no tongue; I will requite your louses; fo, fare ye well: Upon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelve, Ie wit you. All. Our duty to your Honour. Exeunt. Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell. My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well: I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come; Till then fit fill my soule; foule deeds will rife, Though all the earth overwelm them to mens cles. Exit, 

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laet. My necessaries are imbarke’t; Farewell : And Sifter, as the Winds glue Benefit, And Conuoy is affilant; doe not sleepe, But let me hirare from you. 

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laet. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours, Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud; A Violet in the youth of Primity Nature; Froward, not permanent; sweet not lating The fuppallance of a minute? No more. Ophel. No more but fo. 

Laet. Think he it no more:
For nature creffant does not grow alone, In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes, The inward turvle of the Minde and Soule Grown wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now, And now no foyle nor cautell both befmerch The vertue of his feare: but you muft feare

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His greatneffe weigh'd, his will is not his owne; For hee himselfe is suffic'd to his Birth: Hee may not, as vnnailed perons doe, Carve for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends The sandrity and health of the woole State. And therefore muft his choyce be circumfo'd Unto the voyce and yeelding of that Body, Whereas he is the Head. Then if he fayes he loues you, It fits your wildefome to farre to beleue it; As hee in his peculiar art and force May glue his faying deede: which is no further, Then the maine voyce of Denmark goes withall. Then weigh what loffe your Honour may fufiane, If with too credent care you lift his Songs; Or lofe your Heart, or your chaff Treasure open To his vnmadred impertinency. Faire it Ophelia, fare it my deare Sifer, And keepe within the reare of your Affection: Out of the shot and danger of Defere. The chariift Maid is Prodiggall enough, If shee will make her beauty to the Moone: Vertue if felle feapes not calumnious brokes, The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring Too off before the buttons be difclo'd, And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth, Contagious blaiments are moft imminent. Be wary then, beft fayles in fea, Youth to ifte rebells, though none elfe neere. Ophel. I shall the effect of this good Leffon keepe, As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother Doe not as some vngravelous Patrons doe, Shew me the fpeece and thorny way to Heaven; Whilft like a puff and recklesfe Linferine Himselfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance treads, And reaks not his owne reade.

Ler. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I flay too long; but here my Father comes: A double blessing is a double grace; Occation smiles upon a second leave. Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame, The winde fits in the fhouder of your faile, And you are flaid for there: my bleffing with you; And thefe few Precepts in thy memory, See thou Character. Glue thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any vapportion'd thought his Act: Be thou familiar; but by no meanees vulgar: The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride, Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele: But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment Of each vnhatch't, vnfeild'd Comrade. Beware Entrance of an quarrill: but being in Bear's that th'o'po'ded may beware of thee. Glue every man thine carefull but few thy voyce: Take each mans confent but reforme thy judgement; Coily thy habit as thy pursue can buy; But not expref't in fancy; rich, not gawle: For the Apparel oft proclaims the man. And they in France of the beft rank and stature, Are of a moft folemn and generous cheif in that. Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For lone oft loes both it felle and friend: And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry. This abuse all; to thine owne felle be true: And it muft follow, as the Night the Day, Thou canst not then be felle to any man.


Tis told me he hath very oft of late Given priuate time to you; and you your felle Have of your audience beene moft free and bounteous. If it be fo, as fo tis put on me; And that in way of caution: I muft tell you, You doe not vnderfand your felle fo cleerely, As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour. What is betweene you, give me vp the truth? Ophel. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle, Vnfin'd in fuch perillous Circumfance. Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them? Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke. Polon. Marry Ile teech you; thinke your felle a Baby, That you have tane his tenders for true pay, Which are not flaring. Tender your felle more dearly; Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe, Roaming it thus, you 'll tendre me a foole.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourible fashion. Polon. I, faithon you may call it, go to, go to. Ophel. And hath gien countenance to his speech, My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen. Polon. I Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know When the Blood burns, how Prodiggill the Soule Grauls the tongue vowes: there be blaze, Daughter, Gluing more light then heat: extinct in both, Even in their promife, as it is a making; You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughtier, Be from what fencer of your Malfen prefence; Set your entertainments at a higher rate, Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, Beleeue fo much in him, that he is young, And with a larger tether may he walke, Then may be gien you. In few, Ophelia, Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers, Not of the eye, which their Inuinations show: But moere implorators of vnholie Sutes, Breathing like fancified and pious bonds, The better to beguile. This is for all: I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth, Have you to fander any moment leffe, As to glue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet: Louke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophel. I shall obeie my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Hecato, Marcellus. Ham. The Ayre bites throughly: is it very cold? Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre. Ham. What hower now? Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve. Mar. No, it is frooke. (feason.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it draws neere the Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke, What
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What does this meane my Lord? (roufe, Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keeps waufics and the waugcring vpring reale,
As he draws his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus braue out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuftome?
Ham. I marry lift.
And to my mind, though I am nathe here,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuflome:
More honour'd in the breach, then the obserue:
Enter Ghost.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes,
Ham. Angels and Minifhers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spofe of health, or Goblin dam'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen,or blasts from Hell,
Be thy cuuks wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in fuch a queftionable fhape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet,
King Claud, Reuenge, Oo,ho,answer me,
Let me not burft in Ignorance]; but tell
Why thy Cano'z'd bones Hearted in death,
Haue buft their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we faw thee quietly enu'm'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble tawes,
To caeft thee vp againe? What may this meanes?
That thou dead Coarfe againe in compleat fleee,
Reuifts thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hidious? And we foole of Nature,
So horribly to make our dispoftion,
With thoughts beyond them, reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost becogns Hamlet.
Hor. It becokes you to goe away with it,
As if it fome impoition did defire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous fession
It waftes you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No,by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what fhould be the fear?
I doe not fet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule,what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall it felfee:
It waues me forth againe: Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you towards the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreafefull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea,
And there affumes fome other horrifh forme,
Which might deprifie your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madneffe thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me fiIIe: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You fhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be ru'd, you fhall not goe.
Ham. My fate criest out.
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Liones nere:
Still am I cal'd? Vhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, I lea a Ghost of him that lets me:
I fay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Hor. He waues desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what ifitue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Exeunt.
Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur-
Ghoft. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoft. My hower is almost come,
When I to fulphurous and tormenting Flames
Mufet render vp my felfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.
Ghoft. Pitty me not, but lend thy ferial hearing
To what I fhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoft. So art thou to reuenge, when thou haft heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoft. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to wake the night;
And for the day coming to fift his Fiers,
Till the foules crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the fecrets of my Prifon-Houfe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lighteft word
Would howre vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, flart from them Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to fland an end,
Like Quilles vpohn the fretfull Porpentine :
But this eternall blazon muft not be
To eares of flesh and blood; lift Hamlet, oh lift,
If thou didt euer thy deare Father love.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Ghoft. Renenge his foule and moft vnnatural Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoft. Murther moft foule, as in the beft it is;
But this moft foule, strange, and vnnatural.
Ham. Haft, haft me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May Sweepe to my Renenge.
Ghoft. I finde thee apt,
And dueller should'ft thou be then the fat weede
That rots it felfe in cafe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ft thou not firre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It's given out, that fleeing in mine Orchard,
A Serpent flung me: to the whole care of Denmarke,
It by a forfog proceffe of my death
Rancly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did fling thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Prophefick foule: mine Uncle?
Ghoft. I that inculcuous, that adorant Peal
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guilts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to deduce? Won to to this flamefull Luft
The will of my moft fearning vertuous Quene:
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage: and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vrue, as it never will be housed,
Though Lewdneffe court the in a shape of Heauen:
So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it felfe in a Celltfull bed, & pray on Garbage.
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But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;  
Upon my secreter howe thy Uncle foile  
With hyues of cured Helicon in a Viole,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did pour 
The leesperous Difliments, whose effect  
Holds such an enmyty with bloud of Man,  
That swift as quick-fluer, it courseth through  
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;  
And with a fastaine vigour it doth perfet  
And cure, like Ayre droppings into Milke,  
The thin and wholome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most infant Tetter bak'd about,  
Moff Laxity-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth Body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once difpatcht;  
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,  
Vnhouzled, dispointed, vnnameled,  
No reckoning made, but feare to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;  
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmark be  
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
But howsoever thou purfeth this QG,  
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule continue  
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,  
And to those Thores that in her boforme lodge,  
To pricke and fling her. Fare thee well at once;  
The Glove-worne thores the Matine to be unread,  
And gins to pale his vnaffectual Fire.  
Adue,adue, Hamlet: remember me.  
Exit.  
Ham. Oh all you hoist of Haueun! Oh Earth; what chas  
And shall I couple Hell? Oh heare; hold my heart;  
And you my finnewes grow not infant Old;  
But beare me fflifely vp: Remember thee?  
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate  
In this distraeted Globe: Remember thee?  
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,  
Ie wipe away all triall Fond Records,  
All faces of Bookes, all forms, all proffes past,  
That youth and obsercation coppied there;  
And thy Commandment all alone shall live  
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,  
Vnmit with baleer matter; yes, by Haueun:  
Oh most perficius woman!  
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smilling damned Villaine!  
My Tables, my Table; meet it I set it downe,  
That one may smyle, and smile and be a Villaine;  
At least I fure it may be fo in Denmark;  
So Vuckle there you are: now to my word;  
It In, Adue, Adue, Remember me: I have fwarent.  

Her. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord,  
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.  
Mar. Lord Hamlet.  
Hor. Haueuen fecure him.  
Mar. So be it.  

Her. Illa, ho, ho, my Lord.  

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come bird, come.  
Mar. How lift't my Noble Lord?  
Her. What newes, my Lord?  
Ham. Oh wonderfull!  
Her. Good my Lord tell it.  
Ham. No you'lt reacall it.

Her. Not I, my Lord, by Haueun.  
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it)  
Ham. How fay you then, would heart of man once  
But you'll be secret?  
"Eck, I, by Haueun', my Lord.  
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmrake  
But he's an arrant knaue.  
Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the  
Grace, to tell vs this.  
Ham. Why right, you are I' th' right;  
And fo, without more circumference at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your busines and defires shall point you:  
For every man has his business and defire,  
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,  
Lookke you, I lege pray.  
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.  
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you hearty:  
Yes faith, heartily.  
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.  
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patent, but there is my Lord,  
And much offence too, touching this VSSION heere:  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your defire to know what is betweene vs,  
O'ermartert as you may. And now good friends,  
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,  
Give me one poore request.  
Her. What is't my Lord? we will.  
Ham. Neuer make known what you have seen to night.  
But. My Lord, we will not.  
Ham. Nay, but weare't.  
Hor. Inhale my Lord, not I.  
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.  
Ham. Vpon my fword.  
Marcell. We have fwarene my Lord already.  
Ham. Indeed, vpon my fword, Indeed.  
Glo. Swere,  
Glaphers under the Stage.  
Ham. Ah ha boy, fayest thou fo. Art thou there true-penny? Come one you here this fellow in the fellerede  
Content to fware.  
Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.  
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you have feene,  
Sware by my fword.  
Glo. Swere,  
Ham. His & orbique? Then weele thirft for grownd,  
Come hither Gentlemen,  
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,  
Neuer to speake of this that you have heard:  
Sware by my Sword.  
Glo. Swere,  
Ham. (flaft)  
Well faid old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground fo  
A worthy Planer, once more remoue good friends.  
Hor. Oh day and nightbut this is wondrous strange.  
Ham. And therefore as a stranger glue it welcome.  
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatius,  
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy But come,  
Here as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,  
How strange or oddo so ere I beare my selfe;  
(As I perchance hereafter shall thinke mee  
To put an Anticke disposition on)  
That you at fuch time feeing me, never shal  
With Armes encumberd thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrases;  
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,  
Or if we to speake; or there be and if there might,  
Or fuch ambiguous gling out to note,  
That
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Sware.

Gloef. Sware.

Ham. Reit, reit perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what fo poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe you expresse his loue and friendly to you,
God willing shal not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And fyll your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt: Oh curfed night,
That euer I was borne to fet it right.
Nay,come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynold.  

Polon. Glue him his money, and thefe notes Reynolds.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You fhall doe maruells wifely: good Reynolds,
Before he vife him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well fald;

Very well fald. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskern are in Paris;
And how, and whom what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what experience and finding
By this encompiatement and drift of question,
That they doe know my fonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demandis will touch it,
Take you as t'were some diiftant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynolds?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may fay not well;
But it's be hee I meane, hees very well;
Addicted fo and fo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleafe: marry, none fo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, fuch wanton, wild, and vifuall flies,
As are Companions noted and moft knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord,

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearng, quarrelling, drauſing. You may goe to farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feaon it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That hee is open to Incontinentes,
That's not my meaning: but his faults fo quaintly,
That they may feme the taints of liberty;
The ruff and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A fanguene in vaſcram'd blood of generall affault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant;
You laying these light fullyes on my Sonne,
As 'were a thing a little foild it' th' working:
(found,
Mark you your party in conuerfe; him you would
Hauling euers feene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guile, be affur'd
He clofes with you in this conqueſcense:
Good fir, or fo,friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraie and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does what I am about to fay?
I was about to fay fomethings where did I leaue?

Reynol. At clofes in the conqueſcense:
At friend, or fo, and Gentleman.

Polon. At clofes in the conqueſcense, I marry,
He clofes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I faw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with fuch and fuch; and as you fay,
There was he gaming, there o'rewoke in a Round,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I faw him enter fuch a houfe of idle;
Fideſte, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your bair of falhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of what done and of which
With windlifes, and with affaires of Bias,
By indirectiones finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne you have me, have you not?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you, fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obferue his inclination in your felfe.

Reynol. I thall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Mufick.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have beene fo affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnblinde'd,
No hat vpon his head, his flocks foon'd,
Vnharleed, and downe glued to his Ankle,
Falc as his fhirft, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke fo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looed out of hell,
To Ipeake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.

Polon. What fayd he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his armes;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to fuch perfall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long fald he fo,
At laft, a little faking of mine Arme:
And thirc his head thus waung vp and downe;
He rafe'd a figh, fo pittious and profound,
That it did feme to flatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laft, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe feele the King,
This is the very eftaque of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it felle,

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am forie,
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Opes. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forie that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I fear he will be trife,
And meant to wracke thee: but before my jealousy;
It seems it is as proper to our Age,
To caft beyond our sensual in our Opinions,
As it is common for the young fort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, w being kept clofe might move
More greefe to hide, then hate to vter loue.  

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guilden-stern Companys.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guilden-stern.
Moreover, that we much did long to fee you,
The neede we have to vfe you, did prouoke
Our halle fending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Since not the exterior, nor the inward man
Refembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of fo young dayes brought vp with him:
And since fo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your reit here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Que. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And fare I am two men there are not fuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleafe you
To shew vs fo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Vifitation shall receive fo much thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Souerainetie power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into Command
Then to Entretie.

Gai. We both obey,
And here giue vp our felues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feetes,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosencrantz, and gentle Guilden-stern.

Gai. Thankes Guilden-stern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I befeech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go fome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gai. Heauen make our preffence and our prefalies
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Exit.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambaffadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still haft bin the Father of good Newes.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elfe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traitle of Policie, fo fure
As I haue vud to do: that I haue found
The very caufc of Hamlers Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Glue firft admittance to th' Ambaffadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Peaft.

King. Thy felfe do grace to them, and bring them in.

Pol. He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and foure of all your Sonnes difterm.

Que. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o' re-hafty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Volunum, and Cornelia.

King. Well, we shall fit him. Welcome good Friends:
Say Volunum, what from our Brother Norway?

Felt. Moft faire returne of Greetings, and Defires.

Pol. Upon our firft, he went out to suppreffe
His Nephewes Leudies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainft the Polesk:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againft your Highneffe, whereat greu'd,
That fo his Sickneffe, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, fends out Arrefts
On Fortuneas, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To glue th'affay of Armes againft your Maiestie
Whereon old Norway, overcom'e with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commandion to imploie thofe Soldiers
So leued as before, againft the Polesk:
With an intreaty herein further fwayne,
That it might pleafe you to glue quiet paife
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On fuch regards of fafety and allowance,
As therein are fet down.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more confider'd time we'ld read,
Anwer, and thinke vpon this Bufineffe.

Que. Meane time we thank you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your ret, at night we'll Peaff together.

Moft welcome home.  

Exit Ambaff.

Pol. This bufineffe is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expouphate
What Maleffe should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waife Night, Day, and Time.

Therefore, fince Breuitt is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousffe, the limbes and outward flourifhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneffe,
What it is, but to be nothing elfe but mad.
But let that go.

Que. More matter, with lefte Art.

Pol. Madam, I liewe I vie no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'us pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolifh figure.
But favell me: for I will vfe no Art.

Mad
To the Celfhi:t, and my Soule Lisl., the moft beautiful Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrafe, a wilde Phrafe, beautified is a wilde Phrafe: but you shall heare thefe in her excellent white bofome, thefere.

_Qu._ Came this from _Hamlet_ to her.

_Pol._ Good Madam fav'v awhile, I will be faithfull.

_Doubt thou, the Starres are fire, Doubt, that the Sonne doth mone: Doubt: Truth to be a Lie, But in Doubt, Do, or Do not, O decre Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones; but that I love thee kis, oh moft Beij belle-leave it. Adieu._

_Thine earuermore moft deere Lady, whilft this eMachine is to him, Hamlet._

This in Obedience hath my daughter thow'd me: And more aboue hath his folliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All guen to mine ear.

_King._ But how hath the receiv'd his Loue? _Pol._ What do you thinke of me? _King._ As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

_Pol._ I wold feane profe so:But what might you thinke? When I had feene this hot loue on the wing, As I perceived it, I must tell you that Before my Daughter told me, what might you Or my deere Madifell your Queene heere, think, If I had playd the Deske or Table-book, Or guen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe, Or look'd upon this Loue, with idle fight, What might you thinke? I, No, I went round to worke, And (my yong Misfit) thus I did beipleare

_Lord Hamlet_ is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muft not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her, That she should locke her selfe from his Refort, Admit no Meifengers, receive no Tokens: Which done, the twike the Fruits of my Advices, And he repuls'd. A short Tale to make,
Fall into a Sadneffe, then into a Faft,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakenne,
Thence to a Lightneffe, and by this declenlion
Into the Madneffe whereon now he raves, And all we walle for.

_King._ Do you thinke 'tis this? 

_Qu._ It may be very likly.

_Pol._ Hath there bene sau some fuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have poffiftely faid, 'tis fo,
When it prof'd otherwife?

_King._ Not that I know.

_Pol._ Take this from this; if this be otherwife,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

_King._ How may we try it further? _Pol._ You know sometimes
He walke foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby,

_Qu._ So he ha's indeed.

_Pol._ At fuch a time Ile loofe my Daughter to him, Be you and I behinde an Arras then, Marke the encounter: If he lave her not, And be not from his reafon faine thereon; Let me be no Affiitant for a State, And keep a Farne and Carters.

_King._ We will try it.

Enter _Hamlet_ reading on a Booke.

_Qu._ But looke where fadly the poore wretch Comes reading.

_Pol._ Away I do befeech you, both away, Ile boord him prettily._

_Exit King & Queen._

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord _Hamlet_? _Ham._ Well, God-a-mercy. _Pol._ Do you know me, my Lord?

_Ham._ Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger._

_Pol._ Not I my Lord._

_Ham._ Then I would you were fo honeft a man. _Pol._ Honett, my Lord? _Ham._ I fir, to be honeft 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 Carlion——

_Have you a daughter? _Pol._ I have my Lord._

_Ham._ Let her not walke I'th'Sonne: Conception is a blefing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't._

_Pol._ How fay you by that? Still harping on my daugther: yet he knew me not at first; he faid I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I fuffered much extremity for loue: very neere this: He speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? _Ham._ Words, words, words._

_Pol._ What is the matter, my Lord?

_Ham._ Betweene who? _Pol._ I mean the matter you meane, my Lord.

_Ham._ Slanders Sir: for the Satyrical flue fales here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkle: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentiful locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moft powerfully, and potently beleue: yet I holde it not Honettie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your felfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

_Pol._ Though this be madneffe, Yet there is Method in't: will you walke Out of the ayre my Lord? _Ham._ Into my Graue? _Pol._ Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:

_How pregnant (sometimes)his Replies are? A happineffe, That often Madneffe hits on, Which Reafon and Sanitive could not So shorely be deliu'r'd of.

I will leaue him, And sodainely conteinue the meanings of meeting Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.
Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Th'ce tedious old foolus.

Pol. You go to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosin-gun and Guildenstern.

Ros. God face you Sir.

Gild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Ros. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends! How do'th thou?

Guildenstern? Oh, Rosin-gun; good Laus: How doe ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Gild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoe?

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live 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: the is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Ros. None my Lord; but that the World's grown worse.

Ham. Then is Doome day nearer: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that the lends you to Prifon hither?

Gild. Prifon, my Lord.

Ham. Denmark's a Prifon.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Con- fines, Wars, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o' th' wort.

Ros. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you for, there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prifon.

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 selfe 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 meerely the shadow of a Dreaome.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Ros. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-fretch Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: fort, by my fey I cannot rea-

*Back. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my fervants: so for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at Elysonmer?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and fure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, dealde luftly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Gild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confedion in your looke: which your modeles have not craft enough to co-

lor, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee conuire you by the rights of our fellowship, by the conformed of our youth, by the Obligation of our eucl-prefered love, and by what more deare, a better prosperer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you if you loue me hold not off.

Gild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation present your discernie of your securite to the King and Queeneinout no feather, I haste of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-

ercte; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposi-

tion; that this goodly frame the Earth, feemes to me a fer-

rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maelicall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and peliuent congregation of va-

pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Rea-son? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Pargason of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintellence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say fo.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such flufhe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Ros. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Mielesly shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vfe his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not fight grante, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Cloone shall make those laugh whole louns are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady shall fay her mind free: or the blanke Verse shall halt fore: what Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their resi-

dence both in reputation and profitt was better both ways.

Ros. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the fame estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their indeauour keeps in the woned place; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yales, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clipt fore: there are now the i:hi-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

The which he loued paffing well.
Pol. Still on my Daughter.
Ham. Am I not Thirftie old Iphbo?
Pol. If you call me Iphbo my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paffing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Pol. What followes then, my Lord?
Ham. Why, As by Iot, God wot: and then you know, It came to paff, as mod like it was: The first rowe of the Pons Chafanion will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter fure or fute Players.
Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to fee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my ole Friend? Thy face is valiant since I faw thee laft: Com'th thou to bearde me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miftis? Bylady your Ladyship is nearer Hauen then when I faw you laft, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peac. of vnconceivable Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcomeweel'ne to't like French Faulconers, fie at any thing we feet we'll have a Speech fraught. Come giue vs a taft of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?
Ham. I haue not fpeak me a speech once, but it was neuer Afded: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleasd not the Million, 'twas Cauaric to the Generall: but it was (as I receu'd it, and others, whole judgement in fuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, fet downe with as much moderate, as cunning. I remember one faid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fauoury; nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the Author of affectionation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheere Speech in it, I cheerefully loud, 'twas Seene Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he fpeaks of Priams flaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me fee, let me fee: The rugged Pyrrhus like th'Hyrcanian Beat. It is not fo it begins with Pyrrhus.
The rugged Pyrrhus, he where Sable Armes Blacke as his purpoe, did the night refemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfes, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion fmeard With Heroidry more difmal: Head to foote Now is he to take Geules, horribly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Baked' and impafi'd with the parching frofts, That lend a tyrannous, and dammed light To their vile Murthers, roaffd in wrath and fire, And thus o're-fiz'd with coagulate gore, VWith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old Grandifie Priam fleeks.
Pol. Fore God,my Lord, well fpoken, with good accent, and good difcretion.

1. Player. Anon he finds him,
Striking too fhort at Grecnes. His attache Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, where it falles Repugnant to command: unequall match, Pyrrhus at Priam drivius, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whife and windes of his fell Sword, Th'vnnered Father falts. Then fenefalefle illum, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crush Takes prifoner Pyrrhus eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend Priam, feem'd I'th'Ayre to flieke:

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So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus flood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some formes,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racks & flamplull,
The bold windes speechleffe, and the Orbe below
As hush as death : Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus paufe,
A royled Vengeance fets him new a-works,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall.
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leftes remotre then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falles on Proiam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her power :-
Braoke all the Spakes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boole the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. I shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pri-
they say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
feepes. Say on; come to Hecuba.
1 Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheeume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem flood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-temed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had feene, with tongue in Vencome feep'd,
'Gainft Fortunes State, would Treascon pronounce?
But if the Gods themselues did fee her then,
When the faw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mining with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The infant Burft of Glamour that she made
(Vulnere things mortall moue them not at all)
Wou'd have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And fation in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour,
and ha's teares in'ye eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. Til well, Ie haue thefe speake out the reft,
foone. Good my Lord, will you feee the Players well
brow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well v'd: for they are
the Abbreftes and breefe Chronicles of the time.
After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their de-
fart.

Ham. Gods bodlykes man, better. Vfe eucrie man
after his defart, and who should scape whipping: vfe
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lefte they
deferve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come fir.

Ham. Follow him Friends:we'll hear a play to mor-
row. Doft thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of Gironage?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for
a need study a speech of some dofen or sixtene lines, which
I would set downe, and infrert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ie leave you til night
you are welcome to Elopenhower.

Rofin. Good my Lord.

Mant. Hamlet.

Ham. I fo, God buy ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant fay am I?
Is it not monftrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion,
Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his vifage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, defraction in's fected,
A broken voicke, and his whole Puffion fuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him,or he to Hecuba,
That he should wepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Mothe and the Cue fo fuchion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with teares,
And cleue the general ear with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very facul of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddely-melted Raphael, peake
Like John a-dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,
And can fay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whole property, and moft deere life,
A damnd defeate was made. Am I a Cauord?
Who calleth me Villaine? breaks my pate a-croffe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Twekes me by'th'Nofe? giveth me the Lye I'th'Trourte,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does this me?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make opprefion bitter, or eee this,
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaurs Offall, bloodly: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorfeleffe, Treacherous, Letercherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Affe am I? I fure, this is moft brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muff (like a Whoare) vpmake my heart with words,
And fill a Curling like a very Draught,
A Scullion? Eye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine,
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sittting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene strooke fo to the foule, that prefently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefictions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will fpeak
With mouth of maraculous Organ. Ie haue thefe Players,
Play fomthing like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkele. Ie obfervs his lookes,
Ie tent him to the quicke: If he but brench
I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene
May be the Druell, and the Druel bath power
Taffume a feeding flape, yea and perhapps
Out of my Weakneffe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potente with fuch Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ie haue grounds
More Relatian then this: The Play's the thing
Wherein Ie catch the Confience of the King.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Re-
simaries, Guildenfier, and Lords.

King. And can yon by no drift of circumftance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating fo hardly all his dyues of quiet

With

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With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

They. They do confess he feeleth himselfe distracted, but from what caufe he will by no means speake.

Gui. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded, but with a crafty Maffine keeps aloofe:

When we would bring him on to some Confession

Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a Gentleman.

Gui. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you affay him to any paletime?

Rof. Madam, it fo fell out, that certaine Players

We are-wrought on the way: of these we told him,

And there did freame in him a kinde of joy

To hear of it: They are about the Court,

And (as I thinkes) they have already order

This night to play before him.

Pul. 'Tis most true:

And he before did me to intreate your Maiesties

To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentleman,

Glue him a further edge, and drive his purpose on

To their delights.

Rof. We shall my Lord. 

Exc. quit. 

King. Sweet Gertrude leaue vs too,

For we have cloesly lent for Hamlet bither,

That he, as'twere by accident, may there

Affront Ophelia. Her Father and my selfe(lawfull ephaias)

Will fo bewow our felues, that seeing vnseene

We may of their encounter frankly judge,

And gather by him, as he is behaued,

Ift be chaffication of his loue, or no.

That thus he sufferes for!

Qu. I shall obey you,

And for your part Ophelia, I do with

That your good Beauties be the happy caufe

Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your Honours.

Oph. Madam, I with it may.

Pul. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious fo please ye

We will betrow our selues: Reade on this booke,

That shew of such an exercice may colour

Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,

"It was much more proud, that with Desotions village,

And pious Action, we do purge ore

The disuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth give my Confidence?

The Harlots Cheeke beautified with plaitting Art

Is not more vly to the thing that helps it,

Then is my decency, to my most painted word.

Oh heauie burthen!

Pul. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exc. quit. 

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Quelion?

Whether 'ts Nobler in the minde to suffer

The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune, Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles, And by opposing end them: to die, to sleepe No more; and by a sleepe, to lay we end

The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shocks

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a confummatation

Deco'utly to be with'd. To dye to sleepe,

To sleepe, per chance to Dream; I, there's the rub,

For in that sleepe of death, what dreams may come,

When we have thoffled'd off this mortal coil,

Muft sleepe vs pawfe. There's the respect

That makes Calamity of so long life:

For who would heare the Whips and Scornes of time,

The Oppreffors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,

The pangs of diuife'd Lone, the Laues delay,

The inffolence of Office, and the Spurres

That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,

When he himselfe might his Quietus make

With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles beare

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndivifed Country, from whose Borne

No Trueler returns, Purzels the will,

And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,

Then flye to others that we know not of.

Thus Confidence does make Cowards of us all,

And thus the Nature hew of Resolution

Is fickled o're, with the pale cafe of Thought,

And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their Currents turne away,

And looke the name of Action. Soft you now,

The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orions

Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. 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-deliver.

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 fo sweet breath compoud'd,

As made the things more rich, then perfume left:

Take these againe, for to the Noble minde

Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove vnkinde.

There my Lord.

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 Honesty

should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Oph. Could these my Lord, have better Comerce

then your Honettie?

Ham. I trullie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner

transforme Honettie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the

force of Honettie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.

This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it

proofe. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue fo.

Ham. You should not have beleued me. For vertue

cannot fo innoculate our old stocke, but we fally relish

of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would't thou

be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honett,

but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bette

my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-

vengeful, Ambitious, with more offences at my brecke,

then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give

them shape, or time to acte them in. What should fuch

Fel-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Fellows as I do, crawling betwixt Heaven and Earth.
We are arrant Knaves all, beleune none of vs.
Goe thy ways to a Nunnery.
Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Fool no way, but in owne house.

Ophe. O help him, you sweet Heauens
Ham. If thou donst Marry, I lye geue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou fhalt not escape Calumny.

Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell.

Ophe. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
for Wife men know well enough, what monstren you
To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Fare
well.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.
Ham. I have heard of your pratlings too well enough.
Gods have given you one peace, and you make your felic an-
other. I allay'd vomit, yonder, I do not like life, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance.
Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
I fay, we have no more Marriages. Tho'te that are
married already, all but one shall flue, the ref flue keep
as they are. To a Nunnery go.

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, fword,
Th'expel fantie and Rofe of the faire State,
The glaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obfer'd of all Obferuers, quite,quite downe.
Hauie I of Ladies mol'd deified and wretched,
That fuch't the Homie of his Mus trickle Voves:
Now fee that Noble, and moft Soueraine Reafon,
Like fweet Belsiang outanged of tune, and harfs,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blome youth,
Blaited with extrafe. Oh woe is me,
Thafe feene what I have feene: fee what I fee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he fpake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madneffe. There's fomething in his foule:
O're which his Melanchollie fits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the difclore
Will be fome danger, which to prevent
I hace in quickc determination.
Thus to his home. He fhall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This fomething fetted matter in his heart:
W'hen on his Brawnes flill burning, put him thus
From fashion of himfelf. What think you on't?

Pet. It fhall do well. But yet do I belieue
The Origin and Commencement of this greene
Sprung from neglepeted loue. How now Ophe? You
Need not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet lode,
We heard it all. My Lord, do you pleafe,
But if you hold it firft after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To fhew his Grecfe: let her be rounded with him,
And I he pleace'd fo, pleasfe you in the care
Of all their Conference. If he finde him not,
To England fend him: Or confine him where
Your wifedom beft bllt thinkke.

King. It fhall be fo:
Madneffe in great Ones, muft not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.
To feed & cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd? No, let the Candled tongue, like aburd pompe, And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, Where thurf may follow failing? Doo thou hearre, Since my deere Soule was Mithris of my choyce, And cou'd of men diufpight, her election Hath feal'd thee for her felte. For thou haft bene As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that Fortunes buffetts, and Rewards Hath 'taine with equal Thankes. And bief are those, Whole Blood and Judgement are fo well co-mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, To found what flip the pleafes. Give me that man, That is not Paffions Slave, and I will weare him In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart, As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a Play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death, I prythee, when thou feel'st that Aete a-foot, Even with the varie Comment of my Soule Odberne mine Yakke: If his occulted guilt, Do not it felte vnkennell in one speech, It is a damned Ghoft that we have feene: And my Imaginations are as foule As Vulcans Stythe. Gue him needfull note, For I mine eyes will riuete to his Face: And after we will both our judgements joyn, To cenure of his feeming.

Hor. Well my Lord, If he feale ought the whil'mt this Play is Playing, And lape deteting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance, Guidenfrenr, and othor Lords attendant, with bis Guard carrying Torches. Danjib March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofan Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Haft, of the Camelions dith: I este the Ayre promiffe-crammed, you cannot feed Capons fo. King. I have nothing with this anwser Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once I t'h'Vnuerift, you say? Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enaet? Pol. I did enaet Iras Coler, I was kill'd? t'h' Capitol: Brutus kill'd me.


Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters? Oph. I thinke nothing, my Lord. Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs Oph. What is my Lord?


Ham. Oh God, your onely rigge-makers what should a man do, but he merrie. For looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord. Ham. So long? Nay then let the Duet weary blackes, for Ile have a suit of Sibles. Oh Helens dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-lie his life halfe a yere: but byladye he must bulde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hob-y-horse, whose Epitaph is, For 0, 0, the Hob-y-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbes play enter.

Enter a King and Queens, very beauteely, the Queens embrac- ing him. She kneels, and makes flow of Prostatation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him downe vpon a Bank of Flowers. She facing him a-flote, leaves him. Ann comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and poweres peyon in the Kings ears, and Exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Popeyne, with some two or three Males comes in againes, feeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Popeyne Wears the Queens with Gifts, she seems loath and unwilling ambile, but in the end, accepts his love.

Exeunt

Oph. What means this, my Lord? Ham. Marry this is Misching Malicho, that means Mischeefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell vs what this shew meant? Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not you ahumd't to shew, he'll not thame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue. For vs, and for our Tragedie: Here shewing to your Clementie: We beghe your hearing Pervincente.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poete of a Ring? Oph. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queens. King. Full thirtie times hath Phbucus Cart gon round, Nephtes falt Waif, and Tellus Orbed ground: And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed theene, About the World have times twelve thirties beene, Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands Wile comutual, in most sacred Bandes. Tipt, So many journeys may the Sunne and Moone Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done. But woe is me, you are so fickle of late, So farre from cheere, and from your forme flate, That I disfriuf te you: yet though I disfriuf, Discomfort you (my Lord) It nothing muft: For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitle, In
In neither ought, or in extremity:  
Now what my love is, prove hath made you know,  
And as my Loue is fird, my Fear is fo.  

King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too:  
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:  
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,  
Honour'd, belon'd, and happy, one as kinde.  
For Husband shalt thou—  

Bap. Oh confound the rest:  
Such Loue, mult needs be Treason 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 Infrances that second Marriage moue,  
Are base refpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.  
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,  
Who second Husband kifft me in Bed.  

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speake:  
But what we do determine, oft we breake:  
Purpose is but the flauce to Memorie,  
Of violent Birth, but poore validity:  
Which now like Fruitre vnripe flickes on the Tree,  
But fall vnhaften, when they mellow bee.  
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay our felves, what to our felves is debt:  
What to our felves in passion we propofe,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lofe.  
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,  
Their owne ennemors with themfelves defroy:  
Where Joy moft Reuels, Greefe doth moft lament;  
Greefe loyes, Joy greeues on flender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That eu'n our Loues should with our Fortunes change.  
For 'tis a queftion left vs yet to prove,  
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.  
The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,  
The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:  
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,  
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend:  
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,  
Direcly feafts him his Enemy,  
But orderly to end, where I begun,  
Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,  
That our Deuices fill are overthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.  
So thinke thou wilt no fcond Husband wed.  
But die thy thoughts, when thy firt Lord is dead.  

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heauen light,  
Sport and repofe locke from me day and night:  
Each oppofite that blankes the face of Joy,  
Meet what I would haue well, and it defroy:  
Both here, and hence, perfue me lafting ftrife,  
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.  

Ham. If thef should brake it now.  

King. 'Ts deeply fave you  
Sweet, leave me here a while,  
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
The tedious day with fleep.  

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,  

And never come midwife betweene vs twaine.  

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?  

Qu. The Lady protest to much me thinke.  

Ham. Oh but fieue'll keep her word.  

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of- 
fence in't?  

Ham. No, no, they do but left, poftyon in left, no Of- 
fence i'th'world.  

King. What do you call the Play?  

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:  
This Play is the Image of a murd're done in Vienna: Gen- 
age is the Dukes name, his wife Baptifta: you shall fee anon: 'tis a knauish piece of worke: But what o'that?  
Your Maeftrice, and wee that have free foules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade whch our withers are vnrgun.  

Enter Lucianna.  

This is one Lucianna nephew to the King.  

Opé. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.  

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your Loue:  
if I could fee the Puppets dallying.  

Opé. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.  

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.  

Opé. Still better and wors.  

Ham. So you miftake Husband.  

Begin Murderer. Pox, leafe thy damnable Faces, and begin.  
Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re- 
venge.  

Lucian. Thoughts blanke, hands apt,  
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:  
Confederate fefon, elfe, no Creature feeing:  
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,  
With Hecats Ban, thriue blatted, thriue infected,  
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire property,  
On whomlife of, vfarpe immediately.  

Pompe the pofton in his cares.  

Ham. He poynson him i'th'Garden for's eftate: His name's Genage: the Story is extant and writ in choype Italian. You shal fee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of Genage's wife.  

Opé. The King rifes.  

Ham. What, frighted with falle fire.  

Qu. How fares my Lord?  

Pol. Glue o're the Play.  

King. Glue me some Light. A way.  

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.  

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go wepe,  
The Hart vngalled play:  
For some muit watch, while some muit fleep;  
So runnes the world away.  
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the reft of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Rifes on my rac'd Shooses, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players fir.  

Her. Halfe a share.  

Ham. A whole one I.  

For thou doft know: Oh Donan deere,  
This Realme dimantted was of Loue himfelfe,  
And now reignes here.  

A vere vere Paleoke.  

Her. You might haue Rim'd.  

Ham. Oh good Horatius, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'tt perceiue?  

Her. Verie well my Lord.  

Ham. Vpon the talk of the poftyon?  

Her. I did verie well note him.  

Ham. Enter Reuerence and Guildenfenne.  

Ham. Oh, ha? Come fome Multick. Come I Recorderes:  
For if the King like not the Comedie,  
Why then belike he fikes it not perdie.  
Come fome Multick.  

Guld. Good my Lord, vouche safe me a word with you.  

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

GUILD. The King, Sir.

Ham. Sir, what of him?

GUILD. Is in his retirement, marvellous discompos'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

GUILD. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it felt more richer, to dignifie this to his Doctor; for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

GUILD. Good my Lord put your discours into some frame, and start not so widly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

GUILD. The Queene your Mother, in most great affiliation of spirits, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

GUILD. Nay, good my Lord, this courtsey is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Buonefte.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

GUILD. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits disjoint.

GUILD. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

ROYIN. Then thus she fayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so affonish a Mother. But is there no fquell at the heales of this Mothers admiration?

ROYIN. She defires to speake with you in her Clofett, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our Mother.

Have you any further Trade with vs?

ROYIN. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by thefe pickers and fealers.

ROYIN. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper? You do freely barre the door of your owne Liberti, if you deny your grees to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

ROYIN. How can that be, when you haue the voyage of the King himselfe, for your Sucception in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grave growes, the Proverbe is something muty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of me, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

GUILD. O my Lord, if my Duke be too bold, my lose is too vnnatural.

Ham. I do not well understan that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

GUILD. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

GUILD. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beleeue you.

GUILD. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lyning: governe thefe Vntights with your finger and thumbe, glue it breath with your mouth, and it will discouer most excellent Musick.

Looke you, these are the stopes.

GUILD. But these cannot I command to any vterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon me; you would seeme to know my flops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would find mee from my lowest Nooto, to the top of my Compasse and there is much Musick, excellent voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easer to bee plaid 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.

POLONIUS. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you, and prefently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

POLONIUS. By'th'Miffes, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weasell.

POLONIUS. It is back'd like a Weasell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

POLONIUS. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

POLON. I will say fo. Exit.

Ham. By and by, is eaily fai'd. Leave me Friends: 'Tis now the vertue witching time of night, When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it felde breathes out Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter buonefte as the day Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother: Oh Heart, looke not thy Nature; let not euuer The Soule of Nere, enter this firme bonde: Let me be cruel, not vnnatuall, I will speake Daggers to her, but vs none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrizes. How in my words formeuere he be fent, To glue them Scales, neuer my Soule contend.

Enter King, ROYIN, and GUILDENSTERN.

KING. I like him not, nor flands it fafe with vs, To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commiffion will forth with dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The termes of our ceafe, may not endure Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourley grow Out of his Luminous.

GUILD. We will our fules provide: Most holie and Religious feare it is To keepe thofe many many bodies fafe That lye and feeke vpon your Maieftie.

ROYIN. The fingle

And peculier life is bound
With all the strengt and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it fale from noyance: but much more, That Spirit, vpon whole fpirit depends and refts
The lives of many, the ceafe of Maieftie
Dies not alone: but like a Guife doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maffe wheel.
Fixt on the Sommet of the higheft Mount,
To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lffe for things
Are mortis'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexement, petty confeguence
Attends the boybour Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King fliege, but with a general grone.

KING. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage; For we will Fetters put vpon this fears,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Botb. We will haste vs.

Exit Polonius. 

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet:
Below the Arras Ile conuey my felle
To hear the Proceffe. Ile warrant thee'll tax him home,
And as you faid, and wisely was it faid,
'Tis meeete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantoge. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpoun you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Kings. Thankes deere my Lord,
Oh my offence is rankes, it fmelis to heauen,
It hath the primall elder cutt vpoun't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
This inclination be my lord,
My stronger guilt, defeats my ftrong intent,
And like a man to double buineffe bound,
I f tand in Paige where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect ; what if this curfed hand
Were once their glift, then it fell with lefs free blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snowe? Wereto feres mercy,
But to confront the vifage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-falied ere we come to fall, Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paff, But oh, what formes of Prayer
Can ferue my turne? Forgifie me my foul Murther:
That cannot be, fince I am still poufed
Of thofe effe$$ for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may thieve by Justice,
And oft'tis feene, the wicked prize it felle
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo above,
There is no fludding, there the Afoil leyed
In his true Nature, and we ouer feules compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To glue in evidence. What then? What refts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched fate! Oh boforme, blace as death!
Oh limed foule, that flufing to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow ribborne knees, and heart with fringes of Steele,
Be loft as finewes of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet. 

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now lie doot, and fo he goes to Heauen,
And fo am I reueng'd: that would be feam'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine fend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke his Father groffely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audite bands, who knowes, face Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis hezie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and fation'd for his pilaffe? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid bent
When he is drunke alleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in ch'incendius pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, fweating, or about some alete
That he's no reliu of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeleys may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereeto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Phyfick but prolongs thy fickly dayes.

Kings. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to Heauen go.

Exit. 

Enter Queen and Polonius. 

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankees have been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath fere't, and ftoode betweene
Much heat betweene him. Ile firft meete e're heere
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you anfwier with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Roof, not fo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet thro' you to that you can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not budge:
You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,
Where may you fee the Inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?

Help, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am faine.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rath, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rath, intruding foofe farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'lt to be too buifie, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, if you downe,
And let me weare your heart, for I shall
If it be made of penetrable fuffs;
If damned Custome have not braiz'd it fo,
That it is proffe and bulwark againef Senfe.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,
In noife to rude againef Hamlet?

Ham. Such an Act
That bruises the grace and blouf of Modefie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrife, takes off the Rofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blifer there. Makes marriage vowes
As faile as Biers Oatthes. Oh such a deed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contradiction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapitie of words. Haueans face doth glow,
Yet, this folidity and compound maffe,
With trifflill visage as against the doome,
Is thought-ticke at the ad.

Qy. Aye me; what ad, that roares so loud, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeitt pretentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Loue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercure.
New lighted on a heauen-kindling hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to fit his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew’d care
Blasphemos his whole breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountain ease to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waies upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
Would flip from this, to this? What diuell was’t,
That thus hath confeyd you to hoouman-bline?
O Shame! where is thy Bluff? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclamation no flame,
When the compulscue Ardure gues the charge,
Soone Froft it felle, as euelly doth burne,
As Reaon panders Will.

Qy. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn’t mine eyes into my very foule,
And there I fsee fuch blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke fweet of an enledme bed,
Slew’d in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naddy Styre.

Qy. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaine, that is not twentie paff the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurer of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a fhelle, the precious Diadem foile,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qy. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of threds and patches.
Sawe me; and houer o’re me with your wings
You heauenly Guards, What would you gracious figure?

Qy. Alas he’s mad.

Do you come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps’t in Time and Paffion, lets go by
Th’important aking of your dread command? Oh fay.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Vifitation
Is but to whet thy almost blinded purpofe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother firs; 
O Rep between her, and her fighting Soules,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strengeth worke.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qy. Alas, how isn’t with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diuoure.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly pece,
And as the sleepeing Soldiours in th’Alarime,
Your bedded haires, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and fland an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe conioyn’d, preaching to fones,
Would make them capable. Do not looke upo me,
Leaff with this piteous action you convent,
My ferue effeds: then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qy. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qy. Nothing at all; yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing here?

Qy. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you therer: looke how it flates away:
My Father in his habite, as he lined,
Looke where he goes euem now out at the Portall. Esit.

Qy. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodiliffe Creation extant is very cunning in.

Ham. Extatiks.

My Pule as your doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I have vitered; bring me to the Tuff.
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamball from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vaction to your foule,
That not your trelafite, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vicereous place,
While it ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infeds vnfeene. Conffe your felfe to Heauen,
Repent what’s patl, auouy what is to come,
And do not spred the Compott or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the fanneffe of this purtie times,
Vertue it felle, or Vice mult pardon bege,
Yes court, and whe, for leauue to do him good.

Qy. Oh Hamlet,

Thou haft clef your heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worier part of it,
And liue the purer with the other hale.

Good night, but go not to mine Vnkle’s bed,
Affume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of eatneffe
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defirous to be blest,
He blefing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas’d it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minifter.
I will befoow him, and will anfwer well,
The death I gave him: fo againe, good night.
I muft be cruel, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worfe remains behinde.

Qy. What fhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Finch Wanton on your witherke, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a pair of reechie kiffes,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers, 
Make you to rauelle all this matter out, 
That I offentially am not in madneffe, 
But made in craft. "Twere good you let him know, 
For who that's but a Queene, faire, faber, wife, 
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, 
Such deere concernsments hide, Who would do fo, 
No in despithe of Senle and Secretes, 
Vprceeg the Basket on the houfe top: 
Let the Birds fye, and like the famous Ape 
To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe 
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath, 
And breath of life : I have no life to breath 
What thou haft faide to me. 
Ham. I muft to England, you know that? 
Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis fo concluded on. 
Ham. This man shall fet me packing: 
I le fuge the Outs into the Neighbor roomme, 
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor 
Is of moft fill, moft fecret, and moft graue, 
Who was in life, a foolifh prating Knaue. 
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you. 
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius. 
Enter King. 
King. There's matters in these fighes. 
Thefe profound heaues 
You muft tranlate; 'Tis fit we vnderftand them. 
Where is your Sonne? 
Qu. As my good Lord, what have I feene to night? 
King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet? 
Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend 
Which is the Mightier, in his lawfle fit 
Behinde the Arras, hearing something firre, 
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, 
And in his brauith apprehenfion killles 
The vanifhne good old man. 
King. Oh heavy deed: 
It had fin fo with vs had we beene there: 
His Liberty is full of threats to all, 
To you your felfe, to vs, to every one. 
Alas, how fhall this bloody deed be anfwered? 
It will be laide to vs, whole prudence 
Should haue kept fhort, refrain'd, and out of haunt, 
This mad yong man. But fo much was our loue, 
We would not vnderftand what was moft fit, 
But like the Owner of a foule difcere, 
To keep it from divulging, let it fcele 
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone? 
Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild, 
O're whom his very madneffe like fome Oare 
Among a Minerall of Metteis befce, 
Sheues it felle pure. He weepes for what is done. 
King. Oh Gertrude, come away: 
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch, 
But we will fhip him hence, and this vilde deed, 
We muft with all our Maftey and Skill 
Both countermane, and exauce. 
Ho Goldenfemble: 
Friends both go loyne you with fome further ayde: 
Hamlet in madneffe hath Polonius flaine, 
And from his Mother Cotton, he'd drag'd him. 
Go fecake him out, fpeak faire, and bring the body 
Into the Chappell. I praye you haft in this. 
Exit Gent. 
Come Gertrude, we'll caufe our wilde friends, 
To let them know both what we meane to do, 
And what's untime did done. Oh come away, 
My foule is full of difcord and difmay. 

Ham. Safely flower'd. 
Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet. 
Ham. What noife! Who calls on Hamlet? 
Ohe here they come. 
Enter Ref. and Guildenfemble. 
Re. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body? 
Ham. Compounded it with dulf, where to 'tis Kinne. 
Reff. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence, 
And bear it to the Chappell. 
Ham. Do not beleue it. 
Reff. Beleue what? 
Ham. That I can kepe your counfell, and not mine owne. 
Besides, to be demanded of a Spungde, what re- 
pliation should be made by the Sonne of a King. 
Reff. Take you me for a Spungde, my Lord? 
Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his 
Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King 
beft ferrue in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in 
the corner of his law, firft mouth'd to be left swallowed, 
when he needs what you have gleen'd, it is but fqueez- 
ing you, and Spungde you fhall be ary againe. 
Reff. I vnderftand you not my Lord. 
Ham. I am glad of it: a knauffh speech fleeps in a 
foolifh ear. 
Reff. Your My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is, 
and go vs to the King. 
Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not 
with the body. The King, is a thing—— 
Guild. A thing my Lord? 
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all 
after. 

Enter King. 
King. I have fent to fecke him, and to find the bodie: 
How dangerous is it that this man goes loffe: 
Yet muft not we put the strong Law on him: 
Hec's loved of the diftraeted multitude, 
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: 
And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders fource is weigh'd: 
But neerer the offence; to beare all smooth, and even, 
This fudden fending him away, muft feme 
Deliberate paffe, dileafe desperate groymes, 
By deliberat appliance are relieved, 
Or not at all. 
Enter Reffcramer. 
How now? What hath befaine? 
Reff. Where the dead body is bellow'd my Lord, 
We cannot get from him. 
King. But where is he? 
Reff. Without my Lord, guard'd to know your pleasure. 
King. Bring him before vs. 
Reff. Hoi, Guildenfemble! Bring in my Lord. 

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfemble. 
King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius? 
Ham. At Supper. 
King. At Supper? Where? 
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine 
convocation of worms are e'ne at him. Your worm 
is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe 
to fat vs, and we fat our felle for Magots. Your fat King, 
and your leane Begger is but variable fervice to difhes, 
but to one Table that's the end. 
King. What doth thou meane by this? 

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go to Progreffe through the guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heauen, fend thither to fee. If your Meffenger finde him not there, fecke him I' the other place your felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall note him as you go vp the flaire into the Lobby.

King. Go seck him there.

Ham. He will thy till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of chine, for thine efeclusive safety Which we do tender, as we do tender greene. For that which thou haft done, muft tend thee hence With fierie Quickkneffe. Therefore prepare thy felfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th'Associates tend, and eyry thing at bent.

For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. 1 Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou know'rt our purpoſe.

Ham. I fee a Cherube that fee's him : but come, for England, Farewell dear Mother.

King. Thy looking Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother, Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flesh, and fo my mother.

Come, for England.

Exit King.

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night. Away, for eyry thing is Seal'd and done That eſfe leanes on th'affaire: pray you make hiftt. And England, if my loue thou holde at ought, As my great power thereof may glue thee felfe, Since yet thy Cleftice lookez lookes and red After the Danish Sword, and thy ftee awe Payes homage to vs; thou maile not coldly fet Our Soureraine Proceffe, which importz at full By Letters conuring to that effect. The prefent death of Hamlet. Do it England, For like the Heftkie in my blode heages, And thou muft cure me: Till I know 'tis done, How ere my happes, my loyes were ne're begun.

Exit Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, Tell him that by his licenfe, Fortinbras Claims the conuoyance of a promis'd March Over his Kingsdome. You know the Rendeous: If that his Malegift would ought with vs, We shall exprefse our dutie in his eye, And let him know fo.

Capt. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go faydly on. Exit.

Sail. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is inportante, indeed diftrust, her moode will needs be pittied.

Sail. What would the hauze?

Her. She speaks much of her Father; fakes the heares There's trickles in her world, and herms, and bears her heart, Sparues enouzouly at Strawes, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe fencé: Her speech is nothing, Yet the vnshaped vie of it doth moue The heares to Collection; they syme at it, And by the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winkes, and nod, and gheures yeild them, Indeed would make one think there would be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. Twere good the were spokenes with, For the may f powering dangerous coniectures In ill breeding minds. Let her come in. To my ficke foule(as finnes true Nature is) Each toy fenees Prologue, to some great amiffe, So full of Arteffe ieluouie is guilt, It fpill's it felfe, in fearing to be fpill.

Enter Ophelia diftrust.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Malefi of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How fhould I your true love know from another one? By his Cockle bat and flaffe, and his Sandal fhoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you Nay pray you marke. He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, As he head a greffe-greene Turfe, at his heales a thone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but Ophelia.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Sherw in the Mountain Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with fweet flowers:

Which bemp to the ground did not go,

With true-love fhoones.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dill you. They fay 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 take you what it means, fay you this: To morrow & S. Valentines day, all in the morning bosome, And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

Then up be ripe, & don't his clothes, & cut the chamber dore, Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed is? without an oath Ile make an end on. By gu, and by S. Charty, Alack, and fit for fhoone: Tong men will do' it, if they come too, By Cocke they are too blame. Quoth he before you tumbled me, You promis'd me to Wed: So would I ha done by ynder Sunne, And thus had I come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother hall knowe of it, and fo I thank you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. Exit.

King. Follow her clofe,

Glue her good watch I pray you: Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greifes, it fpringes All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude, When forrowes comes, they come not fingle fipes, But in Battalions. First, in FATHER FRANES, Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author Of his owne iuft remove: the people muddied, Thicke and vnwholome in their thoughts, and whifpers For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly In hugger muffler to inter heem. Poore Ophelia Dividt from her felie, and her faire judgement,
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Left, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzezz to infect his ear
With pestillent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing dicke our perfons to Arraigne
In ear and ear. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. A Noife within.

Enter a Messinger.
Qu. Alacke, what noife is this? King. Where are my Swinners?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter? Mes. Save your felie, my Lord.
The Gossan (flower-peering of his lid)
Eates not the Flats with more impitious hate
Then young Laeretis, in a Riotous head,
Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Anxiety forgot, Custome not knownue,
The Rabiffers and props of every word,
They cry chooze we? Laeretis shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laeretis shall be King, Laeretis King.
Qu. How cheerfully on the falle Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falle Difhonest Dogges.
Noife within. Enter Laeretis.
King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you; I keepe the doore.
Oh thou wilde King, give me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good Laeretis.
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaims me Baffard:
Cries Cackold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here betweene the chaffe vnfinchered brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cuife Laeretis,
That this Rebellion looks fo Gvant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfons:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treffon can but peape to what it would,
As a little of his will. Tell me Laeretis,
Why thou art thus Incefed? Let him go Gertrude.
Spreake man.
Laer. Where's my Father? King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Proclaims me Baffard:
Cries Cackold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here betweene the chaffe vnfinchered brow
Of my true Mother.
King. Good Laeretis:
If you defire to know the certaine
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in youryne,
That Soup-flake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ie ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ing Politician,
Repair them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake,
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltiufe of your Fathers death;
And am most fenible in greefe for it;
It shall as leuell to your judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noife within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laer. How now? what noife is that?
Oh hate dri ye my Brains, tears feuen times falls,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnese shall be payed by wight,
Till our Tongues the beame. Oh Rofe of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Siter, sweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauen, is not posibill, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life:
Nature is fine in Loue, and where tis fine,
It fends some precious infinence of it felle
After the thing it loues.
Opbe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey nony nony, hoy nony:
And on his graue raine many a teare,
Fare well my Dose.
Laer. Had't thou thy wits, and didn't perfwade Reuenge,
it could not move thee.
Opbe. You muft finge downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheel be comes it?
It is the faffe Steward that ftole his matters daughter.
Laer. This a things more then matter.
Opbe. There's Reparmony, that's for Remembrance.
Pray loue remembrace; and there is Paconies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnese, thoughts & remembrance fitt.
Opbe. Thou's Fennell for you, and Columbines: thefis'Rew for you, and here's fome for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundates: Oh you muft weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Dayfe, I would give you
fome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy'd:
They fay, he made a good end;
For honeify sweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thoughts, and Affiliation, Paflion, Hell it felle:
She turns to Faour, and to prettinesse.
Opbe. And will be not come againe,
And will be not come againe:
Now come he is dead, go to thy Deatbed,
He wou'd wou'd come againe.
Houf'ed as white as Snow,
All Flaxen wais his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caufed away money,
Gramercy on his Soul.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
Exeunt Ophelia.
Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?
King. Laeretis, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right; go but apart,

[Make]
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Mak'st choice of whom your wifet Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome gue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall loyantly labour with your soule
To glue it due content.

Larr. Let this be so:
His meane is death, his obscure burial,
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'wreere from Heaven to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'o'tence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Sir. Saylors fyr, they say they have Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir,
Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.
Say. Hee shall Sir, and 'tis pleafe. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaftadours that was bound for England, If your name be Horatie, as I am let to know it is,

Reads the Letter.

Orratio, When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellows some meane to the King: They have Letters for him. Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrate of every Warlike appointment gave us Choice. Finding our felues too few of Sailers we put on a compell'd Valor. In the Gappel, I boarded them: On the Inflant they get cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Preymer. They have dealt with mee, like Theoses of Mery, but they know what they did. I am to doe a good turn for them...

Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much ha't as thou wouldest fifty deaths. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee demne, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.

These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rofincrance and Gildofrome, bold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will gue you way for thef the Letters, And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your confidence my acquittance feale,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Purued my life.

Lear. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against thef feates,
So crimefull, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your safety, Wieldome, all things else,

You mainly were flirt'd vp?

King. Of two speciall Reason,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnknowne,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almoft by his lookes: and for my felfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctue to my life and foule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publike count I might not 904,
Is the great love the general gender heare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuerst his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too flightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have return'd to my Bow againe,
And not where I had slipt'd them.

Larr. And so haue I Noble Father loft,
A Sifter druen into dangerous torments,
Who wou'd (if praifes may goe backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perditions. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeues for that,
You must not think
That we are made of stuffed, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messinger.

How now? What News?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mef. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudius, he receiued them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them.

Leave vs.

Exit Messinger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am yet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount the Occasions of my Sodaine, and more strange returns.

Hamlet.

What should this means? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Larr. Know you the hand?

Kin. This Hamlet Charater, naked and in a Postscript here he feyes alone: Can you aduise me?

Larr. I'm loth in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very fickneffe in my heart,
That I shall fleue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus didst thou.

Kin. If it be fo Laertes, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rule'd by me?

Larr. If you will not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it: I will worke him
To an exploit now rife in my Deuite,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
Due sene my felfe, and then'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horfbacke; but this Gallant

Hal
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horne,
As had he beene enterpris'd and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beat'o forre he paft my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life Lanswand.
Kin. The very fame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And lemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gauie you such a Matterly report,
For Art and exercisc in your defence ;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he withoute a triaing, or triaing indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet to envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your fodeaine comming o're to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin. Laerets was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask ye this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I fee in paffages of prove,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your felle your Fathers fone indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat 'tis Church.
Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should no haue bounds: but good Laerets
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'e put on thofe shall praife your excellence,
And fet a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman guey you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your hesh, he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not perfute the Fofies? So that with eas,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choife
A Sword vnbaited, and in a paffe of praifice,
Requitt him for your Father.
Laer. I will doe,
And for that purpofe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vncion of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dip't a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasme fo rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can fave the thing from death,
That is but fraught withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I call him flightly,
I may be death.
Kin Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our deare, if this should falle;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaie; therefore this Proiect
Should have a backe or fcond, that might hold,
If this should blift in proofe: Soft, let me fee
We'll make a follemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowes more violent to the end,
And that he call for drink; Ile have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the none; whereon but fliping,
If he by chance ecape your vem'd ftruck,
Our purpofe may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tred upon another heele,
So feft they'll follow your Siffers drown'd Laerets.
Laer. Drown'd? O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That Iheses his hore leues in the glaffe flareme:
There with fantaflcie Garlands did he come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daylies, and long Purples,
That liberrall Shepheards give a groffer name;
But our cold Moids doe Deed Mem Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambrng to hang; an enious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes fred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time the chaunted fnaiches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne dittrefles,
Or like a creature Naffe, and indued
Vpto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinks,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodieus boy,
To mudy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbaid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuftome holds,
Let fame fay what it will; when thefe are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faire would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

Kin. Let's fow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now fear I this will glue it fart againe;
Therefore let's follow. 

Expul. 

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Chriftian buriall,
that wilfully fEEKes her owne faluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crownrer hath fete on her, and finds it Chriftian burial.

Clown. How can that be, vnlesfe she drowned her felie in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found fo.

Clown. It muft be & offending, it cannot bee elfe: for heere lies the point: If I drowne my felie wittingly, it argues an Act & an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her felie wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Glue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere flands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himfelfe; it is wilie he'll he, he goes; mark ye that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himfelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clown. I marry it's, Crowners Queft Law.
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[Dialogue text begins here...]

Other. Will you ha the truth on't? if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their even Christian. Come, my Spade there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp Adams Profeflion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how doft thou under-stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ie put another que-

tion to thee; if thou anfwered me not to the purpose, con-

feffe thy fellon —

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mafon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows maker; for that Frame outlines a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to thoe that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to say the Gallows is built stronger then the Church: Agayn, the Gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mafon, a Ship-

wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy brains no more about it; for your dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houfe that he makes, lafts till Doomesday: go, get thee to Taugban, fetch me a roupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
I thought it was very sweet;
To contrail O the time for a my bellow,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. His this fellow no feeling of his busynesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ex-

sneffe.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n fo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier fenfe.

Clo. Sings.

But Age with his fading lights
bath caught me in his cluch:
And bath flapp'd me in till the Land,
as if I had never beene fuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue bowes it to th' ground, as if it were Calum Taw-bone, that did the first murder: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Affe o're Of-
ficesone that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-

row, Sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord Such a one, that praifd my Lord Such a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n fo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapliffe, and knockt about the Mazarad with a Sextons Spade; here's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to feet. Did thirbe bones cock no more the breeding, but to play at Loggetts with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a fornning- Sheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Graufi is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quillits now? his Qullits? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recogni-

sances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Re-

coveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-

table ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and mult the Inherent himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skines?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skines too.

Ham. They be Sheepe and Calues that seek out affu-

rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Graufi is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeedfor thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none noth.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, she's dead.

Ham. How abolutle the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiulocation will vnlooe vs: by the Lord Horatio, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes fo neere the heele of our Courier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the days i'th'year, I came too'that day that our lad King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every soule can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad, and went into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad: hee thall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene 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, it seems he has lost his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarkke; I have bin fixedethque here, man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'lth' earth ere he rot?

Clo. If he be not seen before he die (as we have many pokey Coares now adies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will let you some eight yeares, or nine yeares. A Tanner will let you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why Sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your heron dead body. Here is a Scull now; the Scull has laine in the earth three or twenty years.

Ham. Whole was it?

Clo. A wherof man Fellowes it was; What doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peffiance on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'td a Flaggon of Rennif on my head once. This fame Scull Sir, this fame Scull Sir, was Yorick Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clo. Eene that.

Ham. Let me fee. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite lef, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times; And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it. Here he hung those lipps, that I have kift I know not how oft. Where be your liues now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own leer. Quite chopafane? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicker, to this fav'our the mift come. Make her laugh at that: pray thee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doft thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion 'lth' earth?

Hor. Eene fo.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. Eene fo, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne Horatio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it flapping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a lot. But to follow him thether with modelle enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into duft: the duft is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereo he was convert'd) might they not flapp a Berre-barrell? Imperial Cephar,dead and turn'd to clay, Might flop a hole to kepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, to expell the winters faile. But tost, but tost, afeatured here comes the King.

Enter King, Queens, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen,e the Courtiers. Who is that they follow, And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The Coaftie they follow, did with despare hand, Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate. Couch we a while, and mark.

Lair. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Lair. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg'd, As we have warrants, her death was doubtfull, And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order, She should in ground vnmark'dhase haue lodg'd, Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer, Shards, Flintes, and Prelles, should be there wne on her: Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maidens strewnements, and the bringing home Of Bell and Burial.

Lair. Muft there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the turicie of the dead, To sing fage Reqiuem, and such reft to her As to peace-parted Soules.

Lair. Lay her 'lth' earth,

And from her fure and inappolluted fith, May Violets fpering. I tell thee(Churchfri.)

A Miniftring Angell shall my Sifer be,

When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queen. Sweete, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should hast bin my Hamlets wife: I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt(fweet Maid) And not thau'e fwear'd thy Graue.

Lair. Oh terrible woe,

Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head Whose wicked deeds, thy most Ingenious fence Depriev'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile thy duft, upon the quicke, and dead,

Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,

To o'ere top Old Pelion, or the skylf head

Of blew Olympe.

Ham. What is he, whose grieues

Bears such an Emphasis? whose phrafe of Sorrow

Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Lair. The deuil take thy soule.

Ham. Thou praif't not well.

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleanet, and rath,

Yet haue I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wifenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill my cildens will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. 1 lou'd Ophelia fortie thousand Brothers

Could not(with all there quantitie of Love)

Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For loue of God forbearre him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woe'teare thy fife?

Woo'drinke vp fife, eate a Crocodile!
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Well, shall we go now to the play?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Complimation from the King,
As England was his faithful Tributary,
As lowe betweene them, as the Prome should flouriish,
As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twixt their amities,
And many such like Aflis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debate more, or more, more or leffe,
He should the bourns put to sodaine death,
Not thriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danilish Scale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fement,
Thou know't it already.

Hor. So Giuldenformes and Bogunaronas, go too't.

Ham. Who man, they did make love to this employment
They are neere my Confidences, their debate
Both by their owne intimation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the bafier nature comes
Betweene the paffic, and fell incendled points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand now vp
He that hath kil'd my King, and who'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene their election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch cooronges it's not perfect confience,
To quict him with this arme? And is't not to be damnd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further eui.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the like of the butinext here.

Ham. It will be short,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very forry good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forget my felie;
For by the image of my Caze, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ie count his favours
But fure the brayoure of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Ofrige, (mark.)

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, do't know this waterde?

Hor. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy flate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib that stand at the Kings Meffe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw pascual in the polfession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit, put your Bonet to his right vfc, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very fouthy, and hot for my Complexion.

Ofrige.
Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soulely, 'twere I cannot tell how; but my Lord, his Majeity bad me signifie to you, that he's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine estate in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fixe King ha's wad's with him fix Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French Rapers and Poniards, with their Affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infaith are very dear to fancy, very reposnificant to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conluet.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraie would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our forces I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three liberall concealed Carriages, that's the French but against the Danifh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes betweene you and him, he will not exceed you three hits; he hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imeslate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the oppofition of your perfon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall: If it please his Majeftie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpofe: I will win for him if I can: if not, he gaineth nothing but my fame, and the odd hits. Ofr. Shall I redeliver you eat's fo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourifh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours hee does well to commend it himfelfe, there are no tongues elfe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Compile with his Dugge before hee fuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beuty that I know the drolie age dores on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalla: The Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke fo, since he went into France, I have bee in continuall praftice; I flall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but fooleery: but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forflall their repaire hither, and fay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defe Augury; there's a specall Providence in the fall of a sparrows. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, fince no man ha's ought of what he leues. What is't to leue becomes?

Enter King, Queens, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon as you are a Gentleman. This presence knowes, And you must needs have heard how I am punifh'd With fore diftraction? What I have done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awakes, I heare proclamation was madenfell. Won't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away: And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His Madenfell? It's be fo, Hamlet is of the Franch that is wrong'd, His madenfell is poore Hamlet's Enemy, Sir, in this Audience, Let me dischiming from a purpoe'd euill, Free me to farre in your moft generous thoughts, That I haue flab mine Arrow a're the houfe, And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature, Whole modue in this cafe should firre me moft To my Reuenge. But in my terms of Honor I fland aloofe, and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder Maffers of knowne Honor, I have a voyage, and preffent of peace To kepe my name vnghord. But till that time, I do receiue your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it. Ham. I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play. Glue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your fowle Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night, Stike there off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Glue them the Foyles yong Ofrick, Conlen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord, Your Grace hath laide the oddes s'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it, I haue fene you both:
But fince he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heacy, Let me fee another, Ham. This likes me well, Thes Foyles hauve a length. Prepare to play. Ofrick, I my good Lord, King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table: If Hamlet glue the firft, or fcond hit, Or quit in answere of the third exchange, Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, The King that drinkne to Hamlet better breath, And in the Cup an vnion flall he throw Richer then that, which foure faucellue Kings In Danmarks Crowne hauue wore.
Glue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoner without,
The Cannons to the Heauen, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.
\[Ham.\] Come on fir.
\[Larr.\] Come on fir.
\[Ham.\] One.
\[Larr.\] No.
\[Ham.\] Judgement.
\[Ofr.\] A hit, a very palpable hit.
\[Larr.\] Well: so again.
\[King.\] Stay, give me drink.
\[Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Glue him the cup,
\[Trumpeets found, and stop goes off.\]
\[Ham.\] Ile play this bout firft, let by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?
\[Larr.\] A touch, a touch, I do confefe.
\[King.\] Our Sonne shall win.
\[Qa.\] He's fat, and feant of breath.
Here's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowles to thy fortune, Hamlet.
\[Ham.\] Good Madam.
\[King.\] Gertrude, do not drink.
\[Qa.\] I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
\[King.\] It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late.
\[Ham.\] I dare not drink yet Madam,
By and by.
\[Qa.\] Come, let me wipe thy face.
\[Larr.\] My Lord, Ile hit him now.
\[King.\] I do not thinke't.
\[Larr.\] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my confidence.
\[Ham.\] Come for the third.
\[Larr.\] Let the young Page, I pray you, to the drink.
I am affraid you make a wanton of me.
\[Larr.\] Say you so? Come on.
\[Ofr.\] Nothing neither way.
\[Larr.\] Have at you now.
\[In fuffling they change Rapiers.\]
\[King.\] Part them, they are incens'd.
\[Ham.\] Nay come, again.
\[Ofr.\] Look to the Queene there now.
\[Hor.\] They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
\[Ofr.\] How is't Laertes?
\[Larr.\] Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprinche, Ofrice, I am lustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
\[Ham.\] How does the Queene?
\[King.\] She foulds to fee them bleede.
\[Qa.\] No, no, the drinkes, the drinkes.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinkes, the drinkes,
I am poyfon'd.
\[Ham.\] Oh Villain! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, fecke it out.
\[Larr.\] It is heere Hamlet.
\[Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an hour of life: \[The Treacherous Infrument is in thy hand,\]
Vnhated and envenom'd: the foulc prouifie
Hath turn'd it felle on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rife againe: Thy Mothers poyfon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
\[Ham.\] The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
\[Hunts the King.\]
\[All.\] Treason, Treason.
\[King.\] O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
\[Ham.\] Heere thou inceffuant, murdrous,
Damen Dane,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Vnion here?
Follow my Mother.
\[King Dyers.\]
\[Larr.\] He is lustly feru'd,
It is a poyfon temp'd by himselfe:
Exchange forsakenesse with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.
\[Dyes.\]
\[Ham.\] Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatius, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this act:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is fricte'd in his Arreit) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatius, I am dead,
Theu li'st, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatished.
\[Hor.\] Neuer beleive it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
\[Ham.\] As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good Horatius, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unknowne) shall lie behind me.
If thou di'dst euer hold me in thy heart,
Abfent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
\[March afarre off, and shout within.\]
What warlike noys is this?
\[Enter Ofricke.\]
\[Ofr.\] Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland
To th'Ambusclades of England giues this warlike volly.
\[Ham.\] O I dye Horatius?
The potent poysn quite o're-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the Newes from England,
But I do prophese th'elecution lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dyng voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe,
Which have follicted. The reft is silence. O I o o o
\[Dyes.\]
\[Hora.\] Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?
\[Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.\]
\[Fortin.\] Where is this fight?
\[Hor.\] What is it ye would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, caste thy search.
\[For.\] For, his quarry cries on haueocke. Oh proud death,
What feaft is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou to many Princes, at a shote,
So bloodyly haft froooke.
\[And.\] The fight is dimm'd,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senfelesse that shoulde giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fill'd,
\[That.\]
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so lume upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to this unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vsphot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let vs haue to heare it,
And call the Noble to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claim, my vantage doth
Invite me,
Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let four Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiers Musick, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.
Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.
FINIS.
THE TRAGDIE OF KING LEAR.


Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seeme so to vs : But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes he vales mos; for qualities are to weigth'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choice of either moity.

Kent. Is not this thy Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blusht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, 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 with the fault vndone, the ifue of it, being fo proper.

Glo. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yere elder then this; who, yet is no deere in my account, though this Knaue came somthing fawcily to the world before he was ﬁst for ; yet was his Mother fayre, there was good fport at his making, and the horfon muft be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Kent. Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My fervices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and fue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall fuddy deferving.

Glo. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Senec. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my Lord.

Lear. Meane time we shall exprefse our darker purpofe.

Give me the Map there. Know, that we have diuided In three our Kingdome : and 's our fall intent, To fackle all Carees and Buineffe from our Age, Confering them on younger strengths, while we Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our fon of Cornwall, And you our no leffe loving Sonne of Albany,
Mifcreant.  
Exit.  

From The I  
That Why I  
You According My  
Let Obey The  
Thou fin'ft thy Gods in vaine.  

The true blanke of thine eie.  
Kear. Now by Apollo,  
Kent. Now by Apollo, King  
Thou sweart thy Gods in vaine.  

The brave Sycian,  
Or he that makes his generation meanes  
To gorg his appetite, shall to my bosome  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and releued',  
As thou my sometime Daughter.  

Kent. Good my Liege.  
Lear. Peace Kent,  
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,  
I lou'd her mont, and thought to set my reele  
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my fight:  
So be my grave my peace, as here I glue  
Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who sire's?  
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albaniæ,  
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,  
Let pride, which the call plainsesse, marry her:  
I doe inuest you loyntly with my power,  
Preeminence, and all the large effects  
That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Moneth course,  
With refueration of an hundred Knights,  
By you to be suffain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall remaine  
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,  
Renewenew, Execution of the reele,  
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  
This Coronet part betweene you.  
Kent. Royal Lear,  
Whom I have ever honor'd as my King,  
Lou'd as my Father, as my Mater follow'd,  
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.  
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.  
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke invade  
The region of my heart, be Lear unmannedly,  
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?  
Thinkst thou that dutie shall have dreed to speake,  
When power to flattery bowes?  
To plainsesse honour's bound,  
When Maiesty falls to folly, referue thy flate,  
And in thy best consideration checke  

This hideous rudeines do answer my life, my judgement:  
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,  
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low founds  
Reuerbe no hollownesse.  

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.  
Kent. My life I never held but as a powne  
To wage against thine enemies, mere fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being motive.  
Lear. Out of my sight.  
Kent. See better Lear, and let me fill remaine  
To the true blanke of thine eie.  

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.  

Cor. Heere's France and Burgundy,my Noble Lord.  
Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,  
We first addressse toward you, who with this King  
Hath g odd for our Daughter what in the least  
Will you require in present Dower with her,  
Or canse your quest of Loue?  

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,  
I crave no more then hath your Highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender leefe?  

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,  
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,  
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,  
If ought within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,  
She's thers, and she is yours.  

Bur. I know no answere.  
Lear. Will you with those inoffintries fee owes,  
Unfriend'd, new adopted to our hate,  
Dow'd with our cursed, and stranger'd with our oath,  
Take her or, leave her.
Come Noble Burgundie, Flourish. Exeunt.  
Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.  
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with waft’d eie s  
Cardelia leaves you, I know you what you are,  
And like a Sister am most loth to call  
Your faults as they are named. Loose well our Father:  
To your professed bodies I commit him,  
But yet alas, I saw within his Grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place,  
So farewell to you both.  
Regn. Prefcribe not vs our duty.  
Gen. Let your study  
Be to content your Lord, who hath receu’d you  
At Fortunes alms, you have obedience scant,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.  
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,  
Who covers faults, in his white flame derides:  
Well may you prosper.  
Fra. Come my faire Cardelia. Exit France and Cor.  
Gen. Sifter, it is not little I have to say,  
Of what most neereley appertaines to vs both,  
I thinkke our Father will hence to night.  
(with vs.  
Reg. That’s most certaine, and with your next moneth  
Gen. You see how full of changes his age is, the  
observation we have made of it hath beene little;he alwaies  
lou’d our Sitter moft, and with what poore judgement he  
hath now call’d her off, appeares too grossely.  
Reg. ’Ts the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but  
shylyer knowne himselfe.  
Gen. The beet and soundefl of his time hath bin but  
raff, then muste we looke from his age, to receive not a  
alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but  
therewithall the vnruely way-wardneffe, that infrme and  
cholerick yeares bring with them.  
Reg. Such Vnconflant starts are we like to have from  
him, as this of Kents banishment.  
Gen. There is further complement of leave-taking be-  
twene France and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our  
Father carry authority with such disposition as he heares  
this left furrender of his will but offend vs.  
Reg. We shall further thinks of it.  
Gen. We must do something, and Ith’ heate. Exeunt.  

Scena Secunda.  

Enter Burgard.  
Burg. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law  
My servis are bound, wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit  
The curiositie of Nations, to deprize me?  
For that I am some twelve, or fourteeene Moonshines  
Lag of a Brother? Why Burgard? Wherefore base?  
When my Dimensions are as well compleat,  
My minde as generous, and my shape as true  
As honest Madam Olde? Why brand they vs  
With Base? With basenes Barfadie? Base, Base?  
Who in the juffie health of Nature, take  
More composition, and fierce qualities,  
Then doth within a dull stilly bed  
Goe to th’creating a whole tribe of Fops  
Got’tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,  
Legitmate Edgar, I must have your land,  
Our Fathers loose, is to the Burgard Sire,  
As to th’ legitimate: fine word: Legitmate.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my intention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall toth' Legitimate : I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bailiffs.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choller part'd?
And the King gone to night? Preferch'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad : Edmund, how now? What newes?

Baft. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why so carnefully seekes you to put vp y Letter? I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Baft. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needeth then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such needes to hide it feele. Let's fee: come, if it be noothing, I shall not neede Spectacles.

Baft. I beeche you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glo. Glue me the Letter, Sir.

Baft. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I understand them, Are too blame.

Glo. Let's fee, let's fee.

Baft. I hope for my Brothers justification, hee wrote this but as an errly, or tale of my Verue.

Glo. feared. This politic, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to the bitt' of our times: keepes us from vs till our oldnesse cannot relieth them. I begin to finde an idle and sad bondage, in the appression of aged tyrannyes, who preyes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to mee, that of this I may speakke more. If our Father would sleepe till I wake'd him, you should enioy baffe the Reuennew ever for ever, and live the belov'd of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne Edgar, bad bee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breedie it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baft. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Cæment of my Clofet.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baft. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baft. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contenent.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this bufines?

Baft. Neuer my Lord. But I have heard him oft main-taine it to be fitt, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne should be Reuensnew.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villainne, vnnatural, detested, brutish Villainne; worre then brutish: Go firrah, seekes him: ile apprehend him. Abominable Villainne, where is he?

Baft. I do not well know my L. If it shall pleafe you to suspend your indignation against my Brother, fil you can derive from him better testimonie of his intent, you shoul run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed againt him, misfaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in pieces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawnes downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Thinke you fo?

Baft. If your Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glo. He cannot bee such a Moniter. Edmund secke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Business after your owne wisdome. I would vnlace my felte, to be in a due resolution.

Baft. I will fecke him Sir, preffently: conuey the Business as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Eclipes in the Sun and Moone pertain no good to vs: though the widsome of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe soured by the frequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villainne of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falleth from by of Nature, there's Father against Child(e). We haue feene the bell of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs diversly to our Graues. Find out this Villain Edmund, it shall lofe theer nothing, do it carefull: and the Noble & true-harte(d) Kent banish'd: his offence, honesty. 'Ts strange. Exit Baft.

Baft. This is the excellent folly of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the卉urfs of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our difficulties, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villains on necessitie, Fodes by hauefully compulsion, Knaues, Theues, and Treachers by Spherically predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an infir'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are cull'd in, by a divine thrufing on. An admirable evasion of Whore-maker-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Drag ons tail(s), and my Nativitie was vnder Vrfe Maior, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacheros. I should haue bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Firmament twinkeld on my battardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie; my Cye is villanous Melancholy, with a fighke like Ten o'Bedlam. O these Eclipes do portend these disjions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serius contemplation are you in?

Baft. I am thinking Brothor of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you bluse your felte with that?

Baft. I promife you, the effects he writes of, succede unhapily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baft. Spake you with him?

Edg. 1, two hours together.

Baft. Parted you in good termes? Found you no dis-pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baft. Benthink your felte wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his prense, vntill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this inftant so rageth in him, that with the mif-chief
chief of your person, 'tis would fearfully slay.

Edg. Some Villains hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fittingly bring you to hear me Lord speak: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do thire abroad, goe 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 toward you, I have told you what I have seene, and heard: But faintly, Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shah! I hear from you anon? 

Edm. I do forbear you in these busines: A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose nature is so farre from doing harms, That he suppos'd none: on whose foolish honesty My pracies ride exile: I fee the businesse. 

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit, All with me's mecte, that I can fashion fit.

Enter Generill, and Seward.

Gen. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Fool's?

Sre. 1 Madam.

Gen. By day and night, he wrongs me, every howre He flashes into one greate crime, or other, That setts vs all at odds: I neate endure it; His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs On every triffe. When he returns from hunting, I will not speake with him, fay I am sicke, If you come slacks of former servises, You shall do well, the fault of it I lye anfwer.

Sre. He's comming Madam, I hear him.

Gen. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your Fellowes, I'de haue it come to question; If he diftaste it, let him to my Sifter, Whole mind and mine I know in that are one, Remember what I haue fayd.

Sre. Well Madam.

Gen. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it no matter, advise your fellows fo, I lye write straight to my Sifter to hold my course prepare for dinner.

Exit.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow, That can my speech defual my good intent May carry through it felle to that tull illude For which I raise my likenesse. Now banish Kent, If thou canst serue where thou doft stand condemn'd, So may it come, thy Matter whom thou lou'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a lot for dinner, go get it ready hownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doth thou professe? What wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lefe then I feemeto serue him truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to concure with him that is wife and fakes little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choofe, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be't as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldft thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do't thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would faine call Mafter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counfaile, ride, run, marte a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine meffe bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beft of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to dore on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foele? Go you and call my Foele hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Seward.

Sre. So pleafe you --

Lear. What faies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe : wher's my Foele? Ho, I think the world's allepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigbt. He faies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the flae backe to me when I called him?

Knigbt. Sir, he answered me in the roundell manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigbt. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affections as you were wont, ther's a great abatements of kindnesse appears as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! Sait thou fo?

Knigbt. I bifeech you pardon me your Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreth me of mine owne Conception, I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne zealous curiosities, then as a very pretence and purpofe of vnkindnesse: I will looke further into't : but where's my Foele? i have not feene him this two daies.

Knigbt. Since my young Ladies going into France
Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that. I have noted it well, goo you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sirs who am I Sir?

Enter Seward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whor-

son dog, you blace, you curre.

Ste. I am none of thefe my Lord, I bleeche your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rafcall?

Ste. I le not be thrucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tripe neither, you bafe Foot-ball plaiser.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seur't me, and I lese thee.

Kent. Come fir, arife, away, Ile teach you differences:

away, away, if you will measure your lopper length a-
gaine, tarry, but away, goo too, have you wiledome, fo.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy servise.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doft thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were blett take my Coxcomb.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of favour,

nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly, there take my Coxcomb; why this fellow he's banish'd two on his Daughters, and did the third a blesling against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcomb. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gue them all my luing, I'll keepe my Cox-

combes my felle, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee

whipt out, when the Lady Brach may fland by'thir and blinke.

Lear. A penfifull gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nunclle;

Hau more then thou howeft,

So take leffe then thou howeft,

Lend leffe then thou oweft,

Ride more then thou goeft,

Leare more then thou troweft,

Set leffe then thou howeft;

Leave thy drinke and thy whyre,

And kepee in a dore,

And thou shalt haue more,

Then two tens to a fcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for's, can you make no vie of no-

thing Nunclle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to he will not belece a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do's thou know the dfference my Boy, be-

tweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, glue me an egge, and Ile glue thee

two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and
eate vp the mate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou cloueft thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'rt away both parts, thou boar'th thine Asie on thy backe o're the dart, thou had'lt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'lt thy golden one away; if I speake like my felfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it fo.

Foole had nere leffe grace in a yeere,

For willemen are growne poppli,

And know not how their wits to weare,

Their manners are fo aphel.

La. When were you wont to be fo full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I have vled it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'lt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'lt them the rod, and put'lt downe thine owne breeches, then they For lodaine toy did weep, And I for sorrow fang,

That such a King should play bo-pepe,

And goe the Foole among.

Prty thy Nunckle keeps a Schoolemafter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'll haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are,

they'll haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'll haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou haft pared thy wit o'both fides, and left nothing i'th'middle, heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet

on? You are too much of late Ilybrown.

Foole. Thou want a pretty fellow when thou hast no

need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-

out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forfooth I will hold my tongue, fo your face bids me, though you lay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust, not crum,

Weary of all, shall want fome. That's a sheld Pefco.

Gar. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,

But other of your infolent reitune

Do hourly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth

In ranks, (and not to be endur'd) not Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,

To have found a faire redreffe, but now grow fearefull

By what your felle too late haue spoke and done,

That you protect this courfe, and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the fault

Would not exce fentre, nor the redifles flpeepe,

Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which elie were fhame, that then needlettie

Will call dijfert proceding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-

ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gar. I would you would make vie of your good wife-

(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away

These dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly are.

Foole. May
The Tragedie of King Lear

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Fools. May not an Allie know, when the Cart draws the Horse?
Woop lugge I lone thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not Lear:
Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Dicernings Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fools. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gen. This admiration Sir, is much oth'faour
Of other your new pranks. I do beceech you
To vnderfand my purpoures aight:
As you are Old, and Ruerened, should be Wife.
Here do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires, Men fo disorder'd, fo debooth'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inne; Epicurifme and Luft
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
The neer'd Pallace. The blame it felle doth speake
For infant remedy. Be then defir'd
By her, that elfe will take the thing the beggs,
A little to difquanti your Traine,
And the remaners that shall fill depend,
To be fuch men as may befert your Age,
Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkneffe, and Dulle.
Saddle my horffes: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Battard, Ie not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gen. You strike my people, and your disorder'd table,
make Servants of their Better.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repeats:
Is it your will, Speake Sir? Prepare my Horfes.
Ingrauntide! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou fiue'ft thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monfter.

Ab. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detefted Kite, thou lyeft.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the moft exact regard, support
The worshipes of their name. O moft small fault,
How vgly did it thou in Cordella thew?
Which like an Engine, wearfht my frame of Nature
From the first place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Judgement out. Go, go, my people.

Ab. My Lord, I am guiltifte, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be fo, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddefe, heare:
Suspend thy purpofe, if thou did'tt intend
To make this Creature fruitful:
Into her Womb coney flarity
Drie vp in her the Organs of increafe,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If the muft terme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may lye
And be a thwart difnatural torment to her.
Let it flame wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To have a thanklesse Childife. Away, away.

Ab. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gen. Neuer affift thy felle to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftle of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fort night?

Ab. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am affham'd
That thou haft power to thalke my manhood thus,
That thefe hot teares, which breake from me perfufe
Should make thee worth them.

Blafes and Foggles upon thee:
Th'ninted woundinges of a Fathers curfe
Pierce euerie feme about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweep this caufe againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And caft you with the waters that you looke
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be fo.
I have another daughter,
Who I am fure is kinde and comfortable:
When the all hearre this of thee, with her naires
She'e flex thy Woulhifh village. Thou haft finde,
That Ile refume the shape which thou doft thinke
I hauce cait off for ever.

Gen. Do you make that?

Ab. I cannot be fo partiall Generill,
To the great Ioue I beare you.

Gen. Pray you content. What Ofwald, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.

Fools. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And fuch a Daughter,
Should fure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole follows after.

Gen. This man hath good Counfell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each bus, each fiancile, each complaint; difflike,
He may enguage his digone with their powers,
And hold our lines in mercy. Ofwald, I fay.

Ab. Well, you may fear too farre.
Gen. Safer then truft too farre;
Let me fill take away the harms i feare,
Not fear all to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vter'd I have writ my Sifer:
If the fuffaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I hauce shew'd th'wiftffe.

Enter Steward.

How now Ofwald?
What have you writ that Letter to my Sifer?

Stew. I Madam.

Gen. Take you fome company, and away to horffe,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde fuch readeons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

And haften your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and courfe of yours
Though I connemne not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wifedom,
Then prai'd for harmefull misdemean.
Afb. How fare your elen may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gen. Nay then —
Afb. Well, well, the'uent.  

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gliifer with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know; then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Diligence be not fpeedie, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered
your Letter.  

Fool. If a mans braines were in's heele, what not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. 1 Boy.

Fool. Then I pythee be merry, thy wilt shall not go
flip-hod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt fee thy other Daughter will ufe 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 take as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones note stands 'Th'middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why to keepe ones eyes of either fide's note,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may fpy into.

Lear. 1 did her wrong.

Fool. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaille ha's
a hone.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's head in, not to glue it away to his
daughters, and leave his hornes without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to kind a Father? Be
my Horfes ready?

Fool. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reason why
the feuen Starres are no mo then fouen, is a pretty reaon.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed, thou wouldst make a good Foole.

Lear. To talk againe perforce; Moniter Ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Foole Numdick, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst
bin wife.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen:
keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horfes ready?

Gen. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departu're,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleffe things be cut shorter.

Acbtus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Roard, and Care, generally.

Baft. Saw thee Caran.

Car. And your Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Duchefly
Will be here with him this night.

Fool. How comes that?

Car. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes a-
broad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
care-killing arguments.

Baft. Not I: pray you what are they?

Car. Have you heard of no likely Warnes toward,
"Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall, and Albany ?

Fool. Not a word.

Car. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Baft. The Duke be here to night? The better be;
This weazes it ifle perforne into my businesse,
My Father hath fet guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queasie queftion
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, difcend; Brother I fay,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not spoken 'gainft the Duke of Cornwall?
Here's comming bither, now it's night, it's hafe,
And Regan with him, have you nothing laid
Upon his parte 'gainft the Duke of Albany?

Adulfe your felke.

Edg. I am fure on't, not a word.

Baft. I hear my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:

Draw, feme to defend your felke,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, to farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawnne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavoure. I have feme drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gliifer, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now Edmund, where's the villaines?

Baft. Here flod he in the dark, his harfe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone
To hafe auspicious Mithrift.

Glo. But where is he?

Baft. Lookle Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Baft. Fledd this way Sir, when by no means he could.

Glo. Perfuade him, he go after. By no means, what?

Baft. Perfwade me to the muther of your Lordhip, But
But that I told him the revenging Gods,
*Gainst Paricles did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father: Sir in fine,
Seeing how lustily opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprov'd body, latch'd mine arm:
And when he saw my beet alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gat't by the noyse I made,
Full fadaneously he fled.

Ghis. Let him fly pairwise:
Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Matter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall secure our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceals him death.

Thrift. When I diffus'd him from his intent,
And found him plight to doe it, with curt speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou vpoffessing Battard, doft thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repolf
Of any truth, verue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I deny,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy fuggiflion, plot, and damm'd praflice:
And thou must make a duality of the world,
If they not thought the good of my death
Were very pregnant and potentall spirits
To make thee feeke it.

Glo. O strange and fainted Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, fay he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumers, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports I be bare, the villaine shall not escap'e,
The Duke muft grant me that: befides, his picture
I will fend farre and neere, that all the kingdom
May haue note of him, and of my land,
(Loiall and naturall Boy) He worke the meanes
To make thee capaile.

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 gifts.
Reg. If it be true, ill vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender; how soft my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What did my Fathers Godfanne feeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Buft. Yes Madam, he was of that comfort.
Reg. No maruauele then, though he were ill afficted,
'Tis they have put him on the old mans death,
To have th'opecence and waft of his Revenues:
I haue this present evening from my Sifer
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to coloures at my house,
Ile not be there.
Cor. Nor I, affaie thee Regan.

Edmund, I heare that you have shewne yout Father
A Child-like Office.
Buft. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did beare his praflice, and receiv'd
This hurt you fe.'true, refusing to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he pursu'd?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you pleafe: for you Edmund,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this Iflant:
So much commend it fife, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deede trueth, we shall much need:
You we firft fize on.
Buft. I shall fure you Sir truely, how euer efe.
Glo. For him I thank your Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of fefion, threatning darke ey'd night,
Occations Noble Gliﬅer of home prize,
Wherein we muft haue vit of your aduife.
Our Father he hath wil'd to bath our Sifter,
Of differences, which I beft thought it fit
To anfwer frome our home: the furious Meffengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good ol Friend,
Lay comforts to your bolome, and befow
Your needfull confolations to our busineses,
Which caues the infant vit.
Glo. I ferue you Madam,
Your Gracees are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward secretly.

Stew. Good downun to thee Friend, art of this house?
Kent. I.
Stew. Where may we fet our horses?
Kent. I'th' myre.
Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ft me, tell me.
Kent. I loue thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipbary Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why do'lt thou vfe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Stew. What do'lt thou know me for?
Kent. A Knaue, a Raifcall, an eater of broken meate, a wife, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-fuitted hundred pound, filthy woodd-robbing knave, a Lilly-livered, aflion-taking, whoreon glaffe-gazing fluper-flereable finnicall Rogue, one Trunke-inherent flue, one that would't be a Baud in way of good ferveice, and art nothing but the compollition of a Knaue, Beggar, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Bitch, one whom I will bene into clamours whining, if thou deny't the least fillable of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monftrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?
Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy heelees, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for
The Tragedie of King Lear.

for though it be night,yet the Moone shines, Ile make a top of'th Moonshine of you, you whoreson Culleny Barber-monger,drew.

Ster. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw you Raffall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanite the puppets part, against the Royalties of her Father; draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your flankes, draw you Raffall, come your wales.
Str. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.
K. Kent. Strike you flaine; fland you next flawe, flrike.
Ster. Helpe hoa,murther,murther.

Enter Baguard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Bag. How now, what's the matter Part.
Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flee ye, come on youg Rafter.
Glo. Weapons, Armes? what's the matter here?
K. Kent. Keep peace vpon your bluees, he dies that strikes againe, what is the knave?
Reg. The Messengers from our Sifter, and the King?
Cor. What is your difference, speake?
Ster. I am fearse in breath my Lord.
Kent. No Marvell, you have to beafl'd your valour, you cowardly Raffall, nature displeantes in thee, Taylor made thee.
Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
K. Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had bin bin but two years oth trade.
Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?
Str. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have fpar'd at fuce of his grey-beard.
K. Kent. Thou whereon Zed, thou vnneceffary letter: my Lord, if you will give me leenu, I will tread this vnbounded villain into morter, and daube the wall of a lakes with him. Spare my grey-beard, you wogatalle.
Cor. Peace firafl,
You bafity knave, know you no revouence?
K. Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priliblode.
Cor. Sir, why art thou angry?
K. Kent. That fuch a flase as this fhould weare a Sword, Who weares no honesty: fuch flilling royles as thef, Like Rats oft bite the holy cordsa twine,
Which are tintrance, tin'sloodo: smooth evey paflion
That in the natures of their Gods rebel,
Being able to bite, flnow to the colder mooves,
Revenge, affirms, and turne their Halcion bakes
With evey gall, and wary of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Eilepitude village,
Smole you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Glofe, if I had you vpon Sarus Paine,
I'd friue ye cackling home to Camelot.
Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?
Glof. How fell you out, fay that?
K. Kent. No contraries hold more anipathy,
Then I, and fuch a knave.
Cor. Why do'th thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?
K. Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his,nor hers,
Then I, and fuch a knave.
I have fene better faces in my time,

Then bands on any shoulder that I fee
Before me,at this infant.
Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who hauing beene praid'd for blunncelle,both auffect
A faucy roughe, and contamnes the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honett mind and plaine, he mutt fpake true,
And they will take it so,if not, he's plaine.
These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plaine
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty filly-ducking felonoues,
That fretched their duties nicey.
K. Kent. Sir, in good faith, in financer verity,
Ynder th'allowance of your great auffect,
Who the influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking Palment front.
Cor. What mean'd by this?
K. Kent. To go out of my diacle, which you dicommend fo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be
guil'd you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knawe, which for my part I will not be, though I Should win your difpleasure to entreat me too.
Cor. What was th'ooffence you gave him?
Str. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Matter very late
To strike at me vpon his misconfection,
When he compact, and flattering his difpleasure
Tript me behinding downe, infalted, rail'd,
And put upon him fuch a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got prates of the King,
For him attempting, who was felle-fubbed,
And in the fhemment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here again.
K. Kent. None of these Rofhees, and Cowards
But Afax is there Foole.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You fubborne ancient Knawe, you recernt Bragart,
We'll teach you.
K. Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ferue the King.
On whose imployment I was fen to you,
You fhall doe fmall refpacts, how too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Perfon of my Matter,
Stocking his Messenfer.
Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there fhall he fit till Noone.
K. Kent. Till noone fell till night my Lord, and all night too.
K. Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not yle me fo.
Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. Stocky brought our.
Cor. This is a Fellow of the felle fame colour,
Our Sitter speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glof. Let me befeech your Grace, not to do fo,
The King his Matter, needs must take it ill
That he flightly valued in his Messenfer,
Should have him thus restrained.
Cor. Ile anfwer that.
Reg. My Sifer may recieve it much more worfe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, affaulted.
Cor. Come my Lord, away. Exit.
Glof. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleafure,
Whole difpofition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor flop't, ile entreat for thee.
K. Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and travaill'd hard,
Some time I fhall divine out, the refl lie whiffle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heelest.
**The Tragedie of King Lear.**

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**Act II, Scene I**

> **Kent.** By law, I sware I.

> **Lear.** They durt not do't.

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Refuse me with all modest haufe, which way

Thou might'rt defend, or they impose this viage,

Comming from vs.

**Kent.** My Lord, when at their home

I did commend your Highness Letters to them,

Ere I was rifen from the place, that shewed

My dutie kneeling, came there a recking Poole,

Stew'd in his haufe, halfe breathlesse, painting forth

From Generall his Misfris, Falstations;

Deluer'd Letters spight of intermission,

Which prefectly they read on those contents

They hummon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horfe,

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisur of their answer, gave me cold looks,

And meeting heere the other Meffengers,

Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poifon'd mine,

Being the very fellow which of late

Displaid so fawely against your Highness,

Faining more man then wit about me, drew

He rais'd the houfe, with loud and coward cries,

Your Sonne and Daughter found this trefpaffe worth

The shame which heere it suffers.

**Fool.** Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Greese fly that

Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,

But Fathers that bare bags, shall fee their children kind.

Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key to'th poore,

But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy

Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

**Lear.** Oh how this Mother fweas vp toward my heart!

**Fool.** Hisfories, dowe thou climing Sorrow,

Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

**Kent.** With the Earle Sir, here within.

**Lear.** Follow me not, flay here.

**Gen.** Made you no more offence,

But what you spake of?

**Kent.** None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

**Fool.** And thou haft beene fet 1' th'Stockes for that

question, shou'd it well deferu'd it.

**Kent.** Why Foole?

**Fool.** We'l fet thee, to schoole to an Ant, to teach

thee ther' no labouring, 1' th' winter. All that follow their

nozes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's

not a nofe among twenty, but can smell him that's flinking;

let go thy hold, when a greatwheele runs downe a hilly,

left it brake thy necke with following. But the great

one that goes vpward, let him drawthee after:

when a wifesman giues thee better counsell giue me mine

againe, I would hauue none but knaues follow it, since a

Foole giues it.

That Sir, which sarses and feakes for gaine,

And fowles, but for forme;

Will packe, when it begins to raine,

And leve thee in the fomere,

But I will tarry, the Foole will flay,

And let the wifesman flie.

The knaue turns Foole that runnes away,

The Foole noknaue perdie.

**Enter Lear, and Gloster:**

**Kent.** Where learn'd you this Foole?

**Fool.** Not 1' th' Stocks Foole.

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**Exit.**
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are ficker, they are weary.
They have travailed all the night? meece fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremouable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why Gloifer, Gloifer,
I'd speake with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them fo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ft 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, fer
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (suic.
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth fill neglect all office,
Wherein our healt is bound, we are not our felves,
When Nature being oppriff, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ilfe forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and fickly fit,
For the found man, Death on my rate: wherefore
Should be fit here? This act pervertes me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is prufle only. Give me my Servant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:
Now, prefently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ille beat the Drum,
Till it cry fiefe to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. Exit.

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rying heart! But downe.
Fode. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Ecles, when the put 'em Phe Phefle alive, the knap 'em o'th coxcombes with a fickle, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneffe to his
Horfe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloifer, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. Kent here fet at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to fee your Highneffe.

Lear. Regan, I thinke your are: I know what reafon
I have to thinke fo, if thou shoul'd not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultrefte: O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy Sifters naught: oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vulkenende, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleue
With how depraid a quality. Oh Regan.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leffe know how to value her defert,
Then fhe to fcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siffer in the leaft
Would falee her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have restrained the Riots of your Followes,
"Tis on fuch ground, and to fuch wholesome end,
As cleerees from all blame.
Lear. My curtes on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you flonds on the very Verge
Of his confine: you shoul'd be rul'd, and led
By some difterence, that difcernes your rate
Better then you your felle: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siffer, you do make returne,
Say you were wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask ye her forgiveffe.
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnnecefsary: on my knees I begge,
That you vouchsafe me Raymmet, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: there are vnafightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siffer.

Lear. Neuer Regan:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blanke upon me, flocke me with her Tongue
Moft Serpent-like, upon the very Heart.
All the for'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamentaffe.
Corn. Fye farr, he.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her cornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-fuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powfull Sunne,
To fall, and bitter.
Reg. O the bleef Gods!
So will you with on me, when the rafh mood is on.

Lear. No Regan, thou fhal not have my curfe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give
Thee o're to harneffe: Her eyes are fierce, but thinne
Do comfort, and not burne. "Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haffy words, to fcant my fiftes,
And in conclusion, to oppofe the bolt
Againft my comming in. Thou better know't,
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Eftacs of Cureffe, dues of Gratitute:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome halfo thou not forget,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpofe.

Lear. Who put my man i' th'Stockes?
Enter Seward.

Corn. What Trumpeter's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siffer: this approhes her Letter,
That he foone be here. Is you Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slauze, wholefafe borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varet, from my fight.
Corn. What means your Grace?
Enter Generell.

Lear. Who flocket my Servant Regan, I have good hope
Thou did not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do love old men; if your fweet way
Allow Obedience; if you your felves are old,
Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not alfo me to looke vpon this Beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Glo. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indifcretion finds,
And dotage termes fo.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i' th'Stockes?
Corn. I fet him there, Sir: but his owne Diforders
Deferv'd
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Defen'd much leffe advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, feeme fo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and solourne with my Sifer,
Dissimul halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that preouision
Which shall be needful for your entertainement.
Lear. Returne to her! and fifty men dissimul'd?
No, rather I abjure all rooves, and chuse
To wage against the enmitye oth'yers,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necellibes harpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-blooded France, that dowerkife tooke
Our pongs'ted borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne,and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perfwade me rather to be flue and fumpter
To this detrefed groome.
Gon. At your choyce Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child:farewell:
We'll no more meeze, no more fee one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague fore, or impos'd Carbulance
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer howte,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-Judging Ies.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy lefse,
I can be patient, I can flay with Regan,
And my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether fo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am proued
For your fit welcome, give ear Sir to my Sifer,
For thofe that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and fo,
But the knowes what the doe's.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. Other things Sir, what Fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yes, or fo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speakst gainft to great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoft impossible.
Gen. Why might not you fee my Lord, receive attendance
From thofe that call thee Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to flacke ye,
We could comproule them; if you will come to me,
(For now I fea a danger,) I entreate you
To bring but flue and twentie, to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gauze you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Den. I declare you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reformation to be followed
With such a number? What, muft I come to you
With flue and twentie? Regan, fayd you fo?
Reg. And fpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thofe wicked Creatures yet do look wel favour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the word.
Stands in fome ranke of praffe, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double flue and twentie,
And thou art twice her Loue.
Gen. Hear me my Lord;
What need you flue and twentie? Ten? Or flue?
To follow in a house, where twice fo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reason not the need: our cafe Beggars
Are in the pooreft thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheaper as Beafa. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true needes:
You Heauens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You fee me here (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that fillers thefe Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not fo much,
To bear it tamely:touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womans weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheeks. No you vnnatural Hags,
I will have fuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world fhal——I will do fuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they fhalbe
The terrors of the earth! you thinke Ile wepe,
No, Ile not wepe, I have full caufe of weeping.
Stormes and Tempeft.
But this heart fhal break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere Ile wepe; O Fools, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ts people,
Cannot be well bellow'd.
Gen. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from reft,
And muft needs taffe his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gen. So am I purpof'd.
Where is my Lord of Glofter?
Enter Glofter.
Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cales to Horfe, but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis bent to give him way, he leads himselfe.
Gen. My Lord, entreate him by no means to flay.
Glo. Alaske the night comes on, and the high winde
Do fiercely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's fearce a Bush.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themefelues procure,
Must be their Schoole-Matters: fhat vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incence him too, being apt,
To haue his care abus'd, wildefome bids fear.
Corn. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My Regan counells well; come out oth'Torne.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storms still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, fearfully.
Kent. Who's there besides foole weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, moft vnquiedy.

r 2
Kent.
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-piece.

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowfe: to Beggars marry many.

The man ' makes his Toe, what he has Hair, build make,
Shall of a Corne cry woes, and turne his heape to wake,
For there was never yet faire woman, but thee made
mouthes in a glaife.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wifeman, and a Fool.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that love night,
Lose not such nights as thefe: The watchfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
Such heeles of Fire, such burfs of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Windes, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to have heard. Mams Nature cannot carry
Thifflefinn, nor the faire.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepes this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee vndivulged Crimes
Wawhip of Juflice. Hide thee, thou Boudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Similar of Vrfe
That art Inceflous. Catiffes, to peeces shake
That vnder couer, and convenient feeming
Ha's prefis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guiltes,
Rise your concealing Continents, and cry
Thefe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More finn'd againft, then finning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed!
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Houell,
Some friendfhip will it lend you 'gainft the Tempeft:
Repefe you there, while I to this hard house,
[More harder then the bones whereof 'tis rain'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Demy 'd me to come in] returne, and force
Their famed curtiffe.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dofl my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my felife. Where is this frayv, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceffities is flrange,
And can make wilde things precious. Come, your Houell;
Poor Foolie, and Knaue, I have one part in my heart
That's farty yet for thee.
Foolie. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Windie and the Raine,
Muff make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. Exit. Fools.

Foolie. This is a brave night to coole a Curritian:
He fpake a Prophesie ere I go: When
When Prieffes are more in word, then matter; When
When Brevers marre their Malt with water; When
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors, No
Heretiques burn'd, but wench's Sutors; When
When every Cafe in Law, is right; When
When Squires in debt, nor no poore Knight; When
When Sladders do not live in Tongues; Nor
Cut-purfes come not to thrones; When
When Fivors tell their Gold in the Field,

Scene Secunda.

Storme fill. Enter Lear and Fools.

Lear. Blow winde, & crack your cheekes, Rage blow
You Catafalts, and Hyricano's fpoft,
Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thouft-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaning Thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-flaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thickes Rounduity o'th world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all garnines fpill at once
That makes ingratitude Man.

Fools. O Nunklie, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
to better this Rain-water out o' doore. Good Nunkle,
in, ask the Daughters bleeding, here's a night pitties
neither Wifemen, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: fit Fire, fpowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gave you Kingsdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no Subfcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleffeure. Here I fland your Slave,
A poore, infirme, weake, and difpuft old man:
But yet I call you Srullie Minifters,
That will with two perrnicous Daughters loyne
Your high-engender'd Battles, gaine a head.
To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:  
In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,  
Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gae all,  
O that way madneffe lies, let me flan that:  
No more of that.  
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.  
Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, feake thine owne cafe,  
This temptl will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more, but Ie goe in,  
In Boy, goe first. You houfleffe poverrie,  
Nay get thee in; Ie pray, and then Ile sleepe.  
Poore naked wretches, where fo ere you are  
That hide the pelting of this pitiflfe forme,  
How shal your House-leffe heads, and vnfed futes,  
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedlfe defend you  
From feasions such as thele? O I have tane  
Too little care of this: Take Phyftcke, Pump,  
Expofe thy felfe to feel what wretches feele,  
That thou maifft shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the Heauens more iuft.  

Enter Edgar, and Foole.  
Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore Tom.  
Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, he  
help me, heepe me.  
Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?  
Foole. A spiritte, a spiritte, he fayes his name's poore  
Tom.  
Kent. What art thou that doft grumble there 'tis  
throw? Come forth.  
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend follows me, through the  
charpe Hawthorne blow the winde. Humbe, goo to thy  
bed and warme thee.  
Lear. Did't thou glee all to thy Daughters? And art  
thou come to this?  
Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore Tom? Whom  
the foule fiend hath led thourgh Fire, and through Flame,  
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-  
mire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters  
in his Puc, fet Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him  
Proud of heart, to ride on a Band troting Horse, over four  
locht Bridges, to courfe his owne Shaddow for a Traitor.  
Bliffe thy fine Wite, Tom a cold. O do, do, do, do de,  
bliffe thee from Whirle-Winces, Starre-blafing, and tal-  
kling, do poore Tom some charite, whom the foule Fiend  
veres. There could I have him now, and there, and there  
and ai ne, and there.  
Storme fill.  
Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paffe  
Could't thou fave nothing? Would'thou gue 'em all?  
Foole. Nay, he refer'da a Blanket, elle we had bin all  
sham'd.  
Lea. Now all the plauges that in the pendulous ayre  
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.  
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.  
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have fob'du'd  
To fuch a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature  
is it the faction, that difcarded Fathers,  
Should have thus little mercy on their fleth:  
ludicrous punishment, 'twas this fleth begot  
Thofe Pelican Daughters.  
Edg. Pilkcock fat on Pilkcock hill, slowellow, loo, loo.  
Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fools, and  
Maimen.  
Edgar. Take heed o'pthoule Fiend, obey thy Pa-  
rnts, keepe thy words lafitice, swere not, commit not,  
it with
with mans sworne Spoufe ; set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold.

Lear. What haft thou bin ?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curld my hairre, wore Ghoeses in my cap ; fen'd the Luft of my Miftrns heart, and did the acte of darkneffe with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that livest in the contingul of Luft, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I dreerely, Dice dreerely ; in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falle of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand ; Hog in floth, Foe in stealth, Wolfe in greendinefe, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of fhooes, Nor the ruffling of Silkes, betray thoy poore heart to woman. Kepe thoy foute out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy wits from Lenders Books, and defy the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde : Sayas faumu, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Seifj let him trot by.

Lear. Thou went better in a Grauc, then to infinere with thy owners body, this extremeittie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou owl'd the Womme no Silke ; the Beat, no Hide ; the Sheepe, no Wooll ; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three 'on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it felle ; vnaccomodated man, is no more but foche a poore, bare, forked Animmal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Com, vn-button heere.

Enter Gloucefter, with a Torch.

Foole. Pythre Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wildfe Field, were like an old Leachers heart, a fmall spark, all the reft on's body, cold : Looke, heere comes a walking fire. 

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertygibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walks at firft Coke : Hee gues the Web and the Pin, fipoints the eye, and makes the Harce-lippe ; Mildewes the white Wheetes, and burts the poore Creature of earth.

Switbold footed thrice the old, He met the Night-Mare,and her nine-fold ; Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight, And arroyt thee Witch, arroyt thee. Kent. How fares your Grace? Lear. What's he? Kent. Who's there? What's'thou feelest? Gloz. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that estes the Swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water : that in the furte of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the flanding Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ftock, punished, and imprison'd : he hath three Suites to his backs, fire firis to his body : Horfe to ride, and weapon to weare :

Tobey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Injunction be to barre thy doore, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you, Yet have I ventured to come feeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready. Lear. Firft let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the caufe of Thunder?
Kent. Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'Houfe. Lear. Ile talke a word with this fame lernd Theban: What is thy study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine. Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate. Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'vnsettle. Gloz. Canst thou blame him? Learn. His Daughters feeke his death: Ah, that good Kent, He faid it would be thus: poore banifh'd man : Thou fayet the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend I am almoft mad my felfe. I had a Sonne, Now out-law'd from my blood ; he fought my life But lately : very late : I lou'd him (Friend) No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee, The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? I do befiech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir : Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Gloz. In fellow there, into th'Houle; keep thee warm. Lear. Come, let's in all. Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher. Kent. Good my Lord, looth him: Let him take the Fellow.


Gloz. No words, no words, huff.

Edg. Childe Rowlend to the darke Tower came, His word was still, fic, fic, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Britifh man.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houfe.

Boft. How my Lord, I may be cenfur'd, that Nature thus gues way to Loyalitie, something feares mee to thinke

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brother enuill difposition made him feeke his death : but a prowouling merit fet a-work by a reproouable badnefe in himfelfe.

Boft. How malicious is my fortune, that I muft re- pent to be luft? This is the Letter which hee spoake of ; which approveth him an intelligent partie to the advanta- ges of France. O Heauen! that this Trefon were not ; nor I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchoffe.

Boft. If the matter of this Paper be certin, you have mighty buffnesse in hand.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester: seek out where thy Father is; that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

Bail. If I find him comforting the King, it will suffuse his fulmination more fully. I will peruse in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truth upon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my louse.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glow. How good friend, I pray thee take him in thy arms; I have ore-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in, And drive toward Douter friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Mafter, If thou shoul'dst daily halfe an houre, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in affured hope. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to some prouision Glue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. Exeunt.

Glou. Good friend, I pray thee take him in thy arms; I have ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in;
And drive toward Douter friend, where thou shalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maister,
If thou shouldst daily half an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured hope. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Glue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Custroph, Bofhard, and Servants.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seek out the Traitor Glofier.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Glow. Prucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edward, keep our Sifer company: the revenges wee be bound to take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a moift felicite preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sifer, farewell my Lord of Glofier.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glofier hath conuey'd him hence
Some fine or fix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queftrants after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douver, where they boast
To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Miftris.

Glow. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sifer.

Exit Corn. Edward farewell; go seek the Traitor Glofier,
Plauntion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not paffe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iutus: yet our power
Shall do a curteys to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controll.

Enter Glofier, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fatt his corky arms.

Glow. What means your Grace?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghefts:
Do me no foul play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.


Glow. Vamercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glow. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glow. Naughty Ladie.

These hairs which thou dost plucke from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Hoft,
With Robbers hands, my hospitable fames

You
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdom?

Reg. To whole hands

You have sent the Lunaticke King : Speake.

Glu. I have a Letter goeingly let downe

Which came from one that's of a newzull heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And faire.

Corn. Where haue thout fent the King?

Glu. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answr that.

Glu. I am tayed to th't Stake,

And I must stand the Courie.

Reg. Wherefore Enter Glauder ?

Glu. Because I would not fee thy cruel Nailes

Plackle out his poor old eyes : nor thy fierce Sifter,

In his Anointed stell, fickle boorish phans.

The Sea, with fuch a forme as his bare head,

In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd vp

And quench'd the Stell'd fires :

Yet poor old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.

If Wolues had at thy Gate how'd that fhine time,

Thou shoul'dt haue faid, good Porter turne the Key :

All Cruels elfe subcribe : but I shall fee

The winged Vengeance ouertake fuch Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.Fellowes hold y Chaire,

Vpon thofe eyes of thine, Ile fet my foot.

Glu. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,

Give me fome helpe.——O cruel! O you Gods.

Reg. One fife will mocke another : Th'other too.

Corn. If you fee vengeance.

Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord :

I haue feru'd you ever since I was a Child:

But better feruice haue I neuer done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin,

I'll make it on this quarrrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My Villaine?

Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A peazant hand vp thus?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am flaine : my Lord,you have one eye left

To fee fome milchefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it fee more, preuent it ; Out vilde gelly : Where is thy latuer now?

Glu. All darke and comfortelesse ?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparke of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'd on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the ouerture of thy Treafons to vs:

Who is too good to pitty thee.

Glu. O my Follies ! then Edgar was abad, 

Kinde Gods, forgive me that,and proff er him.

Reg. Go thrull him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer. Exit with Glauder.

How is't my Lord? How looke you ?

Corn. I haue recei'd a hurt : Follow me Lady ;

Turne out that eyeille Villaine : throw this SlauE

Upon the Dunghill : Regan, I bleed space,

Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. Exeunt.

Aeitus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus,and knowne to be contemn'd,

Then fill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worth:

The lowed, and moft delectid thing of Fortune,

Stand in eiperance, lyes not in feare,

The last abole change is from the hell,

The worft returns to laughter. Welcome then,

Thou unfubstantiall ayre that I embrase :

The Wretch that thou haft blowne vnto the worft,

Owes nothing to thy blifs.

Enter Glauder, and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?

World, World, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,

Life would not yeeld to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,

And your Fathers Tenant, thofe fourecores yeares.

Glu. Away, get thee away : good Friend be gone,

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glu. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes : I fumbled when I faw. Full oft 'ts fene,

Our meanes feure vs, and our meere defects

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,

The food of thy anfwerd Fathers wrath :

Might I but live to fee thee in my touch,

Fid fay I had eyes again.

Oldm. How now? who's there ?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can fay I am at the worft?

I am worfe then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worfe I may be yet : the worft is not,

So long as we can fay this is the worft.

Oldm. Fellow, where goeff ?

Glu. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glu. He has fome reafon, elfe he could not beg.

I'ts laft nights fome, I fuch a fellow faw;

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was then scare Friends with him.

I haue heard more fince :

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,

They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that muft play Foole to forrow,

Ang'ring it felfe, and others. Bifie thee Mafter.

Glu. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glu. Get thee away: If for my fake

Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine

I'fh'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

And bring fome couering for this naked Soule,

Which Be in foore need to haue me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glu.
Glou. 'Tis the times plague, When Madmen lead the blind: Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure: Above the rest, be gone. 

Oldm. He bring him the best Parrell that I have Come on's, what will. 

Exit.

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow. 

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further. 

Glou. Come hither fellow. 

Edg. And yet I must: Bleffe thy sweete eyes, they bleed. 

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Douer? 

Edg. Both fyle, and gate; Horfeway, and foot-path: poor Tom hath bin fear'd out of his good wits, Bleffe thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend. 

Glou. Here take this purle, y whom the heau'n's plagued Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched 

Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale fo still 

To the fuperfluous, and Luft-dieted man, 

That flues your ordinance, that will not see 

Because he do'nt feel, feele your powre quickly: 

So distribution should vndoo excelle, 

And each man have enough. Doff thou know Douer? 

Edg. 1 Mafter. 

Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head 

Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe: 

Bring me to but the very brimme of it, 

And lie repayre the milery thou do't hear 

With something rich about me: from that place, 

I fall no leading neede. 

Edg. Gloue me thy arme; 

Poor Tom shall leade thee. 

---

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bauffard, and Steward. 

Gen. Welcome my Lord: a meruell our mild husband 

Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Mafter? 

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd: 

I told him of the Army that was Landed: 

He smit at it. I told him you were comming, 

His answere was, the worfe. Of Gloffer Treachery, 

And of the loftall Service of his Sonne 

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot, 

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out: 

What moft he should dislike, feemes plesant to him, 

What like, offenfue. 

Gen. Then shall you go no further. 

It is the Cowith terror of his spirit 

That dares not vndertake: Heel' not feele wrongs 

Which eie him to an answere: our wishes on the way 

May prove effeects. Backe Edmund to my Brother, 

Hath his Mutters, and conduct his powes. 

I must change names at home, and glue the Difaffe 

Into my Husbands hands. This truftie Servant 

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to hearse 

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe) 

A Miftreffe command. Wearie this spare speech, 

Decline your head. This kiff, if it durt spake 

Would fretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre: 

Conceive, and fare thee well. 

Baff. Yours, in the rankes of death. 

Gen. My moult yeare Gloffer. 

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souliuers. 

Car. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met eu'n now 

As mad as the west Sea, singeing aloud, 

Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weedes, 

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowers, 

Darnell
Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres fet forth?  
Stew. I Madam.  
Reg. Himselfe in perfon there!  
Stew. Madam with much ado:  
Your Sifer is the better Souldier.  
Reg. Lord Edmund speake not with your Lord at home?  
Stew. No Madam.  
Reg. What might import my Sifers Letter to him?  
Stew. I know not, Lady.  
Reg. Faith he is poached hence on ferious matter:  
It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out  
To let him lie. Where he arrives, he mouses  
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone  
In pitty of his misfory, to dispath  
His nighted life: Moreover to defory  
The strength o'th'Enemy.  
Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.  
Reg. Our troopes fet forth to morrow, fly with vs:  
The wayes are dangerous.  
Stew. I may not Madam:  
Reg. My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.  
Reg. Why should the write to Edmund?  
Might not you transport her purposse by word? Belike,  
Some things, I know not what. Ile loose thee much  
Let me violece the Letter.  
Stew. Madam, I had rather  
Reg. I know your Lady do's not lose her Husband,  
I am sure of that: and at her late being here,  
She gave strange Elisis, and most speaking lookes  
To that Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.  
Stew. I, Madam?
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fail
To quarrel with your great oppoſeſſe willes,
My snuffs, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it felfe out. If Edgar liue, O beffe him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it felfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paff. Alas, or dead!
HOU, you Sir! Friend, hear ye Sir, Speake:
Thus might he passe Indeed; yet he reuiles.

What are you Sir?

Glu. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'lt thou beene ought
But Mafter tho Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathom downe precipitating)
Thou'ft fliuer'd like an Řege: but thou do'lt breath:
Haft heavy Subftance, bleed'lt not, speak'lt not, art found,
Ten Maffes at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haft perpendicularly fell'd,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe,
Glu. But haue I faine, or no?

Edg. From the dread Sommet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the thrill-gord Larke fo farre
Cannot be fene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glu. Alacke, I have no eyes:
Is wretchednedde depe'd that benefit
To end it felfe by death? Twas yet fome comfort,
When mifery could beguile the Tyrrans rage,
And frustrate his prou'd will.

Edg. Give me your arme.

Vp, 6: o How is't? Fece you your Legges? You f tand.
Glu. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ftrangeffe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Ccliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glu. A poore vnofortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I rood heere belowe, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouand Noles,
Hornes weak'd, and waued like the enraged Sea.
It was fome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleareft Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Imperfibilitie, have preferued thee.

Glu. I do remember now: henceforth Ie beare
Affiliation, till it do cry out it felle:
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man; often'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who cometh heere?

The faier fenfe will ne're accommodate
His blemenlife.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing light!


Glu. Sweet Mariorum,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

rough tatter'd clothes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the throng Lance of Justice, hurtleth breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em, take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to seale th'acculpers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a furious Politician, seeume to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reafon in Madneffe.

Lear. If thou wilt wepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloueter: Thou muft be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smelt the Ayre We wawle, and cry, I will preache to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To the great stage of Fools. This a good blocke: It were a delicate fraategem to fhew A Troope of Horfe with Felt: Ile put in proofs, And when I have fhone vpon thee Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir. Your moft deere Daughter—

Lear. No refuge? What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Natural Fool of Fortune. Vie me well, You fhall have ranfome. Let me have Surgeons, I am cut to'th' Brains.

Gent. You fhall have any thing. Lear. No Seconds? All my felf? Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vie his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die bravely, Like a fmagge Bridgroome. What? I will be louall: Come, come, I am a King, Maters, know you that? Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you. Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You fhall get it by running: Sa, fa, fa, fa. Exit.

Gent. A fight moft pittifull in the meaneft wretch, Paft speaking of a King. Thou haft a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the general caufe Which twain haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, fpeed you? what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moft fiue, and vulger:

Every one heares that, which can distingui{h found.

Edg. But by your favour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on feedy foot: the maine defcry

Stands on the naturally thought.

Edg. I thank you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special caufe is here

Her Army is mou'd on. Exit.

Edg. I thank you Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my wounds Spirit tempe me againe

To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moft poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowing, and feeling forowrse, Am pregnant to good pity. Glue me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Hearde thanks.

The bountie, and the benzon of Heaven
To boot, and boot. Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moft happie That eyelesse head of thine, was fift fram'd flesh To raife my forunces. Thou old, unhappy Traitor, Briefely thy felfe remember: the Sword is out That muft deftroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough root.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pzeant,

Dar't thou fupport a publi'h'd Traitor? Hence, Leafe th'inflection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chiff not let go Zere,

Without vurther cafon.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy't.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gaites, and let poore volke paffe: and chud ha'bin swaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha'bin so long as 'tis, by a wghtonne. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keep out the vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coftard, or my Ballow be the harder; chiff be plaine with you.

Stew. Our Dunghill.

Edg. Chiff picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter for your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haft flaine me:Villain, take my purfe; If eu'r thou wilt thrifie, bury my bodie, And glue the Letters which thou fin'd it about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloueter: fecke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death. Edg. I know thee well. A feruiceable Villaine, As duteous to the vices of thy Misfiris, As badneffe would defire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: refte you.

Let's fee these Pocketes; the Letters that he speaks of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am only forry He had no other Deathman. Let vs fee:

Leave gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies minde, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal owes be remembred. You haue manie oppurtunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be frutfullly offer'd. There is nothing done. If bee returns the Conqueror, then am I the prisoner, and he leads my Gaule, from the boasted warmth whereof, deliver me, and app- ply the place for your Labour.

Your Wifh, so I would say) effectiu-e

Governon.

Oh indigul'd spake of Womans will,

A plot upon her vertuous Husbandes life,

And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the fands

Thee Ile rake vp, the poife unfaftified

Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,

With this vngracious paperrike the fght

Of the death-prac'd Duke; for him 'tis well,

That of thy death, and bufinesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:

How fiffle is my vile fene

That I fland vp, and haue ingenuous feeling

Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were diftrifte,

So thould my thoughts be feuer'd from my greeues,

Dram afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations looef

The
Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and work?
To match thy goodness?
My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg’d Madam is ore-pi’d,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clip, but so,
Be better suited.
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I pritty put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortened my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be’t to my good Lord:
How do’s the King?

Gent. Madam sleepest still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Sure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th’untun’d and iarring fences, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern’d by your knowledge, and proceede,
I’th’way of your owne will: is he array’d?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants:

Gent. I Madam: in the headnesse of sleepe,
We put freh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Cor. O my deere Father, restoration hang
Thy face in my lippe, and let this kiffe
Repair the violence harms, that my two Sistres
Have in your Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Prince.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakkes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppress’d against the iarring wondes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should have flood that night against my fire,
Andwas’t thou faire (poore Father)
To houcild thee with Swine and Rogues forborne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
’Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, ’tis fittest.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiestye?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o’th’grave,
Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne tears
Do fcal’d, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gen. He’s scarfe awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus’d; I should eu’n dye with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not swears these are my hands: let’s see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur’d
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon 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 foolifh fond old man,
Fourerecore and upward,
Not an houre more, nor lette:
And to deale plainly,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this isand all the skill I have
Remembers not these 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.

Cor. And lo I am I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith I pray wepe not,
If you have poyfon for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sistres
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill’d in him; he felfe him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further setting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?
Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Exit.

Aeages Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Corders, Edmund, Regan.
Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Bfbl. Know of the Duke if his last pu’pose hold,
Or whether since he is adult’ed by ought
To change the court, he’s full of alteration,
And selfe-reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sistres man is certainly miskarried.
Bfbl. ’Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, and then speak the truth,
Do you not love my Sifer?

Baft. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Baft. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her, deare my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Baft. Fear not she, and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sifer, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
For'd to cry out.

Rogn. Why is this resound?

Gen. Combine together gainst the Enemie:
For these domestick and particular broyles,
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sifer you'll go with vs?

Gen. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with vs.

Gen. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Hear me one word.

Alb. Ile overtake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battalle, ope this Letter,
If you have vidory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it;wrenched though I see me,
I can produce a Champion, that will proove
What is ausouched there. If you miscarry,
Your buffnelle of the world hath to an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall ferue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appear again. 

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baft. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Here is the gueesse of their true strenght and Forces,
By dilligent difcouerie, but your haft
Is now wagg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Baft. To both these Sifers have I sworn my louse:
Each lesious of the other, as the flung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remaine alive: To take the Widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sifer Gonerill,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll vfe
His countenance for the Battalle, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devises
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The Battalle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum with bin. Enter with Drummes and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Here the Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good haft: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I returne to you again,
Ie bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Edg. No further Sir, a man may rot even here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again a

Men must endure
Their being hence, even as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too. 

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Soldiers, Captaine.

Baft. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vastill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to enquire them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with beft meaning haue incurr'd the worth:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My felle could eft out-frowne falle Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not fee thee Daughters, and th' Sifers?

Lear. No, no, no, no: I come let's away to prifon,
We two alone will finge like Birds th' Cage:
When thou doft ask me bleffing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveneffe: So we'll live,
And pray, and fin, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and here (poore Rognes)
Talke of Court newes, and we'll talke with them too,
Who loofes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods fipes: And we'll weare out
In a wall'd prifon, packs and feet of great ones;
That ebe and flow by th' Moone.

Baft. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my Cordelia,
The Gods themselves throw Incence.

Hence I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere
The Tragedie of King Lear.

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Ere they shall make vs weep?
Weele see e'm fam'd frift : come.
Exit.
Baf. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prizon,
One reepe I have aduanc'd thee, if thou do't
As this instrufts thee, thou doul make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great employment
Will not bear questionnever lay thou'll do't,
Or thrive by other meanes.
Capt. He do't my Lord.
Baf. About it, and write happy, when th'haft done,
Markke I say infaftly, and carry it fo
As I have let it done. Exit Captaine.

Flouris. Enter Albany, Generill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captuues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vfe them,
As we hall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
Baf. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miferable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common boime on his face,
And turne our impreft Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reaon all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appearre
Where you shall hold your Seiflion.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a fubiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we lift to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spake fo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commination of my place and perfon,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it felfe your Brother.
Gen. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inuetted, he compeares the beet.
Alb. That were the moost, if he should husband you.
Gen. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you fo, look'd but a fquint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, elfe I shou'd anfwerre
From a full flowing stomack, Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prifoners, patrimony,
Dispoze of them, of me, the walls is thine;
Winneff the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Matfer.
Gen. Meane you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baf. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drumrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: Edmund, I arret thee
On captaine Treafon; and in thy arret,
This guided Serpentine: for your clame faine Sifters,
I bare it in the intereft of my wife,
"Tis the is sub-contrafted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is bespoke.
Gen. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed Glofier,
Let the Treafor found:
If none appeare to prove vpon thy perfon,
Thy heynous, manifett, and many Treafons,
There is my pledge: I leake it on thy heart
Ere I take bread, thou art in nothing lefte
Then I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O sicke.
Gen. If not, I leare truth medicine.
Baf. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me? Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Truth to thy angle vertue, for thy Soullers
All leued in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.
Regan. My fickleffe grows vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Treafer found,
And read out this. A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within thelifts of the Arm.
my, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Glofier,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
found of the Trumpet: he be in bold in his defence. Trumpet
Her. Againe.
Trumpet. Her. Againe.
Trumpet. Trumpet.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purpos, why he appears
Vpon 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 lost
By Treafons tooth: bare-gruwne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerfary
I come to copace.
Alb. Which is that Aduerfary?
Edg. What's he that fpeakes for Edmund Earl of Glo.
Baf. Himfelfe, what fallet thou to him? (fer?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my fpeech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may doe the Juflice, here is mine:
Behold it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profeflion. I prouef,
Mongre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Defpife thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
Falfe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirats' gainst this high hillufiours Prince,
And from th'extremefly upward of thy head,
To the difcent and deth below thy feet,

ft 2
The Tragedie of King Lear.

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my belt spirits be bent
To prove upon thy heart, wherefore I spake,
Thou lyest.

Bafli. In widowsome I should ask thy name,
But since thy out-side looks so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue(some faire) of breathing breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain'd and spurn'd
Backe do I toffe these Treadions to thy head,
With the helle-hated Lye, are-welthme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and fearly bruife,
This Sword of mine shall give them infant way,
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Save him, save him.

Alarums. Fights.

Gen. This is my proude yesr Glorin.

By th'law of Warre, thou waft not bound to anfwer
An vnknowne oppofiter: thu art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd, and be gull'd.

Alb. Shut thy mouth Dame,
Or with this paper H'll I flop it: hold Sir,
Thou worfe then any name, reade thine owne euill;
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gen. Say if I do, the I awes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't?

Exit. Alb. Maff monfhous! O, know'st thou this paper?
Bafli. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's defperate, gourener her.
Bafli. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis praff, and so am I: but what art thou
That haft this Fortune on me? if thou'rt Noble,
I do fcrue thee.

Edg. This exchange charity,
I am no lefe in blood then thou art Edmund,
If more, the more th' haft wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar and thy Father Sonne,
The Gods are Iuft, and of our plentiful vices
Make infirmes to plague vs:
The darke and vittious place where thee he got,
Coff him his eyes.
Bafli. Th' haft spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full circle, I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophafe
A Royall Noblenfie: I muft embrace thee,
Let forrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father,

Edg. Worthy Prince I know's.
Alb. Where haue you hid your felfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nurfing them my Lord. Lift a briefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burn.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me to neere,(O our liues sweetneffe,
That we the paine of death would hourly dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to fift
Into a mad-mans rage, t'affime a femeance
That very Dogges difdaun'd: and in this habit
Mer I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loft: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, faw'd him from difpair.
Neuer(O fault) jeauzel'd my felfe vnfo him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not fare, though hoping of this good fucciff,
I ask'd his bleffing, and from firft to laft
Told him our pilgrimage. But his faw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to fupport)
Twixt two extremes of pathion, joy and grefs.
Burft fmillingly.
Bafli. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perhance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to fay.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost to diffolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.


Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What means this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it fmoakes, it came even from the heart
Of—O she's dead.


Gen. Your Lady Sir,your Lady: and her Sifter
By her is poifon'd i' the confedius it.
Bafli. I was contradd to them both, all three
Now marrie in an infant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead: Gonerill and Regan bodysbrought out.

This judgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.

Touches vs not with pity: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement

Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Mutter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's, Cordelia?
Seet thou this obieft Kent?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?
Bafli. Yet Edmund was belou'd:
The one the other poiffond for my fake,
And after flew herfelf.

Alb. Euen forcer their faces.

Bafli. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Defiue of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend,
(To briefe in it) to th'Caffe, 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 repreufe.

Bafli. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Glue it the Captaine.

Edg. Haft thee for thy life.

Bafli. He hath Commifion from thy Wife and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prifon, and
To lay the blame upon her owne difpair,
That the for-did her felfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare 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 vfe them fo,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: I fend me a Looking-glafe,
The Tragedie of King Lear.

If that her breath will mist of stone, Why then she lyes.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Tall and cear.

Lear. This matter flits, the lies; it is he so,
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrowes
That euer I have felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble Kent your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have saud her, now she's gone for euer:

Cordelia, Cordelia, flay a little. Ha:
What is't thou faid? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not follow?
I haue feene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And thefe same croffes spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'beft, Ie tell you shaft.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, the lou'd and hated,
One of them we beheld.

Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The fame: you Seruant Kent,
Where is your Seruant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ille see that shaft.

Kent. That from your fift of difference and decay,
Hauue follow'd your fad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man elle:
All your chearleffe, darke, and deadly,
your eldeft Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead

Lear. I fo I think.

Alb. He knowes not what he faies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootleffe.

Meff. 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 appli'd. For vs we will refraine,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him, our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and fuch addition as your Honour.
Have more then merited, All Friends shall
Tate the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their defervings: O fee, fee

Lear. And my poore Poose is hung'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him paife, he hates him,
That would upon the wreak of this tough world
Strecth him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd fo long,
He but vforp his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preuent businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my foule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd fate sustaine.

Kent. I haue a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Matter calls me, I must not fay no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay:
The olden hath borne moift, we that are yong,
Shall never fee fo much, nor live fo long.


FINIS.
Enter Rodrigo, and Iago.

Rodrigg.

Enter tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (Iago) who haft had my purfe,
As if th'off'ring were thine, should'lt know of this.
Is. But you'l not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou told'lt me,
Thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Defpife me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall fuit to make his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the flight of man
I know my price, I am worth no worfe a place.
But he (as losing his owne pride, and purpofe)
Exades them, with a buffaft Circumfance,
Horribly Stufft with Epithets of warre,
Non-futes my Mediators. For certes, fakes he,
I have already chofe my Officer. And what was he?
For-footh, a great Arithmatician,
One Michell Caffe, a Fiorentine,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer fet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the defeiuion of a Battle knowes
More then a Spinster. Valeiffe the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Confufs can propofe
As Matterly as he. Meere prattle (without prafice)
Is all his Souldierhip. But he (Sir) had th'elec{tion;
And I (of whom his eies had feene the proofe
At Rhoden, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Chriftion, and Heathen) must be he-cled, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caller,
He (in good time) muft his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleffe the marke) his Moorships Auntient.

Red. By heauen, I rather would have bin his hangman.

Iago. Why; there's no remedie.
'Tis the curfe of Service; Pretender goeth by Letter, and affe{tion,
And not by old gradation, where each fcond
Stood Heire to th'th'fire. Now Sir, be judge your felfe,
Whether I in any full terme am Affin'd
To loue the Moors?

Red. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to ferue my turne upon him.
We cannot all be Maffers, nor all Maffers
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obfequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maffers Alle,
For naught but humans, & when he's old Cuffer'd.

Whip me fuch honest knaues. Others there are
Who try'md in Formes, and vilages of Dutie,
Keeps yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but thowes of Service on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them.

And when they have linden their Coates
Doe themfelves Homage.

Thefe Fellowes have fome foule,
And fuch a one do I proffe the felfe. For (Sir)
It is as fure as you are Rodrigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my felfe.

Heauen is my Judge, not I for loue and dutie,
But foming fo, for my peculiar end
For when my outward Aktion doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Compliment externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart upon my fleecue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-hips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rofle him, make after him, payfon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenfe her kin{men,
And though he in a fertile Cylmate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his loy be Louy,
Yet throw fuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looke fome colour.

Red. Here is her Fathers Houfe, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is fied in populous Citties.


Lookes to your Houfe, your daughter, and your Baggs,
Theues, Theues.

Bra. Above. What is the reafon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Red. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
the Moor of Venice.

Your heart is burst, you have loft half your soul
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the forting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the duell will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Brad. What, haue you loft your wits?
Rod. Mofi reuerent Signior, do you know my voice?
Brad. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Brad. The worfter welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneffe
(Being full of Supper, and diltemping draughtes)
Upon milhitious knauerie, doft thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Brad. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good Sir.

Brad. What tell'lt thou me of Robbing ?
This is Venice : my house is not a Grange.

Rod. Most graue Bradanico,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Sir: If you are one of them that will not serue God,
if the duell bid you. Because we come to do you service,
and you think we are Ruffians,you haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you haue your Nephewes
neigh to you, you haue Couriers for Cozens :
and Genneris for Germanies.

Brad. What prophane wretch art thou?
Is. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beaff with two backs.

Brad. Thou art a Villaine.

Is. You are a Senator.

Brad. This thou shalt answere: I know thee Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I believe you
is't be your pleasure, and most wise comfort,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knawe of common hire, a Gundeller,
To the groffe claifes of a Lasciuious Moore :
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and faulce wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue
That from the fence of all Cuiiltie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Resuerence.
Your Daughter (If you haue not gien her leave)
I say againe,hath made a groffe result,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an estraung, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: slighte satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Julice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Brad. Strike on the Tinder, hoa :
Glue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beliefe of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light.

Is. Farewell: for I must leave you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholeforme to my place
To be produc'd, (as if I slay, I shall,
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with faterde call-him. For he's embrark'd
With fuch loud eason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which even now standis in Act) that for their foules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Busynesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell spines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must throw out a Flag, and signe of Love,
(Which is indeed but signe)that you shal fully find him
Lead to the Sagitary the railed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. Exit.

Enter Bradanico,with Servants and Torches.

Brad. It is too true an cuill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my desped time,
Is sucht but bitterness. Now Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ? (Oh vnhappy Girls)
With the Moore fald the Patie ? Who would be a Father ?
How didst thou know 'twas she ? (Oh she deceaues me
Paft thoughts) what fald fhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raife all my Kindred. Are they married think ye?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Brad. Oh Hecauen : how got the out ?
Oh trefion of the blood.

Father,from hence truift not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the property of Youth, and Maidhood
May be ab'd ? Have you not read Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir : I haue indeed.

Brad. Call vp my Brother : oh would you had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

Rod. I thinke I can difficuer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Brad. Pray you lead on. At every house Ie call,
(I may command at moft) get Weapons (hoa)
And raife some speall Officers of might:
On good Roderigo, I will deferve your paines. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello,Lage, Attendants,with Torches.

Is. Though in the trade of Warre I have faigne men,
Yet do I hold it very fuffe o'th'confience
To do no contriv'd Murder : I lacke Iniquitie
Sometyme to do me fcrute. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'hau'e yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Ts better as it is.

Lage. Nay but he prated,
And spoke fuch fcury, and prosouking terms
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fat married ? Be affur'd of this,
That the Magnusco is much belo'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentill
As double as the Dukes : He will divorce you.
Or put vpon you, what refraint or greenese,

The
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his rights;
My Service, which I have done the Signior
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. "Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boating is an Honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my denomi 
May a speake (unbonneted) so as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my vnhoufed free condition
Put into Circumcision, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Iago, with Torches.

Iago. Tho' be the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly, is it they?

Iago. By Iunu, I think no.

Oth. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneffe of the Night vnpon you (Friends)
What is the News?

Caff. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requireth your hafe, Pot-hafe appearance,
Enen on the intant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Coff. Something from Cyprus, as I may divin:
It is a banifie of some heste. The Gallics
Have sent a dozen sequent Meffengers
This very night, at one another heele,
And many of the Conuls, raf'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hastily call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three feuerall Oueff,
To search you out.

Oth. "Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the houfe,
And goe with you.

Caff. Auncient, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carret,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for euere.

Coff. I do not underhand.

Iago. He's married.

Coff. To who?

Iago. Marry to——— Come Captaine, will you go?

Oth. Haue with you.

Coff. Here come another Troope to feele for you.

Enter Brahamie, Roderige, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brahamies Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rude. Signior, it is the Moore.

Iago. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, Roderige, come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep vpon your bright Swords for thedeu will ruff them. Good Signior, you shallmore command with yeares, then with your Weapons.

"Bra. Oh thou foule Theeue, 
What haue haft thou foule my Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou haft enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of fente,
(If he in Chains of Magick we re not bound )
Whether a Mai, so tender,Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that the thou'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would ever hare (Tencurce a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardago the footie boforme,
Of such a thing as thou; to feare, not to delight?
Insige the world, if'ho is not groffe in fente,
That thou haft pra'dis'd her with foale Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,

That weakens Morion. Ile haue disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a palfifier
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do refit
Subdue him, at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclination, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anfwer this your charge?

Bra. To Prifon,till fit time
Of Law,and course of direct Seffion
Call thee to anfwer.

Oth. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith fatish'd,
Whole Meffengers are here about my fide,
Vpon fome prefent bufineffe of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true moft worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble felfe,
I am fure is fent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counfell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away?
Mine's not an idle Canfe. The Duke himfelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if fuch Actions may have paffage free,
Bond-haues, and Pagans fhall our Statesmen be.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duck. There's no compofition in this Newes,
That gives them Credit.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportionately;
My Letters fay, a Hundred and feuen Gallies.

Duck. And mine a Hundred fourtie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they Jumpe not on a luft accompt,
(As in thefe Cafes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is poiffible enough to judgement:
I do not to secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approce
In deafe Vanite.

Sayer within, What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Sayer.

Officer. A
The Moor of Venice.

**Officer.** A Msellng er from the Gallies.

**Duke.** Now? What's the buffneffe?

**Sailor.** The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo.

**Duke.** How say you by this change?

1. **Sen.** This cannot be
By no aylay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in faire gaze, when we confider
Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let our felues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concerns the Turk then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queation bear be,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is drefled in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so vwockiffull,
To leue that latelie, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of eafe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profilese.

**Duke.** Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

**Officer.** Here is more Newsse.

Enter a Msellenger.

**Maffen.** The Ottamites, Reuener'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due courfe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there intenied them with an after Fleece.

1. **Sen.** I do I thought: how many, as you goffe?

**Maff.** Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-item
Their backward courfe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your truie and most Valiant Seruitor,
With his free dorte, recommends you thus,
And graces you to beleevse him.

**Duke.** 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Lucieus, is not he in Towne?

1. **Sen.** He's now in Florence.

**Duke.** Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispaeth,

1. **Sen.** Here comes Brabantine, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantine, Othello, Caffo, Lago, Redorigo, and Officer.

**Duke.** Valiant Othello, we must straitly employ you,
Against the general Enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

**Br.** So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buffneffe
Hath rain'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulfs, and swallowes other forrowes,
And it is fill it sall.

**Duke.** Why? What's the matter?

**Br.** My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

1. **Sen.** Dead? 

**Br.** I, to me.
She is abus'd, done from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so proprofly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sence,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

**Duke.** Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selle,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selle read, in the better letter,
After you owne sence: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

**Br.** Humbly I thankse your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seems
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affairs
Hath hither brought.

**All.** We are verie sorry for't.

**Duke.** What in your owne part, can you say to this?

**Br.** Nothing, but this is so.

**Oth.** Most Potent, Grace, and Revener'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have tane 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. But am I, in my speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrafe of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith
Till now, some nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd
Their deereft actio, in the Tentd Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Peas of Brooles, and Battaille,
And therefore little shall I grace my couse,
In speaking for my selle. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vn-varnithd Tale deliever,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugs, what Charmes,
What Confiration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

**Br.** A Maiden, newer bold:
Of Spirit to fill, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selle, and she, in sight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, evry thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on,
It is a judgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confelle Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be drunk
To find out pracfties of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Drame, (conur'd to this effect?)
He wrought vp on her.
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more over Teft
Then these thin habes, and poore likly-hoods
Of moderne feeming, do prefer against him.
1. **Sen.** But Othello, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and payson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As foule, to foule affordeth?

**Oth.** I do bethesa you,
Send for the Lady to the Wary.
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me foule, in her report,
The Tryth, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Even full on my life.

**Duke.** Fetch Delphine hither.

**Oth.** Aunciant, conduct them:
You beft know the place,
And tell she come, as truly as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So tuflly to your Graue cares, Ie present

How
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies love, 
And she in mine. 

Duke. Say it Otello.

Oth. Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me: 
Still question'd me the Storie of my life, 
From yere to yere: the Battell, Sieges, Fortune, 
That I have paff.

I ran it through, even from my boyth daies, 
Told very moment that he bad me tell it. 
Wherein I spoke of most diffifrous chances: 
Of mowing Accidents by Flood and Field, 
Of haire-breath scapes i'th'immittent deadly breach; 
Of being taken by the Infolent Foe, 
And fold to hisury. Of my redemption thence, 
And portance in my Travellsart hilfeuse. 
When of Aunts, vass, and Defarts idle, 
Rough Quaries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen, 
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Procee, 
And of the Canibals that eaches eate, 
The Astrologer, and men whole heads 
Grew hent off their shoulders. Thefe things to hear, 
Would Dfademna fervorously incline: 
But fill the house Affaires would draw her hence: 
Which ever as she could with haste dispach, 
She'd come againe, and with a greesse ear 
Deceoure vp my difcourfe. Which I offerung, 
Tooke once a plant hour, and found good means 
To draw from her a prayer of earneft heart, 
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate, 
Whereof by parcel she had something heard, 
But not ininitidue: I did confent, 
And often did beguile her of her teares, 
When I did speake of some direftrefull stroke 
That my youth fuffer'd: My Storie being done, 
She gave me for my pains a world of kifles 
She swore in faith twas strange: twas paffing strange, 
'Twas pittifull: twas wondrous pittifull. 
She would she had not heard it, yet the with'd 
That Heauen had made her fuch a man. She thank'd me, 
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her, 
I shoul but teach him how to tell my Story, 
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I speake, 
She lou'd me for the danger I had paff, 
And I lou'd her,that the did pity them. 
This onely is the witch-craft I have voud. 
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneffe it.

Eater Dfademna, Lege, Attendants.

Duke. I thinkke this tale would win my Daughter too, 
Good Brabantio, take vp this mangled matter at the ball: 
Men do their broken Weapons rather vfe, 
Then their bare hands.

Br. I pray you hear her speake? 
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer, 
Deftruction on my head,if my bad blame 
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miftris, 
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie, 
Where most you owe obedience? 
Def. My Noble Father, 
I do perceive heere a divided duty, 
To you I am bound for life, and education: 
My life and education both do learne me, 
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty, 
I am hither your Daughter. But here's my Husband; 
And so much dutie, as my Mother they'd

To you, preferring you before her Father: 
So much I challenge, that I may profess 
Due to the Moore my Lord. 

Bra. God be with you: I have done. 
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires; 
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it. 
Come hither Moore; 
I here do 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 loue, I have no other Child, 
For thy escape would teach me Tyrannie 
To hang coggles on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your felle: 
And lay a Sentence, 
Which as a grate, or any may helpe thee Louen. 
When remedia are paff, the griefes are ended 
By feeing the worft, which late on hopes depended. 
To mourne a Milcheefe that is past and gon, 
Is the next way to draw new milchief on. 
What can the be preffed, when Fortune takes: 
Patience, her Injury a mock'r makes. 
The rob'd that smilies, teales something from the Thiefs, 
He robs himfelfe, that spends a booteflee griefe. 

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile, 
We loue it not to long as we can fmile: 
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares, 
But the free comfort which from thence he heares. 
But he beares both the Sentence, and the forrow, 
That to pay griefe, must of poor Patience borrow. 
Thefe Sentences, to Sugars, or to Gall, 
Being strong on both fides, are Equinocall. 
But words are words, I never yet did heare'; 
That the bruized heart was pliere't through the eares. 
I humbly before thee you proceed to th'Affaires of State. 

Duke. The Turke with a molt mighty Preparation 
makes for Cyprus: Otello, the Fortitude of the place is 
beft knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substitu- 
tute of molt allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more 
soueraine Miftris of Effects, throwes a more faer 
voice on you: you must therefore be content to flumber 
the glories of your new Fortunes, with this more flub- 
borne, and boziris expedition.

Orfe. The Tirant Cuftome, molt Graue Senators, 
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre 
My thirce-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize 
A Naturall and prompt Alacarte, 
I finde in hardneffe: and do undertake 
This preferent Warres against the Orientes: 
Moft humbly therefore bending to your State, 
I crave ft disposition for my Wife, 
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition, 
With such Accomodation and beforit 
As leuell as her breeding. 

Duke. Why at her Fathers? 

Bra. I will not hauie it fo. 

Orfe. Nor 1. 

Def. Nor would I there recide, 
To put my Father in impatient thoughts 
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke, 
To my unfolding, lend you properous care, 
And let me finde a Charter in your voice 
To allifie my simplenee.

Duke. What would you Dfademna? 

Def. That I may love the Moore, to live with him, 
My downe-right violence, and forme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's fiabdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's viilage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valliant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes confecrate.
So taht (deere Lords) I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I lose him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere abience. Let me go with him.
Obe. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To pleafe the pallate of my Appetite.
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my deffenci, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your ferious and great buuneffe scant.
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid,feele with wanton dulneffe
My speculatue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Diportes corrupt, and taint my buuneffe:
Let Hounds-wises make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduerfities,
Make head against my Eftimation.
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her flay, or going th: Affaire cries haft,
And speak must answer it.
Sor. You muft away to night,
Obe. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine I'th'morning, here we'll meete again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Committion bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and refpeft
As doth import you.
Obe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honefthy and truft:
To his conuayance I assigne my wife,
With what else needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be fo:
Good night to euer one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Fare then Blacke.
Sor. A Jeune brave Moore, the Defdemona well.
Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haft eies to fee:
She ha's decie'd her Father, and may thee.
Exit.
Obe. My life vpon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Defdemona muft I leave to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beft advantage.
Come Defdemona, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of worthy matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey thee the time.
Exit. 
Iago.
Iago. What falt thou Noble heart?
Red. What will I do, think'fth thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.
Red. I will incontinently drowne my felfe.
Iago. Thou falt thou, I shall never love thee after. Why
thou Ely Gentfman?
Red. It is fillyneffe to live, when to live is torment:
and then haue we a preffcription to dye, when death is our Phefition.
Iago. Oh villainous: I have looke'd vpon the world
for foure times feven yeares, and since I could diftinguith
betwixt a Benefit, and an Injurie: I never found man that knew how to lose himfelfe. Ere I would fay, I would drowne my felfe for the loue of a Gunney Hen, I would change my Humanitie with a Baboon.
Red. What fhould I do? I confefs it is my fhame
To fo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
Lago. Vertue? A figne, 'tis in our fles that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-tels, or fowe Lettice: Set Hifope, and weepe vp Times:
Supplic it with one gender of Hairles, or dirad it with many: either to have it flerill with bil内的efle, or manu-
red with Induftry, why the power, and Corrigable au-
torithie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
had not one Scale of Refton, to poize another of Senfu-
fälle, the blood, and bafenlle of our Natures would conduce
vs to moft pernicious Conclusions. But we have Refton to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, or unbitted Lufts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sedt, or Seyen.
Red. It cannot be,
Iago. It is meery a Luft of the blood, and a permiffion
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy felfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I have profefte me thy Friend, and I confefs me knit to thy delving, with Cables of perdurable toughneffe. I could neuer better fiied thee then now. Put Money in thy purfe: follow thou the Warres, deffece thy felf, with an ufurp'd Beard. I fay,
put Money in thy purfe. It cannot be long that Defdemona should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purfe nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
ment in her, and thou fhalt fee an awnfeeble Seque-
stration, put but Money in thy purfe. These Moeres are changeable in their wills: fill thy purfe with Money. The Food that to him now is as lusious as Locufts, shall be to him shortly, as bitter as Colooquintida. She muft change for youth: when she is fated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
ney in thy purfe. If thou wilt needs damne thy felfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
ney thou canft: If Sanftimone, and a fraile vow, be-
twixt an erring Barbarian, and fupper-fuble Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefor make Money: a box of drow-
ning thy felfe, it is clean out of the way. Seek thee thou
rather to be hang'd in Compafling thy voy, then to be drownd'and go without her.
Red. Wilt thou be falt to my hopes, if I depend on
thee?
Iago. Thou art fure of me: Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I re-tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted: thine hath no leffe
reason. Let vs be coniunflue in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canft Cuckold him, thou doft thy felfe a pleafure, me a fport. There are many Events in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivered. Traurer, go, 
proide thy Money. We will have more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.
Red. Where fhall we meete I'th'morning?
Iago. At my Lodging.
Red. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare Roderigs?
Red. Ile fell all my Land.
Exit.
Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purfe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophan.
I will time expend with such Sunes,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him:
Caffio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
After some time, to abuse Othello's cares,
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 Moor is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose.
As Afes are:
I hate't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Muf't bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. What from the Cape, can you discourse at Sea?

Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Defy a Sallet.

Mont. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shoke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd Vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Mortaries. What shall we hear of this?
2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand upon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-falk'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Bearre,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-axed Pole;
I never did like mullation view
On the engag'd Flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish Fleet
Be not enhel'd, and empery'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newses Ladders: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempell hath fo bang'd the Turkes,
That their deignement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a generous wracke and suffcrance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is heere put in: A Persuasive, Michael Caffio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Orbelo,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.

3. But this fame Caffio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish kiffe, yet he lookes fally,
And pray the Moore be safe: for they were parted
With loose and violent Tempest.

Mont. Pray Heauens he be:

For I have seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-fide (hoa)
As well to see the Veffell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriea blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so:
For every Minute is expectable
Of more Arrivancie.

Enter Caffio.

Caff. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Gloe him defence against the Elements,
For I have loit him on a dangerous Sea.

Mont. Is he well ship'd?

Caff. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verey expert, and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not furreted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Sallet, a Sallet, a Salle.

Caff. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty: on the brow of'th Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Salle.

Caff. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courteties,
Our Friends, at leaft.

Caff. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And glue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall.

Mont. But good Lieutenant, is your General wiu'd?

Caff. Moft fortunately: he hath archiu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wide Fame:
One that excels the quirks of Blazingon pens,
And in the'th'entail Venture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingenious.

Enter Gentlemen.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall.

Caff. He's had most favurable, and happie speed:
Tempelts themselfes, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors entwip'd, to engloue the guiltefull Kecle,
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Nature, letting go safely by
The Divine Deifeliena,

Mont. What is he?

Caff. He that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,
And swell his Salle with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may bliee this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quicke pants in Deifeliena Armes,
Gie renue'd fire to our extinquish'd Spirits.

Enter Deifeliena, Iago, Rodrigo, and Oemilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Hauean,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.

Oth. I thank you, Valiant Caffio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Caff.
Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.
Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loth you company?
Caffio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Pared our fellowship. But hearke, a Salle.
Within. A Salle, a Salle.
Gen. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.
Caffio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancients, you are welcome. Welcome Mift'r:
Let it not galle your patience (good Lago)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold thow of Curtezie.
Lago. Sir, would she gave you somuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft behovest on me,
You would have enuio.
Def. Alas: she's no speach.
Lago. Infant too much:
I finde it still, when I have leau to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She pottes her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
C. Emil. You have little caute to say so.
Lago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore:
Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchen:
Saints in your Inuries: Deeds being offended:
Players in your Hufwiferie, and Hufwivies in your Bed.
Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
Lago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rife to play, and go to bed to worke.
C. Emil. You shall not write my praiue.
Lago. No, let me not.
Def. What would it write of me, if thou shouldst praiue me?
Lago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, tis
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, affay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Lago. I Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwife.
Come, how wouldst thou praiue me?
Lago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out
Braines and all. But my Mufe labours, and thus she
deliver'd.
If she be faire, and wife; fairmuffes, and wit,
The res for wife, the other out she.
Def. Well praiued:
How if the be Blacke and Witry
Lago. If she be blacke, and thereto bawse a wit,
She's fide a white, that faile th' blackmufff fit.
Def. Worfes, and warrie.
C. Emil. How if faire, and Foolish?
Lago. She never yet was fooyish that was faire,
For even her folly helps her to an heire.
Def. Thefe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh. I' the Alcobouch. What miserable praiue haft thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish.
Lago. There's none fo foule and foullifh thereunto,
But doe's foule pranks, which faire, and wife-sane do.
Def. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiueth the worst
bell. But what praiue couldst thou behovest on a defearing
woman indeed? One, that is in the authorith of her
merit, did luftly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe.

Lago. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Hath tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Neuer lack't Gold, and yet was never Gay:
Fled from her wife, and yet feld now I may.
She that being angered, her revenge being nis,
Bad her wrong flays, and her difpleasure fli:
She that in wife-some was fo faire,
'to change the Gods-head for the Solomon saile:
She that could think, and now she diuagre her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looks behond:
She was a night, (if ever such nightes were)
Def. To do what?
Lago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle smal Beere.

Def. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him C. Emil, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Caffio) is he not a mofh prophane, and
liberald Counfoller?
Caffio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellishe
him more in the Souldern, then in the Scoller.
Lago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whiffper.
With as little a web as this, will I enfare as great a Fly as Caffio. I smiile vpon her, do: I will glue thine
in thine owne Courtship. You fay true, 'ts do indeed.
If fuch tricks as these! ftrip you out of your Lieutenant
trie, it had beene better you had not kids'd your three fngers fo oft, which now againe you are moft apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kids'd, and excellent Curtfe:
'ts do indeed. Yet againe, your fngers to your lippes? Would they were Clufter-pipes for your take.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caffio, 'Tu truly fo.
Def. Let's meete him, and recieuie him.
Caffio. Loc, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.
Def. My deere Othello.
Oth. It gives me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after every Tempeft, come fuch Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke clime hills of Seas
Olympe high, and dunc againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
"Twere now to be moft happy. For I fear,
My Soule hath her content to absole,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknowne Fate.
Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our daies do grow.
Oth. Amen to that (Sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of loy.
And this, and this the greatest difcorde be
That ere our hearts shall make.
Lago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Le fet downe
the peggs that make this Muficlick, as honest as I am.
Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth., Come: let vs to the Cafle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this life? (Hony) you shall be well defir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love among'them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comfort: I pythe, good Iago,
Go to the Bay, and difembark me Coffers:
Bring thou the Mafter to the Citadell,
He is a good one, and his worthyneffe.
Do's challenge much reproof. Come Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me prefently at the Harbour.
Come thither, if thou behaft Valiantly (as they fay base men being in Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is native to them) hift-me; the Lieutenant to
night watches on the Court of Guard. Firit, I must tell
thee this; Desdemona, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not poiffeble.

Iago. Lay up the firft thou thinkest, and let thy foule be
infructed. Marke me with what violence the firft lou'd
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaffical
lies. To love him still for prating, let not thy difcreet
heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall she have to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there fhould be a
game to enflame it, and to glue Satiety a freth appetite.
Louelineffe in favour, sympathy in yeares, Manners,
and Beauties: all which the Moore is defteotive in. Now
for want of their requir'd Conveniences, her delicate
tenderneffe will finde it felle abus'd, begin to hewe the,
gorge, difeffilith and abborre the Moore, very Nature
will infruch her in it, and compel her to some fenc'd choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a moft pregnant and un-
forcd opinion) who fhalls fo eminent in the degree of
this Forune, as Caffio do's: a knaue very volunt'ble: no
further confommable, then in putting on the meer forme
of Ciull, and Humaine femeing, for the better compaffe
of his falt, and moft hidden loffe Affection? Why none, 
why none: A fliper, and fubtle knaue, a finder of occa-
flion: that he's an eye can flame, and counterfeit Ad-
vantages, though true Advantage never pretiff it felle.
A diuellish knaue: befores, the knaue is handom, young:
and hath all thofe requifites in him, that folly and greene
minds looke after. A perfett compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleafe that in her, he's full of moft
bife'd condition.

Iago. Bife'd figges-end. The Wine the drinks is
made of grapes. If thee had beene bife'd, thee would
never haue lou'd the Moore: Bife'd puddin'. Didft thou
not fee her pade with the palme of his hand? Didst not
mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtefie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Luft and foule Thoughts.
They met fo neere with their lippe, that their breaths
embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts Redepipe, when
thee mutabilites fo marchall the way, hard at hand
comes the Mafter, and maine exercife, th'incorporate
conclusion: Pifh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
the Command, He layt vpon you. Caffio knowes you not:
I le not be faire from you. Do you finde some oc-
cafion to anger Caffio, either by fpeaking too lou'd, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other course
you pleafe, which the time call all more favourably mi-
nifter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raff, and very fodaine in Choller: and
happily may alrike at you, provoke him that he may: for
even out of that will I caufe thefe of Cyprus to Mutiny.
Whole qualification shall come into no true taffe a-
gaine, but by the diplanting of Caffio. So hall you
have a fhorter journey to your defires, by the meane I
shall then hawe to preferre them. And the impelliment
moft proffitably removed, without the which there were
no expeffation of our preferitie.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meeke me by and by at the
Citadell. I muft fetch his Nefe refrs a Shore. Fare-
well.

Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That Caffio loves her, I do well beleefe:
That the loue does finger fhe apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a conflant, loving, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'll prove to Desdemona
A moft defere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Luft, (though peraduenture
I hand accountable for as great a fin)
But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do fuppeft the loffe Moore
Hath leapt into my Sate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poiyfonous Mineral) draw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am couen'd with him, wife, for wit,
Or faying fo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaft into a leoluzie fo strong
That judgmeent cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trlefh of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, fland the putting on,
Ile have our Michael Caffio on the hip,
Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare Caffio with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Aife,
And praftifing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneffe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plainfe face, is neuer seenhe, till va'd.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleafure, our Noble and Vali-
ant Generall. That vpon certaine fydings now arri'd,
importing the moere perdition of the Turkifh Fleete:
evry man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Reuels his addition leads him. For besides thefe ben-
eficial Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All of-
fices are open, & there is full liberte of Fefting from this

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Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Caffe in some Adven
That may offend the Ile. But here they come.

Enter Caffio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my dreames,
My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caffio. 'Fore heauen, they have gien me a rowse already,

Mon. Good-faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a

Souldier.

Lago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannaun clink, clinke:

And let me the Cannaun clink;

A Souldiers a man: Oh, man's life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drink.

Some Wine Boyes.

Caffio. 'Fore Hauean: an excellent Song.

Lago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and
your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drink hoa) are

nothing to your English.

Caffio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drink-
ing?

Lago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunk. He sweates not to overthrow your Al-
maine. He gies your Hollander a vomit, ere the next

Pottle can be fill'd.

Caffio. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you luffice.


King Stephen was and--a worthy Peer,

His Brechees coss him but a Crowne,

He hold them She pense all to desire,

With that he call'd the Tailor Lewne:

He was a might of high renowne,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy am'd Chair about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Caffio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the oth-
er.

Lago. Will you heare't againe?

Caffio. No: I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,

that do's those things. Well I heare's all: and

there be foules must be made, and there be foules must not be faied.

Lago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caffio. For mine owne part, no offence to the General,

nor any man of qulitie: I hope to be faied.

Lago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Caffio. 'Tis (by your leave) not before me. The

Lieutenant is to be faied before the Ancient. Let's have

no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgive us our

finnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our bufineffe. 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.

Genl. Excellent well.

Caffio. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,

that I am drunke.

Exit. Monts. To th'Platfore (Maffets) come, let's set the

Watch.

Lago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,

He 's a Souldier, fit to stand by Caffio,

And glue direction. And do but see his vice,

'Tis to his vertue, a just Equinox,
The Tragedie of Othello

The one as long as th’other. "Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trufe Orbello puts him in,
On some oddie time of his infrimity.
Will thake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He’ll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinkke rokke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in Caffio,
And lookes not on his euliis: is not this true?
Enter Rodrigo.

Iago. How now Rodrigo?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard fuch a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infrimity.
It were an honeft Action, to fay so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue Caffio well: and would do much
To cure him of this euli, But hearke, what noife?
Enter Caffio purfuing Rodrigo.

Caffio. You Rogue: you Rafael.

Mont. What’s the matter Lieutenant?
Caffio. A Knave teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knave into a ‘Twigg-en-Bottle.

Rod. Bette me?
Caffio. Dooft thou prate, Rogue?

Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Caffio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ic knocke you o’re the Hazard.

Mont. Come, come! you’re drunkke.

Caffio. Drunkke?

Iago. Away I fay I go out and cry a Munifie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:
Helpe Matters. Here’s a goodly Watch indeed.
Who’s that which rings the Bell? Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rife. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You’ll be afham’d for ever.

Enter Orbello, and Attendants.

Oth. ‘What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleue fhill, I am hurt to th’death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your lues.

Iago. Hold hoa! Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of fene & dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for blame.

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence arife this?
Are we turn’d Turkes? and to our felues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottomites.

For Christian flame, put by this barbarous Brawlke;
He that firs next, to care for his owne rage,
Holds his foule light. He dies upon his Motion.

Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the lfe,
From her propiety. What is the matter, Matters?
Honel Iago, that looks dead with greening,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, buttoke, euery now.
In Quartier, and in terms like Bride, and Groome
Deuelop them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had unwittted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this pefulous oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loft
Thofe legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Caffio. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauile, and philantreps of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wisfe Ceniture. What’s the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Glue me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Orbello, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer Iago, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that’s fad, or done amifle this night,
Valiente fele-charitie he sometimes a vice,
And to defend our felues, it be a finne
When violence affails us.

Oth. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my fifer Guides to rule,

And paflion (having my belt judgement collid’d)
Affid to lead the way. If I once fir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the belt of you
Shall finke in my rebuke. Glue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who let it on,
And he that is approu’d in this offence,
Though he had twinn’d with me, both at a birth,
Shall loafe me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage private, and domestick Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of fafete?
‘Tis monftrous: Iago, who began’t?

Mont. If partially Affh’d, or league in office,
Thou doft deliuer more, or leffe then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not fo neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it shoul’d do offence to Michael Caffio.

Yet I perfwade my self, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my felfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Caffio following him with determin’d Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Streppes in to Caffio, and entreats his paffe:
My felfs, the crying Fellow did purfue,
Leaf by his amour (as it fo fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He,(swift of ftocke)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return’d then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And Caffio high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might fay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them clofe together
At blow, and thrufh, euery as againe they were
When you your felle did purfue.

More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The beft sometimes forget,
Though Caffio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them beft,
Yet surely Caffio I beleue receiv’d
From him that died, some strange Indignities,
Which patience could not paffe.

Oth.
Enter Désdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not ral'sd vp : Hee make thee an example.

Duf. What is the matter (Deere ?)

Oth. All's well, Sweeting : Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts, My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Enter Iago.

Iago. Marry Haveuen forbid.


Iago. As I am an honset man I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more fence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most fable imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have left no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loofer. What man, there are more ways to recover the Generall againe. You are but now call in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even so as one would beate his of-fencefull dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather fue to be defpis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so flight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunk? And I s'ake Parrat? And fquabbil? Swagger? Swear? And disappoint Fuiian with Jones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou haft no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Duell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrel, but nothing whereof. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to fleale away their Brains? that we should with joy, pleasance, revell and applause, transforme our felves into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the duell drunkennefse, to glue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfec'tneffe, fhwews me another to make me frankly depifie my felse.

Iago. Come, you are too fenns a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country flands I could heartily with this had not beafeine iubt since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caf. I will ask him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as Hydra, fuch an anwei rould shut them all. To be now a fen-sible man, by and by a Fool, and prefently a Beatt. Oh strange! Every inordinate cup is vnblef'd, and the Ingredient is a duell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclame no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love you.

Caff. I haue well approv'd it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do; Our Generall's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say fo, in this refpect, for that he hath deuoted, and gien vp himselfe to the Contemplation, narke: and deuotement of her parts and Grace. Confeffe your felse freely to her: impor-tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of fo free, fo kinde, fo apt, fo bleffed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodneffe, not to do more then she is requited. This broken loyalte betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortune against any losse worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow honger, then it was before.

Iago. You aduife me well.

Iago. I proeifie in the sinceritie of Loue, and honet kindneffe.

Caff. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will breche the vertueus Désdemona to vnclerk for me: I am deperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Caff. Good night, honet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, That faies I play the Villaine? When this aduise is free I gle, and honet, Probll to thinking, and indeed the courfe To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most cafe Th'inclining Désdemona to subdue In any honset Suite. She's fram'd as fruitful In as the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptifm, All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed fin: His Soule is so enfeiter'd to her Loue, That she may make, vnmake, do what she lift, Euen as her Appetite shall play the God, With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine, To Cousnell Caff to this paralell courfe, Direcly to his good? Diuinitie of hell, When duells will the blackeff finnes put on, They do fuggiet at firft with heavenly fhes, As I do now. For whiles this honet Foole Piles Désdemona, to repaire his Fortune, And the for him, pleades strongly to the Moore, Ilc powre this pedilience into his care: That he repeales him, for her bodies Luft? And by how much he firies to do him good, She shall vndo her Credit with the Moore. So will I turne her vertue into pitch, And out of her owne goodneffe make the Net, That shall en-maft them all. How now Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Roderigo. I do follow herhe in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filleth vp the Crie. My Money is almost fpent; I have bin to night exceedingly well Cudgel'd: And I thinke the Ifue will
will bee, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience? What wound did ever health but by degrees? Thou know’st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft. And wit depends on ditatorial time:

Do not go well? Caffio hath beaten thee, and thou by that small hurt hast caust’er’d Caffio: Though other things grow fair against the Sun, Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thy self, a while, Intoth’tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the hours frame short. Retire there, go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay get thee gone. Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done: My Wife must move for Caffio to her Misforts: He set her on my felfe, a while, he draw the Moor apart, And bring him lumps, when he may Caffio finde Soliciting his wife; I, that’s the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldness, and delay. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Musicians, and Clown.

Caffio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that’s brief: and gentlewoman General. Chor. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake I’h’Nofe thus?

Muf. How Sir? how?

Chor. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Muf. I marry are they fir.

Chor. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muf. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Chor. Marry, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, here’s money for you; and the General fo likes your Musick, that he defires you for louses fake to make no more noise with it.

Muf. Well Sir, we will not.

Chor. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, too’t againe. But (as they say) to heare Musick, the General do’s not greatly care.

Muf. We have none such, fir.


Caffio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quilllets, ther’s a poor piece of Gold for thee; if the gentlewoman that attends the General be stirring, tell her, there’s one Caffio entreats her a little favour of Speech. Will thou do this? Chor. She is stirring fir; if she will stirre hither, I shall frame to notice unto her, Exit Chor.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?

Caffio. Why no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife: My suitor to her is, that the will to vertuous Desdemona

Procure me some acceffe.

Iago. Ile send her to you prefently; And Ile devise a means to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your concourse and businesse May be more free.

Exit Caffio.

Iago. I humbly thank you for’t. I never knew A Florentine more kind, and honest.

Enter Othello.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othel. These Letters (Iago) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repire there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo’t. Othel. This Fortification (Gentlemen)shall we see’t? Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Caffio, and Emilia.

Def. Be thou affur’d (good Caffio) I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam do: I warrant it greues my Husband, As if the cuife were his.

Def. Oh that’s an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Caffio But I will have my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Caffio. Bounteous Madam, What ever shall become of Michael Caffio, He’s neuer anything but your true Servant.

Def. I know’t: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You have knowne him long, and be you well affur’d He Shall in strangeteildand no further off, Then in a politque distance.

Caffio. I, but Lady, That policie may either laft fo long, Or feeke vpon fuch nice and waterish diet, Or breede it fell fo out of Circumstances, That I Young abente, and my place supple’d, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Service.

Def. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Affure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ilete performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and tale him out of patience,
His Bed shall be borne a Schoole, his Board a Shift,
Ile intermingle every thing he doth
With Caffio's fate: Therefore be merry Caffio,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then giue thy caufe away.

Enter Otello, and Iago.

Oth. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caffio. Madam, He take my Leave.
Iago. Why stay you, and hearre me speake.
Caffio. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eale,

Vnfit for mine owne purpose.

Oth. Well, do your discretion. Exit Caffio.
Iago. Hallo? I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Caffio parted from my wife?
Iago. Caffio my Lord? No lare, I cannot thinke it
That he would delate away to guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleue twas he.
Iago. How now my Lord?
I heue bin talking with a Suiuer heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?
Iago. Why your Lieutenant Caffio Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take,
For if he be not one, that truly loves you,
That erre in Ignomance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face,
I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Iago. I tooth: so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greene with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Oth. Not now (sweet Djalmond some other time,
Iago. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.
Iago. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Iago. To morrow Dinner then.

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Iago. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Wednesday noone, or night; on Wendday Morn.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent: And yet his Trelspaff, in our common reason
(Same that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her heft, is not almost a fruit
T'encurre a prisse cheake. When shall he come?
Tell me Otello. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske mee, that I should deny,
Or stand to mam'ring on? What? Michael Caffio,
That came a wrothe with you? and so many a time
(When I have spoke of you disparingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more; Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Iago. Why, this is not a Boone:

"Tis as I should entreat you were your Gloues,
Or feede on nourishing dites, or keepes you warme,
Or fuc to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perfon. Nay, when I haue a fuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise, and difficult weight,
And fearfull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my felke.

Oth. Farewell my Caffio, Ie come to thee fruit.
Iago. eEmilia come: be as your Fanties teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. Exit.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my Soule
But I doe louse thee: and when I louse thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What doft thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Caffio
When hee wo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from frit to frit:
Why doft thou ask?
Iago. But for a Satisfacon of my Thought,
No further harme.

Iago. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.
Oth. O yea, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Iago. Indeed. I indeed. Difcern't thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What do'ft thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou echost not me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be thewne. Thou dost mean somthing:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'ft not that;
When Caffio left my wife. What didd'ft not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsil,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou criedst, Indeeede? And didd'ft contrace, and purge thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst' dunt vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceit. If thou dost louse mee,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I louse you.

Oth. I thinke thou dost:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weig'lt thy words before thou giu'lt them breath,
Therefore these flops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a felwe didlyall Knaue
Are tricks of Cusfome: but in a man that's luft,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Pfiffion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Caffio,
I dare be sworn, I thinke that he is honest.
Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they feme,
Or thole that be not, would they might feme none.
Oth. Certaine, men shoulde be what they feme.
Iago. Why then I thinke Caffio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

Oth. I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinking,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy wooff of thoughts The
The Tragedy of Othello

The word of words,

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,

Though I am bound to every Acte of duty,

I am not bound to that: All Siaues are free:

Von, my Thoughts? Why say, they are wild, and baleful?

As where’ that Palace, whereinto foule things

Sometimes intrude not? Who ha’s that breast so pure,

Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions

Kepe Lettees, and Law-dayes, and in Seiffions fit

With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost confpire against thy Friend (Iago)

If thou but think’t him wrong’d, and mak’th his care

A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do besieue you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my gueffe

(As I confesse it is my Natures plague

To fly into Absurdities, and of my jealousie

Shapes faults that are not) that your wifedome

From one, that so impercipiently conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build your felfe a trouble

Out of his flattering, and vntrue obseruance :

It were not for your loue, nor for your good,

Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Weifedom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doft thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman(deere my Lord)

Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;

Who steales my purfe, steales craft :

‘Tis somethings, nothing; ‘Twas mine, ‘tis his, and has bin flue to thousand:

But he that fatches from me my good Name,

Rols me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,

Nor shall not, whil’t ‘tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealoufie,

It is the greene-ey’d Mouniter, which doth mocke

The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lies in bliffe,

Who certaine of his Fate, looses not his wronger :

But oh, what dammed minutes tells he ore,

Who does, yet doubts: Suppestea, yet foundly loues?

Oth. O misforune

Iago. Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,

But Riches finelle, is as poor as Winter,

To him that euer feares he shall be poor:

Good Heauen, the Souls of all my Tribe defend

From Jealoufie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think’t thou, I’d make a Life of Jealoufie;

To follow fyll the changes of the Moone

With frefh fufpidions? No: to be once in doubt,

Is to be refolu’d: Exchange me for a Goat,

When I hall turne the losse of my Soule

To fuch effufionate, and blow’d Surmifes,

Matching thy inference. ‘Tis not to make me Jealous,

To fay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,

Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:

Where Virtue is, thefe are more vertuous.

Nor from mine owne weake merits, will I draw

The finalllefe fears, or doubt of her reloue;

For the had eyes, and chofe me. No Iago,

Ile fee before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove;

And on the prooffs, there is no more but this,

Away at once with Loue, or Jealoufie.

Iago. I am glad of this: For now I hall have reafon

To fiew the Loue and Duty that I bear you

With franker spiritt. Therefore (as I am bound)

Receive it from me. I speake not yet of prooffs :

Looke to your wife, obferv her well with Cafin,

Wear your eyes, thus: I not Jealous, nor Secure:

I would not have you free, and Noble Nature,

Out of felfe-Bounty, he abus’d: I looke too’t:

I know our Country disposition well:

In Venice, they do let Heauen fee the pranke,

They dare not fiew their Husbands.

Their left Conffience,

Is not to leaue’t vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Doft thou fay fo?

Iago. She did deceife her Father, marrying you,

And when the feem’d to flake, and fear your looke,

She lovd him moft.

Oth. And fo she did.

Iago. Why go too then:

Shee that fo young could glue out fuch a Seeming

To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,

He thought her twas Witchcraft.

But I am much too blame:

I humbly do befieue you of your pardon

For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I fee this hath a little daft’d your Spirits:

Oth. Not a lot, not a lot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will confider what is spoke

Comes from your Loue.

But I do fee y’are moou’d:

I am to pray you, not to Draine my speeche

To golfer ifues , nor to larger reach,

Then to Sufpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do fo(my Lord)

My speeche should fall into fuch wilde facceffe,

Which my Thoughts aym’d not.

Caffin’s worthy Friend:

My Lord, I fee y’are moou’d.

Oth. No, not much moou’d:

I do not thinke but Desdemona’s honest.

Iago. Long live the fo ;

And long liue you to thinke fo.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it felfe.

Iago. I, there’s the point:

As (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many propofed Matches

Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,

Whereeto we fee in all things, Nature tendes:

Foh, one may smel in fuch, a will moft ranke,

Foule disproporions, Thoughts vnnaturall.

But (pardon me) I do not in poiffion

Diftinftly think of her, though I may feare

Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,

May fal to match you with her Country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:

Set on thy wife to obferr:

Leave me Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry?

This honeft Creature (doubteffe)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnoflds.
the Moore of Venice.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing—

eEmil. Hah?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

eEmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same Handkerchief.

Iago. What Handkerchief?

eEmil. What Handkerchief?

Why that the Moore first gave to DeJemima,

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Haft thee stolne it from her?

eEmil. No: but thee it drop by negligence,

And to the advantage, I being here, tooke vp:

Looke, heere is this.

Iago. A good wenche, give it me.

eEmil. What will you do with't, that you have bene

so earnest to have me flich it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

eEmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Giu't me againe. Poor innocent, shee'll run mad

When the hall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledge on't:

I have vse for it. Go, leave me.

Exit eEmil.

I will in Caffo's Lodging looke this Napkin,

And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,

Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,

As provefofs of holy Writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poyson:

Dangerous conceits, are in their Natures poysons,

Which at the first are scarce to diftaine:

But with a little aete upon the blood,

Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did fay fo.

Enter Otello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drowifie Syrupps of the world

Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe

Which thou ow'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone! Thou haft fet me on the Rack.

I fwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What fine did I, in her fpole hours of Luff?

I faw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:

I flep the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.

I found not Caffo's kifles on her Lipes:

He that is rob'd, not wanting what is fpole,

Let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all.

Iago. I am forry to heare this.

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,

Pyoners and all, had tafted her fweete Bodie,

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;

Farewell the plumed Troopps, and the bigge Warres,

That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewel! farewell

Farewell the neiglie Steed, and the thrill Troump:

The Spirit-flaring Drum, the Ear-piercing Fife,

The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,

Pride, Pompe, and Circumftrance of glorious Warre:

And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates

Th'immortal Loues dread Clamours, counterfeft,

Farewell: Otello's Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't poiffible, my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be fure thou proue my Loue a Whore;

Be fure of it: Give me the Occular proofs,

Or
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,  
Thou hast bin better hauie bin borne a Dog  
Then anfwer my wak'd wrath.  
Iago. Let's come to this?  
Oth. Make me to fee: or (at the leaf) fo prove it,  
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,  
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.  
Iago. My Noble Lord.  
Oth. If thou doft flander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: Abandon all remorfe  
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulace:  
Do deeds to make Heauen weepes, all Earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canth thou to damnation adde,  
Greater then that.  
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!  
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule! or Senfe?  
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,  
That lou'ft to make thinke Honesty, a Vice!  
Oh monftrous world! Take note, take note (O World)  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
Ile loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds fuch offence.  
Oth. Nay fay: thou should'lt be honest.  
Iago. I should be wife; for Honetie's a Foole,  
And loofes that it works for.  
Iago, By the World.  
I think my Wife be honest, and think she is not:  
I think that thou art luft, and think thou art not:  
Ile have fome prooue. My name that was as freth  
As Dills Vifage, is now begrim'd and blacke  
As mine owne face. If there be Cords,or Knifes,  
Paylon,or Fire, or fuffocating streames,  
Ile not induce it. Would I were fatisfied.  
Iago. I fee you are eaten vp with Paflion:  
I do repent me, that I put it to you.  
You would be fatisfied?  
Oth. Would! Nay, and I will.  
Iago. And may I: but how? How fatisfied, my Lord?  
Would you the fuper-vifion grofely gape on?  
Behold her top'd?  
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!  
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that Propeft: I Damen them then,  
If ever mortall eyes do fee them boulfer  
More then their owne. What then? How then?  
What shall I fay? Where's Satisfacion?  
It is impoffible you fhoold fee this,  
Were they prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,  
As fat as Wolues in pride, and Footes as groff  
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I fay,  
If imputation, and strong circumftances,  
Which leade direcly to the doore of Truth,  
Will guue you satisfaction, you might hau't.  
Oth. Glue me a luing reafon she's diffoyall.  
Iago. I do not like the Office.  
But fith I am entred in this caufe fo farre  
(Prick'd too't by foolifh Honesty, and Love)  
I will go on. I lay with Caffo lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not flepe. There are a kindes of men,  
So loofe of Soule, that in their flepees will mutter  
Their Affayres: one of this Kinde is Caffo:  
In flepe I heard him fay, sweet Dyademae,  
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,  
And then (Sir) would be griepe, and wring my hand:  
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kiffe me hard,
Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too : where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to dispute 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 report?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bidde him come hither : tell him, I have moon'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit Clo.

Des. Where should I looke the Handkercheif, Emilia?

Emilia. I know not Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Crusadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such bafeheness,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emilia. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all fuch humors from him.

Emilia. Look where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How it's 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 moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no forrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moyt! This hand of yours requires
A fequerer from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Contagion, Exercise deaut.
For here's a yong, and sweating Duelle here
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A fraonee one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gau hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this:

Come, now your promife.

Oth. What promife, Chucke?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a fallt and sorry Rhewme offendes me:
Lend me thy Handkercheif,
The Tragedie of Othello

Def. How now (good Caflio) what's the newes with you?

Caffio. Madam, my former suite, I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exeit, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Serviice path, nor preuent Sorrows,
Nor purpose merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his love againe,
But to know fo, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course
To Fortunes Alme.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle Caflio)
My Aduocation is now not in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor shou'd I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me every spirit fanctifie,
As I have spokeyn for you all my belth,
And float within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speach. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that luffice you.

Otho. Is my Lord angry?

Caflio. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vauquetneffe.

Caflio. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Driuell from his very Arme
Pul's his owne Brother! And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. Exit Def. I prythee do fo. Something lufe of State,
Either from Venice, or 'some whatch'd pradulce
Made demontrable hereee in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pul'd his cleare Spirit: and in such cafes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis eu'n fo.
For let our finger ale, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, eu'n to a fene.
Of paine, Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obfervancia
As fis the Bridall. Behew me much, JEmilis.
I was (vnhandome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneffe with my loue:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witneffe,
And he's Indited falfely.

Dec. Emillia. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no iealous Toy, concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I never gau'e him caufe.

Dec. But iealous foules will not be anwer'd fo;
They are not euer iealous for the caufe,
But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monfer
Begot vpou it felle, borne on it felle.

Def. Heauen keeps the Monfter from Othello's mind.

Dec. But iealous foules will not be anwer'd fo;

Def. I will go fickle him, Caflio, walke hereee about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And lecke to eilect it to my vtermoft. Exit Caflio. I humbly thank you your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.
Bian. "Sue you (Friend Caflio)."

Caflio. What make you from home?

Def. How is't with you, my molt faire Bianca?

Bian. Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.
Def. And I was going to your Lodging, Caflio.
Caflio. What kepe a wecke away? Seven dayes, and Nights?
Bian. Eight icore eight hours! And Louers abient howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight icore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Caflio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leden thoughts beene pret,
But I shall in a more continuat time
Strike of this score of abience. Sweet Bianca,
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caflio, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Ablence: now I feele a Caufe:
It'se come to this? Well, well.

Caflio. Go to woman:
Throw your wilde geffeis in the Driuell teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some Miftris, some remembrance
No, in good trouth Bianca.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caflio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppyed:
Take it, and doe't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?

Caflio. I do attend hereee on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wish
To have him fee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I praty you?

Caflio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, If I thall fee you foone at night?

Caflio. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend hereee: But Ile fee you foone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumfanc'd.

Exit omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thynke fo?

Otho. Thynke fo, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiffe in priuate?

Otho. An vnauthoriz'd kiffe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Otho. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Driuell:
That they meane vertuously, and yet do fo,
The Driuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall fip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Otho. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers(my Lord)and being hers,
She may (I thynke) befofre't on any man.

Otho. She is Protec'tresse of her honor too:
May the glue that?

Iago.
the Moore of Venice.

Iago. Her honor is an Effence that's not seene,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief.

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou fals'd (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house:
Boarding to all) he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. 1: what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had s'd, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say as Knaun be such abroad,
Who hauing by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Miftirs,
Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blub.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well affur'd,
No more then he'll vn-swear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?


Oth. Lye with her? Lye on her? We fay lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-
seffe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firft, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inueet her felfe in fuch shadowing paffion, without some
Infraction. It is not words that shake me thus, (pifh)
Noifes, Eares, and Lippes: is not possible. Confesse: Hand-
kerciefe: O dieuell,

Iago. Workes on,

My Medicine works. Thus credulous Fools are caught,
And many worthy, and chait DAMES even thus,
(Al guiltie) I meete reproach: what ho? My Lord?
My Lord, I fay: Othello.

Enter Caflfio.

How now Caflfio?

Cafl. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one ytterday.

Cafl. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie muft have his quyet course:
If not, he fones at mouth: and by and by
Breake out to extreme madness. Looke, he flirres:
Do you withdraw your felfe a little while,
He will recover fraught: when he is gone,
I would on great occation, speake with you.
How is it General? Have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doft thou mooke me?

Iago. I mooke you not, by Heauen:
Would you beare your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monfter, and a Beaff.

Iago. The's many a Beaff then in a populou City,
And many a CIUIf Monfter.

Oth. Did he confeffe it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinks every bearded fellow that's jovak'd?
May draw with you. There's Millions now alie,
That nightly lye in chofe vnproper beds,
Which they dare vswere peculiar. Your cafe is better.

Oth. 'tis the night of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanion in a feare Cowch;
And to fuppose her chait. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what the fhillibe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while arapt,
Confine your felfe but in a patient Lift,
While you were here, o're-whelmed with your grieue
(A passion moft refulting such a man)

Caflfio came hither. I shifted him away,
And lyd good cufes vpon your Extaffe,
Bad him anon returne: and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaze your felfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Cybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale aneue;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I fay, but mark his gelture: marry Patience,
Or I thall fay ye'are all in all in Spieene,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Do'ft thou heare, Iago,
I will be found moft cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ft thou heare) I'm not bloody.

Iago. That's not amifs,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I quaffion Caflfio of Blanca,
A Hufwife, that by felling her defires
Buys her felle Breaf, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on Caflfio, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guilie many, and be-beul'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reftaine
From the excelfe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caflfio.

As he shall fmile, Othello shall go mad:
And his vnbookifh leoloufie must conferue
Poore Caflfio's fimes, greatures, and light behauours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cafl. The worker, that you glue me the addition,
Whole want even kills me.

Iago. Pley Defdemona well, and you are sure on't;
Now, if this Sult lay in Blanca's dovre,
How quickely shou'd you speed?

Cafl. Alas poore Caflfio.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man fo.

Cafl. Alas poore Rogue, I thinkne indeed she loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly: and laughes it out.

Iago. Do you heare Caflfio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well faid, well faid.

Iago. She gies it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intent it?

Cafl. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cafl. I marry. What? A cuftomer prythee beare
Some Charite to my wit, do not think it
So vnwholefome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, lo, fo, lo: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cafl. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaline elfe.

Oth. Have you fcar'd me? Well.

Cafl. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is perfuaded I will marry her.
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.
Caff. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking with the Sen-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere Caffio, as it were: his libertum imports it.

Caff. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So Sakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how he pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nofe of yours, but not that dogges, I shall throw it to.

Caff. Well, I must lease her companie.

Oth. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caff. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that fame Handkerchief, you gave me euer new? I was a fine Foole 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 worke?
There, glue it your Hobby-horle, wherefoeuer you had it, that you take out no worke on.

Caff. How now, my sweete Bianca?
How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. Exit

Oth. After her tatter her.

Caff. I must, thee! rayle in the streets elte.

Oth. Will you fup there?

Caff. Yes, I intend so.

Oth. Well, I may chance to fee you: for I would very faine freake with you.

Caff. Prythee com: will you?

Oth. Go too: fay no more.

Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago.

Oth. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago.

Oth. And did you fee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Oth. Yours by this hand: and to fee how he prizs the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his where.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: the might be by an Emperor's fide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: fo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muflitan. Oh she will fin the Sausages out of a Beare: or the high and plentiful wit, and invention?

Iago. She's the worke for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thoufand, a thoufand times:
And then of fo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pitty of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pitty of it

Iago. Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquite: give her patten to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes necer no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Mefles: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poynon, Iago, this night. Ile not expulreate with her: leaff her body and beautie vprovidme my mind againe: this night Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poynon, ftrangle her in her bed, Euen the bed the hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The Juicfe of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Caffio, let me be his undertaker:
You shall bære more by midnight.

Enter Lodovics, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpe is that fame?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis Lodovics, this comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lod. Saye you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiffe the Infrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodovics?

Iago. I am very glad to fee you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant Caffio?

Iago. Lives Sir,

Dij. Cozen, there's false betweene him, & my Lord,

An vnkind break: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. This falie you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call: he's bufie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and Caffio?

Def. A moft vnhappy one: I would do much

T'attend them, for the lone I beare to Caffio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Def. What is he angi?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinkes, they do command him home,

Deputing Cafio in his Government.

Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to fee you mad.

Def. Why, sweete Ottilie?

Oth. Diuell.

Def. I have not deferrd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleuc'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: she weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop the falls, would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my fight.

Def. I will not lay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do befeech your Lordship call her back.

Oth.
Orb. Militia.
Def. My Lord.
Orb. What would you with her, Sir?
 Lod. Who is my Lord?
Orb. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can wepe, Sir, wepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
He fend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, assauant:
Coffe shall haunt my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may fup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Gent. and Monkeys. Exeunt.
Exe. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose fold vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Ings. He is much chang'd.
Lad. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?
Ings. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lad. What? Strike his wife?
Ings. Faith that was not so well: yet would I know
That broke would prove the work.
Lad. Is it his life?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Ings. Alas, alas:
It is not honetle in me to speake
What I have seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courtes will deonte him so,
That I may faue my speche: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona.

Orb. You have seene nothing then?
Des. Nor euery heard: nor euery did suspect.
Orb. Yes, you have seene Caffo, and she together.
Des. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Orb. What did they neuer whisper?
Des. Neuer my Lord.
Orb. Nor fent you out o'th' way?
Des. Neuer.
Orb. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
Des. Neuer my Lord.
Orb. That's strange.
Des. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honeft.
Lay downe my Soule at flake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thoughte. It doth abuse your bosome;
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heaven requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honeft, chaife, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureft of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.
Orb. Bid her come hither: go.
Exit Desdemona.
She fies enough: yet she's a simple Baud.
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore:
A Cloffet Lockeand Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'll keaze, and pray: I have seene her do't.

Enter Defdemona, and Desdemona.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Orb. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Def. What is your pleasure?
Orb. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?
Orb. Some of your Fancies, Sir:
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the doores:
Cough, or cry hemp; in any bod ycompe:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch, Exit Desdemona.
Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.
Orb. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Orbello. Come swerke it: damne thy selfe, least
Being like one of Heauen, the diuell themselues shold
fear to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damned: swerke
thou art honeft.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Orb. Heauen truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Orb. Ah Defdemona, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day: why do you wepe?
Am I the motive of these tears my Lord?
If happily you my Father do suspect,
An Infrumet of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have left him,
I have left him too.
Orb. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they raine'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steeple'd me in poverete to the very lipses,
Glown to Captivitie, me, and my vemont hopes,
I should have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Sorne,
To point his blow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garned vp my heart,
Where either I must lye, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepes it as a Gfferes, for soule Todes.
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rofe-rip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Def. I hope my Noble Lord extemes me honeft.
Orb. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicke ene with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art fo lonely faire, and smefit fo sweete,
That the Senfe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ft nouer bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant fin haue I commited?
Orb. Was this faire Paper? This moft goodly Book
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

v v 2 Com-
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,  
I should make very Forges of my checkes,  
That would to Cyders burne vp Molotie,  
Did I but speake thy decees. What commited?  
Heaven stoppes the Note at it, and the Moone winks:  
The baudy winde that kiffes all it metes,  
Is huft'd within the hollow Myne of Earth  
And will not he'rt. What commited?  
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.  
Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?  
Def. No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preefere this vessell for my Lord,  
From any other foule vnlawfull touch  
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.  
Oth. What not a Whore?  
Def. No, as I shall be sau'd.  
Oth. Is't poiffible?  
Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs.  
Oth. I cry you mercy then.  
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello Miftris,  
Enter Othelio.  
That haue the office oppofte to Saint Petes,  
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.  
We haue done our courfe:there's money for your paines:  
I pray you turne the key, and keep our couftaince.  
Exit.  
Oth. Als, what do't this Gentleman conceuie?  
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?  
Def. Faith, halfe a fleece.  
Oth. Good Madam,  
What's the matter with my Lord?  
Def. With who?  
Oth. Why, with my Lord, Madam?  
Def. Who is thy Lord?  
Oth. He that is yours, sweet Lady.  
Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, Oth.  
I cannot weape nor answeres haue I none,  
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,  
Lay on my bed my wedding theetes, remember,  
And call thy husband hither.  
Oth. Here's a change indeed.  
Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd foon: very meete.  
How haue I bin behaund, that he might fickes  
The small'f opinion on my leaff misfivte?  
Enter Iago, and Oth.  
Iago. What is your pleafure Madam?  
How is't with you?  
Def. I cannot tell: thofe that do teach yong Babes  
Do it with gentle meanes, and eafe taskes.  
He might haue chied me fo: for in good faith  
I am a Child to chauing.  
Oth. What is the manner Lady?  
Iago. Alas, my Lord hath fo bewhor'd her,  
Throwne fuch displeafure, and heauen termes upon her  
That true hearts cannot bear it.  
Def. Am I that name, Iago?  
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)  
Def. Such as the oldt my Lord did fay I was.  
Oth. He call'd her whore: a Beggar in his drinke:  
Could not have laid fuch termes upon his Calfet.  
Iago. Why did he fo?  
Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none fuch.  
Iago. Do not wepe, do not wepe: alas the day.  
Oth. Hath the Lord fortooke fo many Noble Matches?  
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?  
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one wepe?  
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.  
Iago. Behrew him for't:  
How comes this Tricke vpon him?  
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.  
Oth. I will be hang'd, if fome eternall Villaine,  
Some bufie and infatuating Rogue,  
Some cogging, crowning Slace, to get fome Office,  
Hawe not deuir'd this Slander? I will be hang'd elfe.  
Iago. Fi', there is no fuch man: it is imposfible,  
Def. If any fuch there be, Heauen pardon him.  
Oth. A halter pardon him:  
And hell gnaw his bones.  
Why fhou'd he call her Whore?  
Who keeps her company?  
What Place? What Time?  
What Forme? What likelhood?  
The Moore's abut'd by fome moft villanous Knawe,  
Some base notorious Knawe, fome fcurry Fellow.  
Oh Heauens, that fuch companions thou'dt vnfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lafe the Raillacs naked through the world,  
Even from the Eaft to th'West.  
Iago. Speake within doore.  
Oth. Oh he vpon them: fome fuch Squire he was  
That turn'd your wit, the feamy-ide without,  
And made you to fufpeéct me with the Moore.  
Iago. You are a Fool: go too.  
Def. Alas Iago,  
What fhall I do to win my Lord againe?  
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
I know not how I left him. Here I kneele:  
Ifere my will did trefpaft 'gainst his Loue,  
Either in difcoure of thought, or actuall deed,  
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
Delighted them: or any other Forme.  
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
To beggerly diuernement) Love him dearly,  
Comort forswaie me. Vnkindniffe may do much,  
And his vnkindniffe may defeat my life,  
But neuer trynt my Loue. I cannot fay Whore,  
It do's aburde me now I speake the word,  
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,  
Not the worldes Maffe of vanitie could make me.  
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:  
The bufineffe of the State do's him offence.  
Def. If there be no other.  
Iago. It is but fo, I warrant,  
Hearke how thefe Instruments fummon to fupper:  
The Meffengers of Venice tayes the meate,  
Go in, and wepe not: all things hall be well.  
Exit.  
Def. Delphinom and Oth.  
Enter Roderigo.  
How now Roderigo?  
Red. I do not finde  
That thou dealt't luiftly with me.  
Iago. What in the contrarie?  
Roder. Every day thou doeft me with fome deuife  
Iago, and rather, as it feemes to me now, keep't from  
me all conuenience, then fupplie me with the leaff  
advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it.  
Nor am I yet periwaled to put vp in peace, what already I  
have fo often refrived.  
Iago. Will you hear me Roderigo?  
Roder. I.
Rod. I have heard too much: and your words and
performances are no kin together.

Leg. You charge me moit vitualliy.

Rod. With naught but truth: I have wafted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from
me to deliver Dolphina, would haile have corrupted a
Votarie. You have told me the hath receiued them,
and returned me expectations and comforts of foudaine
reioyce, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Leg. Well, too: very well.

Rod. Very well, very good: I cannot go too, (man) nor
tis not very well. Nay I think: it is fueray: and begin
to finde my selfe footh in it.

Leg. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
selfe knowne to Dolphina. If she will returne me my
jewels, I will glue ouer my Suit, and repent my know-
ledge. But if not, affure your selfe, I will seek
satisfaccon of you.

Leg. You have faid now.

Rod. I; and said nothing but what I protest intend-
ment of doing.

Leg. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
euen from this Infant do build on thee a better o-
pinion then ever before: glue me thy hand Rodorigo.
Thou haft taken against me a most luft excepcion-
but yet I protest I have dealt most direcdy in thy
Affire.

Rod. It hath not appeard.

Leg. I grant indeed it hath not appeard: and
your fuposition is not without wit and judgement.
But Rodorigo, if thou haft that in thee indeed, which
I haue greater reason to beleue now then ever ( I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour ) this night
threw it. If thou re next night following enjoy not
Dolphina, take me from this world with Treach-
erie, and deuile Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reaon and com-
passe?

Leg. Sir, there is especiall Commifion from Venice
to deffe Coffee in Ottello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then Ottello and Dolphina
returne againe to Venice.

Leg. Oh no: he goes into Mauiriand and tucketh
away with him the faire Dolphina, vnliefe his ab-
ode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-
inone can be fo determinate, as the remouing of
Coffee.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Leg. Why, by making him vncapecable of Ottello's
place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Leg. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a
right. He fups to night with a Harlorry: and thither
will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable
Fortune, if you will watch his going thence ( which
I will fuffion to fall out betweene twelve and one)
you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
to second your Attempt, and I shall fall betweene
vs. Come, Rand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
me: I will then you such a necellittie in his death, that
you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It
is now hight supper time: and the night groves to wait.
About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Leg. And you halfe fallitt'd.

Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Othello

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that basead weeping?

Othello. 'Tis neither here, nor there.

Desdemona. If it were here, I would show you.

Othello. Doth thou in conscience think? (tell me, O Emilia.)

There be women do abuse their husbands
In such groffe kindes?

Othello. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Othello. Why, would not you?

Othello. No, by this Heav'nly light. Othello. Nor I neither, by this Heav'nly light:
I might do't, as well it's dark.

Desdemona. Intoth, I think you would't not.

Othello. Yes, a dozen; and as many to'th'vantage, as would fore the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forrage lap's;
Or else break out in peculiar jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or feast our former haung in delight)
Why we have galles; and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: They fee, and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet, and sour,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus errors?
It is so too. And have not we Affections?
Dread for Sport? and Frailty, as men hau'e?
Then let them vs: or well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs to.

Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vles send,
Not to picke bad, from bad: but by bad, mend: Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicks, quicks, feare nothing; He be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it mares vs, thinke on that,
And fife moth firme thy Revolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may murrify in't:
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.
Rod. 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 yong Qust almost to the sence,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caffio,
Or Caffio, him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Lue Roderigo,
He calleth me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and jewels, that I bold'd from him,
As Gifts to Desdemona.

It must not be: If Caffio do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgy: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I much peril:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him coming.

Enter Caffio.

Iago. I know his state; 'tis he: Villaine thou dyeeth.

Caffio. That thrift had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that there Coate is better then thou know'ft:
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am flaine.
Caffio. I am maim'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Mutther, mutther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyage of Caffio, Iago keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is even so.
Caffio. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest, and iuft,
That hau'ft such Noble fene of thy Friends wrongs,
Thou teacheft me. Minion, your deere iyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highe: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, thofe Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luf't,flain's, flall with Luft blood bee spottet.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Caffio. What hauo: no Watch? No passage?

Mutther, Mutther.

Lod. 'Tis some ifhance; the voyage is very direfull.
Caffio. Oh helpe hoa: I Light, a Surgeon.

Lod. That thrift had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that there Coate is better then thou know'ft:
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. No body come: and yet I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here comes one in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?

Who's noyce is this that cries on mutther?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Caffio. Heere, heere: for heauen fake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The fame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greuously?

Caffio. Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Gue me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenent!

What Villaines have done this?

Caffio. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,
And cannot make away.

Lago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and glue some helpe.

Red. O helpe me there.

Caffio. That's one of them.

Lago. Oh murtherous Slaue! O Villaine!
Red. O damnd Lago! O inhumane Dogge!

Lago. Kill men I t' darke?

Where be these bloody Theues?

How silent is this Towne? Hoo, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praffe vs.

Lago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He Sir.

Lago. I cry you mercy: here's Caffio hurt by Villaines.

Gra. Caffio?

Lago. How is't Brother?

Gra. My Legge is cut in two.

Lago. Marry heauen forbid!

Light Gentlemen, He bide it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoo? Who is't that cry'd?

Lago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere Caffio,

My sweet Caffio: Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio,

Lago. O notable Strumpet. Caffio, may you suffeckt

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Gef. No.

Gra. I am forry to finde you thus;

I have beene to fecke you.

Lago. Lend me a Garter. So:—Oh for a Chaire
To beare him eaily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Caffio, Caffio, Caffio,

Lago. Gentlemen all, I do suffeckt this Thrahe
To be a party in this Inurie,

Patience awhile, good Caffio. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Rodorigo! No? Yes faire? Yes, 'tis Rodorigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Lago. Euen he Sir? Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Lago. Signior Gratiam? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excite my Manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.


Gra. Rodorigo?

Lago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well fald, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall Surgeon. For you Miftris,

Saue you your labour. He that lies faine heere (Caffio)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Gef. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Lago. What looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre,

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miftris?

Do you perceiue the gaftnephe of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineffe will speake

Though tongues were out of vie.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Lago. Caffio hath here bin fet on in the darke

By Rodorigo, and Fellowes that are capd:

He's almost slain, and Rodorigo quite dead.

Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good Caffio.

Lago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee æmilia,

Go know of Caffio where he was take to night.

What, do you shakke at that?

Bian. He was in my house, but I therefore shakke not.

Lago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeft,

As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.

Lago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore Caffio dreft,

Come Miftris, you must tel's another Tale.

Æmilia, run you to the Citadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or forelodes me quight. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Defdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaffe Starres,

It is the Caufe. Yet Ile not theer her blood,

Nor care that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:

Yet thee muft dye, else thee'rt betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou Raming Minifrer,

I can against thy former light refoure,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning:ft Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that Promitthean heste

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I have pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot glue it vitall growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smel thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that doth almost perfude

Juifhe to breakre her Sword. One more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And lose thee after. One more, and that's the laft.

So sweet, was ne'er so fatall. I muft weepe,

But they are cruel: Tares: This forrow's heavenly,

It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Def. Who's there? Othello?

Othel. I Defdemona.

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pres'd to night, Defdemon?

Def. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime

Vereconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Def. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy unprepared Spirti,

No, (Heaues fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Def. Take ye of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Def. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hahm.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you’re fatal then
When your eyes round so.
Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
Def. They are Loutes I bear to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy’st.
Def. That death’s unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gazw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody paffion flakes 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 fo lou’d, and gave thee, thou gau’st to Caffio.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: fend for the man.
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Preferit.
Therefore confess thee freely of thy finnes:
For to deny each Article with Oaths,
Cannot remove, nor chance the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Oth. O Heauen have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life: never lou’d Caffio,
But with such generall warrante of Heauen,
As I might loue. I never gau him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchief in’s hand.
O Prefur’d woman, thou do’st done my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.
Def. He found it then:
I never gau it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs’d thee.
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so,
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp’d:
Honest Iago hath ‘tane order for’t.
’Def. Oh, my foe interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin lues, my great Reuenge
Had romacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray’d, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep’t thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you thrive.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawe.
’Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.
Smother him.
Def. Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
So, lo
Def. Emil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who’s there?
Def. Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.
Oth. It is: *’Tis Emil: by and by, Shee’s dead.
’Tis like she comes to speake of Caffio’s death:
The noise was high. Nah, no more nooosing:
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? We’t good?
I think she flibbles again. No, what’s beft to do?
If she come in, Shee’s sure speake to my wife;
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heavy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipfe!
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th’affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Def. I do befor thee you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Emilia.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw.
Where art thou? What’s the matter with thee now?
Enter *Emilia.
Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murtheres done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more nearer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Caffio, my Lord, hath kild’.
A young Venetian, call’d Rodorigo.
Oth. Rodorigo kild’? and Caffio kild’?
Emil. No, Caffio is not kild’.
Oth. Not Caffio kild’? Then Murther’s out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge grows harth.
Def. O falsely, falsely murder’d.
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That What?
Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpes, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet Defension, oh sweet Mirthis, speake.
Def. A guiltlfesse death, I dye.
Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: i my selfe, farewell.
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how shoulde she be murdred?
Emil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She’s like a liar gone to burning hell,
’Twas I that kild’ her.
Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker
Diduell.
Oth. She turn’d to folly: and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou do’st bely her, and thou art a diduell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rafl as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.
Oth. Caffio did top her: Ask thy husband elle.
Oth. I were damn’d beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon lust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Emil.
the Moore of Venice.

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Emil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Emil. That he was false to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with Caffio: had the bin true,
If Heaven would make me fuch another world,
Of one entry and perfiction Chryfolite,
I'd not have told her for it.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the flame
That flockes on filthy deeds.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this tirance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.
Emil. Oh Miftris,
Villany hath made mockes with love:
My Husband say she was false?
Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband: Do't vnderstand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say fo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Emil. Do thy wort:
This deed of thine is no more worthy Heaven,
Then thou want'st worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were bent.
Emil. Thou haft not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolot,
As ignorant as durt; thou haue done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loft twenty lies Helpe, helpe, hos, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miftris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now General?
Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you have done well,
That men must lay their Mothers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Diepray this Villaine, if thou bee't a man:
He fayes, 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.
Shee falle with Caffio?
Did you say with Caffio?
Iago. With Caffio, Miftris!
Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Miftris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauen, fore fend.
Emil. And your reports hauie fet the Murder on.
Oisabella. Nay bare not Mafter,
It is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.
Msrn. O monstrous Afte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I fmei't: O Villany:
I thought fo then: Ile kill my felfe for greffe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentleman, let me have leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haft kill'd the sweeteft innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh she was bowle!
I care did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whole breath (indeed) these lands have newly fropp'd:
I know this ache there's horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore Doffem:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure grefs:
Shore his old thread in twaine. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a deperate turne:
Yes, curfe his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes
That she with Caffio, hath the Act of flame,
A thousand times committed. Caffio confett it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firt gave her: I law 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 liberaall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diables, let them all,
All, all, crye shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchief thou speake't of
I found by Fortune, and did glue my Husband:
For often, with a solemn earnestneffe,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd me of, to faele't.
Iago. Villainous Whore.
Emil. She glue it Caffio? No, alas I found it;
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyest.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentleman:
Oh murtherous Coxcombe, what should such a Fool
Do with fo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what ferues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miftris fide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paff,
But kill him rather. Ile after that fame villaine,
For 'tis a dammed Slaue.

Exit.
Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Ob. I am not valiant neither:
But every Punie whisperet gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

æmil. What did thy Song bode Lady?
Heark, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Mufick: Willough, Willough, Willough.
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruel Moore,
So soon my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking is I thinkes, alas, I dye.

Ob. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnxle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou haft no weapon, and performe mutt fuffer.

Ob. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will affault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Obtel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it fell: fulaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I have fene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your flup. But (oh vaine boall)
Who can control his Fate? 'Tis not fo now.
Be not afraid, thou doo see me weapon'd:
Heere is my lournes end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmolt Saile.
Do you go backe difmaid? 'Tis a lofty feare:
Man but a Ruth againft Othello's bref,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now: how doth thou look now? Oh Ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurte my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will matnch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Even like thy Chaffity. O curfed, cursed Saule!
Whip me ye Diuell,
From the poffefion of this Heauenly fight:
Blow me about in winde, roft me in Sulphare,
Wash me in theepe-downe gulhs of Liquid fire.
Oh Deflemen! dead Deflemen: dead. Oh! oh!

Enter Lodouio, Caffio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rath, and most vnfortunate man?
Ob. That's he that was Othello: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Wiltaine forth.

Ob. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If thou bee't a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleeed Sir, but not kill'd.

Obtel. I am not forry neither, I'd haue thee liue:
For in my lente, 'tis happtene to die.

Lod. Oh Othello, that was once so good,
Falne in the prouctie of a cursed Saule,
What shall be faire to thee.

Ob. Why any thing:
An honouerable Murder, if you will:
For ought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confett his Villany:
Did you and he confett in Caffio's death.

Ob. I.

Caff. Deere Generall, I never geue you caufe.
Ob. I do looke on our: and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Duell,
This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguilh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poylons Sight,

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keepe the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines th eCensure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh Infuse it:
My felle will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie AE, with heauie heart relate.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moor.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.

Lodouico, Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.

Duke of Venice.

Montano, Gouernour of Cyprus.

Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Saylors.

Clowne.

Desdemona, Wife to Otbella.

Emilia, Wife to Iago.

Bianca, a Curtezan.
Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Ay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowers the meafure; thefe his goody eyes
And with the flreams of good deafe and cures
Are th'only the Flies and Mufhers of the Warre,
And Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the fculles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breff, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To cool a Gypfes Luft.

Flourib. Enter Antony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Train, with Elums fanning her.

Looke where they come : Take but good note, and you fhall fee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Fole. Behold and fee,
Cles. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's hegerry in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. He fett a bourn how farre to be belou'd.
Ant. Then muft thou needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Megifter.

Mef. Newes, my good Lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me, the fumme.
Cles. Nay hear them Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry ; Or who knowes,
If the Scarfe-bearded Cefar have not fent
His pow'rful Mandate to you. Do this, or this ;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchife that :
Perforn't, or elfe we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Loue ?
Cles. Perchance! Nay, and moft like :
You muft not fay heere longer, your diffimination
Is come from Cefar, therefore hearre it Antony.
Where's Fulvia Proceffe? (Cefar I would fay) both ?
Call in the Megffengers : As I am Egypt's Queene,
Thou fhall fende Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cefars homager: elfe fo thy cheefe payes fame,
When thrill-corn'd Fulvia Golds. The Megffengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall : Here is my pace,
Kingdomes are clay : Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beafe as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus : when fuch a mutuall paire,
And fuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We fhand vp Fleeplefe.
Cles. Excellent falhhood :
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?
Ie feeme the Fole I am not. Antony will be himfelf.
Ant. But fir'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harf:
There's not a minute of our lifes fhould stretch
Without fome pleafure now. What fport to night ?
Cles. Heare the Ambaffadors.
Ant. Fye wafting Queene : Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To wepe: who every opinion fully flriues
To make it felfe (in Thee) faire, and admiral'd.
No Megifter but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Lift night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.
Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is Cefar with Antonius priz'd fo flight ?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Antony,
He cometh too fhort of that great Property
Which ill fhould go with Anthony.
Dem. I am full forry, that hee approoves the common
Lyar, who thus Speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Reft you happy.
Exeunt

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprinus, a Southebyer, Rannius, Lucilius,
Charman, Irau, Marfian the Eunuch, and Aelix.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, moft any thing Alexas,
almost moft absolute Alexas, where's the Southebyer
that you prais'd fo with't Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you fay, muft change his Hornes with
Garlands.
Alex. Southebyer.
Scott. Your will ?
Char. Is this the Mat? Is't you fay that know things?
Scott. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
I can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.

Cleop.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but for thee.
Char. Pray then, forsee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet faire fairer then you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Alex. Vex not his princeness, be attendive.
Char. Hush.
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.
Char. I had rather hear me Liuer with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear me.
Char. Good now some excellent Fortune; Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widow them all! Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom Herode of Jewry may do Homage. Find me to marry me with Othelio Cesar, and companion me with my Miftris.
Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serue.
Char. Oh excellent, I loure long life better then Figs.
Sooth. You have seen and proued a faireer former fortune, that is which is to approach.
Char. Then beleeke my Children shall have no names: Prythee how many Boys and Wenches muft I have.
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a wombe, & foretell every with, a Million.
Char. Our Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.
Alex. You think none but your fruits are priuile to your wishes.
Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.
Sooth. Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunken to bed.
Iras. There's a Palme prefages Chaffity, if nothing els.
Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylas prefageth Fa-mine.
Iras. Go you wise Bedfellow, you cannot Sootshay.
Char. Nay, if an oyl Palme bee not a fruitfull Propagation, I cannot forscath mine ear. Prythee tell her but a worky day Fortune.
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.
Sooth. I haue fayd.
Iras. And I not an inch of Fortune better then the?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I : where would you choafe it.
Iras. Not in my Husbands nere.
Char. Our worfer thoughts Heaven's mend.
Iras. Runs. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Ifa, I befeech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worfe, and let worfe follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Ifa hear me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more wight: good Ifa I befeech thee.
Iras. Amen, deere Goddeffe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handfome man loafe-Whu'd, so it is a deadly forrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vn cuckold'd: Therefore deere Ifa keep de-carm, and Fortune him accordingly.
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselfes Whores, but they'd don't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ensb. Hufh, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.
Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.
Ensb. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not heere?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dipt't to mirch, but on the solaine A Roman thought hath strooke him.
Endebarkus?
Ensb. Madam.
Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexias?
Alex. Here at your service.
My Lord approaches,

Enter Anthony, with a Miffenger.
Cleo. We will not looke vpon him: Go with vs.
Mefien. Fauzia thy Wife,
Firt came into the Field,
Ant. Against my Brother Luctus?
Mefien. I: but soone that Warre had end,
And the times flate
Made friends of them, loyning their force 'gainst Cesar,
Whole better issue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worke.
Mefien. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.
Mefien. Labiumns (this is fliffe-newnes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Afa: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner frooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil't——
Ant. Anthony thou would'ft say.
Mefien. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Spake to me home,
Mince not the general tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Rakke thou in Fauzia's phrase, and tast my faults
With such fulc Licenc, as both Truth and Malice
Hauw power to vnter:
Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illis told vs
Is as our caring: fare thee well awhile.
Mefien. At your Noble pleasure. Exit Miffenger.
Enter another Miffenger.
Ant. From Solien how the newes? Speake there.

1. Mefien. The man from Solien,
Is there such an one?
2. Mefien. He stayes vpon your will.
Ant. Let him appeare:
Thefe strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my felle in dotage.

Enter another Miffenger with a Letter.

What are you?
3. Mefien. Fauzia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dyed she.
Mefien. In Sicien, her length of tucknefe,
With what else more serius,
Importeth thee to know, this beares,
Ant. Forbear me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I defire it:
What our contemps doth often hurle from vs,
The Tragedie of

We wish it ours againe. The preuent pleasure, By resolution lowring, does become The opposite of it felte: she's good being gon, The hand could plucke her backes, that fhould her on. I must from this enchanting Queene brake off, Ten thousand harms, more then the Illes I know My idlenesse doth hatch.  

Enter Eubaces.  

How now Eubaces.  

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?  

Ant. I must with hafe from hence.  

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We fee how mortall an vnkindeffe is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word.  

Ant. I must be gone.  

Eno. Vnder a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pitty to catt them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great caufe, they should bee effectued nothing. Cleopatra catching but the leaf noyce of this, dies instantly: I have feared her dye twenty times vpon lanade in deed: I do think there is nothing but death, which commits some louing acte upon her, the hath such a celerity in dying.  

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.  

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her paffions are made of nothing but the finke part of pure Love. We cannot cal her winds and wates, fighes and teares: They are greater flormes and Tempefts then Almanaches can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a fhower of Raine as well as loue.  

Ant. Would I had never feene her.  

Eno. Oh fir, you had then left vneene a wonderfull peace of worke, which not to have beene blest withall, would have dircideted your Trauaille.  

Ant. Fulvia is dead.  

Eno. Sir.  

Ant. Fulvia is dead.  

Eno. Fulvia?  

Ant. Dead.  

Eno. Why fir, glue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice: when it pleafeth their Delites to take the wife of a man from him, it threves to man the Tailors of the earth confoiting therein, that when olde Robes are out worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulvia, then had you indeede a cut, and the cafe to be lamented: This grece is crown'd with Confolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should warre this forrow.  

Ant. The bufiniffe the hath broach'd in the State, Cannot endure my abfence.  

Eno. And the bufiniffe you have broach'd hice cannot be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.  

Ant. No more light Anfweres:  

Let our Officers  

Hauce notice what we purpofe. I shall breake  

The caufe of our Expedition to the Queene,  

And get her loue to part. For not alone  

The death of Pulvia, with more vrgent touches  

Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too  

Of many of our contriving Friends in Rome,  

Petition vs at home, Sextus Pompeius  

Hauing given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  

The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,  

Whose loue is neuer link'd to the defirer,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me Queene: The strong necessity of Time, commands Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart Remains in vfe with you. Our Italy, Shines o're with ciuill Swords: Scarcely Pompeius Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome, Equality of two Domestick powers, Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps appace. Into the hearts of such, as hau'e not thried When the present state, whose Numbers threaten, And quietnesse growne ficker of reft, would purge By any desperate change: My more particular, And that which moist with you should fave my going, Is Fulvius death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom It does from childishnesse. Can Fulvius dye? My Queen's dear: I am a Queen. Looke heere, and at thy Soveraigne legifure read The Garbories the awak'd at the laft, beft, See when, and where feene died.

Cleo. O mort falfes Loue! Where be the Sacred Violles thou should't fill Withorrowfull water? Now I fee, I fee, In Fulvius death, how mine receiv'd shall be. 

Ant. Quarrell no more, but be prepar'd to know The purpofes I bear: which are, or ceafe, As you shall glide th'aduice. By the fire That quickens Nylus flame, I go from hence Thy Soul,der, Servants, making Peace or Warre, As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmian come, But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well, So Anthony loves.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear, And give true euidence to his Loue, which flands An honourable Trai.f. 

Cleo. So Fulvius told me.
I prye thee turne aside, and wepe for her, Then bid aduie to me, and lay the tears Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene Of excellent difumbling, 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. Now by Sword. 

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends. But this is not the belt. Looke prythee Charmian, How this Herculean Roman do's become The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ille leave you Lady. 

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word: Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it: Sir, you and I have lou'd, but there's not it: That you know well, something it is I would: Oh, my Oblition is a very Anthony, And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty Holds Idlenesse your fubieft, I should take you For Idlenesse it felle.

Cleo. 'Tis swelling Labour, 
To beare such Idlenesse no nearer the heart At Cleopatra this. But Sir, forge me, Since my bcommings kill me, when they do not Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence, Therefore be deafe to my unhappie Folly, And all the Gods go with you. Von your Sword Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth fuccesse Be ftrewd before your feet.: 

Ant. Let vs go. 

Come. Our separation so abides and flies, That thou receding heere, goes yet with me; And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee. Away. 

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traines.

Caf. You may fee Lepidus, and henceforth know, It is not Cæfars Natural vice, to hate One great Competitor. From Alexandria This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and waftes The Lamps of night in recuell: Is not more manlike Then Cleopatra: nor the Queen of Ptolomy More Womanly then he. Hardly gauie audience Or vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You Shall finde there a man, who is th'abftracks of all faults, That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke There are, euis now to darken all his goodnesse His faults in him, feeme as the Spots of Heauen, More fierie by nights Blacknesse: Hereditarie, Rather then purchafe: what he cannot change, Then what he chooseth.

Caf. You are too indulgent. Let's gran't it is not Amilfe to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy, To glue a Kingdom for a Mirth, to fit And keep the turne of Tipling with a Slawe, To reele the streets at noone, and fland the Buffet With knaes that times of Iweate: Say this becomes him (As his compoure must be rare indeed, Whom these things cannot blemife) yet muft Anthony No way excufe his foyles, when we do beare So great weight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd His vacant with his Voluptuousnesse, Full furters, and the drincke of his bones, Call on him for't: But to confound fuch time, That drummes him from his fport, and speakes as lowd As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid: As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge, Pawn their experience to their prefent pleafure, And fo rebell to judgement. 

Enter a Meflingr. 

Lep. Heere more news. 

Mos. Thy biddings have beene done, & cuerie houre Most Noble Cæfar, shalt thou have report How 'tis abroad. Pompý is strong at Sea, And it appears, he is belou'd of thofe That only have fear'd Cæfar: to the Ports The defections repair, and mens reports Glue him much wrong'd.

Caf. I should have done no leffe, 
It hath bin taught vs from the primall flate That he which is was wifth, vntil he were: And the ebb'd man, 
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue, 
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bode, Like to a Vagabon Flagge vpon the Streeame, Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde
To rot it fife with motion.

My. Ceas. I bring thee word, 
Mammatus and Mars famous Pyrates
Makest the Sea feare them, which they eare and wound
With knees of every kinde. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacks blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt,
No Vellifh can perpe forth: but 'tis as foone
Taken as feme: for Pompey name strikes more
Then could his Warre refil'd.

Ceaf. Anthony,
Leafe thy lafculous Vaffalles. When thou once
Was beaten from Medea, where thou flew'ft
Herfis, and Paule Confuls, at thy heale
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ft againft,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Saugus could fuffer. Thou didft drink
The fale of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at: Thy belly thed diue
The rougheft Berry, on the rudeft Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pature flockes,
The barkes of Trees thou bours'd. On the Alps,
It is reported thou didft eate ftrange flee'd,
Which fome did dye to look on: And all this
(If wounds thine Honor that I fpeak it now)
Was borne fo like a Soldier, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

Left. 'Tis pity of him,

Ceaf. Let his flames quickly
Drife him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did fwear our felves i'th Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counfel, Pompey
Thruues in our Idenifee.

Left. To morrow Ceafar,
I fhall be fumifh to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preuent time.

Ceaf. Till which encounter, it is my bufnes too. Farwell.

Left. Farwell my Lord, what you fhall know mean time
Of fires abroad, I fhall befeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Ceafar. Doubt not Sir, I knew it for my Bond. Exeunt
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ires, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam,
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke Mandraegus,
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might fleep out this great gap of time:
My Anthony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O! Tis Treafon.
Char. Madam, I truth not fo.
Cleo. Thou, Eumuch Mardian.
Mar. What's your Highneffe pleafure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee fing. I take no pleafure
In ought an Eumuch ha's Tis well for thee,
That being unfeminard, thy felfe thought
May not fye forth of Egypt. Haft thou Affections?
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honent to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian:

Where think't thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horfe?
Oh happy horfe to bear the weight of Anthony!
Do brauely Horfe, for wor'th thou whom thou moouth,
The denny Altes of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cal's me) Now I fee'd my feline
With moft delicious poiyon. Thinkes on me
That am with Phobus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Ceafar,
When thou wast heere above the ground, I was
A moreell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would fland and make his eyes grow in my brow.
There would he anchor his Alpefi, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexan from Ceafar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. Haile. He came like art thou Mark Anthony?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tint gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Anthony?

Alex. Laft thing he did (deere Qu ene)
He left the laft of many doubted killis
This Orient Pearle, His speech flickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare muft plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt fends
This treasurse of an Oyster: at whole foots
To mend the petty prefent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingsdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) fhall call her Mitris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steele.
Who neig'd fo bye, that what I would have spoke,
Was beally dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he faid, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'my'yeare, between 'f extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor fad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided dispofition: Note him,
Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not fad, for he would smile on them
That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,
Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'th thou fad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man elle. Mer'th thou my Pofts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty feuerall Mifengers.

Why do you fend fo thickes?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to fend
To Anthony, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Charmian
Welle we my good Alexan. Did I Charmian, euer loue Ceafar so?

Char. Oh that braue Ceafar!
Cleo. Be choy'd with fuch another Emphatis,
Say the braue Anthony.

Char. The valiant Ceafar.
Cleo. By lea, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Ceafar Parago nagnae:

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracius pardon,
I finge but after you.

Cleo. My Salid dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To fay, as I fai'd then. But come,away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

he shall have every day a funeral greeting, or Ie vpeo-
people Egypt.

\begin{verse}
Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
marlike manner.
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\text{Pom.} If the great Gods be iu, they shall affist
The deeds of list oft men.
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\text{Men.} Know worthy Pompey, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\text{Pom.} While we are futors to their Throne, decays the
thing we for.
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\text{Men.} We ignorant of our selves,
Begge often our owne harmase, which the wise Powres
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By looking of our Prayers.
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\text{Pom.} I shall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Crefent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to th:full. \textit{Mars} \textit{Anthony}
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make
No warret without doores. \textit{Caesar} gets money where
He loothes hearts: \textit{Lepidus} flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
\textit{Men.} \textit{Caesar} and \textit{Lepidus} are in the field,
\text{A mighty strength they carry.}
\text{Pom.} Where haue you this? 'Tis faire.
\text{Men.} From \textit{Silius}, Sir.
\text{Pom.} He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for \textit{Anthony}: but all the charmes of Loue,
\text{Cleopatra} ashen thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft joyne with Beauty, Leau with both,
Tye vp the Libedone in a field of Peafe,
Kerce his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleffe fawce his Appetite,
That fiefe and feeding may prouoke his Honour,
\text{Even till a Lethled daufine}——
\text{Enter \textit{Varrius}.}
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\textbf{How now \textit{Varrius}!}
\textit{Var.} This is moft certaine, that I shall deliver:
\textit{Cleopatra} is evry hour in Rome
\text{Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis}
\text{A fpace for farther Trauail.}
\text{Pom.} I could have given leffe matter
\text{A better care. \textit{Menas}, I did not think
This amorous Surfeter would haue donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre \textit{HIs Souldeirship}
Is twice the other twaine: but let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our flirring
Can from the lap of Egypt Widdow, plucke
The neere Luft-weared \textit{Anthony}.
\textit{Menas.} I cannot hope,
\textit{Caesar} and \textit{Anthony} shall well greet together;
\text{His Wife that's dead, did trefpaffes to \textit{Caesar},
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not moud by \textit{Anthony}}
\text{Pom.} I know not \textit{Menas},
\text{How leffer Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twas pregnant they should square between themselues,
\text{For they have enternained caufe enough
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vs
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our lines, to vfe our strengthfull hands
\text{Come \textit{Menas}.}
\textbf{Exeunt.}
\end{verse}

\begin{verse}
\textit{Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.}
\textit{Lep.} \textit{Good Enobarbus}, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speeche.
\textit{Enob.} I shall intreat him
\text{To answer like himslfe: if \textit{Caesar} moue him,
Let \textit{Anthony} looke ouer \textit{Caesar's} head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of \textit{Anthony's} Beard,
I would not haue't to day.
\textit{Lep.} 'Tis no tyme for private fomackinge.
\text{Eno.} Every time feres for the matter that is then
borne in.'t
\textit{Lep.} But small to greater matters muft glue way.
\textit{Eno.} Not if the small come firft.
\textit{Lep.} Your Speeche is paffion: but pray you flire
No Ember vp. Herece comes the Noble \textit{Anthony.}
\textbf{Enter Anthony and \textit{Vendidius,}
\textit{Eno.} And yonder \textit{Caesar.}
\textit{Enter \textit{Caesar, Mecenas}, and \textit{Agrippa.}}
\textit{Ant.} If we compole well heere, to Parthia
\textit{Heare} \textit{Vendidius.}
\textit{Caesar.} I do not know \textit{Mecenas}, aske \textit{Agrippa.}
\textit{Lep.} Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was most great,and let not
A leafer action rend vs. What's amiffe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneftly befeech,
Touch you the fowreft points with fweeteft tearmes,
Nor curtnesse grow to'th matter.
\textit{Ant.} 'Tis spoken well:
\text{Were we before our Armies, and to fight,}
I should do thus,
\textit{Caef. Welcome to Rome.}
\textit{Ant.} Thanke you.
\textit{Caef. Sit.}
\textit{Ant.} Sit fir.
\textit{Caef. Nay then.}
\textit{Ant.} I learn, you take things ill, which are not fo:
Or being,concerne you not.
\textit{Caef.} I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should lay my felfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at,that I should
Once name you derogaty: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.
\textit{Ant.} My being in Egypt \textit{Caesar,} what was't to you?
\textit{Caef.} No more then my redding here at Rome
Mighte to be you in Egypt yet if you there
Did praife on my State,your being in Egypt
Might be my quefition.
\textit{Ant.} How intend you, praifie'd?
\textit{Caef.} You may be pleade to cauch at mine intent,
By what did heere before me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their conftellation
\text{Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.}
\textit{Ant.} You do mistake your bulines, my Brother never
Did wrege me in his \textit{Ae}. I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from some true reports
That drew their warres with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my flamacke,
Healing alike your caufe. Of this, my Letters
Before did fatisie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Ces. You praise your felts, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patch vp your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so.

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't.

Very necessary of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warses
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 with a Snaffle,
You may packe easie, but not such a wife.

Enob. We would had all such wives, that the men
might goe to Warses with the women.

Ant. So much vncurable, her Garbolles (Cesur)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shredenuffle of police to: I greuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cesur. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters and with taunts
Did give my Miinue out of audience.

Ant. Siq, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my felte, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cesur. You have broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.


Ant. No Lepidus, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on Cesur,
The Article of my oath.

Cesur. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Ant. Neglect'd rather:
And then when dayoned hours had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neere as I may,
He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make my greatnesse, nor my power
Workes without it. Truth is, that Fuhis,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warses heere,
For which my felte, the ignorant motive, do
So farre ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To shew in such a cafe.

Lep. 'Tis Noble speake.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene you: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speake to the point you.

Lep. Worthily spoken Mecenas.

Enob. Or if you borrow one another Louse for the
infant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey return it againe: you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Souldier, one speake no more.

Enob. That truth should be fakely, I had almost for-
got.

Ant. You wrong this prudence, therefore speake no
more.

Enob. Go too then: your Confrater die.

Cesur. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speche: for'nt cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their aets. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs from touch from edge to edge
At b'world I would perfie it.

Agri. Glue me leave Cesur.

Cesur. Speake Agrippa.

Agri. Thou haft a Sitter by the Mothers side, admir'd
O Pharma! Great Mark Anthony is now a widower.

Cesur. Say not, say Agrippa, if Cleopater heard you, your
proofs were well defended of rathernelfe.

Ant. I am not marryed Cesur: let me heere Agrippa
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony,
O Fenalia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worfe a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vttre. By this marriage,
All little leiuces which now feeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a fluided not a pretend thought,
By dutie ruminated.

Ant. Will Cesur speake?

Cesur. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say Agrippa, be it fo.
To make this good?

Cesur. The power of Cesur,
And his power, vnto Oenalia.

Ant. May I neuer
(To this good purpose, that so fairely thres)
Dremes of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this hour,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Deligues.

Cesur. There's my hands:
A Sitter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deereely. Let her live
To loyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
File off our Loues again.


Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid frange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him only,
Leaf my remembrance, fuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lep. Time calls vp our,
Of vs must Pompey prefently be sought,
Or else he fecke us vs.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cesur. About the Mount-Mefena.

Ant. What is his strengthe by land?

Cesur. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an abolute Master.

Ant. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it,
Yet ere we put our felues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we have talked of.

Cesur. With most gladsness,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

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Whether outright Ie lead you.

Amb. Let vs Lepidus not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble Anthony, no ticknesse should detaine me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manip. Enter Enobarbus, Agrippa, Macenas.

Mac. Welcome from Egypt Sir.


Agrip. Good Enobarbus.

Mac. We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so well disjoged: you staid well by in Egypt.

Eno. I Sir, we did sleep each day out of countenonce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mac. Eight Wild-boares rostret whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle:we had much more monstruous matter of Feast, which worthly defender noting.

Manus. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be true to her.

Eno. When the first met Mark Anthony, she purf vp his heart upon the River of Sidins.

Agrip. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you, The Barge she fat in, like a burnight Throne Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold, Purple the Salies and so perfumed that The Windes were Love-fickes. With them the Owers were Silues, Which to the tune of Flutes kept frotke, and made The water which they beate, to follow faster, As amorous of their frothes. For her owne person, It begger'd all description, she did liye In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffins, O're- picturing that Venus, where we fee The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her, Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids, With divers couleur'd Fannes whole winde did fieme, To glome the delicate cheekes which they did coole, And what they vndid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for Anthony.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides, So many Mermaids tended her i'th'eyes, And made their bands adorning. At the Helme, A creening Mermaidsteeres: The Silken Tackle, Swell with the touches of thofe: Flower-soft hands, That yarely frame the office. From the Barge A strange invisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent Wharres. The City caft Her people out upon her: and Anthony Entiron'd i'th'Market-place, did fit alone, Whilst huffing to'th'ayre: which but for vacance, Had gone to gaze on Cleopater too, And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Upon her landing, Anthony sent to her, Invited her to Supper: she replyed, It should be better, he became her guest: Which she entreated, our Courteous Anthony, Whom were the word of no woman hard speake, Being harden'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast; And for his ordinary, pales his heart, For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great Cesar lay his Sword to bed, He ploughed her, and the cropt.

Eno. I saw her once.

Hap forty Paces through the publicke streets, And hailing loft her breath, she spake, and parted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mac. Now Anthony, must leave her vterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome flake Her infinite variety: other women cloy The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry, Where moft she satisfies. For visdest things Become themselfes in her, that the holy Priests a Bifhef her, when she is Ridg'd.

Mac. If Beauty, Wifedome, Modesty, can fett le The heart of Anthony 60tania is A blemished Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good Enobarbus, make your selfe my guett, whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thank you.

Enter Anthony, Cesar, Oetania beween them.

Antb. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deside me from your boosome.

Oet. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my poyers to them for you.

Antb. Goodnight Sir. My Oetania

Read not my blemishes in the worlds report: I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady: Good night Sir.

Cesar. Goodnight.

Enter Soothsayer.

Antb. Now sirr: you do with your selfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I fee it in my motion shawe it not in my tongue, But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antb. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher Cefars or mine?

Sooth. Cefars. Therefore (oh Anthony)stay not by his side Thy Demon that thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable, Where Cefars is not. But neere him, thy Angell Becomes a feare: as being o're-pow'r'd, therefore Make space enough betwene you.

Antb. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any game, Those art fure to looke: And of that Naturall lucke, He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lutter thickens, When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit Is all afraid to gouerne thee neere him: But he alway 'ts Noble.

Antb. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventiius I would speake with him. Exit.

He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap, He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our spors my better cunning faile, Yield his chance, if we draw lots he speakes, His Cockes do winne the Battale, full of mine, When it is all to naught: and his Quales cuer Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypt:

And
And though I make this marriage for my peace, 
The first my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius! 
Exit Ventigius. 
You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready: 
Follow me, and recite. 

Enter Lepidus, Marcus and Agrrippa. 

Lepidus. Trouble your feloves no further; pray you 
haften your Generals after. 

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony will e'en but kiffe Octavia, 
and weele follow. 

Lepi. Till I shall fee you in your Souldiers dreffe, 
Which will become you both: Farewell. 

Ere. We shall i' as concilise the journey, be at 
Mount before you Lepidus. 

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purpos do draw me 
much about, you'll win two dayes vpon me. 

Bish. Sir good successe. 

Lepi. Farewell. 

Exeunt. 

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iren, and Alcetas. 

Cleo. Give me some Musick; Musick, moody foode 
of vs that trade in Loue. 

Omnus. The Musick, hos. 

Enter Mardian the Eunuch. 

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come Charmian. 

Char. My armes are fore, best play with Mardian. 

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaidse, as 
with a woman. Come you play with me Sir? 

Mardi. As well as I can Madam. 

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, 
Thought't come to short 
The Actor may please pardon. Ile none now, 
Give me mine Angle, weeke to'th'Ricer there 
My Musick playing faire off. I will betray 
Tawny fine finnes, my bended hooke thall pierce 
Their finny lawes: and as I draw them vp, 
Ie think he them every one an Anthony, 
And saies, ah sayse are caught. 

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang- 
lings, when your diuer did hang a fait fishe on his hooke 
which he with feruence drew vp. 

Cleo. That time? Oh times: 
I laught him out of patience: and that night 
I laught him into patience, and next morne, 
Ere the ninth hours, I drunke him to his bed: 
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst 
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie, 

Enter a Messinger. 

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tides in mine eares, 
That long time have bin barren. 

O Mer. Madam, Madam. 

Cleo. Anthony's dead, 
If thou saie to Villaine, thou kilt thy Mithria: 
But well and free, if thou saie yeld him. 
There is Gold, and heere 
My bleeuen valnes to kiffe: a hand that Kings 
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 

Mef. Frist Madam, he is well. 

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. 
But arras markes, we vie 
To say, the dead are well; bring it to that, 
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pow'r 
Downe thy ill vettering throate. 

Mef. Good Madam heare me. 

Cleo. Well, go too I will: 
But there's no goodneffe in thy face if Anthony 
Be free and healthful, so tart a favour. 
To trumpet such good tides, if I not well, 
Thou shoul'dt come like a Furie crown'd with Snaakes, 
Not like a formill man. 

Mef. Wilt please you hare me? 

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speakeft: 
Yet if thou say Anthony lives, 'tis well, 
Or friends with Cæsar, or not Captue to him, 
Ile fet thee in a flower of Gold, and haile 
Rich Pearles vpon thee. 

O Mer. Madam, he's well. 

Cleo. Well said. 

Mef. And Friends with Cæsar. 

Cleo. Th'art an honest man. 

Mef. Cæsar, and he, are greater Friends then cuer, 

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me. 

Mef. But yet Madam. 

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay 
The good precedeuce, fie vpon but yet, 
Bur yet is as a Taylor to bring forth 
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend, 
Poure out the packe of matter to mine eare, 
The good and bad together: he's Friends with Cæsar, 
In state of heal th thou faife, and thou faife, free, 

Mef. Free Madam, no: I made no fuch report, 
He's bound into Octavia. 
Cleo. For what good turne? 
Mef. For the best turne I th'bed. 
Cleo. I am pale Charmian. 

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 
Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee. 

Strikes him downe. 

Mef. Good Madam patience. 
Cleo. What say you? 

Stikes him. 

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile furtle thine eyes 
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head, 

She bales him vp and downe. 

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and strew'd in brine, 
Smearing in lingering pickle. 

Mef. Gratious Madam, 

I that do bring the newes, made not the match. 
Cleo. Say 'ts not so, a Prouince I will give thee, 
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'lt 
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage, 
And I will boote thee with what guilt beffe 
Thy modestie can begge. 

Mef. He's married Madam. 
Cleo. Rogh, thou haft liid too long. 

Draw a knife. 

Mef. Nay then Ile runne: 
What meanes you Madam, I haue made no fault. 
Exit. 

Cleo. Good Madam keepe your felle within your felle, 
The man is innocent. 

Cleo. Some Innocents feape not the thunderbolt: 
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures 
Turne all to Serpents. Call the faue againe, 
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. 

Char. He is afraid to come. 

Cleo. I will not hurt him, 
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike 
A meaner then my felle: since I my felle 
Hau'e given my felle the caufe. Come hither Sir. 

Enter the Meffinger againe. 

Though it be honest, it is never good 
To bring bad newes: give to a grattious Meffige 

An
Anthony and Cleopatra.  

An hoft of tongues, but let ill tydings tell  
Themselfes, when they be felt.  
Mef. I have done my duty.  
Cleo. Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worser then I do,  
If thou againe say yes.  
Mef. He's married Madam.  
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,  
Dost thou hold there still?  
Mef. Should I lye Madame?  
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst  
So halfe my Egypt were fumbrigu'd and made  
A Ceterne for ica'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,  
Had't thou Narcissus in thy face to me,  
Thou would't appeare most vgly: He is married?  
Mef. I crave your Highniffe pardon.  
Cleo. He is married?  
Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offended you,  
To punnith me for what you make me do  
Seemes much vaulell, he's married to Octavia.  
Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That is not what this fortune of. Get thee hence,  
The Marchandize which thou haft brought from Rome  
Are all too deere for me  
Lye they upon thy hand, and be vndone by em.  
Char. Good your Highniffe patience.  
Cleo. In praying Anthony, I have difprais'd Cefar.  
Char. Many times Madam.  
Cleo. I am pay'd for't now:lead me from hence,  
I fain,oh Ira,Charmian t'vgl no matter.  
Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia: her yeares,  
Her inclination,let him not leave out  
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,  
Let him for ever go,let him not Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you Alexas  
Bring me word,how tall the is: pitty me Charmian,  
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.  

Exeunt.  

Flourishes. Enter Pompey, at one dore with Drum and Trom-  

doat at another Cefar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Me-  

tenas, Agrippa, Menus with handful Marching.  

Pom. Your Hoftages I have,fo have you mine:  
And we shall talke when we fight.  
Cefar. Mofe meete that first we come to words,  
And therefore haue we  
Our written purposes before vs fent,  
Which if thou haft consider'd,let vs know,  
If'twill vye vp thy discontented Sword,  
And carry bace to Cicellie much tall youth,  
That elle muft perifh heree.  

Pom. To you all three;  
The Senators alone of this great world,  
Chiefes Facters for the Gods. I do not know,  
Wherefore my Father shou'd reuenger want,  
Hauling a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Cefar,  
Who at Philiippa the good Brutus ghofted,  
There few you labouring for him. What was't  
That most pale Caffine to confide? And what  
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine Brutus,  
With the arm'd rell, Courtiers of beauteous freedome,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Hau one man but a man, and that his it  
Hath made me rigge my Name. At whom burthen,  
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant  
To scourge th'ingratitude, that desightfull Rome  
Cift on my Noble Father.  
Cefar. Take your time.  
Ant. Thou can't not feare vs Pompey with thy falles.  
Wole speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know't  
How much we do o're-count thee.  
Pom. At Land indeed  
Thou doft orcount me of my Fathers house:  
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,  
Remaine in't as thou mult.  
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell vs,  
(For this is from the presend how you take)  
The offers we have fent you.  
Cefar. There's the point.  
Ant. Which do not be entretouced too,  
But wagh what it is worth imbrac'd  
Cefar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.  
Pom. You have made me offer  
Of Cicellie,Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send  
Meaures of Wheate to Rome this greed vpon,  
To part with unhacket edges, and beare backe  
Our Targes vndinted.  

Owen. 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 looke  
The praife of it by telling. You must know  
When Cefar and your Brother were at blowes,  
Your Mother came to Cicellie, and did finde  
Her welcome Friendly.  
Ant. I have heard it Pompey,  
And am well studied 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 the East are soft, and thanks to you,  
That cal'd me timelayer then my purpose hither:  
For I have gained by't.  
Cefar. Since I saw you laft, ther's a change vpon you.  
Pom. Well, I know not,  
What counts harsh Fortune ca'ts vpon my face,  
But in my lotome shall the newer come,  
To make my heart her vaffile.  
Lep. Well met heere.  
Pom. I hope to Lepidus, thus we are agreed:  
I craze our componisme may be written  
And feal'd betweene vs.  
Cefar. That's the next to do.  
Pom. Weele feafe each other, ere we part, and lett's  
Draw lots who shall begin.  

Ant. That will I Pompey.  
Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but firft or laft,  
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the fame, I have  
heard that Iulius Cefar, grew fat with feasting there.  

Anth. You have heard much.  
Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.  
Ant. And faire words to them.  
Pom. Then so much have I heard,  
And I have heard Appolodorus carried  

End. No more that : he did so.  
Pom. What I pray you?  
End. A certaine Queene to Cefar in a Matris.  
Pom. I know thee now, how far't thou Souldier?  
End. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive  

Four,
The Tragedie of

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they'll be man: some o'th'other Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th'world will blow them downe.

2. Lepidus is high Conlord.

1. They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2. As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th'drink.'

1. But it raise the greater warre betweene him & his discretion.

2. Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as I suue have a Reede that will doe me no service, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be feene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pitifully disfalter the cheeks.

A Senet founded.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know By'th'height, the lowneffe, or the meane: If deaeth Or Foison follow. The higher Nius feels,
The more it promiseth: as it ebbes, the Seedman Vpon the ilme and Ooze flatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harued.

Lep. Y'have frange Serpents there?

Anth. I Lepidus.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.


Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out.

Emb. Not till you have flept: I feare you'll bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the Prisomies Pyramids are very goodly things: without contradiction I have heard that.

Menes. Pompey, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine ears, what is't.

Men. Forfake thy scate I do believe thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbearce me till anon. Wiskiers in't Ear.

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lead. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is sharp'd fir like it fell in, and it is as broad as it hath breath; it is soe high as it is, and moues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourisfheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lept. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lept. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæf. Will this description false him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If the fake of Merit thou wile heare mee,

Mysick plays.

Foure Feasts are toward,

Pom. Let me flake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have feehe thee fight,
When I have enuied thy behaviour.

Emb. Sir, I never lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well defer'd ten times as much,
As I haue fai'd you did,

Pom. Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:

Aboord my Gally, I intraue you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.


Men. Thy Father Pompey would we're have made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne fir.

Emb. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Emb. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Emb. If I will praife any man that will praife me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Emb. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea,

Men. And you by Land.

Emb. There I deny my Land servise: but glue mee your hand Menas, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiffing.

Men. All mens faces are true, what more their hands are.

Emb. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha'a true Face.

Men. No fandler, they steale hearts.

Emb. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drink:
Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Emb. If he do, sure he cannot weep backe again.

Men. Y'have fai'd Sir, we look'd not for Mark Anthony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Emb. Cæsar's Sitter is call'd Othania.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Cais Marcellus.

Emb. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray'ye Sir.

Emb. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he, for ever knit together.

Emb. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesy for.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the partes.

Emb. I thinke fo too. But you shall finde the hand that feemes to yee their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: Othania is of a holy, cold, and still convocation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife fo?

Emb. Not he that himselfe is not fo: which is Mark Anthony; he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the fighes of Othania blow the fire vp in Cæsar, and (as I fai'd before) that which is the strenght of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variances. Anthony will vfe his afflication where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord?
I haue a health for you.

Emb. I shall take it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Rise from thy flooe.

\textbf{Pom.} I think th'art mad: the matter?

\textbf{Men.} I have euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

\textbf{Pom.} Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's

\textbf{Men.} His strong fides can volly.

\textbf{Musick Playes.} Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

\textbf{The Song.}

Come thou Monarch of the Pits,

Plumpie Bacchus, with pinte syme:

In thy Fettes our Carees be drown'd,

With thy Grapes our hairs be Crown'd.

Cap ye till the world go round,

Cap ye till the world go round.

\textbf{Ceasar.} What would you more?

\textbf{Pompey} goodnight. Good Brother

Let me requell of you our grauer businesse

Frownes at this louesse. If thou don't, it's part,

You see we have burnt our cheekes. Strong Enobarbus

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde diffique hath almost

Antick vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

\textbf{Good Anthony your hand.}

\textbf{Pom.} Ile try you on no shooe.

\textbf{Anth.} And shall Sir, gives your hand.

\textbf{Pom.} Oh Anthony, you have my Father house.

But what, are we Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

\textbf{Eno.} Take heed you fall not Menas: Ile not on shore,

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,

Thefe Trumpets, Flutes: what

Let Neptune hear, we bid aloud farewell

To thefe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

\textbf{Men.} Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

\textbf{Eto.} Hoo styls a there's my Cap.

\textbf{Men.} Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

\textbf{Exeunt.}

\textbf{Enter} Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacio-

runt borne before him.

\textbf{Ven.} Now darching Parthy a art thou stroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Gratius death

Make me reuenger. Bear the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy Pacorus Orades,

Pales this for Marcus Gratius.

\textbf{Remains.} Noble Ventidius,

Whil't yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugiue Parthians follow. Spreare through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether

The routed fic. So thy grand Captaine Anthony

Shall set thee on triumph Charliots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

\textbf{Ven.} Oh Sillus, Sillus,

I have done enough. Alower place note well

May make too great an aet. For learene this Sillus

Better to leave vndone, then by our deet

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ferues away,

\textbf{Ceasar} and \textbf{Anthony}, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then perfen. Sillus

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he sthil'd by th'milme, lovt his fauor.

Who does 1th'Warres more then his Captaine can,

Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and A mission

(The Souldiers vertue)therer makes choifié of loffe

Then gains, which darkens him.

I could do more to do \textit{Antonius} good,

But 'tould offend him. And in his offence,
The Tragedie of

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast Verdiun that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword granteus feare slaine: thou
wilt write to Antony.

Via. Ilc humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The newe-yet beaten Horfe of Parthia,
We have laid out oth Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Via. He purpofeth to Athens, whither with what haft
The weight we must convey with's, will permit
We shall appear before him. On there,praye along.

Enter Agrippa at one door. Enobarb at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eos. They have difpatcht with Pompey, he is gone.

The other three are Sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Caesar is fall, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's ftaft, as Menas fays, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneffe.

Agri. That a Noble Lepidus,

Eos. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Caesar.

Agri. Nay but how deereely he adores Mark Antony.


Ant. What's Antony, the God of Jupiter?

Eos. Spake you of Caesar? How, the non-pareil?

Agri. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eos. Would you praffe Caesar, say Caesarigo no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiife,

Eos. But he loves Caesar beft,yet he loves Antony:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poet s,cannot
Think speake, calth,write,fig, number: hoo,
His lone to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneele downe, kneele downe,and wonder,

Agri. Both he loues.

Eos. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle,fo:
This is to horfe: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldeer, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my felde:
Vfe me well in'. Sifer, proue fuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheft Band
Shall proue to thine approves: most Noble Antony,
Let not the peece of Vertup which is fet
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our love
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortrefse of It:for better might we
Have lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cherifht.

Ant. Make me not offenfod,in your diftruit.

Caesar. I have said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left caufe
For what you leave to feare,So the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines versus your ends:
We will heare part.

Caesar. Farewell my deereft Sifer,fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy sprits all of comfort fare thee well.

Oct. My Noble Brother,

Ant. The Apirl's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And thefe the fowers to bring it on : be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands houfe: and——

Caesar. What Octavia?

Octa. This well you in your care.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.

The Swannes downe feather
That flands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eos. Will Caesar wepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eos. He were the worfe for that were he a Horfe,fo is
he being alman.

Agr. Why Enobarbus:

When Antony found Iulius Caesar dead,
He cried almoft to roaing: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found Brutus Blaine.

Eos. That yarrounded, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wall'd,
Believe't till I wepe too.

Caesar. No sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
He wrangle with you in my strengh of loue,
Look'e here I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Caesar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres glue light
To thy faire way.

Caesar. Farewell,farewell.

Kiffis Octavia.

Ant. Farewell. Trumpet found.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexias.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enters the Messinger as before.

Alex. Good Maleftie: Herod of Iury dare not looke
vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head, I heue: but how? When
Antony is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou nowere.

Mof. Most gratious Maleftie.

Cleo. Did'th thou behold Octavia?

Mof. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mof. My selfe in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
saw her fed between her Brother, and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mof. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?

Is the thrill tongu'd or low?

Mof. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not fo good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Ob I'fa: 'tis imposible.

Cleo. I thinke to Charmian dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maleftie is in her gate, remember
If ever thou lockt on Malefie.

Mof. She creepeth motion, & her fation are as one:
She flaves a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mof. Or I have no observer.

Cleo. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue,
There's nothing in her yet.

The
The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guelfe at her yeares, I prythee.

Meff. Madam, she was a widower.


Meff. And I do thinke she's thirte.

Cleo. Bear't thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Meff. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair what color?

Meff. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former harpeneffe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's he by this,
This Createion, too.

Char. Nothing Madam,
Cleo. The man hath seene some Malefty, and shold
know.

Char. Hath he seene Malefity? I'ts elfe defend: and
verifying you so long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Char. Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay Oztania, not one that,
That were excusable, that and thousand's more
Of feamebllable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres'gainst Pompej. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eye, spoke kantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me treames of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measurespelt,
When the best hint was given him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oztania. Oh my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this defuion chance, he're flood betwenee
Praying for both parts :
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray'Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and destroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Oztania,
Let your bite lost draw to that point which seek's
Bett to preferre it: if I loafe mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your fo branchifie. But as you requested,
Your selfle fall go between, the meane time Lady,
He rife from the preparation of a Warre,
Shall daie your Brother, make your sooneft haft,
So your defires are yours.

Ozt. Thanks to my Lord,
The love of power make me most weake, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleane, and that falie men
Should fodder vp the Rift.

Antb. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Turne your diplifure that way, for our faults
Can never be fo equall, that your lose
Can equally moue with them. Provide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what call
Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Embarbas, and Eros.

Eros. How now Friend Eros?

Eros. Ther's strange Newses come Sir.

Eros. What man?

Eros. Cesar & Lepidus haue made warres vpom Pompej.

Eros. This is old, what is the succeffe?

Eros. Cesar hauing made vp of him in the warres
'gainst Pompej: preffently denied him rivalry, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not refting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompej. Upon his owneappeale ftieres him, to the poore
third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eros. Then would thou hadt a paire of chapau more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou haft, they'll
grinde the other. When Anthony was
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rufh that lies before him. Cries Fole Lepidus,
And threatens the throte of that his Officer,
That murdered Pompej.

Eros. Our great Nautes rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cesar, more Domitius,
My Lord desires you prefently: my Newses
I might have told hearafter.

Eros. 'Twill be naught, but let it be, bring me to Anthony.

Eros. Come Sir,

Enter Agrippa, Maecenas, and Cesar.

Cesar. Condemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of it:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall firuer'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publickly encom'ed: at the feet, fat
Cesarian whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull iuff, that their Luft
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gave the flabishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abolute Queen.

Meces. This in the publike eye?

Cesar. I'th common fiew place, where they exercife,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthis, and Armenia
He gau to Alexander. To Ptolomye he aflign'd,
Syria, Sylcia, and Phcenetia: the
In th'abillments of the Goddesse Isis
That day appeare'd, and oft before gau audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Meces. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who does he accufe?

Cesar. Cesar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Scaurus Pompeius spoile'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'life. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping vnrefor'd. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the Triumpherates, should be depo'd,
And being that, we detain all his Reuencie.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruelly,

That
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did defence 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'ir never yeild to that.
Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octavius with her Trains.
Cesar. That ever I should call thee Caft-away.
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you caufe.
Ces. Why haue you royn upon vs thus? you come not
Like Cesar Sifer, The wife of Anthony
Should have an Army for an Ither, and
The neigbors of Horfe to tell of her approch,
Long ere the did appeare. The trees by'th'way
Should have borne men, and expecation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duff
Should have affcended to the Roofs of Haueum,
Rai'd by your popular Troopers: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have presented
The omtentation of our love; which left vnfhewne,
Is often left vnlovd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented gretting.
Oct. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not confrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Mark Anthony,
Hearing that you prepare'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued care withall: whereon I beg'd
His pardon for returne.
Ces. Which come he granted,
Being an abstract 'twixte his Luft, and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my Lord,
Ces. I haue eyes vp on him,
And his affaires come to me on the windwher is he now?
Cesar. No moft wronged Sifer, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath gien his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath affembled,
Both the King of Lybia, Antitam
Of Cappadocia, to Rome, and have presented
Of Paphgigion: the Thracian King Adulas,
King Maucbus of Arabia, of King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, Mithridates King
Of Comageat, Polemen and Ammitus,
The Kings of Mado, and
With a more larger Lift of Scepters.
Oct. Aye me molt wretched,
That haue my heart partewtixt two Friends,
That does afflift each other. (breaking forth
Ces.Welcom eithe: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
Or your content, these strong neceffities,
But let determin'd things to deffine
Hold vnbeaw'd their way. Welcome to Rome, nothting more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Inflince, makes his Minifters
Of vs, and those that love you. Belt of comfort,
And euer welcome to vs. Agrip. Welcome Lady,
Ces. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you,
Onely t'Hational Anthony, molt large
In his abominations, turns you oiff,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against vs.
Oct. Is it to fir?
Ces. Moft certaine: Sifer welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deere Sifer. Exeunt
Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.
Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haft forespeake my being in these warres,
And fay't it is not fit.
Eno. Well is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, decoune'd against vs, why should not
we bee there in perfon.
Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should strue with
Horfe and Mares together, the Horfe were morely loft:
the Mares would bee a Solidiour and his Horfe.
Cleo. What is't you fay?
Eno. Your prefence needs moft purle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from'time,
What shou'd not then be fpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitu, and 'tis faid in Rome,
That Plotinus an Euchuf, and your Maleus
Mannah this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tonges rot
That speake againft vs. A Charge we bee 'th'Warre,
And as the presdant of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againft it,
I will not fay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Camilidus.
Cleo. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor,
Ant. Is it not strange Camilidus,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandufum,
He could fo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celefrity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beft of men.
To taunt at flackneffe. Camilidus, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what els?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares vs too.
Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to finge fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharalla,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offeres
Which ferue not for his vantage, he fakes off,
And fo fhou'd you.
Eno. Your Shippe are not well mann'd,
Your Marrisens are Miffiers, Reapers, people
Ingroft by twift Imprefl. In Cefar Fleece,
Are thofe, that often have gaine Pompey fought,
Their shipes are yere, yours heauy: no difgrafce
Shall fall you for refuing him at Sea,
Being prepare'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Moft worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldierhip you haue by Land,
Diftraft your Armie, which doth moft confift
Of Warre-markit-footmen, leaue unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promifes affurance, and
Gleue vs not to fceler mercy to chance and hazard,
From firme Securite.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ces. I haue fixty Sailes, Ceasar none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching Ceasar. But if we faile,
We then can dot at Land. Enter a Messenger.
Thy Bufinnesse?

Msf. The Newses is true, my Lord, he is defi'd,
Ceasar ha'taken Torgan.

Ant. Can he be there in perfon? 'Tis impossible,
Strange, that his power should be. Camillus,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horfe. We'll to our Ship,
Away my Thes. Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Soulidier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truft not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and thefe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phcenicians go a ducking: wee
Have vnd'r to combating fland on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. Exit Ant. Ces. & Enob.

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am 'tibright.

Cam. Soulidier thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on': fo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horfe whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iufius,
Publilia, and Celius, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This spede of Ceasars
Carries beyond belief.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in fuch diffractions,
As beguile all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, hear ye you?
Soul. They say, one Tuvrus.
Cam. Well, I know the man. Enter a Messenger.

Msf. The Emperor calls Camillus.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throws forth each minute, fome. Exeunt

Enter Ceasar with his Army, marching.

Ceas. Tuvrus? Enter Tuvrus?

Tuv. My Lord.

Ceas. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouneke not Battale
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prefcrpt of this Scoule: Our fortune Iyes
Upon this lympe.

Exit Ceasar, and Enobaras.

Ant. Set we our Squadrions on yond fide o' the Hill,
In eye of Ceasars Battale, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And fo proceed accordingly.

Exeunt.

Camillus Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the stage,
And Tuvrus the Lieutenant of Ceasar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobaras and Scarsus.

Eno. Naught, naught, naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantonius, the Egyptian Admiral,
With all their fixty fye, and turne the Rudder.

To fo't, mine eyes are blinded.

Enter Scaurus.

Scaur. Gods, & Goddeffes, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scaur. The greater of the形成的 world, is loft
With very ignorne, we haue kiff away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scaur. On our fide, like the Token'd Petilence,
Where death is fure. Yon ribundant Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprodie o'take) 1st mifd of o'th fight,
When vantage like a payre of Tinnes appear'd
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Holts Sailes, and fyes.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scaur. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke Anthony,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and raines mallard
Leaving the Fight in heighth, fyes after her:
I never faw an Action of fuch fame:
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate fo it felle.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camillus.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And finks moft lamentably. Had we our Generall
Bin what he knew himfelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha'ts gien example for our flight,
Mouf groffly by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they feld.

Scaur. 'Tis cafe too,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Cam. To Ceasar will I render
My Legions and my Horfe, fixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yelding.

Eno. Ite yet follow
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason
Sits in the winde againft me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon's,
It is afam'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am fo lated in the world, that I
Have loft my way for ever. I have a shippne,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with Ceasar.


Ant. I have fied my felfe, and have instructed cowards
to runne, and flrew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my felfe renel'd vpon a courfe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluch to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny; for the white
Reprof the browne for raffhefie, and they them
For fear, and doting. Friends be gone, you fhall
Have Letters from me to fome Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathneffe, take the hint.
Which my difpaire proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it felle, to the Sea-fide fraight way;
I will poffeffe you of that thip and Treafure.

y 2 Leave.
Leave me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeed I have loft command,
Therefore I pray you, lie fee you by and by.  

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.
Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do most doe Queene.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me fit downe: Oh Juno.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh hee, fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse,
Eros. Sir, fr.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His fword e'ne like a dancer, while I froke
The leane and wrinkled Caffius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brute ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no pradice had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah stand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, fpeak to him,
He's visualled with very flame.
Cleo. Well then, fultaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moft Noble Sir arife, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceafe her, but
Your comfort makes the refuge.
Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A moft vnoble carriage.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haft thou lead me Egypt, fee
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have left behind
Stroy'd in difhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my fearfull fayles, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knoweft too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'frings,
And thou shoul'dft flow me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muft
To the young man fend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affdiction, would
Obey it on all caufe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I fay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loft: Glue me a kidde,
Even this repays me.
We fent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Love I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands; Fortune knowes,
We fcorne her moft, when moft the offers blowes. Exeunt
Enter Cafer, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.
Cafer. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him.

Della. Cafer, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when bither
He fends fo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Meffengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassadors from Anthony.
Cafer. Approach, and fpeak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-eau on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.
Cafer. Bee't fo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he fatisfies thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Leffons his Requests, and to thee fues
To let him breath betwixt the Heavenes and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confefs thy Greatness,
Submit her to thy might, and of thee caueses
The Circle of the Philomies for her yeres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cafer. For Anthony,
I have no eares to his requet. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, to thee
From Egypt drive her all-difgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if fhe performe,
She shall not fue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purfue thee.
Cafer. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eluence, now 'tis time, difpatch,
From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promife
And in our Name, what he requires, add more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their bit Fortunes strong; but want will pierue
The ne'touch'd Vefall. Try thy cunning Thidias,
Make thine owne Edity for thine paines, which we
Will anfwer as a Law.
Thid. Cafer, I go.
Cafer. Obferue how Anthony becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinke'st it very folution fpeakes
In every power that moones,
Thid. Cafer, I hall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.
Cleo. What fhall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Thinkes, and dye.
Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?
Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reafon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why fhoulde he fhowe? 
The itch of his Affdiction fhou'd not then
Hau'e nickt his Captain-ship, at fuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppo'd, he being
The meated queftion? 'Twas a flame no leffe
Then was his loft, to courfe your flying Flagges,
And leue his Nury gazing.
Cleo. Pray the peace.

Enter the Ambassadors, with Anthony.
Ant. Is that his anfwer? Amb. I my Lord,
Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So the will yeild vs vp.
Amb. He fayes fo.
Ant. Let her know'st. To the Boy Cafer fend this
grizled head, and he will fay thine wishes to the brimme,
With Principallities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?
Ant. 

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Act 4. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rofe Of youth upon him: from which, the world should note Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions, May be a Cowards, whose Minifter would preuail Vnder the servuce of a Child, as done As It's Command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay Comparisons a-part, And anfwer me declin'd, Sword againft Sword, Our felves alone: He write it: I follow me. Eno. Yes like enough: hie battel'd Cæfar will Vnflate his happineffe, and be Slag'd to'th'beaw Against a Sworder. I fee mens Judgements are A parell of their Fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them To fuffer all alike, that he fhould dreame, Knowing all meafures, the full Cæfar will Anfwer his emplinffe; Cæfar thou haft subdu'de His judgement now. 

Enter a Servant. Ser. A Meffenger from Cæfar. Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women, Against the blowne Rofe may they flay their nofe, That kneel'd vnto the Gods. Admit him fir. Eno. Mine honor, and, I beginne to fquare, The Loyalty well call'd to Fools, does make Our faith meere folly: yet he that can endure To follow with Allegiance a fake Lord, Does conquer him that did his Mather conquer, And earns a place P'th'Story. 

Enter Thidias. Cleo. Cæfar will. Thid. Hearc it apart. Cleo. None but Friends: fay boldly. Thid. So haply are they friends to Anthony. Eno. He needs as many (Sir) as Cæfar ha'v, Or needs not vs. If Cæfar pleas, our Mafter Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know, Whofe he is, we are, and, that is Cæfar. Thid. So. Thus then thou moft renown'd, Cæfar Intreats, Not to conder in what cafe thou stand'ft Further then he is Cæfar. Cleo. Go on, right Royall. Thid. He knows that you embrace not Anthony As you did loue, but as you feared him. Cleo. Oh. Thid. The carre's vpon your Honor, therefore he Does pity, as conbrained blemifhes, Not as deferved. Cleo. He is a God, And knows what is moft right. Mine Honour Was not yeelded, but conquer'd merelie. Eno. To be fure of that, I will aske Anthony.] Sir, fir, thou art so leakie That we must leafe thee to thy finking, for Thy deareft quitt thee. 

Thid. Shall I fay to Cæfar, What you require of him: for he partly begges To be defir'd to glue. It much would pleafe him, That of his Fortunes you should make a baffe To leafe vpon. But it would warne his fpirits To heare from me you had left Anthony, And put your felfe vnder his throwd, the vntherful Land.- Cleo. What's your name? (lord) 

Thid. My name is Thidias. Cleo. Most kinde Meffenger, Say to great Cæfar this in dilputation, I kiffe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt To lay my Crowne at'ts feete, and there to kneele. Tell him, from his all-heying breath, I hear The doome of Egypt. Thid. 'Tis your Nobleft course: Wifedom and Fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chancę may make it. Give me grace to lay My dutie on your hand. Cleo. Your Cæfars Father of, (When he hath mu'd of taking kingdoms in) Bedow'd his lips on that vnworthy place, As it rain'd kiffes. 

Enter Anthony and Enochus. Ant. Fauours? By loue that thunders. What art thou? Thid. One that but performs (Fellow) The bidding of the fullest man, and worthieft To have command obey'd. 

Eno. You will be whipt. Ant. Approch there: sh you Kite. Now Gods & diuels Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa, Like Boyes vnto a muffe, Kings would fart forth, And cry, your will. Haue you no eares? I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Lack, and whip him. 

Enter a Servant. Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whale, Then with an old one dying. Ant. Moone and Starres, Whip him: we'ret twenty of the greatef Tributaries That do acknowledge Cæfar, should I finde them So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellows, Till like a Boy you fee him crinde his face, And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence. Thid. Marly Anthony. Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt Bring him againe, the lacke of Cæfars shall Beare vs an arrant to him. 

Enter with Thidius. Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon Dead Cæfars Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment Of Glorious Pompyes, besides what hotter hours Unregir'ded in vulgar Fame, you have Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure, Though you can gaffe what Temperance should be, You know not what it is. 

Cleo. 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 Kingly Smile, And plighter of high hearts. O that I were Vpon the hill of Bafan, to out-roare The horned Heard, for I have faufe caufe, And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Titlias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wasn't not made his daughter, and be thou forrife
To follow Cæsar in his Triumph, since
Thou haft bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feuer thee,
Shake thou to looke on. Get thec backe to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moth easie 'tis to dont:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Hau eempt left their Orbes, and shut their Fires
Into th'Abifme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Heparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quite me. Yrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrente Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Cleo. I must say his time?

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poynon it in the four,f and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines fo
Dislove my life, the next Cæsar filme,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the disdaining of this pelleated forme,
Lye graueleffe, till the Fille and Gnats of Nyle
Hau e buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuen'd Naue too
Hau e kn smoothly, and Flete, threatening moft Sea-like.
Where haft thou bin my heart? Doft thou eare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kiffe thef e Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hau e not yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-fnewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranome lines
Of me for lefts: But now, He fet my teeth,
And tend to darkneffe all that flop me. Come,
Let's hau e one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my fid Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue hold it poore. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros. 
Cleo. Sleepe a little. 
Ant. No my Chuckle. Eros, come mine Armor Eros. 
    Enter Eros. 
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on, 
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is 
Because we brave her. Come. 
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art 
The Armourer of my heart: Falle, falle: This, this, 
Sooth-law Ie helpe: Thus it must bee. 
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now. 
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences. 
    Eros. Briefely Sir. 
Cleo. Is not this buckled well? 
Ant. Rarely, rarely: 
He that unbuckles this, till we do please 
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme. 
Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queens a Squire 
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue, 
That thou couldft fee my Warres to day, and knewst 
The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst fee 
A Workeman in't. 
    Enter an Armed Soldier. 
Good morrow to thee, welcome, 
Thou look't like him that knowes a warlike Charge: 
To businesse that we love, we rife betime, 
And go too't with delight. 
Saul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, have on their 
Riduetd trim, and at the Port expect you. 
    Shout. 
Trumpets flourish.
    Enter Captains, and Soldiers. 
Alex. The Morn is faire: Good morrow General. 
All. Good morrow Generall. 
Ant. 'Ts well blowne Lads, 
This Morning, like the spirit of a youth 
That means to be of note, begins betimes. 
So, so; Come give me that, this way well-fed. 
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me, 
This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebeckable, 
And worthy shamesfull checke it were, to fland 
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leave thee. 
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight, 
Follow me clofe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. 
    Exeunt. 
Char. Plesse you retyre to your Chamber? 
    Exeunt. 
Cleo. Lead me: 
He goes forth gallantly: That he and Cefar might 
Determine this great Warre in single fight; 
Then Anthony; but now. Well on. 
    Exeunt. 
Trumpets sound. 
    Enter Anthony, and Eros. 
Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony. 
    Exeunt. 
Ant. Would thou, & thofe thy fears had once preuaile 
To make me fight at Land, 
Eros. Had'th thou done so, 
The Kings that have reuolte, and the Soldier 
That has this morning left thee, would have fill 
Followed thy heales. 
    Ant. What's gone this morning? 
    Eros. Who'! one eu'r neere thee, call fur Enobarbus, 
    Hee
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Anc. What sayest thou ?
Sold. Sir he is with Caesar.
Eros. Sir, his Chefs and Treasure he has not with him.
Anc. Is he gone ?
Sold. Moft certain.
Anc. Go Eros, lend his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no lot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings
Say, that I wish he never finde more caufe
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dilipatch Embarkus. Exit

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Embarkus,
and Dollabella.

Caes. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be tooke alive:
Make it so knowne.
Agripp. Caesar, I shall.
Caesar. The time of vniofferfull peace is neere :
Prove this a prop'r'ous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oline freely.
Enter a Majeftier.
Maj. Anthony is come into the Field.
Caes. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revoked in the Vant,
That Anthony may feeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe.

Emb. Alcetas did revolt, and went to Iewry on
Affaires of Anthony, there did diffwade
Great Heros to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And leave his Mafter Anthony. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him : Calimines and the refl
That fell away, hauing entertainment, but
No honourable truth: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my felfe so forely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sol. Embarkus, Anthony
Hath after thee fent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Meffenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.

Em. I glue it you.
Sol. Must not be kept, and went to Iewry on
Affaires of Anthony, there did diffwade
Great Heros to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And leave his Mafter Anthony. For this paines,
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Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Anc. Enter Anthony, and enter Agrippa.

Anc. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Embarkus,
and Dollabella.

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Anc. Enter Anthony, and enter Agrippa.

Anc. Enter Anthony, and enter Agrippa.
Antony and Cleopatra.

Which promiseth Royall perill. Trumpeters With brazen dinne blast you the Citie, care, Make mingle with our rating Tabourines, That heaven and earth may strike their founds together, Applauding our approach. Exeunt.

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releued within this houre, We must returne to'th'Court of Guard ; the night Is shaine, and they, we shall embattale By'th'second houre I th'Morne.  
1.Hatch. This last day was a shrewd one too's.  
Enob. Oh beare me witnessse night.  
2 What man is this ?  
1 Stand cloe, and lift him.  
Enob. Be witnessse to me (O thou blested Moone) When men must wall upon Ramor.  
Beare hatefull memory : poore Enobarbus did Before thy face repent.  
Cent. Enobarbus ?  
2 Peace : Hearke further.  
Enob. Oh Soveraigne Mithris of true Melancholty, The perfonous dampe of night diffungle upon me, That Life, a very Rebell to my will, May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart Against the flint and hardneffe of my fault, Which being dried with grecke, will breake to powder, And smooth all soule thoughts. Oh Antony, Nobler then my resolu is Infamous, Forgive me in thine owne particular, But let the world ranke me in Register A Master leaue, and a fugitiose : Oh Antony ! Oh Antony !  
1 Let's speake to him.  
Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes May concernes Cesear.  
2 Let's do so, but he sleepe.  
Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his Was never yet for sleepe.  
1 Go we to him.  
2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.  
1 Hear ye sir ?  
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.  
Drummes aforse off.  
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleeplers : Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard ; he is of note: Our house is fully out.  
2 Come on then, he may recover yet.  
Exeunt.  
Enter Antony and Scarrus, with their Army.  
Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea, We pleaseth them not by Land.  
Scar. For both, my Lord.  
Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i' th'Ayre, We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Focste Upon the hilles adjoyning to the City Shall fly with vs. Order for Sea is given, They have put forth the Hauen :  
Where their appointment we may yet discouer, And looke on their endeavours.  
Exeunt.  
Enter Cesear, and his Army.  
Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land, Which as I tak't we shall, for his bell force Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales, And hold our bell advantage.  
Exeunt.  
Cal. Help me my women : Oh hee's more mad Than Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thefaly Was never so imboff.  
Cles. To'th'Monument, there locke your selfe, And send him word you are dead :  
The
The Tragedie

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The Soule and Body rise not more in parting, Then greatesthe going off.

Cleo. To'th Monument:

Mardian, go tell him I have slain me selfe:

Say, that the last I spake was Anthony,

And word it (prythee) pitieously. Hence Mardian,

And bring me how he takes his death to'th Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet beholdest me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometimes we see a clown that's Dragonish,

A vapour fometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,

A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,

A forded Mountaine, or blew Promontorie

With Trees vp'n, that nodde vnto the world,

And mocke our eyes with Ayre,

Thou hast seen thee Signes,

They are blacke Veppers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. The man which is now a Horfe, even with a thought

the Racke diuInes, and makes it indiuent

As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captain is

Even such a body: Hiee I am Anthony,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)

I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:

Which whil't it was mine, had annet vnto't

A Million more, (now loft:) Thee Eros has

Packt Cards with Cefars, and falle plaid my Glory

Vnto an Enemies triumph.

 Nay, wepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs

Our felves to end our felves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wilde Lady, she has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No Anthony,

My Milftia lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hencel by fawce Eunuch peace, the hath betraved me,

And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paid but once,

And that the ha's diuChard. What thou wouldst do

Is done vnto thy hand: the lathe Spake

Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony:

Then in the midd't a tearing grone did breake

The name of Anthony: it was divid'd

Between her heart, and lips: the rendred life

Thy name fo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme Eros, the long days take is done,

And we must flepe? That thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly: Go. exit Mardian.

Off, placke off,

The seven-fold shield of Aias cannot kepe

The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my fides.

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent;

Cracke thy fpine Cafe. Apace Eros, apace;

No more a Soldier: bruisde pieces go,

You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eros

I will o're-take thee Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All vnto me. exiit Cleopatra.

Now the Torch is out,

Lye downe and bray no further. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles

It fell with strength: Sela then, and all is done.

Eros? I come my Queene. Eros? Stay for me,

Where Soules do cooch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our brightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:

Dido, and her Eros 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 lia'd in such dishonour, that the Gods

Detest my baseffe. I, that with my Sword,

Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptuneusbacke

With Ships, made Cities; condemne my felse, to lacke

The Courage of a Woman, leffe Noble minde

Then the which by her death, our Cezar tells

I am Conqueror of my felse. Thou art fworne Eros,

That when the exigent should come, which now

Is come indeed: When I should fee behind me

Thine unfecutive profecution of diligence and horror,

That on thy command, thou then wouldst kill me.

Doo', the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,

'Tis Cezar thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheekes.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me.

Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darres,

(Though Enemy) loft ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eros,

Would'th thou be window'd in great Rome, and fee

Thy Matter thus with pleasch Armes, bending downe

Him corrigible necke, his face fuld'lu'de

To penetrative flame; whil'st the'ldlde feate

Of Excellent Cezar drawne before him, branded

His Baseffe that enfued.

Eros. I would not fee't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy homfclfe Sword, which thou haft worn

Most vifcull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh fir,pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, fownt'ly not then

To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,

Or thy precedent Services are all

But accidents vnpurpoe. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Loo thee.

Eros. My fword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou haft drawne it.

Eros. My deere Matter,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me fay
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell..

Ant. 'Tis faid man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chief.e. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now Eros Killeth himfelfe.

Eros. Why there then?

Thus I do escape the forrow of Antiochus death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my felfe,

Thou teachef met Oh valiant Eros, what

I Should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and Eros

Have by their brave infraction got vp'n me

A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee

A Bride-grome in my death, and run into't.

As to a Louers bed. Come then, and Eros,

Thy Matter dies thy Scholler: to do thus

I learnt it Fortune: Now, the Torch is out,

The Guard, how? Oh difpatch me.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?  
Ant. I have done my work; ill Friends:  
Oh make an end of what I have begun,  
2 The Starre is faire.  
And time is at his Period.  
All. Alas, and woe:  
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.  
1 Not I.  
2 Not I.  
3 Not any one.  

Cle. Oh Sunne,  
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'lt in, darkling fand  
The varying Shore o'th world. O Antony, Antony  
Help me Charmian, help Iris: help me: help Friends  
Below, let's draw him thither.  
Ant. Peace,  
Not Cafars Valour hath o'rethrown. Anthony,  
But Anthony's hath Triumpht on it felte,  
Cle. So it should be,  
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony,  
But woe 'tis so.  
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; only,  
I heere importune death a-while, vntill  
Of many thousand kisfes, the poore laft  
I lay vpon thy lippes.  
Cle. I dare not Deere,  
Deere my Lord pardon me dare not,  
Left I be taken: not th'imperious fiew  
Of the full-Fortune Cafar, euer fhall  
Be brood'nd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue  
Edge, fling, or operation. I am fafe:  
Your Wife Otantia, with her modeft eyes,  
And fill Confinuation, ftall acquire no Honour  
Demuring vpon me; but come, come Anthony,  
Help me my women, we must draw thee vp:  
Affift good Friends.  
Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.  
Cle. Here's ftort indeede:  
How heauy weighs my Lord?  
Our strength is all gone into heauenfelle,  
That makes the weignt. Had I great June's power,  
The strong wing'd Mercury fhould fetch thee vp,  
And fet thee by loves fide. Yet come a little,  
Wifhers were euer Fools. Oh come, come, come,  
They beue Anthony afliet to Cleopatra.  
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haft liu'd,  
Quicklen with kiffing: had my lippes that powr,  
Thus would I weare them out.  
All: A heauy fight.  
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying,  
Glue me fonke Wine, and let me speake a little.  
Clo. No, let me speake, and let me rafe fo hys,  
That the fale Hufwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,  
Prooke'd by my offence.  
Ant. One word (sweet Queene)  
Of Cafar fееke your Honour, with your fafety. Oh.  
Cle. They do not go together.  
Ant. Gentle heare me,  
None about Cafar truft, but Prasceleus.  
Cle. My Refolution, and my hands, Ile truft,  
None about Cafar.  
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor forrow at: but pleafe your thoughts  
In feeding them with thofe my former Fortunes  
Wherein I liued. The greaten Prince o'th world,  
The Nobleft: and do now not barely dye,  
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to  
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman  
Valliantly vanquih'd. Now my Spirit is going,  
I can no more.  
Cle. Nobleft of men, won't dye?  
Haff thou no care of me, Hall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy abfence is  
No better then a Styre? Oh fee my women:  
The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord?  
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,  
The
The Souldiers pole is false: young Boys and Gyrls Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the wittling Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady. 
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.  
Char. Lady.  
Iras. Madam.  
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.  
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empreffe.  
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded  
By such passe paflion, as the Maid that Milkes,  
And doe's the meaneft chares. It were for me,  
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,  
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,  
Till they had holne our Jewell. All's but naught:  
Patience is fortifl, and impatience does  
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it finne,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Erre death dare come to vs. How do you Women?  
What, what good cheere? Why how now Charman?  
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Lookke  
Our Lampe is fpent, it's out. Good fins, take heart,  
We'll bury him: And then, what's brave, what's Noble,  
Let's doe't after the high Roman fashioned,  
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,  
This cafe of that huge Spirit now is cold.  
Ah Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend But Refolution, and the breffest end.  
Exit, hearing of Antebionys body.  

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Mens, with his Counsell of Warre.

Cesar. Go to him Dollabella, bid him yeeld,  
Being so frustrate, tell him,  
He mockes the pawses that he makes.  
Dol. Cesar, I shall.  
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Cef. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'nt  
Appear thus to vs?  
Dec. I am call'd Decretas,  
Mark Anthony I feru'd, who best was worthie  
Best to be feru'd: whil'ft he flood vp, and floked  
He was my Mafter, and I wore my life  
To flpend upon his haters. If thou pleace  
To take me to thee, as I was to him,  
Ile be to Cesar: if yt pleafe not, I yeild thee vp my life.  
Cesar. What's yt thon say't?  
Dec. I say (Oh Cesar) Anthony is dead.  
Cesar. The breaking of fo great a thing, should make  
A greater crakke. The rood in World  
Should have fhouke Lyons into chilli streets,  
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of Anthony  
Is not a fingle doome, in the name lay  
A moity of the world.  
Dec. He is dead Cesar,  
Not by a publike minifter of Inftice,  
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that felfe-hand  
Which writ his Honor in the Adonis it did,  
Hath with the Couraige which the heart did lend it,  
Splittes the heart. This is his Sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it flain'd  
With his moft Noble blood.  
Cef. Lookke you sad Friends,  
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings  
To wash the eyes of Kings.  
Dol. And strange it is,  
That Nature must compell vs to lament  
Our moft perfifled deeds.  
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.  
Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer  
Did flere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs  
Some faults to make us men: Cesar is touch'd.  
Mec. When fuch a facious Mirror's fet before him,  
He needs muft fee him felfe.  
Cesar. Oh Anthony,  
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch  
Difceas in our Bodies. I muft perforce  
Have thence to thee fuch a declining day,  
Or looke on thine: we could not flall together,  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament  
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,  
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,  
In top of all defigne; my Mate in Empire,  
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,  
The Arme of mine owne Body,and the Heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres  
Vnreconcilable, shou'd divide our equalneffe to this.  
Heare me good Friends,  
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,  
The busineffe of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he fayes.  
Enter an Egyptian.  

Whence are you?  
Egypp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my miftris  
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument  
Of thy intents, defires, inflution,  
That she preparedly may frame her felfe  
To' th' way fher's forc'd too.  
Cesar. Bid her have good heart,  
She loone flhall know of vs, by fome of ours,  
How honourable, and how kindly Wee  
Determine for her. For Cesar cannot leafe to be vangente  
egypt. So the Gods preferue thee.  
Exit.  
Cef. Come hither Proculeius. Go and say  
We purpole her no fame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her piifion fhall require;  
Leaft in her greteffe, by fome mortall broke  
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,  
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,  
And with your fpeciell bring vs what the fayes,  
And how you finde of her.  
Proc. Cesar I shall.  
Exit Proculeius.  
Cef. Callus, go you along: where's Dollabella, to fecond Proculeius?  
All. Dollabella.  
Cef. Let him alone: for I remember now  
How hee's impoyled: he fhall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my Tent, where you fhall fee  
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee  
What I can thow in this.  

Exit Cleopatra, Charrman, Iras, and Mardian.  
Cleo. My defolation does begin to make  
A better life: This paltry to be Cesar:  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortunes knaue,  
A minifter of her will: and it is great  

To
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackle accords, and without ceasing change;
Which sleepes, and newe pallates more the dunge,
The beggers Nurfe, and Caefer.  

Pro. Caefer finds greeting to the Queene of Egypt, And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou meant't to haue him grant thee.  

Cleo. What's thy name?  
Pro. My name is Proculeius,  

Cleo. Anthony

Dit tell me of you, bid me true you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That haue no vfe for troubling. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maitely to kepe decorum, mult;
No lefe begge then a Kingdome; If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere; Y's fall into a Prince's hand, fare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in aide for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaillant, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him 1st Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plighe is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easely the may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caefer come.

I. Royall Queene,  
Char. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your fete fuch wrong, who are in this
Researce, but not betradyd.

Cleo. What of death too that rides our dogs of languish
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abufe my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your felse: Let the World see
Hiss Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Pro. Ooh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will exte no mistex, Ie not drinke fir,
If idle tale will once be necessary
Ie not sleepe neither. This mortall houfe Ie ruine
Do Caefer what he can. Know fir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chaftic'd with the fober eye
Of dull Pelasgia. Shall they bowd me vp,
And thee to the dowting Varlotarie
Of cenuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vno me, rather on Nuyus muddle
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Fires
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Chains.

Pro. You do extend
Those thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde caufe in Caefer.

Del. Proculeius,  
What thou haft done, thy Master Caefer knowes,
And he hath fent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So Delabellis,
It shal content me beft: Be gentle to her,
To Caefer I will speake, what you shall pleafe,
If you'll imploie me to him.  

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Del. Mofl Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Del. Affuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter fir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreams,
It's not your tricke?

Del. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreampe there was an Emperor Anthony,
Oh fuch another fleephe, that I might fee
But fuch another man.

Del. If it might pleafe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heau'n, and therein fックe
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their coure, & lighted
The little o'th earth.

Del. Mofl Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges befrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crefted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quelle, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they thowd his bucke above
The Element they lio'd in: In his Litery
Walk'd Crownets and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Del. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Think ye there was, or might be fuch a man
As this I dreampt of?

Del. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one fuch
It's paff the fize of dreaming: Nature wants fuffe
To vie the strange forms with fance, yet i'magine
An Anthony were Nations pece, 'gainst Fance,
Condemning shadowes quite.

Del. Hear me, good Madam:
Your liffe is as your felse, great; and you beare it
As answering to the weight, would I might never
Ove-take purfuid fuccesse: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greafe that furres
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thank you fir:
Know you what Caefer meanes to do with me?

Del. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you fir.

Del. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l make me then in Triumph.
Del. Madam he will, I know.

Fleuris:

Enter Proculeius, Caefer, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there Caefer.

Caefer
Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Del. It is the Emperor Madam.

Ces. knees.

Cesar. Artile, you shall not kneele
I pray you, rife Egypt.

Ces. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did vs,
Though written in our fields, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Ces. Sole Sir o'th World,
I cannot proiect mine owne caufe so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I have
Bene laden with like fruits, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cesar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your felle to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty by taking
Antenous course, you shall bereave your felle
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruccion which I lie guard them from,
If thereon you relie. Ie take my leave.

Ces. And may through all the world: 'ts yours, & we
Your Scutcheons, and your Signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cesar. You shall aduise me in all for Cleopatra.

Ces. This is the brefs: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am poiffed of, 'ts exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleuc'?

Seleuc. Heere Madam.

Ces. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his peril, that I have referu'd
To my felle nothing. Speake the truth Seleuc.'

Seleuc. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,
Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Ces. What have I kept backe.

Seleuc. Enough to purchase what you have made known
Cesar. Nay blufh not Cleopatra, I approve
Your Wifdomes in the deede.

Ces. See Cesar: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we fift eftates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleuc' does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truft
They that I love, and that I love; why should you backe, & shalt
Go backe I warrant thee : but Ie catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slue, Soule-laffe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely safe!

Cesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Ces. The Gods must have their will,
A wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafeinge here to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineffe.
To one fo meeke, that mine owne Servant shoulde
Parcell the fumme of my difgraces, by
Addition of his Envy, Say (good Cesar)
That I some Lady trifts have referu'd,
Immoment toyes, things of fuch Dignite
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and fay
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For Luis and Ophelia, to induce
Their mediation, muft I be woffled
With one that I have bred: The Gods! it fmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall drow the Cynder of my spirits
Through th'Aires of my chance: Were thou a man,
Thou would it have mercy on me.

Cesar. Fortunes, Seleuc.

Ces. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anwer others merites, in our name
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cesar. Cleopatra,
Not what you have referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th Roll of Conqueft: ill be't yours,
Befow it at your pleafure, and beleue
Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore he cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prifons: No deere Queen,
For we intend fo to dispoze you, as
Your felle shall glie vs coufell'd: Fede, and sleepe:
Our care and pitty is fo much upon you,
That we remaine your friend, and fo adieu.

Ces. My Master, and my Lord.

Cesar. Not fo Adieu. Fieurious

Ces. He words me Gyrlies, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my felle.
But heurke thee Charmiun.

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Ces. Hye thee again, I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haffe.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Del. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold fir.

Ces. Dolabella.

Del. Madam, as thereto vforme, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Cesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best vfe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleafure, and my promise.

Dolabella, I shall remaine your debtor.

Del. I your Servant?

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Cesar.

Ces. Farewell, and thankes,

Now Iras, what think't thou?

Iras. Thou, an Egyptian Nurse shall be fhowne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanice Slaues
With grezie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers fhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Rankes of groffe dyet, shall we be encloowed,
And fore'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Ces. Nay, 'tis moft certaine Iras: Iawcle Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and fcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quickie Comedians
Extemporally will flage vs, and prent
Our Alexandrian Reuel's Anthony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall fee
Some fqueaking Cleopatra Boy my greatneffe
I'th poffure of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Ces. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Hee never feet't for I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Ces.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation, And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now Charmian. Show me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch My best Attyres. I am againe for Cleus, To meete Marks Anthony. Sirra Iras, go (Now Noble Charmian, wee'l dispatch indeed,) And when thou haft done this chare, Ile glue thee leaue To play till Doome-day: bring our Crowne, and all. A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardman.

Gard. Here be a rural Fellow, That will not be deny'd your Highnesse presence, He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. Exit Guardman.

What poore an Infrument
May do a Noble deece: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to footes
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardman, and Cleone.

Guard. This is the man.


Haft thou the pretty worme of Nylus there?
That kills and pains not?

Clov. Truly I have him: but I would not be the partie That should defire you to touch him, for his byring is immortal: though that doe dye of it, doe feldome or never recover.

Clov. Remember'rt thou any that have dyed on't?

Clov. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lyse, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byring of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a very good report o'th'worm: but he that will beleue all that they say, shall never be faued by halfe that they do: but this is most fallible, the Worme's an odd Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clov. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clov. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Clov. I, I, farewell.

Clov. Lookke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wife people: for indeed, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Clov. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clov. Very good: glue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Clov. Will you see me?

Clov. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dreffe her not. But truly, these same whorfon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they make, the diuels make faire.

Clov. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clov. Yes fortooth: I wish you joy o'th'worm. Exit Cleo.

Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The joyce of Egyptes Grape shall mov'd this lip Yare, yare, good Iras: quicke: Me thinkes I hear Anthony call: I see him rowe himselfe
To praiye my Noble Aet, I hear him mock
The lucke of Caesar, which the Gods gleue men
To excufe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I glue to bafer life. So, hauve you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde Charmian, Iras, long farewell.
Hau the I the Aflckie in my lippes? Doit fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doit thou lye fill l?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'ft the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Dye. Diffolve thickke clowd, & Raine, that I may lay The Gods themselfes do weeppe.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If the first meete the Curled Anthony,
Hew'll make demand of her, and spend that kniffe
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy tharpe teeth this knot intrincate,
Of life at once vntie: Poore venomous Foe,
Be angry, and dispatc. Oh could't thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great Cæsar Aft, vnpoliced.

Char. Oh Eternere Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doft thou not see my Baby at my brest,
That fuckes the Nurse asleep.

Char. O breaie! O breaie!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.

O Anthony! Nay I will take you too.

What should I say?

Dye. Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boast thee Death, in thy poiffion iles
A Laffe vnparredl'd. Downie Windows cloze,
And golden Phoebus, never be beheld
Of eyes againe fo Royall: your Crownes away,
He mend it, and then play-

Enter the Guard ruffling in, and Delabellia.

1 Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1 Cæsar hath fent
Char. Too low a Meffenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly fee thee.

1 Approach ho,

All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.
2 There's Delabellia fent from Cæsar: call him.

1 What worke is here Charmian?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeesse
Defended of so many Royall Kings,
Ah Souluer.

Delabellia.

Enter Delabellia.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2 Guard. All dead.

Del. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy felfe art comming
To fee perform'd the dreaded Aet which thou
So fought't to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and all hia Traines, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cæsar.

2 2

Dol.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Del. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cæsar. Bruteft at the last,
She leuell'd at our purpofes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not fee them bleed.

Del. Who was laft with them?

1. Guard. A fimple Countryman, that brought her Figs:

Cæsar. Poyfon'd then.

J. Guard. Oh Co:

This was his Basket.

Cæsar. This Charmian liv'd but now, the flood and fpake:
On her dead Miftris tremblingly the flood,
And on the fodaine dropt.

Cæfar. Oh Noble weakenefe:
If they had swallow'd poyfon, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but the lookes like sleepe,
As the would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Del. Heere on her breff,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Afpickes traile,
And thofe Figge-leaues haue flime vpon them, fuch
As th'Afpiche leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Cæfar. Moft probable
That fhe dyed: for her Phyfitian tels mee
She hath purfu'de Conclusions infinite
Of eafe ways to dye. Take vp her bed,
And bare her Women from the Monument,
She fhall be buried by her Anthony.

No Graue vpon the earth fhall clip in it
A payre fo famous: high events as thefe
Strike thofe that make them; and their Story is
No leffe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army fhall
In folemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Doulabella, fee
High Order, in this great Solmennity.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Oo do not meet a man but Frownes. Our bloods no more obey the Heauens. Then our Courtiers:
   Still seeke, as do's the Kings.
2. Gent. But what's the matter?
1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdom (whom he purpos'd to his wifes sole Sonne, a Widdow. That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; he imprison'd, all is outward forrow, though I thinke the King be touch'd at very heart.
2. None but the King?
1. He that hath loft her too: so is the Queene, That moft desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the Kings lookses, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they fecowle at.
2. And why so?
1. He that hath mist'd the Princeffe, is a thing Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, alacke good man,) And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to fecke 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 ftrife Within Endows a man, but hee.
2. You speake him farre.
1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him together, rather then vnfold His measure duly.
2. What's his name, and Birth?
1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father was call'd Sicilus, who d ioyne his Honor Against the Romans, with Caphtalan,
   But had his Titles by Tamantius, whom He fear'd with Glory, and admir'd Succeffe:
   So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus, And had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres of'th' time Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father then old, and fond of yffue, tooke such forrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceas
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him Poskhumus Leonatus,
Bredes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receuuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, faft as 'twas miniftered,
And in's Spring, became a Haruif't: Lid'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) moft prais'd, moft lou'd,
A fample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glaffe that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childde that guided Dotards. To his Miftris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she the eftenc'd him; and his Vertue
By her eleff'd 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 foile childe to'th King?
1. His only childe:
He had two Sonnes (If this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the eldest of them, at three years old
I'm'iiwathing clothes, the other from their Nursey
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghee in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. How long is this ago?
1. Some twenty yeres.
2. That a Kings Children shou'd be fo conuey'd,
   So fack'y guarded, and the search fo flow
   That could not trace them.
1. Howfoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laug'd at:
Yet is it true Sir,
2. I do well beleue you.
1. We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeffe.

Exeunt

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Queene, Poskhumus, and Imogen.

2s. No, he affir'd you shall not finde me(Daughter)
After the flander of moft Step-Mothers,
Euil-liy'd vaue you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

That Locke vp your restraint. For you Pothulmus, So foone as I can win th'offended King, I will be knowne your Advocate; marry yet The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience Your wisdom may informe you.

Poth. 'Please your Highness,
I will from hence to day of Gall.

Q. You know the peril:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. Exit

Imo. O diffembling Carteie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'nd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heare abide the hourly shot
Of myri eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see again.

Poth. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weep no more, least I glue cause
To be suspeected of more tendernefe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyalll husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Flora's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eye, Ile drinke the words you fend,
Though link be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.  

Q. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incure, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile move him
To walke this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Inuries, to be Friends
Payes deere for my offences.

Poth. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathenfe to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Impears in dead.

Poth. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, give me but this I haue,
And feare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While fene can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore felfe) did exchange for you
To your to infinite luffe; so in our trilles
I still winne of you. For my fake weare this,
It is a Manscel of Loue, Ile place it
Upon this payret Prifoner,

Poth. O the Gods!
When shall we fee again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poth. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou bafelt thing, auyed hence, from my flight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vsworthineffe, thou dyeft. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Poth. The Gods protect you,

And bleffe the good Reminders of the Court:
I am gone.

Exit.  

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this.

Cym. O dilyoll thing,
That shoul'd repyre my youth, thou heape't
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beeche you Sir,
Harne not your selfe with your vexation,
I am fennentleffe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Paft Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Paft hope, and in difpaire, that way paft Grace.

Cym. That might'nt haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O bleseed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auyed a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou tooke't a Begger, would'nt haue made my
Throne, a Scet for bafeness.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vide one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Pothulmus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Queer-bayes mee
Almoft the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen refore m: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Sheheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolifh thing:
They were againe together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Q. Beeche your patience: Peace
Decre Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Saueraigne,
Lease vs to our felues, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your belt aduice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish.
A drop of blood a day, and being aged

Dye of this Folly.

Enter Pifanis.  

Q. Fye, you must glue way:
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pif. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Mater.

Q. Hah?
No harme I trull is done?

Pif. There might have beene,
But that my Mater rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Q. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vp an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My felle by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goe backe. Why came you from your Mater?

Pif. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haue: left thefe Notes
Of what commands I shoul'd be subiect too,
When'nt pleas'd you to employ me.

Q. This hath beene
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pif. I humbly thank ye your Highnesse.
Enter Choller, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

2. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Haue I hurt him?

2. No faith, I thought he had not the least intention of hurting you. It is a thorough fare for small hurts.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th Backside the Towne.

Clot. If I would not stand me.

1. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. I stand you; you have Land enough of your own; But he added to your having, gave you some ground. It is as many inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies).

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had measured long if a Fool you were upon the ground. And that hee should love this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2. If it be a fin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you always; her Beauty & her Braine go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. She shone not upon Foole, least the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Afe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You' go with vs?

2. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay' come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pifanius.

Pif. I would thou grew'st into the shores o'th' Hauen, And question'd it every Saile: if he should write, And I not have it, werea Paper loft

At oth'er men's miseries: What was the laft That he spoke to thee?

Pif. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then was't his Handkerchief?

Pif. And kilt it, Madam.

Imo. Senificlesse Linnen, happier therein then I:

And that was all?

Pif. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or care,

Distinguished him from others, he did keepe

The Decks, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,

Still waising, as the fixt and filies of his mind

Could best exprefse how low his Soule lay'd on,

How Swift his Ship.

Pio. Thou 'sh'ld haue made him,

As little as a Crow, or leffe, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, fo I did.

Pio. I would haue made mine eye-drings;

Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the diminution

Of space, had pointed him sharper as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The finalneffe of a Gnat; to ayre i and then

Haueturn'd mine eie, and wept. But good Pifanius,

When shall we hear from him.

Pio. Be affur'd Madam,

With his next vantige.

Pio. I did not take my leve of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him

How I would thinke on him at certaine hours,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him weare

The Shees of Italy should not betray

Mine Intereft, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him

At the first hour of Morn, at Noone, at Midnight,

To encounter me with Orifons, for then

I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Glue him that parting kinfe, which I had left

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our boddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Defires your Highnesse Company.

Pio. Those thing I bid you do, 'get then dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

Pio. Madam, I shall.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Piliarias, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it Sir, I have seene him in Britain; hee

was then of a Creffent note, expreted to proi woorthy,

as since he hath bene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Ad-

mination, though the Catalogue of his endowments had

bin tabulated by his fide, and to perufe him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was leffe furnish'd,

then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-

out, and within.

French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many

there, could behold the Sunne, with as fine eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,

wherein he must be weighed rather by her valye, 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 weep this

lamentable divorc e vnder her colours, are wonderfully
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to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an ease battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without leafy quality. But how comes it, he is to solourne with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Pofh. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leafy then my life. Enter Tallbusus.

Here comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as fullen with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech 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 leaue to appear hereafter, rather then flory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne togeth in Orleance.

Pofh. Since when, I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay fill.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpofe, as then each borie, vpon importance of so flight and truially a nature.

Pofh. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather flound'r to go eu'n with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended judgement (if I offend to lay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and fuch two, that would by all likeliness have confounded one the other, or haue faile both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praife of our Country-Militesse. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chaste, Conflant, Qualified, and leffe attemptable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman opinion by this, vnorne out.

Pofh. She holds her Vertue fill, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Pofh. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my felie she Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparision, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britaine: if she went before others. I have (even as that Diamond of yours out-lufers many I have beheld, I could not beleue the excelled many: but I have not seene the most preuious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Pofh. I prai'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you extemne it at?

Pofh. More then the world enjoyes.

Iach. Either your vaparagon'd Miftris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a tripe.

Pofh. You are miftaken: the one may be folde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or mercy for the gulf. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the gulf of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?
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so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in
such honour as you have truth in; Shee your Jewell, this
your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue
your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Exit if I provided, But doo't, Greater, your fuch
opinion, for betwixt: Thou makest my Gold, and have our two Wagers
recorded.

Pofi. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Poli. Signior Iachino will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queens, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dew's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make ha'fe. Who ha's the note of them?

Ladys. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Piesfeth your Highnes, I here they are, Madam:
But I beleef my Grace, without offence
(My Confidence bids me aske) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poynounous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languiishing death:
But though flow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Haft thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diftill? Prefume? Yea fo,
That our great King himselfe dooth woo me oft
For my Confections? Haung thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleffe thou thinke it me diuellish) it's not meete
That I did ample my Judgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the burning (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their A&z, and by them gather
Their feuerall virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this praetifie, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the feeing these effects will be
Both noyseome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Raffall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?

Doctor, your servise for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do fufpeét you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trufl one of her malice, with
A drague of such damn'd Nature. Tho'fe the ha's,
Will flupifie and dull the Sente a-while,
Which fift (perchance) shee'le proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shee of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more freth, resuins. She is fool'd
With a moffe false effect: and 1, the truer,
So to be falfe with her.

Qu. No further servise, Doctor,
Untill I fend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Qu. Weeps she still (sift thou?)
Dof thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now poftsfees? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all yee speechlesse, and his name
Is at laft gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euer day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be dependere on a thing that leaues?
Who cannot be new buill, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou ts'k't vp
Thou know'ft not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fife times releu'm'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earneef of a farther good
That I meanto thee. Tell thy Miftris how
The cafe standes with her: don't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changed on, but thinke
Thou haift thy Miftris fill, to boote, my Sonne,
Whom shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any hape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'tt define: and then my selfe, I cheefly,
That fet thee on to this defert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. 

Exit Pisa.

Thinke on my words. A flye, and confant knawe,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fall to her Lord. I haue given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vpopse her
Of Ledgers for her Sweete: and which, the after
Except the bend her humor, shall be affur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, fo : Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowflippes, and the Prime-Rofes
Bear to my Clofet: Fare thee well, Pisanio.

Thinke on my words.

Pisa, And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vtrue,
He choyse my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.

Exct, Scena
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false, A Foolish Tutor to a Wedded-Lady, That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband, My supreme Crown of griefes, and those repeated Vexations of it. Had I bin Thee's-forne, As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable Is the defires that's glorious. Bleffed be thou How meane fo ere, that haue their bonest wills, Which fensons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam: The Worthy Leonaus is in safety, And greetes your Highneffe deereely.

Imo. Thanks good Sir, You're kindly well come. Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich: If he be furnish'd with a mind so rare She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I Haue loft the wager. Boldneffe be my Friend: Arme me Audacity from head to foot, Orlike the Parthian I shall flay flight, Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truth. Leonaus.

So farre I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by th'effeft, and take it thankfully.

You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I Haue words to bli you, and shall finde it fo In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady: What are men mad? Hath Nature glu'en them eyes To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt The fine Orbes aroe, and the twin'd Stones Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not Partition make with Speculae fo precious 'Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys 'Twixt two fuch She's, would chatter this way, and Contemne with moves the other. Nor I' th'Appetite. Sluttery to fuch neate Excellence, oppos'd Should make defire vomit emptineffe, Not fo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will: That famerate yet vnfitfull'd desire, that Tub Both fill'd and running: Rauening firft the Lambe, Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir, Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Befeech you Sir, Defire my Man's abode, where I did leave him: He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going Sir,

To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dipos'd of mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceding pleasant: none a stranger there, So merry, and so gamefome: he is call'd The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere He did incline to fadneffe, and oft times Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer faw him fad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one An eminent Monfteur, that it feemes much loues A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces The thickne fighes from him; whiles the lilly Britaine, (Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs: sories oh, Can my fides hold, to think that man who knowes By Historie, Report, or his owne profe What woman is, yet what she cannot choofe But must be welcom'd with five houre langthift: For affured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord fay fo?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood; with laughter, It is a Recreation to be by And heare him mocke the Frenchman:

But Heauen's know fame men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might Be vs'd more thankfull. In himfel: 'tis much; In you, which I account his beyond all Talents. Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pitty too.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartely.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack difcerne you in me Defures your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace Th'Arabian-Bird by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir, Deliuer with more openneffe your answeres To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to fay) enjoy your —but It is an office of the Gods to venge it, Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do feeme to know Something of me, or what concerns mej pray you Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more Then to be true they do. For Certainties Either are past remedies; or timely knowing, The remedy then borne. Difcerne to me What both you pur and flop.

Iach' Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whole touch, (Whole every touch) would force the Feelers foule To th'outh of loyalty. This obiect, which Takes prifoner the wild motion of mine eye, Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Slaue?
Sauuer with lipps as common as the staves That mount the Capitoll: loyne gripes, with hands Made hard with hourly fallhood (fallhood as With labour) then by peeping in an eye Safe and illusious as the insokie light That's fed with flinking Tallow: it were fit That all the plagues of Hell should at one time Encounter such revolft.

Imo. Let me hear me no more.

Iach. O decreet Soule: your Cauze doth strike my hart With pity, that doth make me fike. A Lady So faire, and fatten'd to an Empirie Which makes the great'ned King's delight, to be partner'd With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that felfe exhibition Which your owne Coiffers yield: with difeas'd ventures That play with all Infirmities for Gold, Which rotteneffe can lend Nature. Such boyld'fluffe As well might payfon Physian. Be reueng'd, Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you Recolle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd:

How shold I be reueng'd? If this be true, (As I have fuch a Heart, that both mine ears Mift not in halfe abobe:) if it be true, How shold I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me Live like 'Diana's Priest, bestwitz cold sheets, Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes In your deflight, vpon your purfe: reueng it. I dedicate my felfe to your sweet pleasure, More Noble than that runagate to your bed, And will continue falt to your Affection, Still clofe, as fure.

Imo. What how, Pijanis?

Iach. Let me my finice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine cares, that have So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable Thou woul'dt have told this tale for Verue, not For fuch an end thou feck'ft, as safe, as danger: Thou woul'dt have a Gentleman, who is as free From thy report, as thou from Honors: and Solicites heere a Lady, that difaimes Thee, and the Dulc' alike. What how, Pijanis?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted Of thy Affault: if he shall think it fit, A fav'ry Stranger in his Court, to Mart As in a Romith Stew, and to expend His bestly minde to vs; he hath a Court He little cares for, and a Daughter, who He no refpects at all. What how, Pijanis?

Iach. O happy Lemanis, I may fay, The credit that thy Lady hath of thee Deferes thy truft, and thy moft perfect goodnesse Her affir'd credit. Bleffed flie you long, A Lady to the worthieth Sir, that euer Country call'd his: and you his Miftres, only For the moft worthieth fit. Give me your pardon, I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

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That which he is, new o're; And he is one The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch, That he enchaunts Societies into him: Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men, like a defended God; He hath a kind of Honor sets him off, More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie (Moft mighty Princeffes) that I haue adventure'd To try your taking of a false report, which hath Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement, In the elecction of a Sir, so rare, Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I bear him, Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you (Vnlke all others) chaffelte. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thankes: I have almoft forgot T'interat your Grace, but in a small requit,

And yet of moment too, for it concernes: Your Lord, my felfe, and other Noble Friends Are partners in the bufineffe.

Imo. Pray what's?

Iach. Some dozen Romaines of vs, and your Lord (The heft Feather of our wing) have mingled fummes To buy a Prefent for the Emperor: Which I (the Facor for the red) haue done In France: 'tis Plate of rare deule, and Jewels Of rich, and exquifite forme, their valewes great, And I am something curious, being frange To have them in fafe fhouage: May it please you To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk

Attended by my men: I will make bold To fend them to you, onely for this night: I muft abord to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Ye, I fendeft: or I shall fhort my word By length'ning my returne. From Gallia, I croft the Seas on purpose, and on promife To fee your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your pains:

But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I muft Madam. Therefore I shall fendeft you, if you please To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night, I haue out-flood my time, which is material To'th'ender of our Prefent.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it shall fafe be kept, And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. 

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had fuch lucke? when I kift the facke vpon an vp-caft, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorfon Jacke-an-Apes, moft
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must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths 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 his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is difpo'd to swear; it is not for any fancies by to curtail his oaths. Ha?
1. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorfon dog: I gave him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.
2. To have smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vexed more at any thing in th' earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother; every Jacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.
2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou? I
2. It is not fit you Lordship should vnertextake every Companion, that you give offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.
2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why fo I say.
1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't.
2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.
1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A banight Raffall; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?
1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no de'ogation in't?
2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not eaily I think.
2. You are a Foole granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ie goe see this Italian: what I have laft to day at Bowles, Ie winne to night of him. Come: go.
2. Ie attend your Lordship. Exit.

Clot. That such a crafite Dwiel as is his Mother should yield the world this Affe: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leuse eightene. Alas poore Princeff, Thou divine Images, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly couying plots: A Woer, More hatefull then the foule expulfion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Aft Of the divorce, herel'd make the Heavens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keep vnhauld That Temple thy faire mind,that thou mait find Tenioy thy banifh'd Lord: and this great Land. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Ino. Who's there? My woman: Helen?
La. Please you Madam.
Ino. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.
Ino. I have read three hours then:
Mines eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by houre o'th clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceas'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempers of the night,
Guard me befeech yee.

Sleepes.

Inchioms from the Trunke.

Lach. The Crickets sing, and mans one-labor'd lene
Requirs it selfe by rest: Our Tarquins thus
Did fortly preffe the Ruffhes, ere he waketh
The Chaffitie he wounded. Cytheres,
How braly thou becom'th thy Bedfrench Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kiffe, one kiffe. Rubies vnaparagon'd,
How deere they doot: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper
Bows toward her,and would vnder-pepe her lids.
To see thinck'd Lights,now Canopied
Vnder those windows, white and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauen owne tinct. But my defigne.
To note the Chamber, I will write all done,
Such, and fuch pictures: There the window, fuch
Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why fuch, and fuch: and the Contents o' th Story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Mouchables
Would telleth, te'enrich mine Invention.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Senile but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest
A mole Cinque-spot'ted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th bottome of a Cowlippe. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and tane
The treafure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why shoul I write this downe, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Terent, here the leafe's turn'd downe
Where Philomel gave vp. I have enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the firing of it,
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heavenely Angell is here.

Clocke strikes* Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in liffe, the most coldeth that ever turn'd vp Ake.

Clot. It would make any man cold to looke.

1. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.
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Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imagery, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, let's not?

Day, my Lord.

CLOT I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate. Enter Muficians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so will I try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ie never gave o're. First, a very excellent good concerte thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larks at Howens gate sing, and Phoebus gies arife, His Strods to water at those Springs on chali'd Flowers that lies: And mingling Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes With every thing that pretty is, my Ladies sweet arife: Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trale, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her ears which Horfe-haires, and Calumets, nor the voyce of vapaued Eumuch to boot, can neuer amed. Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 Heere comes the King.

CLOT I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Ma JJesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

CLOT I have affay'd her with Musicke, but the vouchsafe no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's yours.

Rg. You are most bound to'th' King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly folly, and be friendly With a suitfle of the season: make denials Encrease your Services to feeme, as if You were inspired to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dissimision tends, And therein you are fenfelefe.

CLOT Senflefe? Not fo.

Mfl. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caunt Lucius. Cym. 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 Senders, And towards himselfe, his goods ease fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have gain good morning to your Milthr, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall have neede To employ you towards this Romane. Come our Queene.

CLOT If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leave hox, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, this Gold Which buys admittance (oft it doth) yes, and makes Diana's Rangers falf themselves, yeed vp Their Dore to 'th hand o'th' Stealer: and this Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoe? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand 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's Sonne.

La. That's more Then some whole Taylors are as deere as yours, Can lufly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

CLOT Your Ladies perfon, is the ready?

La. I, to keepe 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 thinke is good. The Princeffe.

Enter Imagien.

CLOT Good morrow fairest, Sifter your sweet hand. Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thinkes I glue, Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And scarce can spare them.

CLOT Still Ieware I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deeppe with me: If you sware still, your recompence is full That I regard it not.

CLOT This is no answere.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent, I would not speake. I pray you spare me, faith I shall ynfoled discurtoiede To your belt kindleffe: one of your great knoweings Should lerne (being taught) forbearance.

CLOT To leave you in your madneffe, 'twere my fin, I will not.

Imo. Fooleys are not mad Folkes.

CLOT Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad, I do: If you're patient, Ie no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much forry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so boziall and lerne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do here pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make t my boast.

CLOT You saine against.

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foder'd with cold dishes, With strops o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their sooles (On whom there is no more dependance) But Bras and Beggary) in felfe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by a a a
The conflation o'th' Crowne, and muft not, foyle
The precious note of it; with a bafe Slaue,
A fhearing for a Liurer, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not fo eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art before: thou waft not too bafe,
To be his Groom: thou waft not dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enioe. If 'twere made
Comparative for your Venus, to be fill'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneft Garment
That ever hath but clopt his body; is dearer
In my reprefent, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made fuch men: How now Piufanius?

Enter Piufanius.

Clo. His Garment? Now the dull.

Imo. To Dorthey my woman hie thee prefently.

Clo. His Garment?

Imo. I am fprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too caufally
Hath left mine Arme; it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loafe it for a Reuenew.
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I faw the this morning: Confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I knew'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I knew aught but he.

Piuf. 'Twill not be loafe.

Imo. I hope f o: go and fearch.

Clo. You have abud's me:
His meaneft Garment?

Imo. 1. I faid to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnefe to't.

Clo. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worth of me. So leaue your Sir,
To work of different.

Clo. He thereueng'd:
His meaneft Garment? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pofhumus, and Philius.

Poft. Fear it not Sir: I would I were fo sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Philius. What means you do you make to him?

Poft. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quide in the preuent winters flate, and with
That warmer dayses would come: In thefe fear'd hope
I barely grattifie your loue they fayling
I muft die much your debtor.

Philius. Your very goodneffe, and your company,
On-pays all I can do: By this your King,
Hat heard of Great Auguffus: Cacus Lucius,
Will do's Comminion thorough: And I think

Hec'lle grant the Tribute: fend th'Arrerages,
Or looke upon your Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet freth in their griefe.

Poft. I do believe
(Stam'd though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a Wal; and you shall hear
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribut paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Julius Cezar
Smilt at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline.
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, fuch
That mend upon the world.

Enter Lachimo.

Phi. See Lachimo.

Poft. The swiftest Harfs, haue pofted you by land;
And Windes of all the Aorners kis'd your Salies,
To make your vehfell amble.

Phi. Welcome Sir.

Poft. I hope the briefneffe of your anfwere, made
The speedineffe of your returne.

Lachimo. Your Lady,
Is one of the Fayref that I haue look'd upon

Poft. And thereby shall the beft, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Cagemont to allure falle hearts,
And be fälle with them.

Lachimo. Heere are Letters for you.

Poft. Their tenour good I truft.

Lachimo. 'Tis very like.

Poft. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Lachimo. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Poft. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Lachimo. If I haue loft it,
I shoule haue loft the worth of it in Gold,
Ie make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy
A second night of fuch sweet fhortneffe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the King is wante.

Poft. The Stones too hard to come by.

Lachimo. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so eafy.

Poft. Make note Sir
Your loffe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muft not continue Friends.

Lachimo. Good Sir, we muft
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miftris home, I grant
We were to queffion farther; but I now
Profeffe my faith the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poft. If you can mak't apparent
That you have tafted her in Bed; yon hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour, gains, or loofes,
Your Sword, or mine, or Matteriefe leave both
To who shall finde them.

Lachimo. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Mufi first induce you to beleue; whose foome
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'ld
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall finde
You need't it not.  

Pff. Proceed.  

Lacb. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but proffe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Sidrus well'd about the Bankes, or for
The profle of Batte, or Pride. A piece of Worke
So bravely done, so rich, that it did stiriue
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rare, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was ———
Pff. This is true:
And this you might have heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Lacb. More particulars
Must suffifie my knowledge.
Pff. So they must,
Or doe your Honour Inury.

Lacb. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was another Nature shrube, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Pff. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise respe,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Lacb. The Rooff o'th Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Pff. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise
Be gien to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wager you have laide.

Lacb. Then if you can
Be pales, I begge but leave to ays this Irewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, I leake them.
Pff. Iowe——

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Lacb. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Adorn, did out-fell her guife,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gae it me,
And gaid, the priz'd it once.
Pff. May be, the pluck'd it off
To lend it me.

Lacb. She writes so to you? doth she?
Pff. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Ballisake vnto mine eye,
Kille me I begge but leave to ays: 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 Vertues, which is nothing:
Oh, howe measure false.

Pff. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable the loft it: or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolen it from her.

Pff. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolen.

Lacb. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Pff. Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, may keepe the King; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not looke it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinence
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleue'd
Of one perfwaded well of.
Pff. Neuer take it on:
She hath bin colt by him.

Lacb. If you fekke
For further satisfying, under her Brest
(Worthy her preffing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kif it, and it gave me pretent hunger.
To feeds againe, thoughfull. You do remember
This flaine upon her?

Pff. 1. and it doth conforme
Another flaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Lacb. Will you heare more?
Pff. Spare your Arithmaticke,
Neuer count the Tumers: Once, and a Million.

Lacb. Ile be sworn.
Pff. No swearing:
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lyce,
And I will kife thee, if thou do'nt deny
Thou'll made me Cuckold.

Lacb. Ile deny nothing.
Pff. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and do't, 'tis Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.  

Phil. Quite besides
The government of Patience. You have wonne:
Let's follow him, and peroust the pretent wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Lacb. With all my heart.  

Enter Pffnomus.

Pff. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Baitards,
And that most venerate man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ramp. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit; yet my Mother feem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure the refrain'd,
And pray'd me off forbearance: did it with
A pulcency fo Rolfe, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd oide Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chas't, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iachino in an houre, was't not?
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Or lefe; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acom’d Boze, a Iarmen on,
Cry’d oh, and mounted: I found no opposition
But what he look’d for, should oppose, and the
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there’s no motion
That tends to Vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceuilng, hers:
Luft, and ranke thoughts, hers; Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Diftaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in parts, or all: but rather all For euon to Vice
They are not conftant, but are changing fill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not hafte so old as that. Ile write against them,
Deteft them, curfe them: yet ’tis greater Skill
In a true Haste, to pray they have their will:
The very Diucla cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now fay, what would Augustus Cæsar with vs?
Luc. When Iulius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lies in men eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euor) was in this Britain,
And conquer’d it, Cæsars thine Vnkle
(Famous in Cæsars pravity, no whil leffe
Then in his Feats deferving it for him,
And his Succeffion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeereely throuble poundes; which,(by thee)lately
Is left vntender’d.
Re. And to kill the meruall,
Shall be fo euor.

Cæs. There be many Cæsars,
Ere fuch another Iulius: Britaines a world
By it liefe, and we will nothing pay
For wring our owne nobles.
Re. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from’s, to refume
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceftors, together with
The natural brauery of your Ile, which flands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb’d, and pal’d in
With Oakes vnscalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boates,
But fucces them vp to’th Top-maift. A kinde of Conquett
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Queer-came: with thame
(The firft that ever touch’d him) he was carried
From off our Coaft, twice beaten: and his Shippung
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-thels mou’d upon their Surges, crack’d
As eaily ‘gainf our Rocks. For loy whereof,
The fam’d Cæsullian, who was once at point
(Oh gillet Fortune) to mafter Cæsars Sword,
Made Lads-Tonne with reoycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines frut with Courage.

Cæs. Come, there’s no more Tribune to be paid: our
Kingsdomes might longer then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no mo fuch Cæsars, other of them may have
crook’d Nobes, but to owe fuch fritante Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.
Cæs. We have yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as Cæsullian, I doe not fay I am one: but I have a hand.
Why Tribune? Why should we pay Tribune? If Cæsar
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket,or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribune for lights: elfe Sir,
no more Tribune, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the inferiou Romain, did extort
This Tribune from vs, we were free. Cæsars Ambition,
Which fwell’d fo much, that it did almoft stretch
The fides o’ th’ World, against all colour here,
Did put the yoake upon’s; which to fhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our felues to be, we do. Say then to Cæfar,
Our Ancefstor was that Mulmuatius, which
Oriand’d our Lawes, whole vfe the Sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whole repairey, and franchife,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
The Rome be therfore angry. Mulmuatius made our lawes
Who was the firft of Britain, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne,and call’d
Himfelfe a King.

Luc. I am forry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsars, that hath moe Kings his Sonnes,then
Thy felfe Domeflickie Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyve it from me then. Warre, and Confufion
In Cæsars name pronounce I ‘gainf thee: Looke
For fury, not to be refited. Thus defide,
I thank thee for my felfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Cains,
Thy Cæsar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather’d Honour,
Which he, to feeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoues me keepe at vterance, I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preffident
Which not to reade, would thow the Britaines cold:
So Cæsar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let prove speake.

Cæs. His Mallery bides you welcome. Make pa-
ftime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you feeke vs af-
afterwards in other termes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of vs, it is yours: if you
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there’s an end.

Luc. So fir.

Cym. I know your Mafter’s pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pigion reading of a Letter.

Pif. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accufe? Leonatus:
Oh Mafter, what a strange infection

Is 870
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Is faine into thy care? What faile Italian, (As poysonous tong'd, as hand'd) hath preval'd On thy too ready hearing? Difloyall? No. She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes More Godiffe-like, than Wife-like; such Affairs As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master, Thy mind to her, is now as low as were Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her, Upon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes,which I Have made to thy command! I her? Her blood? If it be so, to do good fenucce, never Let me be counted feruicible. How looke I, That I should feeme to lacke humanity, So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't!'The Letter. That I have first bow'd, by thy owne command, Shall give this opportunity. Oh dam'd paper, Blacke as the Inke that's on'the: fenefeffe bauble, Art thou a Fodariar for this A; and look't So Virgin-like without? Loe here he comes. Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Pj. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Im. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus? Oh, learn'd indeed were that Altronomer That know the Stars, as I his Chancellors, He'll lay the Future open. You good Gods, Let what is here cont'd, rellish of Loue, Of my Lords health, of his content; yet not That we two are affuerd, let that grieue him; Some griefes are meauderable, that is one of them, For it doth physicke Loue, of his content, All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be You Bees that make thefe Lockets of counaffe. Louers, And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike, Though Forfeityours you cauf in prifon, yet You clafse young Cypriate Tables: good Newes Gods.

Iffice, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me in his Dominion) could not be fo cruell to me, as you: (wh the de- rett of Creatures)would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your own Loue, will out of th'addles you, follow. So be wise feed, that remains byall to His Pow'r, and your encrea- sing in Loue. Leonatus Pothamus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: here'thou Pijanis? He is at Milford-Hauen; Rea'd, and tell me How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires May plod it in a weake, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then true Pijanis, Who long't will like me, to fee thy Lord; who long't (Oh let me bate) but not like me; yet long't But in a faultier kinde. Oh not like me; For mine's beyond, beyond: fa'y, and speake thiche (Loues Counfalor should fill the bores of hearing, To'th'interflution of the Senfe)how farre it is To this fame bleffed Milford. And by'th'way Tell me how Wale was made fo happy, as | Titherfe such a Hauen. But firft of all, How wetmay fteale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to exclude: but firft, how ger hence. Why should exclude be borne or ere begot? Weele talke of that hereafter. Prythee speake, How many flores of Miles may we well rid

Twixt howre, and howre?

Pj. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun, Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Im. Why,one that rode to's Execution Man, Could never go so low as I have heari of Riding wagers, Where Horfes have bin nimble then the Sands That run i'th'Clock's behalfe. But this is Foolerie, Go, bid my Woman figna a Sicknelle, fay She's home to her Father; and prouide me presently A Riding Sill: No cufller then would fit A Franklins Hufwife.

Pij. Madam, you're beat consider.

Im. I fee before me (Man) not here, not heere; Nor what enufes but have a Fog in them That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee, Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say: Accessible is none but Milford way.

Enter Belarius, Guidierius, and Avariguis.

Bela. A goodly day, not to keepe house with fuch, Whole Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate Infracts you how t'adore the Heauen; and bowes you To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches Are Arch'd fo high, that Giants may let through And keepe their impoul Turbonds on, without Good morrow to the Sun. Hille thou faire Hauen, We houfe i'th'Rocke,yet vfe thee not so hardly As prouder liuers do.

Guil. Halle Hauen.

Avar. Halle Hauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine fport, vp to yond hill Your legges are Yong: Be treed thieves Flatts. Confider, When you abuse perceiue me like a Crow, That it is Place, which leffen'd,and sets off, And you may then reuolve what Tales, I haue told you, Of Courts,of Princes, of the Tricks in Warre. This Service, is not Service; fo being done, But being fo allowed. To apprehend thus, Draws vs a profit from all things we fee: And often to our comfort, shall we finde The harden'd-Beetle,in a faifer hold Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life, Is Nobler, then atteding for a checke: Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe: Proudter, then ruffling in vnpayd-for Sike: Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine, Yet keeps his Booke vncried: no life to ours. Guil.Out of your proffe you speakite poore vnfledg'd Haue newe wing'd from view o'th'neft: nor knowes not What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beff, (If quiet life be beff) (weetere to you That have a eharper knowe. Well correponding With your rife Age; but vnto vs, it is A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed, A Prifon,or a Debtor,that not dars To ftride a limit.

Avar. What should we speake of When we are old as you? When we shall heare The Raine and wind e beates darke December? How In this our pinching Caeus,shall we difcours}

aaa 3
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beaftly subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flies; Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prifon'd Bird,
And fign our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake.
Did you but know the Citties Wuriees,
And felt them knowingly; the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leave, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling; or fo fliptly, that
The fear'e as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Walre,
A paine that onely feemes to fqueak out danger
I'th'nome of Fame, and Honor, which dyes I'th'earch,
And hath as oft a flam'rous Eghtaph.
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill defence, by doing well: what's worfe
Muft cur'tie at the Centure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may read in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Romain Swords; and my report, was once
Firft, with the belt of Note. Cymbeline you'd me,
And when a Soullard was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whole boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: now my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose faltie Oathes presuy'd
Before my perfect Honor, fower to Cymbeline,
I was Confiderate with the Romanes: fo
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeares,
This Rocke, and thefe Demefnes, have bene my World,
Where I have liu'd at honeft freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that frikes
The Venifon firft, fhall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
To him the other two shall minifter,
And we will fear no poifon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ie meete you in the Valleys.

How hard it is to hide the farkes of Nature?
Thfe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alie.
They thinke they are mine,
And though trau'd vp that meanely
I'th'Cauze, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In fimple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladur,
The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd Guidercine. I trowe,
When on my three-foot flooe I fit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirites flye out
Into my Story: fay thus mine Enemy feldi,
And thus I fet my foote on his necke, even then
The Princeely blood flores in his Cheeks, he sweats,
Strains his yong Nerues, and puts himfelfe in pofture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and theews much more
His owne concurring. Hearke, the Game is row'd,
Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Confeience knowes
Thou di'dst vniuitly banifh me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I flofe thefe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succifion, as
Thou retu's me of my Landes. Euripibis,
Thou wain't their Nurtie, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her graue:
My felle Belarius, that am Meargan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pijianio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told it me when we came fr6 horfe, this place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother fo
To fee me firft, as I haue now. Pijanis, Man:
Where is Pthybamus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee fcarce thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From thin'ward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond felte-explication. Put thy felle
Into a hauour of left fear, ere wildneffe
Vanquish my flaver Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender't thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? It'll be Summer Newes
Smile too't before; if Winterly, thou need'lt
But keepe that count'rance fih. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-diam'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And he's-at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be cuen mortall to me.

Pij. Pleafre you reader,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most diffain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reader.

Thy efMifrift (Pijianio) bath plaid the Stropmet in my
Bed; the Tefimonials wherefores, ye bleeding in me. I feake
not out of weake Sermifes, but from profite as strong as my
graves, and as certaine as I expet my Romanes. That part, thou
(Pijianio) muft affe for me, if my Faith be not tainted with the
breach of bes; it's thine owne bands take away her life: I fiall
grue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. See hath my Letter
for the purpoze; where, if thou fear to ftrike, and to make me
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her difhonneur, and
equally to me dijloyal.

Pij. What shal I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the pofting winde, and cloth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, say the Secrets of the Graue
This veprous flander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falte to his Bed? What is it to be falte?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If heep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my felle awake? That's falte to's Bed? Is it?

Pij. Alas good Lady, 

Imo. I falte? Thy Confeience wittows: Iachimo,
Thou did'lt accufe him of Inconinencie,
Thou then look'd like a Villaine: now, me thinkest

Thy
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy favours good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betrayed him:
Poore I am flate, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be Ript: To piece with me? Oh!?
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reboul (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy? not borne where'rt growes,
But wore a Bait for Ladies.

Pifi. Good Madam, here me.

Ine. True honest men being heard, like false Accusat,
Were in his time thought false: and Symes weeping
Did Scandal all many a holy teare, tooke pitty
From moost true wretchendevle. So thou, Politianus
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and peril'd
From thy great false: Come fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou feest him,
A little witness my obedience. Lookke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The Innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart):
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, frieke,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou feest'n a Coward.
Pifi. Hence vile Instrumnt, Thou shalt not damme my hand.

Ine. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition fo Divine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, woe'lt no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Lowall Loamus,
All turn'd to Heretic? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, thou shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Fooles
Believe false Teachers: Though those that be braid
Do feele the Tesfion sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worfe cafe of wee. And thou Politianus,
That didst set vp my disobedence gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde
It is no acte of common paffage, but
A braine of Rarenesse: and I gaine my selfe,
To thinkke, when thou shalt be defied'd by her,
That now thou tryest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pytheye dispacth,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Whet's thy knife?
Thou art too low to do thy Masters bidding
When I defect it too.
Pifi. Oh gracious Lady: Since I receu'd command to do this buinnesse,
I haue not flept one winke.

Ine. Dou't, and to bed then.
Pifi. He wake mine eye-balles first.

Ine. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why haft thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horfes labour?
The Time inquiring thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? wherunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why haft thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haft'take thy fhand,

Th'elected Deere before thee?
Pifi. But to win time
To looke for bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a coure: good Ladie
Hear me with patience.

Ine. Taleke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear
Therein falle froooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake.
Pifi. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Ine. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.
Pifi. Not fo neither:
But if I were as wife, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and angular in his Art, hath done you both
This cur'd infrute.

Ine. Some Roman Curtezean?
Pifi. No, on my life:
Ie gue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody figne of it. For 'tis commanded
I should fo: you shall be mit at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Ine. Why good Fellow,
What shall I doe the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pifi. If you'lt backe to th'Court.
Ine. No Court, no Father, nor no more doe
With that harth, noble, simple nothing:
That Glotten, whose Loue-fuite hath bene to me
As fearfull as a Siege.
Pifi. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muft you bide.

Ine. Where? Then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? In th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine feemes as of it, but not in't
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neft, pytheye thinke
There's liners out of Britaine.
Pifi. I am most glad
You thinkke of other place: 'T'h'Ambsfadior,
Lucius the Romaine comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but difguife
That which tappere it felle, muft not yet be,
But by felle-danger, you should tread a courfe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of Politianus; lo nie (at leaft).
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truely as he moves.

Ine. Oh for such meanes,
Though peril to my modelle, not death on't
I would adventure.
Pifi. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fare, and Niceneffe
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty felle) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anfwer'd, favicke, and
As quarrelous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that raref Treasure of your Checke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-killing Time: and forget
Your laboursome and damny Trimmes, wherein
You made great Like angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pij. First make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this: I have already fit
("Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doubtelt, Hat, Hote, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a feason) Fore Noble Lucius
Presift your selfe, defire his service: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue care in Muficke, doubleffe
With low he will imbrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have my heart, and you will never fall
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be confider'd: but we'll even
All that good time will glue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with,

Pij. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Leaft being mit, I be fullpecked
Of your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mifirs,
Here is a boxe, I had it from the Queenne,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-quail'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diftemper. To some fhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.


Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Gym. Thus farre, and to farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir: My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right forry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Gym. Our Subject's (Sir)
Will not endure your yoke; and for our selfe
To fhew like Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare va-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I defire of you
A Conduett over Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, I loue your Grace, and you,
Gym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Gym. Recieve it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Gym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he haue croft the Severn. Happines, Exit Lucius, &c

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we have gluè him caufe.

Clos. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britains have their wishs in it.

Gym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horfemen be in rideffife:
The Powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he mouses
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepe but ifeilfe,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Gym. Our expetation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appeard
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before vs, for
We have beene too flight in fufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of Pofthamus, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muft do. Beleech your Majestie,
Forbear sharp Teaches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stolke,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Maffenger.

Gym. Where is the Sir? How
Can her conccpt be answer'd?

Mst. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anwer
That will be gien to 'thlowd of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when I left I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excufe herkeeping close,
Whereby conffain't by her infirmity,
She shoold that duele leau't vpaly to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Gym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, prove falle.

Qu. Sonne, I fay, fellow the King.

Clos. That man of hers, Pifiano, her old Seruant
I have not seene these two days.

Qu. Go, looke after: Pifiano, thou that fland't fo for Pofthamus,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his abfence
Proceed by fwalloving that. For he beleues
It is a thing moft precious. But for her,
Where is the gone? Hapy difpaire hath feiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her lour, she's flowne
To her defir'd Pofthamus: gone the is,
To death, or to fihonor, and my end
Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe,
I have the placing of the Britifh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clos. 'Tis ceraine the she is fledd:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-flall him of the comming day. Exit Qu.

Clos. I love, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquitile

Then
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best the hath, and she of all compounded
Out-felles them all. I louse her therefore, but
Disdainful me, and throwing favour on her.

The law Pofhimus, flanders o her judgement,
That what is clee rare, is chocel'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be requeld upon her. For, when Foolest shall—

Enter Pijanis.

Who is here? What? are you poking frath? 
Come hither: Ab you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pij. Oh, good my Lord.

Cl. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Cloce Villaine,
I eave this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Pofhimus?

From whole so many weights of bafeffe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pij. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was the mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Cl. Where is she Sir? Come nimmer:
No farther halting: fatifie me home,
What is become of her?

Pij. Oh, my all-worlhy Lord.

Cl. All-worlhy Villaine,
Difcover where thy Misfr is, as once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
 Speak, or thy silence on the infant, is
 Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pij. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Cl. Let's see't: I will pursue her
euen to Augustus Throne.

Pij. Or this, or perih.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his travell, not her danger.

Cl. Hump.

Pij. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe mayft thou wand'ry, safe returne aken.

Cl. Sira, is this Letter true?

Pij. Sir, as I thinke.

Cl. It is Pofhimus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a Villain, but do me true feruice: vnder-

go these Implements wherein I should have cause to vie
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy fore I
bid thee to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou shouldest not want
my meanes for thy releafe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-

Pij. Well, my good Lord.

Cl. Wilt thou ferue mee? For since patiently
and confantly thou haft fuccke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger Pofhimus, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou
ferue mee?

Pij. Sir, I will.

Cl. Gue mee thy hand, here's mee purs.
Haft any of thy late Maiters Garments in thy possession?

Pijan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Garme that he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mi-

Cl. The first feruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy ferst feruice, go.

Pij. I shall my Lord.

Cl. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to ask
him one thing, let me remember it anon:) even there, thou
villaine Pofhimus will I kill thee. I would thee Gar-
ments were come. She faile upon a time (the bitterneffe
of it, I now belch from my heart) that thee held the very
Garment of Pofhimus, in more respect, then my Noble
and natural person; together with the adornment of my
Qualities. With that Sute upon my backe I will ra-
uih her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she fee
my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.
He on the ground, my speche of infaliment ended on his
deade bodie, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I willexecute in the Cloathes that she
praide't:) to the Court Ile knock her backe,foot her home
again. She hath dephi'd mee rejoycingly, and ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pijanis.

Be thoof the Garments

Pij. I, my Noble Lord.

Cl. How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

Pij. She can scarce be there yet.

Cl. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mate to my defance. Be
but dastarous, and true preferment shall tender it fels to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pij. Thou bid'd me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never bee
to him that is moft true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Foole speeche
Be croft with flownelle; Labour be his meede.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I fee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Hauie made the ground my bed. I should be fike,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine on, Pijanis they'd thee,
Thou wanst within a kenne. Oh Lous, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meanes,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misle my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That have Afflicitions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes! no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarle tell true. To lape in Fulneffe
Is forer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'false Ones; Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to fincke, for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path too't: 'tis some fawege hold i
I were beft not call; I dare not call: yet Fatime
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valliant.
Plentie, and Peace broods Cowards: Hardineffe euer
Of Hardineffe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's eiuill, speake: if fawege,

Take,
Take, or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Belt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Snag-faced hee, he'll scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens. \(\text{Exeunt}\).

\textbf{Scena Septima.}

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
\textit{Bel.} You Pulchria have prou'd beft Woodman, and
Are Mother of the Feast : Court, and I,
Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match :
The sweat of industrie would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, lunuary : Wearineffe
Can flour yon the Flint, when reflit Sloth
Finding the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'th thy selfe.
\textit{Gui.} I am throughly weary.
\textit{Arui.} I am wake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.
\textit{Bel.} There is cold mist I' th'Cause, we'll browz on that
What' if what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.
\textit{Bel.} Stay, come not in :
But that it eates our vitualles, I should think
Heere were a Faery.
\textit{Gui.} What's the matter, Sir?
\textit{Bel.} By Jupiter an Angel or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Duwenesfe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

\textit{Imo.} Good masters harme me not :
Before I enter heere, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took good troth
I have flaine nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold frowd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would have left it on the Boorde, fo fome
As I had made my Meate; and parted
With Pray'r's for the Proudier.
\textit{Gui.} Money? Youth.
\textit{Arui.} All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thofe
Who worship durtie Gods.
\textit{Imo.} I fee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dyed, had I not made it.
\textit{Bel.} Whether bound?
\textit{Imo.} To Milford-Hauen.
\textit{Bel.} What's your name?
\textit{Imo.} Fulde Sir: I have a Kinfman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.
\textit{Bel.} Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Charles; nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to slay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
\textit{Gui.} Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard; but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.
\textit{Arui.} Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile lowne him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him

(After long abidence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be frighted, for you fall 'mongst Friends.
\textit{Imo.} 'Mongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin fo, that they
Had bin my father Sonnes, then had my price
Bin leffe, and so muche ballafling
To thee Postuma.
\textit{Bel.} He wrings at fome diftreffe.
\textit{Gui.} Would I could free't.
\textit{Arui.} Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cof, what danger: Gods !
\textit{Bel.} Hearke Boys.
\textit{Imo.} Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cause,
That did attend themfelves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Confcience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not ou-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my fexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leontau falte.
\textit{Bel.} It fhall be fo:
Boyes we'll go: dreffe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourfe is heavy, falling: when we have fupp'd
We'll marnely demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt fpackle it.
\textit{Gui.} Pray draw near.
\textit{Arui.} The Night to' th'Owle,
And Mone to th'Larke leffe welcome.
\textit{Imo.} Thankes Sir.
\textit{Arui.} I pray draw near.

\textbf{Scena Octava.}

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes. 1.Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
Gainst the Fanniotic's and Dalmatians,
And that the Legislions now in Gallia, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The faine-off Britains, that we do incite
The Gentry to this busineffe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Confull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leage, he commands
His absolute Commination. Long live Caesar.
\textit{Tri.} Is Lucius General of the Forces?
2.Sen. I.
\textit{Tri.} Remaining now in Gallia?
1.Sen. With those Legislions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your lieue
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
\textit{Tri.} We will difcharge our duty.

\textbf{Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.}

Enter Cloten alone.

\textit{Clot} I am neere toth'place where they shoul meet,
If Pyranus have mapp'd it truly, How fit his Garments
Serve me? Why should his Miftris who was made by him

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that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (faing
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans fittyness
comes by fifts: therein I muft play the Workman, I dare
fpeak it to my felfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glaffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I mean,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leffe
young, more strong, not behinf me in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the advantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuerfant in general Seruices, and more
remarkable in fingle oppofitions; yet this imperfefuent
Thing loues him in my deflight. What Mortallity is?
Poffeffion, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) flall within this houre be off, thy Miftris in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, fparne her home to her Father, who my
(happily) be a little angry for my fo rough praters but my
Mother hauing power of his teftineffe, fhall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp fafe, out
Sword, and to a foere purpole: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very defcription of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not desceime me. "Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruragus, and
Imagen from the Caeu.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caeu,
We'll come to you after Hunting.
Arui. Brother, fay heere: Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man fhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignities.
Whoef dull is both alike, I am very ficke.
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So ficke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not to Citizen a wanton, as
To feme to dye, ere ficke: So pleafe you, leave me,
Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot am end me. Society, is no comfort
To one not foable: I am not very ficke,
Since I can reaon of it: pray you truft me heere,
Ile rob none but my felfe, and let me dye
Steealing fo poorly.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spake it,
How much the quantity, the weighth as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be finne to fay fo (Sir) I yoke mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you fay,
Loue's reafon's, without reafon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't fhall dye, I'll fay
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble filaine! O worthineffe of Nature, breed of Greatneffe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Bafe things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this fhould bee,
Doth myrcle it felle, lon'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne,

Arui. Brother, farewell,

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arui. You health.———So pleafe you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers fay, all's fake, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou difprooft it Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Difi,
Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fifth:
I am fickle fill, heart-fickle; Pifianus,
Ile now talle of thy Druge.

Gui. I could not firre him:
He faid he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Difhonesty afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he aufter me: yet faid heerafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th Field, to'th Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and refl.

Arui. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not fickle,
For you muft be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall't be cuer.
This youth, how ere difreft, appears he hath had
Good Anceftors,

Arui. How Angel-like he fings?

Gui. But his neare Conierie?

Gui. He cut our Rootes in Charrafteis,
And fawc't our Brothes, as I fawd had bin ficke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yokes
A fmling, with a figh; as if the figh
Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From fo divine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raffe at.

Gui. I do note,
That greffe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their fparres together.

Arui. Grow patient.
And let the finking-Elder (Greffe) vntwine
Hift perfiling route, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clu. I cannot finde thefe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thefe Runnagates?

Means he not vs? I partly know him, 'dis

Cloten, the Sonne o' th'Queenne. I fere some Ambush:
I faw him not thefe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Softs, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villain-Mountainers?
I have heard of fuch. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing.

More ftaicfh did I ne're, then answere
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theeue.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigne as thine? A heart, as bigne:
Thy words IGrant are bigner: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why
Why should ye yield to thee?  
Cly. Thou Villaine base,  
Know'st thou not by my Cloathes?  
Guil. No, nor thy Taylor, Raffall:  
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,  
Which (as it seemes) make thee.  
Cly. Thou precious Varlet,  
My Taylor made them not.  
Guil. Hence then, and thinke  
The man that make them thee. Thou art some Foole,  
I am loath to beate thee.  
Cly. Thou inurious Thiefs,  
Heare but my name, and tremble.  
Guil. What's thy name?  
Cly. Cloten, thou Villaine.  
Guil. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.  
Cly. To thy further feares,  
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know  
I am Sone to th'Queene.  
Guil. I am sorry for't: not fearing  
So worthy as thy Birth.  
Cly. Art not afraid?  
Guil. Tho' that I reuerence, tho'fe I feare: the Wife:  
At Foole I laugh: I not feare them.  
Cly. Dye the death:  
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,  
Ile follow those that even now fled hence:  
And on the Gates of Luds-Toune let your heads:  
Yeeld Right and Execut.  
Enter Belarius and Aruileus.  
Bel. No Companie's abroad?  
Ari. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.  
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
But Time hath nothing blur'd those lines of Favoure  
Which then he wore: the fratches in his voice,  
And burft of speaking were as his: I am abloate  
'Twas very Cloten.  
Ari. In this place we left them;  
I will my Brother make good time with him,  
You see he so fell.  
Bel. Being Fears made vp,  
I meanto man: he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement  
Is oft the caufe of Fears.  
Enter Guardierus.  
But see thy Brother.  
Guil. This Cloten was a Foole, an empty purfe,  
There was no money in't: Not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne  
My head, as I do his.  
Bel. What haft thou done?  
Guil. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,  
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)  
Who call'd me traitor, Mountaineer, and swore  
With his owne fingle hand he'ld take vs in,  
Displace our heads, where (thanks to the Gods) they grow  
And let them on Luds-Toune.  
Bel. We are all undone.  
Guil. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loofe,  
But that he swore to take, our Lives ? the Law  
Protest not vs, then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat vs?  
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?  
For we do feare the Law. What company  
Difcouer you abroad?  
Bel. No finge foule  
Can we fer eye on: but in all safe reafon  
He must haue some Attendats. Though his Honor  
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that  
From one bad thing to worfe t: Not Frenzie,  
Not abolute madneffe could so farre haue rau'd  
To bring him here: alone: although perhaps  
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee  
Cae here, hunte here, are Out-laws, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and fwear  
Hic'ld fetch vs in, yet it's not probable  
To come alone, either he fo undertakings,  
Or they fo suffering: then on good ground we feare,  
If we do feare this Body hath a tale  
More perillous then the head.  
Ari. Let Ord'nance  
Come as the Gods fore-tay it: howfoere,  
My Brother hath done well.  
Bel. I had no minde  
To hunt this day: The Boy Fidelos fickeneffe  
Did make my way long forth,  
Guil. With his owne Sword,  
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane  
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creek  
Behinde our Rockes, and let it to the Sea,  
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Cloten,  
That's all I reake.  
Exit.  
Bel. If I fcare 'twill be reueng'd:  
Would (Polidore) thou had'll not done't: though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.  
Ari. Would I had done't:  
So the Reuenge alone part'd me: Polidore  
I love thee brotherly, but enuy much  
Thou haft robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges  
That possible strength might meet, wold feek vs through  
And put vs to our anfwer.  
Bel. Well, 'tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to day, nor feek for danger |  
Where there's no profit. I pray thee to our Rockes,  
You and Fidelos play the Cookes: Ile stay  
Till hally Polidore returnes, and bring him  
To dinner prefently.  
Ari. Poore fickie Fidelo.  
He willingly to him, to gain his colour,  
It'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praffe my felfe for charity.  
Exit.  
Bel. Oh thou Goddeffe,  
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy felfe thou blazon't  
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gente  
As Zephyres blowine below the Violets,  
Not waggis his sweet head: and yet, as rough  
(Their Royall blood encaft't) as the rud'ft winde,  
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,  
And make him rooe to th'Valle. "Tis wonder  
That an inseffible ininf'd should frame them  
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,  
Cuiility not seen from other: valour  
That widelie growes in them, but yeelds a crop  
As if it had beene fow'd: yet till it's frange  
What Clotens being here to vs portends,  
Or what his death will bring vs.  
Enter Guardierus.  
Guil. Where's my Brother?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have sent Cloten Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother, his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Solemn Majick.

Bel. My Ingenious Instrument,
(Hearke Plainly) 'tis founds but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hearke,
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deare Mother
It did not speake before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is solitie for Apes, and griefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Armes.

Bel. Lookke, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Gui. The Bird is dead.
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixe teene yeares of Age', to sixty :
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have beene this.
Gui. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly:
My Brother wares thee not the one half so well,
As when thou gwest'ry thy selfe.
Bel. Oh Melancholy,
Who euer yet could found thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coaft thy faggard care
Might'ft called harbour in. Thou bleffed thing,
Jose knowes what man thou might'ft have made : but I,
Thou dyed'st a moft rare Boy, of Melancholy.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:
Thus fumbling, as some Fly had tickled fumerb,
Not as deathes dart being laugb'd at: this right Checke
Reposing on a Cushion.
Gui. Where?

Arui. O'th'floor:
His arme thus leag'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my fecte, whose rudeneffe
Answer'd my steps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but sleepe:
If he be gone, he'll make his Graue, a Bed :
With female Faryes will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With flye'th Flowers.
Whil'st Sommer lafts, and I live here, Fidelle,
He sweeten thy fad graue; thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrofe, nor
The azure'd Hare'bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafes of Eglantine, whom not to fander,
Out-tweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With charitable bill (Oh bill fore flaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yes, and more Clote. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Caroll——

Gui. Prythee have done,
And do not play in Wenche-like words with that
Which is so ferious. Let vs bury him,
And not protest with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

Arui. Say, where shall'st lay him?

Gui. By good Euriplhe, our Mother.

Arui. Bee't fo:
And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Have got the mannish cracke, flex him to'th ground
As once to our Mother. Be like noce, and words,
Sawe that Euriplhe, must be Fidelle,

Gui. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: I le weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worfe
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Gui. We'll speake it then.

Bel. Great greeues I see med'cine the leffe: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together have one duft, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diffildion
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Prince,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Thertiffes body is as good as Anns,
When neyer are alue.

Arui. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll lay our Song the whill'f: Brother begin.

Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to th'East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.

SONG.

Guid. Feare not more the heate o'th'Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and tarde thy wages,
Golden Lad's, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duft.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
Thou art paft the Tirants streake,
Cure no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oak.

The Scepter, Learning, Fidyllke muft,
All fellow this and come to duft.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightening flipp.

Arui. Nor th'ald-dreaded Thundershone.

Guid. Feare not Slander, Conjure rejoy.

Arui. Thou hast fin'd'd thy joy and mome.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must,
Confuge to thee and come to duft.

Guid. No Exercise harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghoft-unlaid forbeare thee.

Arui. Nothing ill come more thee.

Both. Quiet confumation have,
And remoued he thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Here's a fewe Flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The heares that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are freelins fir't for Graues: upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now with'dr: even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you shew.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:
The ground that gave them life, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, fo are their paine.
Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thank you: by yond bush I pray how farre thether?
'Od's pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But so? no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddeffes!
Theil Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cast-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgements, blind.
Good faith I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittle
As a Wrens eye: fear'd Gods, a part of it,
The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleffe man? The Garments of Pithammas?
I know the hope of Legge; this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercurlial; his martiall Thigg.
The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face—
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. Pifania,
All Curles madded Hertha gave the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Confir'd with that Irregulous deadl Cleten,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pifania,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifania)
From this most braueft villiff of the world
Stroke the malne top! Oh Pithammas, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pifania might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pifania?
'Tis he, and Cleten! Malice, and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Druge he gave me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous toth'Senfes? That confirmes it home:
This is Pifania's deede, and Cleten! Oh:
Glie colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horridr may seeme to thefe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Storitiger.
Cap. To them, the Legions garrifon'd in Gallia
After your will, haue croft the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath firit'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promife Noble Service and they come
Under the Command of bold Eacbinus,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefi o'th'winde.
Luc. This forwardnese
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muttre'd: bid the Captaines looke too.
Now Sir, What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpofe.
Soth. Last night, the very Gods fhow'd me a viion
(I falt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the fpungy South, to this part of the Welt,
There vanifh'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnleffe my finnes abuse my Diuination)

Successe to th'Roman hoar.
Lucr. Dreame often so,
And never falt. Soft hoo, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The rulne fpakes, that fometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or fleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abborre to make his bed
With the defcad, or fleepon vpon the dead.
Let's fee the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alue my Lord.
Luc. Hee! then inquir'd vs of this body: Young one,
Inverse of th thy Fortunes, for it feemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ft thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (whether then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy inter? 
In this sad wracke? How came'! Who's it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountainiers eyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more fuch Masters: I may wander
From Exit to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: ferue truly: neuer
Finde fuch another Master.
Luc. 'Lackes, good youth:
Thou moust not leffe with thy complaining, then
Thy Maifter in bleeding: fay his name,good Friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lese, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidelis Sir.
Luc. Thou doth not approve thy felfe the very fame
Thy Name well fits thy Faith: thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not fay
Thou fhal be so well master'd, but be fure
No leffe belo'nd. The Romane Emperor's Letters
Sent by a Conful to me, shou'd not looner
Then thine owne worth prefere thee: Go with me.
Imo. Ile follow Sir. But firft, and pleffe the Gods,
Ile hide my Mafter from the Flies,as deep
As thefe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' frew'd his graue
And on it fald a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o'er, Ile weepes, and fighes,
And leueng fio his feruice, follow you,
So pleffe you entertaince mee.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs many duties, Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferv'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be inter'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerfulfull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meenes the happier to arife.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifania.

Cym. Again: and hire me word how 'tis with her,
A Favour with the abfence of her Sonne;
A madneffe, of which her life's in danger: Heauens, Why doo you at once to touch me. Image, The great part of my comfort gone: My Queene Upon a desperate bed, and in a time When hearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone, So needfull for this preffent? It strikes me,paff The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Doth feeme fo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharpe Torture. 

Fij. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly fet at your will: But for my Miftirs, I nothing know where she remains: why gone, Nor when she purpofes returne. Bedoche your Highnes, Hold me your loyal Servant, Lord. Good my Liege, The day that she was miling, he was heere; I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe All parts of his foule fhion loyally. For Clemen, There wants no diligence in feeing him, And will no doubt be found. Gym. The time is troublesome: We'll flip you for a feafon, but our iealousie Do's yet depend. Lord. So please your Maiesty, The Romaine Legions,all from Gallia drawne, Are landed on your Coaft, with a supply Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent. Gym. Now for the Counfille of my Son and Queen, I am amaz'd with matter. Lord. Good my Liege, Your preparation can affront no leffe (ready: Then what you hear of. Come more, for more you're The want is, but to put thofe Powres in motion, That long to moue. 

Gym. I thank you: let's withdraw And meete the Time, as it feckes vs. We feare not What can from Italy annoy vs, but We greeue at chances heere. Away. Exit. 

Fij. I heard no Letter from my Mafter, since I wrote him Image was miling. 'Tis strange; Nor heare I from my Miftirs, who did promife To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I What is betide to Clemen, but remaine Perplex in all. The Heauens still milke worke: Whereas I am afeare, I am honest i not true, to be true. These preffent warres shall finde I love my Country, Even to the note o' th'King, or Ile fall in them: All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd, Fortune brings in some Borsts,that are not fler'd. Exit. 

Enter Belarius; Gadarius, & Arviragus. 

Gui. The noyfe is round about vs. Bel. Let vs from it. 

Arar. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it From Atlon, and Adventure. Gui. Nay, what hope Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines Must, or for Britaines flay vs or receive vs For barbarous and vanitall Reuols During their vie, and flay vs after. 

Bel. Sonnes, We'll higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs. To the Kings party there's no going i newes Of Clemen death (we being not knowne, not mutter'd Among the Bands) may drue vs to a render Where we have liu'd; and fo extort from's that Which we have done, whose anwer would be death Drawne on with Torture. 

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt In such a time, nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying vs. 

Arar. It is not likely, That when they heare their Roman horfes neigh, Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes And cares fo cloyd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are. 

Bel. Oh, I am knowne Of many in the Army: Many yeares (Though Clemen then but young) you fee, not wore him From my remembrance. And besides, the King Hath not deferu'd my Service, nor your Loues, Who finde in my Exile, the want of breeding; The certainty of this dead life, ye hopeleffe To haue the courtrefs your Cradle promis'd, But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and The shrinking Slanes of Winter. 

Gui. Then be fo, Better to cafe to be. Pray Sir, to' th'Army: I, and my Brother are not knowne; your felfe So out of thought, and thereto fo ore-grownwe, Cannot be question'd. 

Arar. By this Sunne that shines Ilc thither! What thing is't, that I never Did fee man dye, scarce euery look'd on blood, But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venifon? Never beftrid a Horfe faue one, that had A Rider like my felfe, who ne're were Rowell, Nor Iron on his heele? I am alam'd To looke upon the holy Sunne, to haue The benefit of his bleft Beaure,remaining So long a pore vnknowne. 

Gui. By heauens Ile go, If you will bleeffe me Sir, and give me leaue, Ile take the better care i but if you will not, The hazard therefore die fall on me, by The hands of Romanes. 

Arar. So say I, Amen. Bel. No reafon I (fince of your liues you fet', So flight a valewatton) should refertes My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes If in your Country warres you chance to dye, That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye. Lead,lead; the time feems long, their blood thinks fcorn Till it fye out, and shew them Princes borne. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. 

Enter Pyllumus alone. 

Paff. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am whilt Thou should'lt be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must mutter Wives much better then themselves
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

For wrying but a little? Oh Pijan!. Every good Servant do's not all Commands: No Bond, but to do but ones. Gods, if you Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never Had lid to put on this: so had you liued The noble Imogen, to repent, and drooze Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke, You flatch some hence for little faults; that's love To have them fall no more; you fome permit To fecond illes with illes, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the dooms thrust. But Imogen is your owne, do your bell wille, And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Miftris: Peace, Ilc glue no wound to thee; therefore good Heauens, Heare patiently my purpose. Ile difgrope Me Of these Italian weedes, and suete my false As do's a Britaine Pezent: fo Ile fight Against the part I come with: fo Ile dye For the (O Imogen) even for whom my life Is every breath, a death: and thus, yknownne, Pittied, nor hated, to the face of peril. My false Ile dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me, then my habits show. Gods, put the strenght o' th'Leomart in me: To shame the guile o'th'world, I will begin, The fashioned lefe without, and more within. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doors: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Pofthumus following like a pore Soldier. They march out, and goe out. Then enter againe inStripe Jachimo and Pofthumus: be warnequifeth and dijameth Jachimo, and then leases him.

Luc. The heauenf!e and guilt within my bofome, Taken off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady, The Princeffe of this Country; and the ayre on't Reuengingly enfeeme me, or could this Carle, A very drudge of Natures, have fubdu'd me In my profition: Knighthoods, and Honors borne And once mine) tuft or borne. If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before This Low, as he exceeds our Lords, the odde Is, that we fearfe are men, and you are Goddes. Exit. The Battle continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to Ilc refuge, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue the advantage of the ground, The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but The villany of our feares.

Gul. Aroui. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Pofthumus, and secondes the Britaines. They Rufe Cymbeline, and Exeunt. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and haue thy false: For friends kif friends, and the dilorderid hish

As warre were hood-wink'd. Luc. 'Tis their fresh supplies. Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely or betimes Let's re-inforce, or fly. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Pofthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam't thou from where they made the fland? Pof. I did, Though you it eemes come from the Fliers? Lor. I did. Pof. No blame he to you Sir, for all was lost, But that the Heauens fought the King himselfe Of his wings deftitute, the Army broken, And but the backes of Britaines eeme; all flying Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted, Lolling the Tongue with fraughting: hauing worke More plentiful, then Tociles to doe: Ibrooke doone Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through faire, that th' strait paffe was damm'd With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living To dye with length'ted shame.

Lor. Where was this Lane? Pof. Clofe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph, Which gaine advantage to an ancient Solidour (An honest one I warrant) who deferu'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane, He, with two forefront) (Lads more like to run The Country base, then to commit such slaughter, With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fray'er Then thofe for prefervation cad's, or shame) Made good the paffage, cryed to thofe that fled. Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men, To darkneffe flete foules that flye backwards; fland, Or we are Romanes, and will gueze you that Like beafts, which you shun beaftly, and may faue But to looke backe in frowne: fland, fland. Thofe three, Three thousand confident, in adde as many: For three performers are the Flic, when all The roft do nothing. With this word fland, fland, Accomodated by the Place: more Charming With their owne Noblenesse, which could hau'e turn'd A Diffafe, to a Lance, guided pale looks; Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that fome turn'd coward But by example (Oh a finne in Warre, Dam'd in the first beginnent) gan to looke The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons Upon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne A Rop i'th Chafe; a Retyre: Anon A Roat, confufion thicke: forthwith they flye Chickens, the way which they foipt Eagles: Slaues The fride the Visitors made: and now our Cowards Like Fragments in hard Voyages became The life o' th'need: hauing found the backe doore open, Of the vocurred hearts: heauens, how they wound, Some flame before foam dying; some their Friends Oe-borne i'th'former waue, ten char'd by one, Are now each one the flaughter-man of twenty: Thofe that would dye, or ere reftift, are growne The mortail hugs o'th Field. Lor
Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.

Pofi. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
To wonder to the things you hear,
Then to work any. Will you Rime vpon't?
And vnt for it a Mock'trie? Heere one is:
"Two Boys, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
Prefer'd the Britaine, was the Romanes bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Pofi. Lack'd, to what end?
Who dare not stand his Foe, Ille be his Friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to doo,
I know he'll quickly fife my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.
Pofi. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble mifery
To be 'teth'Field, and take what newes of me:
To day, how many would have gien their Honours
To have fau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne wore charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he frooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words, or hath mee minellers then we
That draw his knifes Oth'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I have refum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the vriety Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the sauguer is
Here make by'th'Romane; great the Anver be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ranfome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.

Enter two Capitaines, and Soldiers.

1. Great Jupiter be praid, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his fonnes, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,
That gau'th'Affront with them.

1. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Pofi. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping herec, if Seconds
Had anwer'd him,
2. Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows have peckt them here: he brags his feruice
If he were of note: bring him to'th'King.
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pijnio, and
Roman Captaines. The Captaines present Pofthumus to
Cymbeline, who deliuers him over to a Gauler.

Groane fo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ure Phyitian, Death; who is the key
'Tvenbarre thefe Lockes. My Confidence, thou art better'd
More then my thanks; & with you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for ever. 'tis enough I am forry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Guses,
Defir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No strifler render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vile men,
Who of their broken Debtor take a third,
A first, a tenth, letting them thrive againe
On their abatement; that's not my defire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you cou'd it,
Tweene man, and man, they weigh not every flame:
Though light, take Peres bee? the figures take,
(You rather) mine being your: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancelle thefe cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musick. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Len-
narus, Father to Pofthumus, an old man, attyred like a war-
rior, leading in his hand an ancient Matran (his wife, &
Mother to Pofthumus) with Musick before them. Then,
after other Musick, follows the two young Lunari (Bro-
thers to Pofthumus) with wounds as they died in the wars.
They circle Pofthumus round as he lies sleeeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Mater
Slew thy spight, on Mortall Fies:
With Mars fall our with Luna chide, that thy Aduerteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whole face I never faw:
I dy'de wifli'th'the Wombe he fliade,
attending Natures Law.
Whole Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should haue bin, and fheideed him,
from this earth-vering smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was Pofthumus ript,
came crying 'mong'li his Foes.

A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancefhrie,
moulded the stiffe fo faire:
That he'd feru'd the praife o'th'World,
as great Siciliue heyre.

1. Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his parallell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of Imogen, that heft could deeme
his dignite.

Me. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From Lenari beate, and call from her,
his deereft one:
Sweete Imogen?
Sir. Why did you suffer Iachimo, flight thing of Italy,
To taint his Noble hart & braine, with needleffe lously, And to become the gleeke & fomne o'th others vilany? a Bros. For this, from filater Seats we came, our Parents, and vs twaine, That dirking in our Countries caufe, fell brauely, and were flaine, Our Feales, & Tenantium right, with Honor to maintaine. a Bros. Like hardiment Poffiumus hath to Cymbeline perfom'd: Then Jupiter, y King of Gods, why haft y thadlourn'd The Graves for his Merits due, being all to dorders turn'd? Sicil. Thy Chriftall window ope ; looke, looke out, no longer exercise Upon a valiant Race, thy harfe, and potent injuries : Matb. Since(Jupiter) our Son is good, take off his miferies, Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, and we poore Ghoftes will cry Toth'flaming Synod of the reft, against thy Dely, Brothers. Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeal, and from thy Tjulke rye, Jupiter defends in Thunder and Lightning, fting upon an Eagle: he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoftes fall on their knees, Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low Offend our hearing : hufh. How dare you Ghoftes Accufe the Thunderer, whole Bolt (you know) Sky-planted, batters all rebellings Coals. Poore shadowes of Elixirum, hence, and reft Upon your neuer-withering banke of Flowres. Be not with mortar accidents oppref. No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours. Whom beft I love, I croffe ; to make my guilt The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, Your low-lade Sonne, our Godhead will vlift: His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are fpent: Our Louiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in Our Temple was he married: Rife, and fade, He shall be Lord of Lady Imag. And happier much by his Affidion made. This Tablet lay upon his Breaf, wherein Our pleafure, his full Fortune, doth confine, And fo away : no farther with your dinne Express Impatience, leaff you firre vp mine : Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline. Afcents Sicil. I. Verily in The Thunderer, his Cellebell breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle Stoop'd, as to foote vs : his Ascension is More sweet then our blef Fields : his Royal Bird Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake, As when his God is plea'd. All. Thanks Jupiter. Sic. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd His radiant Rooffe: Away, and to be bleft Let vs with care perfome his great behoife. Vaniijh Poff. Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandire, and begor A Father to me, and thou haft creat A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh forrne) Gone, they went hence fo forne as they were borne: And fo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend On Greatneffe, Faour ; Dreame as I have done, Wakes, and finde nothing. But (as) I sworne: Many Dreame not to finde, neither deffe, And yet are fpelt in Faours ; fo am I That haue this Golden chance, and know not why : What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book?Oh rare one, Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment Nokeher then that it coures. Let thy effecl So follow, to be moft unlike our Courtiers, As good, as promife.

W

When as a Lyons whale, fhall to himself ven known, without finking foode, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a flately Cedar fhall be tope branches, which being dead many yeaeres, fhall after rewiues, be ingreed to the old Stockes, and frufily grow, then fhall Poffiumus end his miferies, Britaine be fortunate, and forurift in Peace and Plen.

"Tis fill a Dreame: or else fuch fuffle as Madmen Tongue, and braine not : either both, or nothing, Or fentenciffe fpeaking, or a speaking fuch As fenne cannot vntne. Be what it is, The Aktion of my life is like this, which Ile keepe If but for fimpathy. Enter Gader. Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death? Poff. Ouer-roasted rather : ready long ago. Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for that, you are well Cooke'd. Poff. So if I prove a good repaat to the Spectators, the dill payes the flot. Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you fhall be called to no more payements, fear no more Tauerne Bills, which are often the laufhee of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in fain for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke : forrie that you have payed too much, and forry that you are payed too much: Purfe and Braine, both empty : the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purfe too light, being drawnne of haufnine. Oh, of this contradiction you fhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a fenny Cord, it fhunnes vp thoufands in a price : you have no true Deltor, and Creditor but it: of what's paft, is, and to come, the difcharge ; your necke(Sir)is Pen, Booke, and Counters ; so the Acquaintance followes. Poff. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live. Gao. Indeed Sir, he that fleeps feels not the Toothache: but a man that were to leepe his fleape, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer for, look you Sir, you know not which way you fhall go. Poff. Yet I find you do I, fellow. Gao. Your death has eyes in he head then : I have not feene him fo pictur'd you must either bee directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your felie that which I am fure you do not know : tor lump the after-enquiry on your owne prettie : and how you fhall speed in your iournies end, I think you'll never returne to tell one. Poff. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but fuch as winke, and will not vfe them. Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man fholde haue the beft vfc of eyes, to fee the way of blindniffe : I am fare hangings the way of winkeing. Enter a Maffenger. Mefi. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prifoner to the King. Poff. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free. Gao. Ile be hang'd then. Poff. Thou fhalt be then freer then a Gaper, no bollis for, 584
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for the dead.

Gus. Ynlefe a man would marry a Gallowes, & get yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone; yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues defire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were defamation of Gaolers and Galowfes: I speake against my present profit, but my with hath a preferment int.'

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbelins, Bellarius, Guidrius, Arsi-
ragus, Pifian, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my fide you, whom the Gods have made Preferuours of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Souldier that fo richly fought, Whose rages, sham’d glied Armes, whose naked brest Stood before Targets of proofe; cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him fo. 

Bel. I never saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promit nought
But beggary, and poore looke.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pif. He hath bin search’d among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will addde
To you (the Lier, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the lieues. 'Tis now the time
To ake of whence you are. Report it,

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to beaft, were neythre new, nor modest,
Ynlefe I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Aripe my Knights o’t Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your estate.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There’s butineffe in these faces: why so fadly
Greet ye our Vict’ry? you looke like Romaines,
And not o’th Court of Britaine.

Cym. Haile great Kings,
To fowre your happiness, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worde then a Phyfian
Would this report become? But I confider,
By Med’cine life may be prolong’d, yet death
Will feize the Doclor too. How ended the

Cen. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Moft cruel to her felle. What she confed,
I will report, fo pleade you. Thefe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were prefent when the finifh’d.

Cym. Prythee fay.

Cen. First, she confed the neuer lou’d you: onely
Affect’d Greatneffe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhorr’d your perfon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but the fpoke it dying, I would not
Beleene her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cen. Your daughter, whom the bome in hand to loue
With fuch integrity, she did confede
Was as a Scorpion to her fight, wholly life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poyfon.

Cym. O moft delicate Fiend!
Who is’t can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Cen. More Sir, and worse. She did confede she
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling’ring,
By Inches waife you. In which time, the purpofe’d
By watching, weeping, tendance, killing, to
Occome you with her fhew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th’adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his strange abence,
Grew flameleffe, desperate, open’d (in defpit
Of Heaven, and Men) her purpofe’s repeated
The eulls the hatching’d, were not effected: fo
Difpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this her Women?

La. We did, fo pleafe your Highneffe.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for the was beautifull:
Mine eares that hear her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her feeming. It had beene vicious
To have miifttak’d her yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst fay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prefouers,

Lenatus behind, and Imogen,

Thou comm’t not Calin now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac’d out, though with the loffe
Of many a bold one: whole Kindefmen haue made fuite
That their good foules may be appea’d, with flaughter
Of you their Captuws, which our felle haue granted,
So thinke of your effate.

Luc. Condefir Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, have threaten’d
Our Priendons with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call’d ranfome, let it come: Sufficieth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can fuffer:
Augulfus liues to think on’t; and fo much
For my pecuar care. This one thing only
I will entrate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom’d: Neuer Mafter had
A Page fo kinde, fo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occations, true,
So farte, fo Nerfe-like: I let his vertue loyne
With my requete, which Ile make bold, your Highneffe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue fern’d a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And spare no blood befide.

Cym. I have furely fencen him:
His fauir is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haft look’d thy felle into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To fay, liue boy; ne’re thanke thy Mafter, liue;
And aske of Cymbelins what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy flate, Ie glue it:

Ye,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Yea, though thou do demand a Prifoner
The Noblest tane.

_Ins. _I humbly thank ye your Highnesse!
_Luc. _I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

_Ins. _No, no, so like,
There's other worke In hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Muff haste for it selfe.

_Luc. _The Boy dillaines me,
He leues me, scornes me; briefly dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Cyrles, and Boyes.

_What stands he so perplex't?
_Gym. _What would'st thou Boy?
_I love thee more, and more: thinke more and more
_What's best to aske. Know'st thou him thou look't on?
_Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

_Ins. _He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Then to your Highnesse, who being born your vafile
Am somthing nearer.

_Gym. _Wherefore ey'lt him so?
_Ins. _I tell you (Sir) in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

_Gym. _I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

_Ins. _Fidele Sir.
_Gym. _Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: walk with me: speake freely.

Bel. _Is not this Boy real'd from death?
_Awri. _One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fidele; what thinke you?

_Gui. _The fame dead thing alive.
Bel. _Peace, peace, peace, fee further: he eyes vs not, forbear.
Creatures may be alike: weren't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to vs.

_Gui. _But we fee him dead.

_Bel. _Be silent: let's see further.

_Pife. _It is my Miftis;
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

_Gym. _Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand alow'd. Sir, step you forth,
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bittter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

_Ins. _My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

_Bel. _What's that to you, in him?

_Gym. _That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

_Lucb. _Thou'rt bittter me to leaue vnspoken,
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

_Gym. _Hast thou in thee?
_Lucb. _I am glad to be confront'd to vitter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas Lenzatus Jewell,
Whom thou didst barish: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobiler Sir, ne'er he'd
(t'hee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

_Gym. _All that belongs to this.

_Lucb. _That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my faire spirits
Quaile to remember. Glue me lease, I faint.

_Gym. _My Daughter! what of him? I knew thy strength

I had rather thou shoul'dst live, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: I true man, and speake.

_Lucb. _Upon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurt.
The Manfion where 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Vlands had bin payson'd or at least
_Those which I heord to head:) the good Poethamus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'the rar'ties of good ones) fitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy.
For Beauty, that made barren the twel'd boaste
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Cerus, or straight-pight Minerus,
Putfures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A hop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which arikes the eye.

_Gym. _I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

_Lucb. _All too soone I shall,
Vnleefe thou would'st greeue quickly. This Poethamus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royal Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraiuing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as vertue) he began
His Miftis picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our braggis
Were crake'd of Kitchen-Trullis, or his description
Prom'd vs vnspaking fottes.

_Gym. _Nay, nay, to th'purpose.

_Lucb. _Your daughters Chaffity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as 'Dian' had hot dreames,
And he alone, were cold: Whereas, I wretch
Made freple of his prais[e, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In fulte the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lefser of her Honour confident.

Then I did truly finde her, flakes this Ring,
And would fo, had it beene a Carbacule
Of Phoebus Wheelie; and might fo safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poide I in this designe: Well may you(Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longeing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your dulle Britaine operare
Mostvidely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be brefles, my praficie fo preyus'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble Lenatus mad,
By wounding his beleue in her Renouve,
With Tokens thus, and thus: ansuring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) say some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaffity quite crack'd,
I hauling 'tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.

_Po. _I fo do

_Italiand. _Aye me, moft credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paid, in being
To come. Oh glue me Cord, or Knife, or payson,

Some
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Some upright Julerer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenuous: it is I
That all th’ubhorred things o’th’earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Posthumus,
That kill’d thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus’d a lefer villain then my selfe,
A sacrificill Thrice to dote o’t. The Temple
Of Virtue was the; yea, and the her selfe.
Slept, and throw flones, caft myre upon me, set
The dogges o’th’street to bay me; every villain
Be call’d Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany leffe then ’twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queens, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, hear me, hear me.
Pofl. Shall’st have a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pif. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine my Lord: Oh my Lord Posthumus,
You are kill’d Imogen till now: help, helpe,
Mine honour’d Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pifb. How comes these flaggers on mee?
Pif. Wake my Miftris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortail lye.
Pif. How fares my Miftris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau’st me payson; danger Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen.
Pif. Lady, the Gods throw flones of sulphar on me, if
That box I gae you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter fill.

Imo. It payson’d me.

Crom. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approwe thee honest. If Pasacio
Hauce (said she) given his Miftris that Conception
Which I gave him for Cordail, she is fera’d,
As I would face a Rat.

Cym. What’s this, Cornelia?

Crom. The Queene (Sir) very oft import’d me
To temper paysons for her, fill pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures wild, as Cats and Dogges
Of no efteme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine fluffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Molt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is for Poldie.

Cym. How should you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinkse that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me again.

Pofl. Hang there like fruite, my foule,
Till the Tree dyes.

Cym. How now, my Fledhi, my Childere?
What, mak’st thou me a drollard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessings, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motie for’t.

Cym. My teares that fall
Prose holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am forry for’t, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere fo strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pif. My Lord,
Now fearse is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam’d at the mouth, and swore
If I did knowe’t not which way she was gone,
It was in my inffant death. By accident,
I had a signed Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seekse he on the Mountains neere to Milford,
Where in a freaze, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforced from me) away he rote
With vachate purpofes, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I flew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods foretend.

I would not thy good deeds, shoulde from my lips
Plucke a hard sentençe: Fysteth valiant youth
Den’t again.

Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incuill one. The wrong he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouek me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off’s head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemnd’; and must
Endure our Law: Thou’re dead.

Imo. That headleffe man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he flew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Citizens
Had ever carre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vnsee the worth thou art vnapayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of defcent
As good as we?

Atui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for’t.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one’s are as good
As I have guen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Atui. Your danger’s ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by lease
Thou hadst (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call’d Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is a banifh’d Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Afffum’d this age: indeed a banifh’d man,
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 confiscate all, fo foone
As I have receyu’d it.
Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blind, and fawy, here’s my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yllue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iffue,
Bel. So fure as you, your fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish’d:
Your pleafure was my neere offence, my punishment
It felte, and all my Treafton that I suffer’d,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For fuch, and fo they are) thefe twenty years
Have I train’d vp; thofe Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneffe knowes: Their Nurse Earphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) bore them Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moud’d her too,
Having receyu’d the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalie,
Excited me to Treafon. Their deere loffe,
The more of you twas felts, the more it thap’d
Vnto my end of steealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sonnes againe, and I mutf loose
Two of the sweett Companions in the World.
The benefiction of thofe covering Heaven’s
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heaven with Starres.
Cym. Thou weep’t, and feak’t it:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Vnlke, then this thou tell’st it. I loft my Children,
If thofe be they, I know not how to with
A pare of wortlier Sonnes.
Bel. Be plea’d a while
This Gentleman, whom I call Polides,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Arniragu,
Your younger Prince, he Sir, was left
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th’ hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probabation
I can with safe produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a fanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural flame:
It was wife Natures end, in the donation
To be his eulogie now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrh of three? Nere Mother
Reloy’d delierance more: Bleft, pray you be,
That after this strange flaring from your Orbes,
You may reignue in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou haft loft by this a Kinglome.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by’t. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh never fay hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call’d me Brother
When I was but your Sifer: I you Brothers,
When we were fo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arru. I my good Lord.
Gai. And at firft meeting lou’d,
Continew’d fo, until we thought he dy’d.
Cym. By the Queenes Dramme the Swallow’d.
Cym. O rare infinit?
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumfuantial branches, which
Difinition should be rich in. Where? how tu’d you?
And when came you to ferue our Romane Captaine?
How parted with your Brother? How firft met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether thieves?
And your three motuvs to the Battallie? 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,
Porphus Anchors upon Imogen;
And she (like harmleffe Lightning) threwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Mafter hitting
Each obiect with a joy: the Counter-change
Is feuerally in all. Let’s quit this ground,
And fmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, fo we’ll hold thee euer.
Imo. You are my Father too, and did releue me:
To fee this gracius feason.
Cym. All ore-joy’d
Sawe thefe in bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taffe our Comfort.
Imo. My good Mafter, I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would have well becom’d this place, and grac’d
The thankings of a King.
Pofh. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company thefe three
In poore beferming: ’twas a fitment for
The purpofe I then follow’d. That I was he,
Speake Incommo, I had you downe, and might
Hawe made you finifh.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my beaute Conffience finkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, befeech you
Which I do often owe: but your Ring fir’d,
And here the Bracelet of the truf’t Princeffe
That euer fower her Faith.
Pofh. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Lye
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom’d:
W’e’ll learn our Freenesffe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon’s the word to all.
Arru. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Joy’d we, that you are.
Pofh. Your Seruant Prince, Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-fayer: As I fept, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back’d
Appear’d to me, with other spifritually fervus
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak’d, I found
This Label on my bosome; whole containing
Is fo from fenfe in hardneffe, that I can
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew His skill in the construction.

Lac. Philharmonus.

Soth. Here's my good Lord.

Lac. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons Whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, with- out seeking finds, and bee embrac'd by a piece of tender Ayre: And when from a sately Cedar shall be left Branches, which being dead many yeares, foon after rise, bee injured to the old Stocke, and frefhly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain bee fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- titie.

Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelp, The fit and apt Construction of thy name Being Leonatus, doth import so much: The piece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter, Which we call Mollis Aer, and *Mollis Aer We terme it Muler; which Muler I diuine Is this most constant Wife, who euen now Anfwering the Letter of the Oracle, Vnknowne to you vnfought, were clipt about With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some feeming.

Soth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline Perfonates thee: And thy loft Branches, point Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius Rofone For many yeares thought dead, are now resu'd To the Maiesticke Cedar joyn'd, whose Iffue Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius, Although the Victor, we submit to Caesar, And to the Romaine Empire; promising To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene, Whom heauens in Juftice both on her, and hers, Have laid molt heauy hand.

Soth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune The harmony of this Peace: the Vifion

Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the froke Of yet this scarf-cold-Battaile, at this instant Is full accomplifi'd. For the Romaine Eagle From South to Weft, on wing soaring aloft Leffin'd her felfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun So vanifi'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle Th'Imperiall Caesar, should againe vnite His Favour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here, in the Weel.

Cym. Laud we the Gods, And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils From our blef Alters. Publish we this Peace To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let A Roman, and a Britifh Ensigne wave Friendely together: fo through Luds-Towne march, And in the Temple of great Jupiter Our Peace we'll ratifie: Seale it with Feasts. Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceafe (Ere bloodie hands were walk'd), with fuch a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Collation of the Edition of 1623.

This Collation is given to prevent the chance of the errors and peculiarities of the Original Edition, herein faithfully reproduced, being mistaken as errors of this Reprint.

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

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

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

“To the memory of my beloued, the Avthor Mr. William Shakespeare:” &c.—two pages of verses, signed “Ben: Ionfon”—one leaf.

“Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare”—fourteen lines, signed “Hvgh Holland”—one leaf.

“To the Memorie of the deceas’d Author Maister W. Shakespeare”—twenty-two lines, signed “L. Digges”—“To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare”—eight lines, signed “I. M.”—one leaf.


“A Catalogve of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,” &c.—one leaf.

The Tempest—pages 1 to 19.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona—pages 20 to 38—(the head-lines of pages 37, 38 are, in error, “The Merry Wiues of Windfor”).
The Merry Wives of Windsor—pages 39 to 60—(pages 50 & 59 are misprinted 58 & 51).
The Taming of the Shrew—pages 208 to 229; in some copies page 214 is printed 212; this affords one of the evidences that copies of the first edition vary, and that corrections were effected during the progress of the work through the press; and it may also be noted that signature V in many copies is indicated by V v.

All's Well, that Ends Well—pages 230 to 254—(page 237 in some copies is misprinted 233, pages 249, 250 are misprinted 251, 252).

Twelfth Night, Or what you will—pages 255 to 275—(page 265 is misprinted 273, page 276 is blank).

The Winters Tale—pages 277 to 303, page 304 being blank.

Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).

Henry the Fourth, Part I—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).

Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "Epilogue," and, on its reverse, "The Actors Names"—pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92.

Henry the Fifth—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).

Henry the Sixth, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.

Henry the Sixth, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.

Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.

Henry the Eighth—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).

The Prologue, and first page of Troilus and Cressida (unpaged)—then pages 79 and 80, then twenty-five pages without pagination, and the last page blank.

Coriolanus—pages 1 to 30.

Titus Andronicus—pages 31 to 52 (page 51 copies vary).

Romeo and Juliet—pages 53 to 79 (pages 77 and 78 wanting).
Tymon of Athens—pages 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pages 81 to 98.
The Actors Names—one page, the next page blank.
Julius Cæsar—pages 109 to 130.
Macbeth—pages 131 to 151.
Hamlet—pages 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted, and continuing pages 257
to 282 (pages 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280), page 278 copies vary.
King Lear—pages 283 to 309 (page 308 misprinted 38).
Othello—pages 310 to 339.
Anthonie and Cleopatra—pages 340 to 368.
Cymbeline—pages 369 to 399 (pages 379 and 399 misprinted 389 and 993).
The Signatures in the Original Volume are as follows:—

A, containing title, verses, and introductory matter, 9 leaves.
The Tempest to the Winter’s Tale—A to C c z, in fours (V is misprinted V v).
King John to Troylus and Cressida—a to g, in fours (a 3 is misprinted A a 3); gg, 8 leaves;
h to x, and 1 1, and 1 1, in fours; 1 1 1 one leaf (m 3 is misprinted l 3; x 3 is not marked).
Coriolanus to Cymbeline—a a to f f, in fours (b b a is misprinted B b 2); g g has 8 leaves
(five of which are marked g g, g g 2, G g, g g 2, g g 3); h h, k k to v v, x, y y to
b b b, in fours (n n and n n 2 are misprinted N n and N n 2; o o is misprinted O o;
o o 2 has no signature; t t 2 is misprinted t t 3; x x, x x 2, x x 3, are misprinted x, x 2,
and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 are misprinted y 2 and y 3). The volume ends thus:—


The signatures in the reprint are from A to 5 U (1 leaf), in fours, commencing with
the Tempest; the preliminary leaves being the same as in the original.
A distinct and consecutive pagination throughout the volume, at the bottom of each page,
has also been added, to facilitate reference, from the Tempest to Cymbeline, pages
1 to 889.
SHAKESPEARE.

Collation of the Edition of 1623.

(Continued.)

THE HISTORIES.

** The Collation is given with each Part, to prevent the reproduction of any peculiarity of the Original Work being mistaken for a defect.

King John—pages 1 to 22.

Richard the Second—pages 23 to 45—(in some copies page 37 is misprinted 39).

Henry the Fourth, Part I.—pages 46 to 73—(pages 47, 48, are omitted).

Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pages 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "Epilogve," and, on its reverse, "The Actors Names"—(pages 89, 90, are misprinted 91, 92).

Henry the Fift—pages 69 to 95—(as will be perceived, the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to 100, has been repeated).

Henry the Sixt, Part I.—pages 96 to 119.

Henry the Sixt, Part II.—pages 120 to 146.

Henry
Henry the Sixt, Part III.—pages 147 to 172—(pages 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).
Richard the Third—pages 173 to 204.
Henry the Eight—pages 205 to 232—(page 216 is misprinted 218).
There are slight variations in the head-lines of Henry the Fourth, Part I. page 57, and of
Henry the Sixt, Part III. pages 153 to 172; these variations do not exist in the

** This Collation will be completed in Part III.

As copies of the Original are known to vary, any such variations or peculiarities, not noticed
above, being communicated will greatly oblige; also any information that may tend to render
thoroughly complete the collation of the whole work.

It will be observed that this Reprint has a distinct pagination,—also a distinct set of signatures,
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Collation of the Edition of 1623.

(Continued.)

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The Prologue, and first page of Troilus and Cressida (unpaged)—then pages 79 and 80, then twenty-five pages without pagination, and the last page blank.

Coriolanus—pages 1 to 30.

Titus Andronicus—pages 31 to 52 (page 51 copies vary).

Romeo and Juliet—pages 53 to 79 (pages 77 and 78 wanting).

Typhon of Athens—pages 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pages 81 to 98.

The Actors' Names—one page, the next page blank.

Julius Caesar—pages 109 to 130.

Macbeth—pages 131 to 151.

Hamlet—pages 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted, and continuing pages 257 to 282 (pages 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280), page 278 copies vary.

King Lear—pages 283 to 309 (page 308 misprinted 38).

Othello—pages 310 to 339.

Anthonie and Cleopatra—pages 340 to 368.

Cymbeline—pages 369 to 399 (pages 379 and 399 misprinted 389 and 993).
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The Tempeft to the Winter's Tale—A to Cc 2, in fixes (V is misprinted Vv).
King John to Troylus and Cressida—a to g, in fixes (a 3 is misprinted A a 3); gg, 8 leaves;
h to x, and ¶, and ¶, in fixes; ¶ ¶ ¶ one leaf (m 3 is misprinted l 3; x 3 is not marked).
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b b b, in fixes (n n and n n 2 are misprinted N n and N n 2; o o is misprinted O o;
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